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CLARA SCHUMANN.

BY FRANZ LISZT.

[Probably no other woman ever reached so high a place as an artist, in the sphere of pure, or instrumental music, (if we except, perhaps, the sister of MENDELSSOHN, whose death was the precursor of his own, and whose art was only exercised in private,) as the wife of the composer, ROBERT SCHUMANN, formerly celebrated as a pianist by her maiden name of CLARA WIECK. Since the melancholy illness of her husband (from which recent accounts encourage us to hope that he has recovered) she has again been making a concert tour through Germany. Our "Diarist" has already reported of her in Berlin, in company with JOACHIM. She also played a few months since in Weimar, where LISZT was inspired to write about her a very long and glowing article in the Leipzig *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*, for Dec. 1, 1854. We propose in two instalments to translate the latter half of it, the first half being altogether general and speculative.—ED.

I.

There can be no more happy, more harmonious union in the world of Art conceivable, than that of the inventing husband with the executing wife; of the composer, representing the idea, with the fair *virtuoso*, realizing it; both standing on the highest steps of the Art, altar in regions to which the mists of commonness can never rise. Poets, both, by feeling; zealous cherishers of their faith, severe guardians of its purity, subtile expounders of its mystic rites; with loftily aspiring hearts; their souls glowing with the divine afflatus; with spotless nobility and a pride proper to their rank, and armed with personal character corresponding to this nobility and pride, they both, in the most shining moment of their youthful development, in the first bloom of endeavor, full of ecstatic ardor and enthusiastic dreams, felt themselves drawn to one another, and each saw in the other the most sympathetic, most beloved, most exalted image of the god of Art, before whom both bowed down in the same fervent adoration. In the traditions of Art ROBERT and CLARA SCHUMANN will remain a shining example of one of the finest bounties of nature, that did not separate by time and space these two artists and lovers, who only in and through each other could be happy upon earth, but gave them their being at a favorable moment in a common country, so that they might meet, unite their destinies in one stream, and merge their hearts in one sea of deep intuitions. In no relation will the annals of Art separate the memory of both, posterity cannot name them singly, the future will surround both heads with one golden halo, and over both brows cause one star to shine, as already in our day the profiles of the immortal pair have been united in one medallion by a celebrated sculptor, (RIETSCHEL.) But alas! only the excellencies of the one will after-times enjoy; those of the other they will only be able to estimate from the testimony of contemporaries. The works of Robert will remain, while Clara Schumann's talent only blooms for us! Have we not then all the more urgent occasion to pay the tribute of our homage, our admiration and our sympathy to the great artist, to the noble lady, who is consecrated by the fire-baptism of the holiest glow? the glow of Art and Poesy, whose flames played around her from her early youth, of love, whose noblest feelings lived in her, of quickening, efficacious virtue, and lastly of misfortune, sorrow? To characterize this singularly high individuality, it would be hard to find better words, than those with which her future husband, as editor of this very paper, noticed her first appearance in Leipzig: "Others make poetry—she is a poem." If one were to undertake to add anything to these words now, he might say: "If many make more noise, few give so much music."

We see too often in our day, unfortunately, parents, who, relying upon certain brilliant examples, and actuated by motives, which have actually nothing in common with the love of the Beautiful, wear out and exhaust their children, when they show a spark of talent, by merely mechanical studies, if the slightest prospect of their acquiring some facility affords them the least hope of gain. They waste all upon the attainment of a fruitless virtuosity, a for the most part soul-less, often senseless delivery of masterworks, which for sheer thumping and thrashing cannot be comprehended, or else of mediocre productions, which do not gain value by a momentary success. The fledgings remain strangers to all other intellectual development, and are in danger, if they be not prominently gifted, of running wild into a purely material sleight of hand. Clara Wieck is one of those who have come out unscathed from a training almost wholly absorbed in the practical learning of an instrument. She practised from her earliest childhood as long and often longer than her physical strength held out; but since she was one chosen among the many called, her sensibility did not become blunted in dry toiling after the necessary manual dexterity, or extinguished by too long dwelling in the rare atmosphere of Art, as flowers wilt in the beams of a too Southern sun before their opening: in spite of all this danger it acquired an early strength, and unfolded harmoniously, which in a feminine organization is to be deemed doubly fortunate. In the beginning it cost her painful efforts to compel herself to a persistent toil, repugnant to her as to all artist natures, which are afflicted with a roving imagination, an indolent and dreamy spirit, slow to digest its lessons. For a long time she had to battle courageously to avoid harsh reproaches, to which such tender, excitable, proud and introverted natures, which bear within them the mysterious birth-throes of a fair future, are doubly sensitive. We have been told that the young artist, to whom they left so little leisure in those years for the pleasant round of games and sports, which are the foremost charm of childhood's life, felt a partiality for kittens, and knew no greater joy than to possess several of these at a time, and devote every free moment to them; in short, so infatuated was she with these pets, that obliging friends frequently found themselves moved to help her to elude the watchfulness of the school tyrant, so that she gained a few free moments, when his back was turned, to take the little purring favorites into her lap and stroke them. When she came back, she would resume her scales with fresh indifference, without wasting a complaint over her fingers often bleeding from the caresses of her little play-fellows.

Through much playing, or rather in spite of much playing, there grew in her at last, instead of ennui and satiety, as one might well believe, an inward understanding of what she played. Without doubt she understood music very differently from the way in which they sought to teach it to her, and that saved her! Thenceforth her spirit strove to mount up ever higher into the mystic realm of poesy. Soon it required no more the presence of a master to keep her to her study; she had found the golden gate of everlasting dreams and plunged with ever growing rapture into the element, whose high attraction she had felt and known. She pressed more and more toward the equator, to breathe amid the flames of Art, at an age, which otherwise is little fitted to approach these flames without danger of being consumed by them. The singular energy of her

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constitution, which has held out since, in spite of such manifold trials, exertions and sacrifices, in spite of uninterrupted cares, allowed her even then, without injury to her health, to live continually and ever longer in the glowing tropics of the soul. Thus she grew up in the land of the Ideal, to which youthful spirits undertake dreamy excursions, unsuspected by the world around her, which is unacquainted with those spheres and does not know the imperceptible but sure signs, with which the travellers in that wonder-land are quite familiar. There in the silence of her earnest meditation was that highest wisdom hers, which suddenly discloses to the artist, what it is sought in vain to teach him after the prescriptions of the schools.

When we heard Clara Wieck in Vienna fifteen years ago, she drew her hearers after her into her poetic world, to which she floated upward in a magical car drawn by electric sparks and lifted by delicately prismatic but nervously throbbing winglets. The poets in this graceful apparition recognized a daughter of their Fatherland, educated on the same shores, and nourished on the same flower pollen; they strewed pearls and songs before her and fêted this Benjamin of their tribe, who gazing round with wandering and inspired look, strangely smiling, seemed like a silent Naiad, ill at home here in the land of prose. At her performance of the F minor Sonata of BEETHOVEN all the listeners believed what Grillparzer related:

A weird magician, weary of the world,
In sullen humor locked his charms all up
Within a diamond casket, firmly clasped,
And threw the key into the sea, and died.
The mannikins here tried with all their might;
In vain! no tool can pick the flinty lock,
His magic arts still slumber, like their master.
A shepherd's child, along the sea-shore playing,
Watches the waves, in hurrying, idle chase.
Dreaming and thoughtless, as young maidens are,
She dippeth her white fingers in the flood,
And grasps and lifts and holds it! 'Tis the key.
Up springs she, up, her heart still beating higher,
The casket glances as with eyes before her.
The key fits well, up flies the lid. The spirits
All mount aloft, then bow themselves submissive
To this their gracious, innocent sweet mistress,
Who with white fingers guides them in her play.

What other passion besides love could bring back to this earth a genius so naturalized and made at home upon the heights of musical thought and feeling? And for whom could she feel a love worthy of herself, her dreams and longings, except for an artist like herself, who silent, introverted, musing as she mused, was wont to wander through the balsam groves of the Ideal, to relate in the language of tones the wonders there revealed? Two souls in their essence so entirely kindred must have kneeled before each other on first meeting, as the chronicle relates of the first interview of Maria of Burgundy with Maximilian of Austria, which adds: *tant emerveillés furent ils de leur moult grande beauté et gentillesse mutuelle.* Did not our artists also, like that royal pair of lovers, inwardly exclaim after the first shock of wonder and amazement: "Oh, how beautiful!" And must they not, merging themselves in the concord of their two natures, have mutually dedicated and yielded themselves up to one another? Their destinies were fulfilled in this mutual love blossoming under the benign beams of Art, and thenceforth "his life was all for poetry, her poetry was in her life."

Madame Sontag.

[The following letter, addressed by the Count de Rossi, husband of the late celebrated vocalist, to a friend in Paris, is translated, by the London *Musical World* from *Le Ménestrel.*]

It is now nearly five months since I left her tomb, and I am still as broken-hearted and miserable as on the day of her death. The generous but useless endeavors of my relations to alleviate my loss, and even the presence of my beloved children, sadden rather than console me, particularly when I think of the happiness their dear mother would have felt in witnessing the great success of her favorite daughter, whom all find so charming in those qualities of education, heart, and musical feeling, which my lamented Henriette made such efforts to develope under her own direction. All now is lost forever, to me, to my children, and to the world, which *she* knew how to charm as much as she did her own domestic circle, by a talent which was never more perfect than when the decree of Providence arrested it in its career. It is impossible for me to tell you what myself and my poor children suffer from a wound that time will scarcely heal; more especially my little Marie, who is only beginning to recover somewhat from the terrible blow given to her dearest and best affections. Pious as she is, (and permit me to add as I am myself,) we have appreciated in the highest degree the proof of affection shown by Mlle. Alphonsine Lemit (in the services at La Madeleine) in favor of one who had vowed to bestow upon her a mother's interest, and would have kept the vow if the Almighty had permitted her to realize the project of fixing her residence in Paris, as we had decided. Alas! it only remains for us now to honor her memory in our prayers, and to endeavor to stifle the bitter feelings which all of us experience in thinking of the fate of that unhappy mother who, as the price of her noble and indefatigable devotion, died, and died even at the moment when she was counting the days and the hours that would bring her back to her beloved children, and recompense her for all her troubles and anxieties. Let us hope, my dear and good friend, that Heaven, in its just mercy, has reserved for her the reward of her good works, in the enjoyment of a happiness of which we cannot measure the extent; and in truth it is not she, but ourselves, who are the most to be pitied.

I am waiting for the arrival at Hamburg of her dear mortal remains, in order to go there and meet them; I shall then accompany them to their last resting place, in the Convent of Maria Jhal, near Dresden, where her sister is a nun, and where, in consequence, the holy prayers of those who loved her most will not be wanting. I am having a small chapel built there, with two tombs, and, after satisfying this wish of my heart, I return to my family.

I shall meet you, no doubt, in the spring, but will not promise you that the pleasure of seeing you will be exempt from all sadness. It will be impossible for me to separate your presence from the remembrance of my dear Henriette; the idea of being able to talk of the angel whom I have lost with those who feel as you do, has, however, its consolation. Besides, it will be delightful to renew the friendship of Mlle. Alphonsine and my dear Marie, by bringing them together again for a short time.

Diary Abroad.—No. 14.

BERLIN, *Feb.* 9—RUBINSTEIN again! Last evening in the concert hall of the theatre he gave his second concert with the following programme:

PART I.

1. Third Concerto for piano-forte with Orchestra, by Rubinstein.
2. Aria from *Euryanthe*, by Fraulein Valerius.
3. First and Second Preludes, by Rubinstein.
4. Songs sung by Fraulein Valerius.
5. Nocturne and Caprice, both by Rubinstein.

PART II.

6. Second Symphony in B flat, by Rubinstein.

What to record of my impression I do not know. It seemed to me during the whole evening that I was carried back sixty years to one of BEETHOVEN's annual concerts in Vienna. The "pianism," to use a word of New York coinage, I believe, was of that immensely powerful, passionate character, which despising all the mere finenesses and niceties of the schools and salons, exerts its perfect command of the instrument, only for the purpose of expressing feelings and musical ideas. As with JOACHIM and his violin, so Rubinstein has no more difficulties to conquer. One of our musicians of some note here found this, that and the other fault with Rubinstein's playing. It came to the ears of one of the oldest and most distinguished professors. "Tell him," said he, "he may think himself happy when he begins to play like him!"

As to the first part of the concert all agree. The greatness of Rubinstein's playing, the originality and depth of his musical thoughts, and the extreme skill with which upon the piano, he expresses them, admit of no dispute. For the first time in my life have I heard a pianist play his own compositions, without wishing he would leave this finger trash and give something from CHOPIN, MENDELSSOHN, or older composers. Because I speak of the immense power of his playing, do not imagine that he cannot be delicate—the softest zephyrs breathe after the terrific thunderstorm—I am generally more impressed with the little beauties than with the giant sublimity of Niagara.

As to the Symphony, it is hard to speak of it, after once hearing. There are those, and indeed of the first class, which are as well understood on the first hearing as on the hundredth; there are those which are beneath all rank, which are never understood. It is equally impossible to see the bottom of Lake Superior and of Lake Erie—the former is deep, the latter muddy. My companion was exceedingly pleased—he felt it to be entirely original—and indeed its power and originality seemed to be its grand characteristics. I agree with him in a great measure; he was perhaps most pleased with the Andante; I thought the most striking and original movement to be the Scherzo. RELLSTAB's article upon the first concert contains much with which I must sympathize. It does seem as if Joachim was pursuing the wiser course in devoting himself to a most thorough study of the Orchestra, and gaining a wide experience in the art of expressing his ideas before coming before the public as composer on so grand a scale. At times I thought it not difficult to see, that Rubinstein had not fully succeeded in making his idea clear, while the grandeur of the thought was evident. Beethoven at his age was again going through a thorough course of harmony and counterpoint with ALBRECHTSBERGER, and was three years older before he produced an orchestral work in public.

I have heard this winter many orchestral works of young, or at least not much known, composers; but nothing has approached in importance what was last night produced in the theatre hall. If he should not split upon the rock on which so many have been lost—a want of thorough, severe study in the grammar and rhetoric, so to speak, of music—in the technicalities of the Art, why may we not expect great things of him? I never think of him but as a young Beethoven—can there be a higher compliment?

Feb. 11—One thing occurs to me, worthy of a place in my jottings, in connection with Rubinstein's concert. And that is the conduct of the audience. A large proportion of those present came with free tickets, and showed their appreciation(!) of the concert giver by talking, laughing, going out before the close, and all that sort of thing, in a manner I had not dreamed of here. I had to leave the main floor and seek a place in the gallery, to hear at all. The worst behaved audience, by all odds, at the performance of *good* music, which I ever saw was that—mostly young women—which last winter and winter before I used to see (and hear) at the Philharmonic rehearsals in New York. But these were only rehearsals. Rubinstein's audience bore the palm at regular concerts.

Ah, how the Germans love and appreciate music!

VERY CLASSICAL."—A recent number of the *Musical Gazette* has the following clever *jeu d'esprit:*

Not long since, as a gentleman who is well known in this city as a thorough musician and an

accomplished artist, was contemplating from his parlor window the antics of a monkey, belonging to an organ grinder in the street, who was torturing his organ and our friend with a vindictive pertinacity, of which only organ grinders are capable, he—the tortured friend and musician—was surprised at the appearance of a dashing equipage threading the humble street in which he resided. So seldom was anything vehicular of more *recherché* and pretentious quality than the butcher's, baker's, or milkman's cart, seen in the street, that the appearance of the equipage caused much commotion among the simple-minded inhabitants, and completely eclipsed the organ grinder and his monkey, who indignantly retired; the latter taking its revenge in making hideous faces at the footman, who formed a portion of the new arrival. Our musical friend observed that the approaching establishment consisted of two spanking bay horses, arrayed in resplendent silver-plated harness; a fashionable and costly carriage; a sumptuously dressed and beautiful lady, half reclining on the cushions; a burly coachman on the box, and two footmen behind, adorned with dashing livery. Where, soliloquized our musical friend, where can this beautiful creature be going? He was answered by the carriage stopping before his own door; and before he could overcome the astonishment consequent thereupon, his servant-girl brought him a card, on which was inscribed the name of one of the richest ladies in New York. The lady sought him most unequivocally; and with mingled feelings of surprise and vanity, he awaited her approach, in his modest little parlor. She soon came. She hoped she had the pleasure of addressing Mr. SYMPHONY: she had. She was glad of it. She was going to give a classical musical soirée, on a scale of magnificence hitherto unprecedented, and utterly regardless of expense. It was to be *strictly classical;* and of course a strictly classical musical soirée could not well be given without the aid of Mr. Symphony and his band. *Would* Mr. Symphony and his band assist? The price was of no consequence; the utmost classicalness, at whatever cost, was to be secured. Mr. Symphony was charmed—equally with the good taste and the liberality of the lady; he would be happy—exceedingly happy to contribute his feeble aid, and he would also insure the attendance of his band. But when was the soirée to take place? Oh! it would take place very soon. But would Mr. Symphony be so kind as to call at the lady's residence, on the following Thursday, for the purpose of giving his valuable opinion as to the arrangement of the room so as to secure the best musical effects, etc.? Mr. Symphony would be happy to call. The lady retired; the carriage rolled away, and Mr. Symphony began to indulge in a brighter dream for musical Art in America. That lovely creature, so enthusiastic for the classical in music, and so regardless of expense, would certainly give Art an impetus, etc. Mr. Symphony permitted himself to cherish the wildest hopes, and ordered a barrel of lager-bier. Mr. Symphony was impatient for the arrival of Thursday. He said to himself that it would never come; but it did come, nevertheless, and with it came the carriage, coachman, and footman, and a note from the lady, informing Mr. Symphony that the carriage had been sent for him. What an honor! How considerate! Mr. Symphony entered the carriage, and soon arrived at the stupendous mansion of his fair patroness, in Fifth Avenue. He was ushered into an imposing and gorgeously furnished suit of rooms. The lady soon entered, as handsome and classical as ever, and seemingly as regardless of expense. She greeted Mr. Symphony cordially. She conducted him here; she conducted him there. How will this do? how will that do? Remember, Mr. Symphony, every thing is to be of the most classical order. O yes! Mr. Symphony keeps that constantly in mind, and ventures a compliment on the lady's taste. He then mentioned various compositions of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and others, which he thinks it would be well to introduce; not the entire works, *that* would perhaps be to tiresome for such an occasion; but the most effective and best appreciated movements of them. Yes, certainly, that would be very nice. But the lady wished Mr. Symphony "to open the whole affair," and to commence the performances with something *very classical.* She had made a selection for him: the opening chorus of *Ernani.* Next, she would have played the sextet from *Lucia;* next, Jullien's *Firemen's Quadrille;* next—but here, to the astonishment of the lady, Mr. Symphony executed a *fugue* across the parlor, through the hall, out at the door, and down the avenue; and she has never been able to set eyes on him since.

Musical Correspondence.

From WASHINGTON, D. C.

MARCH 20.—For about a week past our city has been a wind-instrument, whose only music however has been a prevalent pneumonic coughing. Whether it is the President's vetoes, or the Soulé correspondence, or the Czar's death that have been sowing the wind, we have certainly been reaping the whirlwind. Under such circumstances, though I had heard some good music, and had read the Journal, it was impossible to have written a good-natured letter, as I wanted to,—even if there had been a possibility of getting it to the post office without being blown away.

Since I last wrote we have had two or three pretty fair concerts here,—the best of which was PAUL JULLIEN'S; whose violin reminds you of that famous one whose maker caught in it the spirit of his dying mother, and which ever after gave forth a tone as of an imprisoned soul. But the latest thing is something which for originality, individuality, and all that sort of thing, beats even your own city of Isms and Eccentricities. This is no other than a Soirée of ROBERT HELLER'S, held at Carusi's Saloon last week. Part 1; Pianoforte music. Part 2; three grand experiments necromantic! Heller's a genius. He saw what Washington wanted; he gave the supply, it brought him money and reputation.

The concert was opened with the *Sonata Pathetique.* I was agreeably surprised. Of all BEETHOVEN'S music this was the last I should have associated with Heller. I had many Boston memories of Heller: of how at our afternoon concerts he used to come forth, sit down quickly and in nine cases out of ten play that little *scherzo* of MENDELSSOHN'S youth—until once some of us raised a hiss, which attracted a gaze from the crowd similar to little Oliver when he asked for "more." It was clear Heller was not aware of the importance of our Wednesday afternoons. And then at the subscriptions he played concertos faithfully.

His fingers are manifestly in better plight now. And the Sonata was charming. The second part of the first movement, Allegro molto e con brio, was given to a wonder. But I trembled for the second. I had heard DRESEL play it, and supposed I should never hear it again. But Heller had studied it thoroughly, and the fascinating Adagio did not suffer. The other good music he had, consisted of the following *Lieder ohne Worte:* No. 1, first book; No. 6, third book; No. 6, fifth book. Rather ambitious certainly, but still such a treat to hear at all, that I had not the heart to criticize. THALBERG'S *Sonnambula* Fantasie, and some selections from his own (Heller's) works attracted more applause than the others.

Heller is certainly a remarkable performer, chiefly so from his marvellous intrepidity, coolness. The most rapid *prestidigitation* (a phrase I remember you used to apply to him as apropos of his profession) does not seem to excite anything more than his knuckles. I rather suspect it was the lack of a better piano that made his performance of pieces that have so often penetrated me through and through, only enlist my admiration of his skill.

But of Heller's "Drum of the Spirits," "Marvellous Orange Tree," "Second-Sight Mystery," I have no words to express my admiration. The Second-Sight produces the greatest excitement here, and convinces many that Robert Heller is certainly a near friend of Robert le Diable.

I was better pleased with the first Song without Words, as I heard it two evenings afterward at Mr. L.'s, than as Heller performed it. Before the quartet assembled, it was performed on the piano and violoncello. I wish those beautiful arrangements of CZERNY'S were more common. We also had on this occasion Mendelssohn's first and second Quartets. The first of these I have heard several times now. It has always struck me as more constrained than Mendelssohn's usual style; somewhat as the first Symphony of Beethoven has, as being not exactly individual and natural. We had, as a conclusion, the *Eroica,* which I listened to in the light of WAGNER'S analysis; which, however, like every other analysis I ever read of Beethoven's music, did me no good, and was soon forgotten.

C.

From ITALY.

LEGHORN, FEB. 12.—I promised to tell you something about what I had seen, or rather heard, in the musical way since I have been wandering in that land known, *par excellence,* as "the Land of Song." From my experience it appears rather a misnomer. Almost as much so as the hackneyed epithet of "sunny clime;" which the alternate storms of snow and rain, which have attended our Italian pilgrimage in search of sunshine, have most wofully belied.

In Venice, where we stopped some weeks, we heard a sufficient *quantity* of Opera, to be sure,—but it was VERDI—VERDI! The Venetians very naturally like to hear *I due Foscari,* even when performed, as we heard it, by a tenor, who shouted through his nose in an exasperating manner—a basso, who reminded me of the man in the Pickwick Papers that was requested to "send a boy home, to see if he had not left his voice under his pillow;" and a prima donna, who probably sang very well indeed ten years ago. National partiality and memory of the past may excuse the weakness which submits to be amused three times a week by a most doleful series of alternate inaudible solos and deafening choruses; but no tenable reason could, I opine, be alleged for the enthusiasm with which a certain production, calling itself an opera and denominated *L'Ebreo* (the Jew) was received. Perhaps the aspect of the beautiful Teatro la Fenice put the audience into good humor. Certainly, without exception it is the most beautiful theatre I have seen. The Berlin Opera House may be equal to it, but not superior. There are no dark reds, no deep greens, giving to a place of amusement the aspect of a misapplied cathedral. All is light, graceful, airy. The boxes are closed at the sides, which adds to the completeness of the aspect of the house, though it destroys the individuality of the groups in the boxes, only leaving visible the fair, flower-crowned heads, and graceful shoulders of the beautiful Venetian women. Beautiful they are, not with the airy grace of our lovely countrywomen; but with a certain heavy, monumental grandeur, that is quite as fascinating in its way.

They would be more agreeable neighbors at the Opera, however, if they came there to listen instead of to talk, which appears to be their sole object in coming. Then there are those insupportable white-coated Austrian officers, who go lounging about, talking in German, and, with the proverbial insolence of conquerors, utterly disregarding the hush! hush! which precedes the prima donna's grand effort, coolly continuing their audible observations on the ladies in the lower row, during the last dying speech and confession of the unlucky tenor—who sings away in the agonies of death, as is the wondrous fashion of that class of humanity—without in the least attracting their high and mighty attention. But I am forgeting *L'Ebreo.*

This opera is the production of an individual denominated Signor GIUSEPPE APPOLLONI, who appears to have

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devoted his life to a diligent study of the works of that wonderful genius—Monsieur Verdi. Certainly Verdi is a very great man; he has founded a school—the claptrap school of music! There is a great deal of talk about "the Age" just now. Some call it the age of Iron; some, the age of Paper; some, the age of Bronze. Were I to give it a name, I should call it the "Age of Noise." Noise, noise, everywhere—from the heights of Sevastopol, to the boards of La Fenice. The highest praise that can be bestowed upon the *crack* scholar of a public school is the magniloquent prophecy—"That's a fine boy! one of these days he will *make a noise* in the world!" But nowhere have the disastrous influences of this all-pervading feature of the present age been more apparent than in its effect upon that science, which is called, "the Science of Sounds," but which bids fair ere long to become "the Art of Noise."

The story of Signor Appolloni's opera is taken from Bulwer's novel, "Leila; or the Siege of Grenada." The argument is briefly this:

Issachar is a Jew; has a daughter named Leila, in love with Adel Muza, a general in the army of Boabdil el Chico, king of the Moors. Said Issachar betrays the Moorish king to Ferdinand of Arragon, and leaves his daughter in the Spanish camp as a pledge of his fidelity. Leila becomes a convert to Christianity, and Issachar, happening, by one of those inconvenient chances common to operas, to be prowling about the Christian tents just as she is about being baptized, rushes in, and in the midst of an uproar perfectly indescribable, considerately stabs her to the heart—thus putting an end to her sufferings and those of the audience together. Of course the Odalisques, composing the harem of Boabdil el Chico, divert that monarch by dances. An Opera is nothing now-a-days without an interpolated ballet; which being generally performed by a set of incapables, who dare not appear in the regular ballet for fear of being hissed off the stage, is particularly agreeable and æsthetic in the highest degree. Of course Adel Muza sings a serenade behind the scenes. The part of the said Adel Muza was performed by Signor NIGRINI, the only individual on the stage whose voice was audible, except at intervals. How hoarse he must have been after the opera was over, I shudder to think! Of course Issachar curses his daughter upon discovering her affection for the Moorish general. It is the *regular thing*. Basso fathers always curse their daughters; it shows off the low notes. Of course Leila sings a bravura song after she has been mortally wounded. Of course there is a mysterious chorus of conspirators under ground. One could'nt be let off from that; it made too great a hit in *Ernani*. For the same reason it was imperatively necessary that the troops of the king of Arragon should march upon the stage, accompanied by a crashing, clashing, thundering military band, at the entrance of which I heard an unfortunate Frenchman behind me exclaim, "*Mon Dieu, quel tapage!*" O dear, it makes my head ache to think of it! Of course the orchestra drowned the singers upon every possible occasion. Of course the basso was inaudible—the prima donna spasmodic. Poor BARBIERI-NINI! how she struggled, and screamed, and threw up those ridiculous arms of hers in vain attempts to appear young and graceful! Of course every act closed in inexpressible noise and confusion.

Ah! the blessing of coming out into quiet moonlit Venice, and listening to the plash of the oars of the soft-rocking gondolas, after all that noise and glare! O, beautiful are those moonlight nights in Venice, and sweet is the sound of the Vesper chimes across the sea; —but never seems the white moonlight so soft and pure, and never is the sound of the Vesper bell so sadly sweet, as when the head is ringing, and the eyes swimming with the uproar and confusion of a modern opera!

There is one branch of music cultivated in Italy, which is sadly neglected everywhere else where I have ever been*—that of chiming bells. O how soft, how clear, how rich, how beautiful they are! especially in Venice, where they sound amid that ghostly silence, across the sleeping sea. In Genoa they are beautifully clear; in Pisa wonderfully wild and deep; in Milan, soft and melancholy; but nowhere are they so lovely as in that strange, sea-girt city of silence, where they seem to sing an everlasting requiem for splendors dead, and for power and glory forever passed away! Listening one night to their wild music, I fancied I could trace the notes which suggested to BEETHOVEN that wondrous strain with which his last and greatest Symphony opens. Indeed that whole Symphony is full of the sound of bells. And so I have wandered home again, like a stray sheep, from Verdi and his clattering crew to Beethoven.

* Has our fair correspondent never been to England?

Poor Beethoven! how he would grieve could he hear the so-called music, which is now rife in Vienna, within hearing of the spot where his ashes rest.

O that miserable *Don Giovanni* at Vienna! How it was murdered! How the audience talked and chattered; how the orchestra—one trumpet excepted—went one way, and the singers another; while the trumpet aforesaid squeaked and howled entirely independent of both! How STRAUSS, Jr. played MENDELSSOHN'S Scherzo from the "Midsummer Night's Dream," to an accompaniment of talking, drinking, clattering of glasses and rattling of spoons, which would have driven the least musical frequenter of Liebig's raving mad! J. went off in a perfectly incoherent rage. I didn't mind it—it only made me laugh—until the Scherzo came; then I grew desperately angry certainly. Poor Beethoven! it is well he sleeps. No sound can awake him now. Better so.

I am afraid the Viennese are hopeless. Verdi is better than Strauss, at all events. However, the military music in Austria is irreproachable. The most beautiful brass bands I ever heard, I heard in Prague, Venice and Milan. The band which used to play on Thursdays in the Piazza San Marco, belonged to a Hungarian regiment, and played Mazurkas and Chardaschis in the most exquisite style. The music of the Hungarian dances is of the most enlivening character. Far different from the Russian music, in which there is always a hidden wail—however quick the movement may be. It is an oft repeated remark that the music of slaves is always sad.

I fear I am transcending your patience—so about an opera which I heard in the Carlo Felice, at Genoa, another time. I remain, truly yours, ⁂

Musical Chit-Chat.

The *Courier des Etats Unis*, (which, by the way, is one of the most agreeable journals in the country,) has been publishing some very pleasant *feuilletons* on "Contemporary Celebrities," by M. Eugène de Mirevoix. From a very entertaining paper on SCRIBE, we extract this amusing sketch of the way in which the modern opera marries its "perfect music" unto "noble words." It would be wrong, says Mirevoix, to suppose that music and poetry, these harmonious sisters, live on good terms with each other. Music rules poetry with a rod of iron, she maltreats her, clips her wings, cuts and slashes her, like a very Cinderella, till the poor thing has to run away and give place to vile prose, who puts on the spoils of the fugitive, and marches about like one of Macbeth's witches in the robe of a Muse.

Your great musician wants no poet, but rather a prose writer with a "Rhyming dictionary" under his arm, who will dock off his verses or spin them out at the *maestro's* sovereign will and pleasure. By working with Cherubini, Meyerbeer, Boildieu, Rossini, Herold, Auber, and Carafa, Scribe has earned a round million of money: but that is really poor pay for the tortures to which those gentlemen have put him.

He used to say of Meyerbeer: "Confound him, he treats me like a she-ass!"

His hair has grown grey at this work, for he generally has to destroy on one day all that he had done the day before, and so on to the end of the chapter. "Here," Meyerbeer would say to him, turning down a leaf of the libretto, "here, we must have a ballad!"

"Very well!" answers Scribe. "In what measure?"

"I should like octosyllabic verses, of four lines in a verse."

Scribe goes to work, writes the ballad and sends it to the *Maestro*, who sends it back with a note:

"These four-lined verses are absurd, I want ten syllables to a line, to suit my music."

It was a long piece of business they were upon, and as Scribe was a maker of metre, he must submit. He works over the ballad once, twice, twenty times, consumes a whole week at the work, and when he hands it to Meyerbeer is gratified at seeing it torn to pieces.

"What the devil is this! What made you imagine we wanted a *ballad* here?"

"I! I! why *you* imagined it!"

"Did I? Well then, *we* have made a mistake!"

Again, meeting Scribe on the boulevard, and taking his arm, Meyerbeer whispers mysteriously—

"I had a splendid idea, last evening, for an opera!"

"Yes! What was it?"

"I should like to have all the chief persons brought together in the fourth act, so as to have a *Septuor!*"

But that's impossible!" cries Scribe. "The first three acts are already written. When you want such a situation as that, you must prepare the way for it from the beginning."

"Oh! of course! It's a tremendous thing to write it all over! But my *Septuor!* I must have the *Septuor!*"

"Well! well! I will arrange it," says Scribe, with a sigh.

He gave six weeks to retouching the play. Meyerbeer took the libretto, kept it three years, and then handed it back to his friend: "On the whole, after reflecting upon the matter, I think *our* septuor won't do!" I prefer a monologue!"

For the third time the whole piece must be recast! That day Scribe thought seriously of suicide.

All the other composers have treated him in like manner. Auber cutting the sense of a strophe clean in two, Boildieu inverting the rhymes, and putting prosody to the rack, Hérold dislodging the cæsuras, and Carafa recklessly swelling a hexameter into fourteen feet.

The friend who has kindly furnished us the following extract from a letter from the sculptor, CRAWFORD, and who ought to know, assures us that the Statue of BEETHOVEN, intended for the Boston Music Hall, is an original work, and not a copy from the one in Bonn,(!) as lately stated in some of the papers. "It was finished two months ago. A musical 'fête' is to be held at Munich, in honor of the event of the Statue's going to America. The Statue will be taken to the Odeon, placed upon a proper pedestal, and receive a certain inauguration by having some of Beethoven's finest works performed for the occasion. This has been already announced in the Augsburg *Gazette*, and will create quite a sensation. The Statue will be sent, immediately after the ceremony, to Bremen, and thus reach Boston in the summer."

It is unnecessary to point out the absurdity of the idea, that a man of Mr. Crawford's fertility of imagination would set himself to work to make a copy of a modern German statue; and the still greater absurdity of supposing that an artist would receive such a commission from any person or persons. Mr. Crawford made four or five sketches for this statue before fixing upon one which satisfied him. They were very different one from the other, and none of them in the least resembling the Statue in Bonn.

Our old friend CARL BERGMANN walked into our sanctum yesterday, as fresh as life. He had come by lightning train from Chicago, sick enough of the West, and is engaged to conduct the last of the Philharmonic concerts for this season in New York, on the 21st instant, in place of Mr. EISFELD, who, we grieve to learn, is seriously ill. If Boston does not mean to yield its favorite conductor up to New York, Boston music-lovers must be stirring. Meanwhile

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we congratulate the Philharmonic.——Mr. WILLIAM SCHULTZE sailed last week for Europe, to revisit his friends in Germany. He intends to return to us in about three months.

English papers state that Sir HENRY R. BISHOP, husband of ANNA BISHOP, and composer of all those fine glees and English operas, is now living in a state of indigence, at the advanced age of three-score ten and odd. This, if true, is justly made a matter of reproach to so musical a country.

GUSTAV SATTER, whose piano-playing is just now all the talk, was born at Vienna in February, 1831, and is consequently but twenty-four years old. His father is a distinguished physician there, and he too would have been trained to that profession, but that his ruling passion, Music, battled hard against it, and with the aid of friends, prevailed. He had a very early love of the music of Mozart and Beethoven, and studied hard, even trying his hand at the composition of Sonatas, &c. The last time that LISZT played in Vienna. In 1846, our young pianist was inspired to new exertions, and practised with so assiduity that nothing but a severe illness could suspend. After the Revolution in '48, he visited France, England, Ireland, Belgium, and the principal cities of Germany, studying the compositions and the styles of playing of the renowned pianists. In Paris he made the acquaintance of CHOPIN, whose influence strengthened him in the determination to study to express the poetry of music, rather than to perform mere feats of miraculous execution. In 1851 he began his public career by the production of a Mass, Graduale, and Offertorium of his own composition, in the St. Charles Church in Vienna. Indeed he seems to have been extremely enterprising in early efforts at original composition. His first concert as a pianist was given in Vienna, on the 16th of May, in the same year, with a programme entirely of his own works, including, 1. Overture to "Julius Cæsar," for orchestra; 2. Trio, for piano, violin and 'cello; 3. Fantasia on the *Prophète;* 4. Overture to Schiller's "Ode to Joy." This successful debut was followed by concerts in Gratz, Klagenfurt, Laibach (where the Philharmonic Society gave him the honorary diploma), Trieste and Venice. A second visit to Paris was cut short by the imprisonment of his father for participation in the revolution in Vienna. In the year 1853-4 he composed a variety of works, both in classical and smaller forms, which were published in Vienna and met with a large sale. In the Summer he gave his farewell concert in Vienna, at which he played Beethoven's *Sonata appassionata*, Liszt's transcription of the "Tell" overture, and his own fantasia on the *Freyschütz*, and left Europe in September last for New York, where he has remained entirely quiet and unheralded, until his recent debut in the concert of the Philharmonic Society.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, APRIL 7, 1855.

Mr. Gustav Satter's Concert.

The assembly at Chickering's on Monday evening, though of the most appreciative, was not so numerous as it should have been. This was in a measure owing, no doubt, to the freezing blast which swept through all our streets so violently all that day and night, and which even beleaguered the concert room, rattling the windows and moaning round the house with a wild and crazy sort of music, that vied in noise with the noisiest passages of the Liszt fantasia within. Doubtless too, it had its exasperating effect on the nerves of the young artist, lashing him into a more furious *fortissimo* and a more lightning-like velocity toward the conclusion of several of his pieces, sufficiently exciting in themselves. But it was nevertheless a very delightful and successful concert. The programme was remarkable, introducing the audience to more of the notable piano compositions, that were wholly new to them, than almost any concert that we can remember. It was indeed purely a piano-forte concert, no other instrument or voice intervening, except the strings in a single Trio. But with MOZART, BEETHOVEN, SCHUBERT, SCHUMANN, CHOPIN, LISZT, for composers, with so accomplished a virtuoso for interpreter, and so telling and tractable an instrument as that last noble Grand of the Messrs. Chickering, to do his bidding, there was spiritually and materially enough for a rare feast of Art.

Mr. Satter's playing satisfied us best that evening in the first two pieces. The first was in the E♭ Trio of FRANZ SCHUBERT, which he played with the brothers FRIES. This is the last of Schubert's two Trios, his hundredth work, written but soon before his early death, (Nov. 1828.) The other, in B♭, (which was intended to be given, and was so set down in the programme,) is supposed to have been written shortly before, and was posthumously brought to light. That is graceful, tender, dreamy in its character; but this more fiery and impetuous. Especially so the first movement, which is full of short, decided rhythms, in full chords, giving fine scope for the strong and crisp *staccato* of Mr. Satter, who certainly played it with the utmost neatness, clearness, and emphatic accent. The Adagio, too, is a deep, solemn, march-like movement, full of marvellous surprises in modulation, and surcharged with that strange magnetism, (as indeed the Allegro also,) with which Schubert's music seizes upon you almost as remarkably as Beethoven's. The Finale, in grandeur of sentiment, somewhat disappoints; it opens with a Haydn-like cheerfulness, and runs out to great length, with a continual return by all possible processes of modulation of a very bright and pleasing theme, which sang as sweet as silver bells in the exquisite upper octaves of that piano. The whole composition, however, is extremely interesting, and abounds with every variety of image and expression, (save that it has scarcely any slow *cantabile*,) so that Mr. Satter's mastery in execution and interpretation was displayed to the highest advantage. Schumann says of the E♭ Trio, that it is more active, manly, and dramatic, while that in B♭ on the contrary is passive, feminine, and lyrical.

But the most perfect of all Mr. Satter's renderings so far, was that of the little Minuet and Trio from Mozart's Symphony in E♭. It is comparatively a simple thing; but it required an artist to reproduce so faultlessly, so genially, the smooth, cool, limpid, even flow, and June-like atmosphere of that most Mozartean Allegretto. His playing, to say nothing of its exquisite mechanical perfection, expressed all that was in the music. Not so entirely with the Beethoven Minuetto, from the Sonata in E♭, (No. 3 of op. 29.) It seemed to us too fast, and not to contain all that we have whilom felt in connection with that music. We speak rather of the melodious Minuetto than of the Trio, with its smiting, flashing chords. The triplet of little pieces was completed rather heterogeneously by the Coronation March from the *Prophète*, a very brilliant and orchestrally crowded arrangement of Mr. Satter's own, which he made extremely effective.

Then came the grand piece of the evening, the *Sonata appassionata* of BEETHOVEN, in F minor, op. 57. SCHINDLER, in his life of the composer, says: "I asked him one day for a key to the two Sonatas, op. 57, and the one in D minor, op. 29, and he replied: read Shakspeare's 'Tempest.'" They certainly are alike in atmosphere and feeling, and are such music as one could fitly hear while reading or remembering the "Tempest." But the other is in a more gentle, graceful, feminine vein (we wish Mr. Satter would play it at his next Soirée); this, as its name denotes, is fiery, and impassioned to the last degree, a most exciting piece to play, or listen to. We thought the first movement was superbly executed, and it is immensely rapid, difficult and crowded. You feel all the lightnings and commotions of the elements in its wild and angry onsweep, and its fitful pauses; and every little episode suggests the mingling of human tenderness with imaginations marvellous and awe-inspiring. The Andante, with its deep, wise, solemn theme, in manly, low chords, (Prospero, shall we fancy ?), and its naturally evolving variations, might, it seemed to us, have been made more impressive; we could not feel sure that feeling and conception quite kept pace with execution there; and the wild, wind-like finale Presto was taken so extremely fast, although with perfect evenness and exactness, that the outline was hard to seize; besides that in strength, in vehemence, in loudness, it seemed also somewhat overdone. We could not but feel too, on the other hand, that some of the finer passages were treated with a little overniceness of style, rather than the downright earnestness of Beethoven. But we shall not have many chances to hear such great tone-poems of Beethoven rendered with such power and such independence of their extreme mechanical difficulties. It is only that acquaintance with Beethoven makes one's ideal terribly exacting. We should be but too glad to hear Mr. Satter play this Sonata again and repeatedly.

The next piece bore the following strange description on the programme.

CARNAVAL. Scenes mignonnes, on four notes ....SCHUMANN.

1. Preamble; 2. Pierrot; 3. Arlequin; 4. Valse noble; 5. Eusebius; 6. Florestan; 7. Coquette; 8. Replique; 9. Sphinxes; 10. Papillons; 11. Lettres dansantes; 12. Chiarina; 13. Chopin; 14. Estrella; 15. Reconnaissance; 16. Pantalon et Columbine; 17. Valse Allemande; 18. Paganini; 19. Aveu; 20. Promenade; 21. Pause; 22. March des "Davidsbündler" contre les Philistines.

This must not be understood to be written literally on four notes. It is a queer medley of little pieces, of various styles and personal allusions, which Schumann in some freak of his younger days strung upon the chance suggestion of the four letters composing the name or residence of one of his lady friends. The letters are A, S, C, H; the H in German standing for our B natural, and S or *es* for E flat. Of course few of the allusions and little of the point of the joke can be understood here and now, and it seems hardly a piece for the concert room. Yet in so much as can be traced it possesses a certain historical interest, and illustrates a significant period in the recent developments of German

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music. The Leipzig *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*, which was founded and for ten years edited by Schumann, grew out of a club of young musical protesters like himself, who used to meet almost every evening in the latter part of 1833, "ostensibly for social pleasure, but quite as much for the interchange of thoughts about that Art which was meat and drink to them — Music. The then musical state of Germany," (we quote from Schumann's preface to a collection of his writings,) "was not very edifying. Upon the stage still reigned Rossini, on the pianos almost exclusively Herz and Hunten. And yet only a few years had flown, since Beethoven, Weber and Schubert lived among us. To be sure, Mendelssohn's star was in the ascendant, and wonderful things were whispered abroad of a Pole, Chopin, — but these first acquired a lasting influence later. One day the thought passed through our young hot heads:—Let us not look idly on; take hold, and make it better; take hold, and let the poesy of Art be held in honor once more. Hence arose the first sheets of the New Journal," &c. &c. Left alone in his editing, Schumann introduced criticisms from different points of view upon the same matters, under the assumed signatures of "Eusebius," and "Florestan," and a certain mediating "Meister Raro." These were supposed members of a certain "more than secret *Bund* (or confederacy), since it existed only in the brain of its founder," called the David *Bund;* a league in fact against the *Philistines*, which is the general term among German students, artists, poets, &c., for prosaic, narrow, hard, ungenial, commonplace respectabilities. This explains some of the allusions in the *scenes mignonnes*, especially the march at the end, which is as much as to say: Down with the old fogies! *Chiarina* (No. 12) is his own artist wife Clara, of whom he says in the preface above quoted: "These not unwelcome comrades (Eusebius, &c.) finally vanished altogether from the *Zeitschrift*, and ever since a 'Peri' led them off to climes remote, there has been nothing more heard of their literary labors."—Many of the little pieces too are quite piquant and charming in themselves, and passing in such rapid contrast, under the fleet fingers of such a player, who seemed quite to enter into the humor of the thing, they gave no little pleasure.

The Ballade by CHOPIN, in G minor, one of the most florid, dreamy, passion-fraught, and difficult of his compositions, was played with wonderful ease and brilliancy; but suffered, as we thought, somewhat like the Sonata, in being wrought up to *too* vehement a pitch toward the close. To say that this performance was so truly steeped in the delicate peculiar spirit and sentiment of Chopin, as some that we have heard, would be saying too much. Mr. Satter is as yet a very young man, exuberant with power, and enterprising, ready talent; ambitious too to take a high and really artistic stand; impressed with good maxims, and a zealous student of the real classics of his Art; but it would be too much to expect of him all that earnest depth of feeling, and of inward experience, all that maturity of conception, which should leave nothing to be desired in his interpretations of such poets as Chopin and Beethoven.

The Concert closed with another performance of Liszt's prodigious fantasia upon Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream" music, which was indeed an amazing specimen of strength, delicacy, rapidity, and clearness in execution, and brought out the remarkable power and brilliancy of the instrument, in a manner that electrified the audience even more than at the concert of the Quintette Club. In those aërial fairy tremolos the peculiar beauty of the upper octaves of the piano was very striking. This was *really* music of the "prodigious school," and was well enough for once, since our young virtuoso would play all schools.—Mr. SATTER, it will be seen, announces two more concerts, for Tuesday and Friday next, with equally rare programmes. No one should lose these opportunities to hear such compositions played by one so very able.

MUSICAL EDUCATION SOCIETY.—The sixth and last of the pleasant miscellaneous Concerts by this Society was given on Thursday evening, in the Tremont Temple. The selections were as usual mostly from Oratorio music. Mr. KREISSMANN conducted and accompanied the solos on the piano, and Mr. MUELLER presided at the organ in the choruses. We were sorry to lose the "Hailstone" and another chorus from HANDEL'S "Israel in Egypt;" but we listened with great pleasure to the correct, clear, and effective rendering of the two choruses from "Jephtha": *No more to Ammon's God*, and *In glory high*, which in its suggestion of the rolling sea is truly sublime. Also to two from "Joshua": *May all the host of heaven* and *We with redoubled rage return.—See! the conquering hero comes*, was progressing, as it seemed to us, too slowly, when we were obliged to leave, losing Mendelssohn's song: *O, rest in the Lord*, and two more choruses from "Joshua."

We have been often pleased, but this time were surprised, by the very effective singing of Miss DOANE; particularly in the pleading and impassioned song: *Jerusalem! thou that killest*, &c., from "St. Paul." Her pure soprano tones were more telling and penetrating than ever; really splendid sometimes was the emphatic note on the top of an ascending and dramatic passage. And what was best of all, we never in past times have heard her sing so uniformly *true;* this is a great gain, to which she adds another, of a pervading chaste expression.

In the other exquisite song by MENDELSSOHN, from his Forty-second Psalm; *For my soul thirsteth for God*, there were the same excellencies of voice and manner; but was not the piece taken much too slow?—The old air of STRADELLA, *Pietà, Signor*, was sung in English by Miss IDE, in some respects well, with even and distinct delivery, but coldly, and with a continual tendency to swerve from true intonation. We heard but the last strains of Mr. BROUGHTON'S *Lord, remember David;*—enough to recognize a light, flexible, high tenor, of very sweet quality. The song about "The Church of our Fathers," sung by Mr. DRAPER, seemed to us rather a sentimental affair in itself, but it was very well sung and had to be repeated.

RUBINSTEIN.—We are tempted to translate part of an article by the distinguished Berlin critic, RELLSTAB, upon this young Russian virtuoso and composer, who is now causing something of a stir in Germany, and who seems to have made a great impression on our "Diarist." Rellstab says:

"The concert of Herr RUBENSTEIN was in some respects the most significant of the whole winter, since it made us acquainted with the ripe development of a talent, which we had already known in its first bud of great promise. It presented us an artist, who already has an estimable and a brilliant Present, and to whose Future we attach the greatest *hopes* . . . and *fears!* In the first part, we may say, that only the hopes smiled to us from the blossoming Present; in the second, for his Symphony, fears rose on the horizon. Yet is the sum of our impressions joy and thankfulness, that we once more may greet a genuine artist; not merely an astonishing virtuoso, but also a productive artist, whose creative power, if it does not strike into an unfortunate direction, will raise him, perhaps does already raise him, higher than the colossal height of virtuosity he now commands.

"He is the Hercules of the piano-forte, the Jupiter Tonans of the instrument, who however wears the majesty of repose, and guides the gleaming lightnings. Not always growls he from his stormy sky; O no, thou lovely blue, and thou mild sun, ye have your full Olympian rights with him. To speak somewhat more technically: His power in playing chords and passages is astonishing. Although the orchestra tried hard to drown him, yet he was heard above all in his penetrating chords. Yet we cannot say that there was any offensive overdoing; he preserves proportion, beauty, even with colossal strength. The hearers felt fresh and buoyant, only the instrument trembled under the hand of the strong master. I would rather be anything else than ever so wonderful a Stöcker *Flügel* under *those* hands! But no! After the ruler had shown his strength, he let his gentleness prevail. He did not draw, but literally sucked the sweetest singing tone from the piano, or let it sound out with the clear ring of silver bells. . . . .

"In his grand *Etude* he reached the highest height as a virtuoso, and perhaps also as composer, in this particular department. The work is written with a splendor and a fire that carry you quite away, and the artist played it with the storm-sweep of the eagle, and yet with calm, controlling majesty. . . . . All the pieces in the first part (his own compositions) filled us with joyful astonishment, that here again was born to us a really creative talent, which does not have to stretch itself upon the rack, to get up a semblance of genius. The Concerto is written in grandiose style; it was too richly instrumented for us, but so brilliant and genial, that we could only recognize in it a youthful exuberance of power, too lavish of its means. And in the thoughts themselves, with all the composer's fondness for the serious, the dark, the wild, for the sombre depths and piercing lightnings of dissonance, there is still perfect healthfulness, freshness and even heroic strength. The only weakness of the artist seemed to us his over-fulness, and that is a fault which time will cure.

"But in his Symphony, 'Ocean,' in the last movements, the false squandering of this power was too obvious, not to disturb again our fairest hopes. Until the close of the first part, we had the feeling that here stood an artist, capable some day, after earnest study, of becoming not an unsuccessful rival of MENDELSSOHN. But on the path which he had entered in this Symphony, we found that every step was carrying him far-

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ther from this high goal. Yet through this work too there flow rich and copious artistic veins. The only fault is that of *over-much-ness*, both in thought-combinations, and in the instrumentation especially; but it has this fault in the extremest degree. The instrumentation is no longer beautiful, because it tries continually to present the *most* beautiful. We have no contrasts, no alternation of light and shade, because the composer cannot deny himself enough to abstain from using all colors and all lights at once."

Music in New York.—Our usual New York correspondence has not come to hand in season for this week's paper. But we believe little of importance has occurred, although there is much in prospect. The German Opera at Niblo's, (our correspondent's account of which we were compelled by crowd of matter to cut short last week.) since the three representations of *Der Freyschütz*, with the continued success of Miss Lehmann, has been suspended during Passion-Week. Meanwhile the various opera troupes, all of which seem to have found their way back at once to New York, have been giving concerts. Mlle. Nau, with Messrs. St. Albyn and Irving, and the pianist Gockel, gave operatic and sacred miscellany at Niblo's on Thursday. For Monday last and Monday next the Pyne and Harrison troupe have had concerts announced, the programme of the next including a new operetta, "The Marriage of Georgette." Miss Pyne has fortunately recovered from the consequences of her fall in Philadelphia, and, it is said, will soon be in Boston for another round of English opera.

At the Academy of Music, *Lucrezia Borgia* was performed on Wednesday, by Steffanone, Vestvali and Signori Brignoli and Badiali; and a sacred and miscellaneous concert by the whole troupe will take place to-night under the direction of Maretzek. Among its attractions, says the *Tribune*, will be "an entirely new manuscript Oratorio, entitled the *Stabat Mater*, or *The Crucifixion of Christ*, in which several hundred performers will take part.—On Monday evening, Rossini's masterpiece, "William Tell," will be produced for the first time in America, at the Academy. We trust it will be done well enough to have a good run.

Madame the Baroness De La Grange, of whom we gave an account some time ago, as the most brilliant florid bravura singer perhaps now in Europe, is expected to arrive next week in the Baltic, and to commence immediately an engagement at Niblo's, in Italian and German Opera. This, if we are rightly informed, is Mr. Ullman's enterprise.

The Other Side.

New York, April 2, 1855.

Mr. Dwight: Dear Sir,—I am a constant reader of your paper, and generally it pleases me; but when I read that part of your New York correspondent's letter which speaks of Mr. Mason's playing of Chopin's Impromptu, I did not like that at all. I *know* that it is not a true account: I am well acquainted with this piece, and have heard it played many times, (tried it myself, and how I wish I could play it!) but never heard it so beautifully played as it was by Mr. Mason on that evening. More than this, my piano teacher, who has heard all the best Pianists abroad, says he never heard it played more distinctly and beautifully. The "confusion of sounds" must have been in your correspondent's own brain; for I am sure no one else felt it who was present, and I for one am confident I heard every note. As for the "looseness" complained of in Mr. Mason's playing, it is that freedom from stiff, solid, iron, mechanical precision, that pleases me so much when I listen to him. It is like a pleasant dream or delightful vision; I feel that I am not listening to a machine, but to a living soul. I excuse your correspondent somewhat, it is so natural for New Yorkers to be unwilling to appreciate native talent; but he (or she, is it not? I think the writer must be of my own sex) should not have found fault with what was really the best performance of the evening.

Yours truly, Justice.

We gladly give place to the above, (although it is a better plan in such cases for writers to let us know their real names); because we like to hear *good* things, rather than the contrary, of all men, and especially of a young artist who has given us so much pleasure as William Mason; and because two honest statements, though of opposite impressions, help us to know the truth. If "Justice" has the right of it, it is not because our New York correspondent's tone of criticism is not as uniformly kindly as it is candid, but doubtless owing to some accidental difference in their listening conditions at the time referred to. Justice must remind "Justice," also, that said correspondent pronounced very high praise upon some of the other performances of Mr. M.

Bound Volumes of the past three years will soon be ready for purchasers.

Particular Request.—Our supply of No. 4, Vol. V., and No. 15, Vol. VI., has nearly run out. Any of our friends who do not file their Journals, and who can send us either number, will confer a very great favor.

Musical Intelligence.

Local.

Concerts at Hand. This evening, at the Boston Music Hall, a Benefit Concert is to be given complimentary to Mr. J. P. Groves, a young American violinist, who has grown up among us, his musical talent having been first recognized and put in the way of due improvement while he was a pupil at the Warren Street Chapel. For several years Mr. Groves has uniformly held a place in our best orchestras, and has sometimes played a concert solo very creditably. He is evidently a favorite among the musicians, from the fact that so many of them have volunteered their aid to make this concert a substantial benefit. The overtures and accompaniments are to be played by an orchestra of fifty performers, and Mrs. Wentworth and Mr. Millard also have volunteered to sing. The proceeds are to swell the sails that shall waft the young artist over to the old world, where he goes to seek improvement in his art under the best German masters. He is worthy of encouragement and furtherance in this design.

On Tuesday evening there will be two concerts, one by Paul Julien, in the Music Hall; and one by Mr. Satter, at Chickering's Saloon. Mr. S. will then show us Liszt's remarkable power of arranging a Beethoven Symphony for the piano, even for two hands, by playing his arrangement of the *Pastorale*. He will also play what may be called the companion piece to the *Sonata appassionata* of Beethoven, namely the one in D minor, op. 29. His last concert will be on Friday. On both these occasions he will be assisted by that sweet young singer, Miss Louise Hensler.

Mr. E. Bruce, organist of the Bowdoin St Church, announces for Thursday evening a repetition of a concert recently given by him with his choir and pupils, which seems to have been very popular, consisting of choruses, &c., from different operas. And for the 19th inst. he announces a performance of Haydn's Mass in D. Mr. Willcox to officiate as organist on both occasions.

Musical Fund Society.—The proposed Benefit Concert, which ought to enlist the efforts of all friends of good music, is fixed, we understand, for Saturday, 21st of April. There is some chance that Mr. Satter the pianist, will assist and play the E flat Concerto of Beethoven. He certainly will do so, if his own concerts justify his stay.

Bangor.—We are happy to learn, as we do by the following note, that we have *two* to credit instead of one, for the "Excellent Example" of which we spoke a fortnight since.

Bangor, Me., March 20, 1855.

Mr Editor:—In the *Journal* of last week I observed a very friendly notice of musical affairs in this city. I cannot, however, claim to have accomplished all that for which you gave me credit. Mr. Horace R. Streeter has been heart and hand in the work, and to him should be accorded an equal share.

Although the number interested in our Concerts is above 300, still, owing to the want of a proper room, the attendance has never been so large as stated by you.

Very respectfully yours,
John W. Tufts.

Advertisements.

MR. GUSTAV SATTER

Has the pleasure to inform the public that his SECOND CONCERT in Boston will be given at the Rooms of the Messrs. Chickering, (Masonic Temple.) on TUESDAY EVENING, April 10th, on which occasion he will be kindly assisted by

MISS LOUISE HENSLER.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

1. Overture to 'William Tell,'........................Rossini.
Arranged by Liszt.
2. a, Pastorale.
b, Arioso, Transcriptions de Concert of the Opera 'Le Prophète,' by Meyerbeer....................Kullak.
c, Minuetto of the G minor Symphony,..............Mozart.
3. Song, by Miss Louise Hensler
4. Sonata in D minor, op 29,........................Beethoven.

PART II.

1. Overture to 'Oberon,'..............................Weber.
Arranged by Satter
2. Song, by Miss Louise Hensler.
3. Pastoral Symphony,..............................Beethoven.
Arranged by Liszt.

☞ Concert to commence at 7½ o'clock.

☞ Tickets, $1 each, may be obtained at the usual places and at the door.

☞ Mr Satter would respectfully announce that his THIRD and LAST CONCERT will take place on the following Friday Evening, when he will have the assistance of Miss LOUISE HENSLER, and the MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB.

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From the Christian Inquirer.

The first five numbers of this promising (and thus far performing) paper are now out. We look for its weekly issue with high and never disappointed expectation. Its leaders are *loaded* in a double sense—weighty with thought as well as with typographical distinctness. They carry metal. We are much impressed with the seriousness and instructive aim of the editorial columns. Manifestly it is not to tickle the ear or please the fancy, but to enlighten the mind and improve the taste, that the leading article always aims. The writer has a real, well-considered, distinct, and decisive thought to convey to his readers' minds, and he goes about it patiently, unambitiously, and earnestly, and succeeds not in winning our admiration—a poor victory—but in leaving us wiser than he found us.

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Translated for this Journal.

CLARA SCHUMANN.

BY FRANZ LISZT.

II.

As long ago as in 1837, in the *Gazette Musicale* of Paris, we designated ROBERT SCHUMANN as one of those individualities, who inscribe their names with a sharp burin on the pages of history; as a man, whose works must draw upon themselves the attention of contemporaries, not needing their consent to outlive them; as an author, who by the deep stamp of his character, independently of the degree of sympathy that he might share, would certainly compel respect. *Then* we could say this only with an anticipating look into a Future, which, now realizing our expectations, has assigned him so decidedly prominent a place among living composers. We mention his high merit here only to intimate, that the man, who of present composers is unquestionably the one who most *thinks music*, was inevitably called to exercise a great influence upon a female virtuoso gifted with a like propensity from birth. Since the relative equality of the two artists did not exclude a positive superiority of the husband to the wife, it necessarily followed that uninterrupted contact with an intellect so lofty and imposing, so confounded with her own ideal, and environed with her own visions, as Robert Schumann, stamped the indelible impress of his profile upon CLARA'S talent. And in fact CLARA WIECK was very far from what Madame SCHUMANN has become.

The former lived in a still transparent atmosphere, cooled by the soft breezes of life's morning; if gentle flames arose here and there, they were like Bengal lights, the mere blush upon young virgin cheeks. The purity of her execution did not exclude a certain involuntary play of colors, which one might take for an unconscious coquetry. Roguish, careless humor was not strange to her. Her grace unfolded itself with an obviously indolent *laissez-faire*. One saw that the imagination of the young artist soared aloft, more from an inward and commanding impulse, than from self-conscious passion, or decided will. Unstable and capricious, she followed her own inclinations through the fair and mazy path, looked with delight at every flower, at every star, if they but breathed the slightest fragrance or glimmered with the palest splendor. She knew how with the most lovely grace to fling a spangled corner of the silvery veil that floated about her, over every object, which she would see sparkle with new beauty. The rhythmical accent struck her, more than she determined it; the movement of her play depended on the influence of the hour, the day, on sunshine and a tranquil mood. The melody did not remain always alike; now it came out nebulous and pale like the fair features of a Walkyr on a grey cloud, and now it advanced toward you bright and beaming as a gypsey child waving the tambourine. All this was involuntary, sudden, ravishing, so that even the imperfections of the young nature, through this purposeless and naive way, through the evident want of all thought of before or after, through the magic spell of a peculiar charm, through the innocent unfolding of all her excellencies, through the truthful simplicity of this poetic enthusiasm, which never dreamed that it was poetry, became almost more attractive than her more serious and solid attributes.

For a number of years Madame Schumann has played only now and then in public. Fate has led her recently to make new concert tours, and to turn her special attention again to virtuosity. As Weimar was one of the first cities embraced in her plan, we had for several days, during which the noble guest tarried among us, an opportunity to measure the significant development which her talent has been gaining since that time. The lovely Muses' playmate has become a consecrated, faithfully devoted, severe priestess. To the moist, youthful lustre of her eyes, there has succeeded a fixed and anxious look. The flower crown, once so loosely woven in her hair, now scarcely hides the burning scars, which the holy circlet has impressed so deeply on her brow. A mysterious light seems to stream from her fingers, when they make the strings resound. No more do those up-flickering waves of light encircle her, which made her hair thrill, and her heart beat quicker; all the warmth is concentrated into a glow, whose focus is known only to the hierophants of Art; they only may approach, to feel the electric stream of divine fire, which without torch, without lustre, without flame burns all the more inextinguishably. An unimpeachable perfection characterizes every tone of this soft, suffering Sibyl, who, breathing heaven's air, remains connected only by her tears with earth.

Seldom again like her will a woman yield up her whole inward life to Art, only to feel and to enjoy in its domain. She has gradually attained to the subjective life of such masters as we find depicted in certain fantastical narratives, with whom the interests and importance of the whole globe are so completely merged in the sphere of Art, that to them the actual has become a dream, an unavoidable but painful interruption of *their* life, which in the eyes of the multitude appears a visionary life, but which they value as the only true reality. One easily sees, how she only wakes, so long as she hears music, or plays herself; how as the last tones die away, her soul shuts up, like the flower cup, whose petals droop ere the last ray of the sun has vanished, and only opens itself to the new spiritual day, when she is borne up on the wings of harmony. For her exquisite sensitiveness a false tone were a catastrophe, the failure of a passage a blighted inclination, a mistaken *tempo* a love unreturned, a wrongly conceived rhythm a despised deed of greatness, which in her excited inmost soul she must needs feel like so many wounds.

When she mounts the tripod of the temple, the woman speaks to us no more; she entertains us not as poetess about earthly passion, about the stormy strife of human destiny; she convinces us not by the boldness of her appeals, still less does she court our sympathies. A devout, believing and submissive priestess of the Delphian god, with trembling fidelity she performs his worship. Tremulously careful not to miss an iota of the oracle to be announced, not to accent a syllable falsely, she chastens her own feeling, so as not to become a guilty and a treacherous interpreter. She renounces her own suggestions, that she may declare the oracle as an incorruptible mediator, as a faithful expounder. She will explain no obscure passage according to her own individual inclination. For her, in the holy books whose simple pages have been received as valid after a severe test of their genuineness, there is nothing great and nothing small, but all is holy and must be accepted with undoubting, pious reverence. And she is so dominated by devotion, that the more variable human element recedes almost entirely out of view before this objective interpretation of Art. On the contrary, no one will excel her in the truthfulness with which she renders the masters that have become sacred to her through an intimate acquaintance. Among

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the moments of lively admiration, for which we have to thank her, we mention one above all others, since in that we most distinctly recognized the transformation that had been wrought in her talent, from the time when Grillparzer saw in her hands the key, with which, however, her young fingers could not at that time open all the secret chambers of the casket. For years we could hardly compel ourselves any more to listen to the F minor Sonata of Beethoven (*Sonata Appassionata*,) so much had mediocrity fatigued and vexed our ear by a cold, soul-less drawling of this work. But recently when it was performed by Clara Schumann, we experienced an inmost spiritual satisfaction, as when a painter finds again a sublime original, after having been long, long persecuted by *fade* and disfigured copies. For if anything can turn the sublime into the gall of bitterness, it is the ridiculous imitations of it.

The conscientious minuteness of Madame Schumann's preparations for her public performances, has often been remarked. How she searches through the key-board, and tries every tone, the sound of which, although correct, does not perfectly yield the desired resonance and coloring; how she takes care that her seat be not in the least too high or too low. How she not only like a knight, who manages his horse before the tourney, practices for long hours on the piano which she has to play, to get acquainted with all its fine points, its weaknesses and excellencies, but does this, where it is possible, upon the very spot where she is to play, that she may hear how every chord, every arpeggio, every crescendo and diminuendo of the flood of tone will be affected by the acoustic conditions of the room. In this we can see only a necessity of her nature, a consequence of her whole mode of being, of her conception of her Art, her duty to her calling and the difficulty of her artistic life-purpose, which does not permit her to trust the personal inspirations that depend upon the favor of the moment and upon chance moods, but rather convinces her that, to remain faithful to the dignity of Art, one must approach its every festival with the same earnestness, the same devotion.

And so we found the whilom mostly melancholy, but yet often cheerful, always fascinating fairy changed to the conscientious servant of an altar, animated, as it seemed, more by divine awe than by divine intoxication. When Talma at Erfurt represented the greatest kings in their best moments, he saw before him a parterre of kings. In the same way for Clara Schumann it requires a public of the majesties of Art, in order that the secretly struggling fire of her soul may so seize upon all hearers, as it makes her own breast heave. But she will always be admired by all because she is in fact spotless, and has by persevering carefulness, by energy of will and by ascetic devotion attained to a mastery, which stamps her in a certain manner as infallible. She is no pianist and concert-giver in the common sense of the word; her talent seems to us like a personification of the secular oratorio: a Peri yearning for her Paradise, in constant mystic contemplation of the Sublime, the Beautiful, the Ideal.

People say: "It pleased," or: "It did not please." As if there were nothing higher, than to please the people!"—*R. Schumann.*

Diary Abroad.—No. 15.

Berlin, *Feb. 13.*—"German Rhetoric on the opera is chiefly nauseous iterations about Mozart's *Don Giovanni*." I thought of this sentence last night; one which I cut from some New York paper a year ago, and saved, because I was so amazed at the absurd falsity of the statement, and utter ignorance of all that is German which the writer exhibited. I thought of it again last night, and felt that if the charge was true, there would be good ground for it, for *Don Juan* was given with all the splendor of the Royal Opera here. Not one of the solo singers of last evening is of uncommon excellence—several of the parts I have seen better: I have seen a better Donna Anna, than Tuczek; a better Juan than Salomon; a better Leporello than Krause; Bosio was a better Zerlina than Agnes Bury. Yet never was I so wrought upon, never did I feel the gradual progress of the drama, the stupendous climax of its finale—the awful effect of the contrasts so often occurring, the immense, unrivalled, unapproachable variety and richness of expression in the orchestral coloring, from the opening blast of the overture to the final chords—as last evening.

Nor did I ever feel more decidedly how much better it is to attend the production of an Opera—than the production of one or two singers. There is a vast deal in the putting of a work upon the stage—in the scenery, the chorus, all the little accessories, to say nothing of an orchestra properly balanced, trained and conducted. So last night I was thoroughly interested in *Don Juan* as a play. For the first time, I think, have I felt really the dramatic force of Da Ponte's text. The opening solo of Leporello came to me as something more than a comic description of his own troubles and aspirations—it gives a key to the character of his master, which is fully explained in his "Catalogue Song." It prepared me for the entrance of Don Juan and Anna. At last the libertine has met a rebuff—evidently his first; for once he is unsuccessful. From this moment his downfall dates. Adding murder to his attempt upon Anna, casts the die. This I felt last night; and now, as I read over Oulibicheff's view of this opening scene, I am by no means satisfied with it.

Through the whole play I followed Anna's influence upon the fate of Don Juan, feeling that the result was inevitable. But I am more than ever unwilling to admit Hoffmann's idea that Anna may too have been a victim of the Don. When vengeance had at length overtaken him, I wanted, strangely enough to be sure, that closing scene, which is now never played, and the existence of which is forgotten, in which the other characters appear, and all ends happily.

Curious, that as I left the house I met an American gentleman, whose text-book was prepared by Da Ponte, in New York, in 182-(?) for the performance of the work by the Garcia troupe. Unluckily the title page was gone, but Da Ponte's preface is there. Maria Garcia, afterwards Malibran, was the Zerlina. That of course was the first performance of *Don Juan* on our side of the Atlantic. Will it ever be given there with the scenic and orchestral effects of last night? That ball scene for instance—three bands, three balls, three kinds of dances at once!

March 16.—That unfortunate lover of music, Agindos, who for his sins has been banished to Paris this winter, has at length been pitied by the Fates, and allowed to hear a Symphony by the Conservatoire. Long abstinence having made him hungry to raging, I fear that he has surfeited and that his wits are slightly disordered. Thus he writes to my friend Pegan.

Paris, March 12.

My dear Pegan:—I have just come down.

"Come down, from where, pray?"

Why, from the upper regions, not like Icarus nor Vulcan, but in a respectable manner, gently, soberly; and I now find myself upon terra firma. The thing was after this wise, viz:—I went yesterday to a concert of the Conservatoire. I had moved heaven and earth to get a ticket—and succeeded! This same Conservatoire had been haunting me all winter. Everybody said "you must hear this orchestra before you can be entitled to speak." I was becoming desperate—when finally a friend brought me a ticket. I turned over my table, broke a chair, and nearly broke my neck, besides (not doing) other antics—which were down on the bill but omitted by particular request on the reception of said ticket.

The concert was advertised for two o'clock, P. M.,—"*deux heures precises*"—I came very near going at twelve for fear of being late,—I *did* present myself at one and a half.—Excellent officer at the door—good soul—only tore off a corner of my ticket, and didn't say it was false—that some one had played a cruel trick upon me—no; he let me pass and then I wanted to make him a speech on the spot as an acknowledgment of my gratitude; but I could not get beyond "Mounsheer!" to save my life. Good people showed me my seat and I took possession of it with the composure of the oldest subscriber. I had time to look about me before the musicians came in—*Grande Salle des Concerts*—that's what the programme calls the concert room. I should call it a "sell," not a *Salle*. It reminds me of the theatre at Göttingen—or that of any such little provincial town. It is elliptical in shape; has three galleries, besides the parterre, and accommodates about 1200 persons. Every nook and corner is occupied, and there is a large number of "standees." I never saw a place more completely crammed. The audience was evidently composed of people who had music in their souls. You felt this when a gentle murmur, a sympathetic pulsation, "a shivering along the arteries," followed some touching passage.

The leader of the orchestra, M. Girard, a great, stout man, rapped for silence, and not a sound was heard. The first piece upon the programme was "*Symphonie en Sol mineur, de* Mozart," an old acquaintance of ours, bringing you and the Veda vividly to mind. How they played it! The tears gushed into my eyes—I wanted to cry like a child. Music has seldom affected me so. You could almost hear the audience sob; the musicians themselves exchanged glances full of feeling, full of meaning at their own exquisite rendering and interpretation of some of the passages. The Scherzo was "*bissed*,"—(encored, as we say in America) as it always is and deserves to be. I never heard anything more delicious in my life. You remember the introduction to this Symphony? It reminds me of the instrumentation in the "Magic Flute." This piece accomplished, the musicians talked together about it; the audience talked about it; and everybody felt himself a better man. I could have gone home and had something to think of all my life.

The second piece was an Aria from Haydn's "Creation," beautifully sung by M. Levasseur.

Third, Music to "Egmont," by Beethoven, the connecting text read by M. Guichard, the vocal pieces sung by Mme. Miolan-Cavalho; both accomplishing their parts as well as they could have been done. It would be vain to attempt to convey to your mind an adequate conception of the perfect manner in which the orchestra rendered this sublime composition of Beethoven. I never understood nor felt its power before. If I could give my impression of "Hamlet" in a letter, or describe Mt. Blanc, I might hope for success with "Egmont"—but as it is, I pass it over as too great a subject for my pen. I can only say that the orchestra played it almost as if inspired.

Fourth, Quartet by Cherubini. I could very well have dispensed with it, but I suppose it was performed because there must be at least one piece by a French—no, by a composer claimed by the French.

Fifth and lastly, Overture to "Oberon." What an appropriate morceau to close with! The close of this overture is so particularly fine as to form a finale worthy of so great a concert. It was played with a perfection, too, exceeding if possible that of those which had gone before it, and sent us home, all well satisfied with ourselves, with the world, and with everything we had heard. It was at this concert that I began my ascent—do you wonder that it took me twenty-four hours to return to sublunary things?

Now you will ask if the orchestra of the Conservatoire is better than our Royal friends in Berlin? I reply, impossible to play better; they play as well, and in fact it seemed to me that the Berlin orchestra had been transported in a body to Paris, and that I was listening to my old friends, not to new acquaintances. A musician might detect a difference. I am inclined myself to the opinion that a German orchestra, under a German

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leader, and in the heart of Germany itself, could better interpret Beethoven and Mozart than foreigners. Still the orchestra here played "Egmont" in a manner beyond all criticism. I should say the Conservatoire is *equal* to any in the world, and if not number one, it is not number two.

This is the second concert I have attended. At the first they played the 'Heroic Symphony' of Beethoven. There were some mistakes committed in the Scherzo, evidently an accident of rare occurrence, as it created an immense sensation; otherwise the performances were, like those of yesterday, worthy the great fame of the orchestra. Still I have heard the 'Heroic Symphony' played better in Berlin. So much for music.

Musical Correspondence.

From NEW YORK.

APRIL 9.—I did not write you last week because there was hardly anything to write about, particularly in my special line, that of concert-music. And even now you will have to be satisfied with a mere chit-chat letter, as I did not attend any of the concerts of last week, partly because I was not able to do so, and partly because they attracted me too little. At that of the PYNE and HARRISON troupe, on Monday, I am told, a very large audience was assembled, who were greeted, according to the *Musical Gazette*, to "a deluge of ballads." The performances of Miss Louisa Pyne, and some of those of her sister, seem to have been the only part of the entertainment which was beyond mediocrity. It is to be repeated to-night, I hear. A public rehearsal of the N. Y. HARMONIC SOCIETY took place on the same evening, and is said to have been very satisfactory. I regret that a permanent engagement on that night of the week has prevented me from attending any of these quite interesting and attentive *réunions*. Of the concert of the Opera troupe, on Saturday evening, the least said the better, according to all accounts. The house was quite empty, and the performances, with a few exceptions, very unsatisfactory. Among them were selections from ROSSINI's *Stabat Mater*: the *Stabat Mater*, or the Crucifixion of Christ, of which you make mention in your last, is a new composition by Mr. FRY, the bringing out of which is postponed until the 19th inst.

On Saturday afternoon the associate members of the PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY had an opportunity of admiring the excellencies of your friend Mr. BERGMANN as leader. And I, for one, did admire his energy and enthusiasm, and the strictness and pertinacity with which he "reined up" at the slightest fault, as well as the greater nicety of shading to which he actually compelled the orchestra. The latter will have to keep wide awake while he sojourns among them; for his Bostonian reputation, and the fact of his being a stranger, gives h m a control over them which Mr. EISFELD cannot have, who has had to create his own position, and is not yet firm enough in it to be able to presume upon it with the heterogeneous and unruly spirits that compose the body of which he is the head, and of which he only has made what it is now. No one can regret Mr. Eisfeld's illness more than I, nor rejoice more heartily at the present prospect of his ultimate recovery, but I cannot help thinking that this season of thorough training will be a very good thing for the Philharmonic orchestra.

I must thank you for taking my part against my fair antagonist, who expresses her opinion so decidedly in your last. But I would also say a few words in my own defence, and as gallantry forbids my addressing myself personally to an unknown lady, (who does me great honor by supposing me to belong to her sex,) you must allow me to make you my medium.

First of all I would clear myself from the imputation of being prejudiced against *native* talent. Far from this, I am too truly American, not to rejoice at any triumph of my countrymen in Art, or welcome gladly the rapidly increasing number of young artists springing up around us, and the love of *true* music which is slowly, but I hope, surely spreading in our land. For this reason I looked forward joyfully to Mr. MASON's return to this country, and his appearance here as the first *thoroughly* American pianist. I was present at his Matinée and Concerts in this city, admired heartily his ready solution of all the most difficult problems of the modern school, was delighted with his masterly rendering of the Handelian Fugue, honored him for playing something besides his own compositions, (which are, however, well worth playing,) and heard him then play the *Impromptu* of CHOPIN several times, in a manner which completely satisfied me. I, too, love that composition as well as any one can, and because I love it so, and know it so well, am very jealous of its rendering, and I still maintain that on that evening, the apple of discord between your unknown correspondent and myself, it was *not* played as well as it should have been. And instead of my being singular in this opinion, I have as yet met no one who did not agree with me, of many of my friends who were present.

As regards the *looseness* of playing which I mentioned, that expression refers more to the school to which Mr. Mason belongs. *Chacun à son goût*; some prefer that school or style, others the crisp, nervous, forcible style of which Mr. SATTER's playing is a type, and, in a measure, that of your townsman, Mr. DRESEL, neither of which, I am sure, any one can accuse of being stiff or mechanical. I was perhaps wrong in attempting a comparison between the two styles, as they are so totally different.

Mr. Mason is to play WEBER's *Concertstück* in our next Philharmonic concert, and I trust my fair opponent will not question my interest in *native* talent, when I say that I sincerely hope that even the most critical will have no fault to find with Mr. Mason's performance. BORNONIS.

APRIL 10.—Absence from the city prevented my giving you my usual report last week. But as there was not much to tell about, and as you have yourself told what there was, I am excusable.

Last Wednesday *Lucrezia* was given at the Academy to a poor house. But I have hardly ever heard it performed better. STEFFANONE sang and acted superbly, and BRIGNOLI, BADIALI and VESTVALI were capital. On Saturday evening a "sacred and secular concert" was given, the second part consisting of parts of ROSSINI's (not FRY's) *Stabat Mater*. About three or four hundred persons were present. Fry's *Stabat Mater* is to be given on Thursday.

And now for the grand event of the season, the performance of "William Tell." But let me first correct the assertion of the bills and some of the papers, that this is its first performance in America. From the "*Despatch*," whose musical and dramatic editor, Mr. C. B. BURKHARDT, is excellent authority in such matters, I learn that "William Tell" was produced in the original French, in New Orleans, anterior to 1841, and (also in French) at the Park Theatre in this city, on the 16th of June, 1845, and a number of times afterwards, with the following caste: Tell, M. GARRY; Arnoldo, ARMAND; Walter Furst, DOUVRY; Melchthal, BERNARD; Gessler, C. DOUVRY; Rodolpho, CORURIOT; Matilda, Mme. CASINI.

I was only able to be present at the Academy last night for a very short time, and therefore can not give you much account of the performance. The audience, however, was the largest I have ever seen in the building, and, from all reports, though it was not dismissed till 12 o'clock, was well pleased with the performance. And indeed the managers did their utmost for a good and successful representation.—Several new scenes were added, the choruses and supernumeraries were increased and everything done for its success. It did my eyes good to see the Academy so crowded full for once at least. The cast is as follows:

Matilda, an Austrian Princess,……Signora Steffanone.
Gessler, the Austrian Governor,…………Signor Rocco.
Rodolpho, Captain of the Guards,……Signor Quinto.
Edwige, the wife of Tell,…………Signora Avogadro.
Albert, her son,…………Signora Bertucca Maretzek.
Guglielmo Tell, } Swiss Patriots, { Sig. Badiali.
Arnoldo, in love with Matilda, } Swiss Patriots, { Sig. Bolcioni.
Walter Furst, } Swiss Patriots, { Sig. Coletti.
Leutholdo,……………………Signor Crouza.
Melchthal, the father of Arnoldo,……Signor Muller.
A Fisherman,……………………Signor Vietti.

All the solo singers are said to have done better than usual. The opera itself requires a great deal of care in its representation to be given in a satisfactory manner; for from the following plot you will see that there are many situations which need great scenic and mechanical assistance.

ACT I.—The people of the five cantons of Switzerland, are groaning under the oppression of their Governor. TELL, who has already determined upon procuring their independence, endeavors to excite the young ARNOLDO, who is in love with MATILDA, to embrace the cause which inflames his own patriotism. At this moment, LEUTHOLDO having slain a soldier who was carrying off his daughter, appears and implores the fishermen to bear him across the lake. They all refuse, but TELL embarks with him as the soldiers in pursuit of him arrive. In their rage at losing him, they bear away the venerable pastor, the sire of ARNOLDO, a prisoner.

ACT II.—TELL, who has surprised ARNOLDO while having an interview with MATILDA, informs him that his father has been murdered. In his remorse, the young man determines upon joining him. The people of Unterwalden, Schwitz and Uri then approach. Their plans are laid, and the cry is first breathed "To Arms."

ACT III.—The cap of the Austrian Governor, GESSLER, has been erected upon a lofty pole, and all who are present are required to bow before it. TELL refuses to do so, and the soldiers who recognize him denounce him to GESSLER. Knowing his fame as a marksman, the Governor orders him to pierce with an arrow an apple which is placed upon the head of his son. TELL is in despair, but compelled to make the attempt, succeeds. As overpowered by his emotion he sinks into the arms of his friends, an arrow falls from his vest. It had been intended for the heart of GESSLER, if TELL had slain his son. In his rage, the Governor orders both of them to be seized, but MATILDA claims the boy's life in the name of their sovereign, and TELL only is borne away, as the Swiss breathe their curses upon GESSLER.

ACT IV.—ARNOLDO arms the people for the purpose of saving TELL. MATILDA, who has restored the patriot's son to his mother, proposes to save the father by remaining with them as a hostage for his safety—when a storm arises, and TELL is seen steering the boat on the lake, in which GESSLER had borne him away. Nearing a rock, he takes a desperate leap from the boat and manages to rejoin his family. GESSLER effects a landing on a more distant part of the shore, and comes in pursuit of him, when TELL seizes his arrow and takes a deadly aim. GESSLER falls. The first blow has been stricken for Swiss Liberty.

As it is announced for repetition on Wednesday and Friday, and will probably be continued still longer, I will endeavor to give you a more detailed account of the performance in my next.

The German opera at Niblo's commences again to-night. And in connection with this, I must severely, very severely blame Miss LEHMANN. I understand that she refused to sing in the *Freischütz* or any other German opera, unless BELLINI's miserable *Capuletti e Montechi* should also be given, so that she could shine as Romeo. Accordingly it is announced for to-night. I shall go, but only for a little while. I saw JOHANNA WAGNER in it, and if she could not make me like it, I do not think Caroline Lehmann can. And besides, the absurdity of producing it in German, by a German troupe. It will hurt the "good cause" vastly.

Mme. DE LA GRANGE could not get ready in time for the Baltic, but is certainly expected by the next steamer. For the next Philharmonic (April 21st,) we have the *Tannhäuser* overture, the Seventh Symphony (under Mr. BERGMANN's excellent direction,) MENDELSSOHN's *Loreley*, and two choruses from "Elijah," by the MENDELSSOHN UNION, and WEBER's *Concert-Stück*, to be performed by WILLIAM MASON. R.

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From BERLIN.

MARCH 9.—What a concert! I had been told repeatedly by Dr. Blank—who divides his time equally between his patients and music—that Mr. Music-director STERN'S Singing Society had become really a rival of the Sing-Akademie in numbers and in the excellence of its performances; which assertion I had taken *cum grano*, supposing he was blinded by partiality. Last evening this society gave its first concert, and this morning I make all necessary and proper acknowledgments to the Doctor for having doubted him. The concert was in the hall of the Theatre, a room with a gallery, half the main floor of which was occupied by choir and orchestra; so that the audience numbered possibly five hundred persons—a good portion of the gallery seats being empty. Who says that the Germans are not the most musical people in the world? Five hundred persons—free tickets and all—in a city of 430,000 inhabitants, to hear a chorus of some two hundred, an orchestra of about fifty members, and two solists of some distinction, perform the following programme:

1. Psalm CXIV: "When Israel went out of Egypt," for eight-voiced chorus and orchestra, by FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY.
2. Concerto for the Violin, by MENDELSSOHN, performed by Herr Concert-meister JOACHIM.
3. Fantasia for Piano, Orchestra and Chorus, by BEETHOVEN. Piano-forte part by Frau CLARA SCHUMANN.
4. Romanza (F major) for Violin and Orchestra, by BEETHOVEN. Executed by JOACHIM.
5. Kyrie and Gloria, from the Great Mass in D, by BEETHOVEN.

No. 5 was given for the first time in public in Berlin, say the newspapers—and an audience of some five hundred was there to listen! The 114th Psalm is short but worthy of MENDELSSOHN, reminding me in some of the painting of the mighty music in "Elijah." Why don't they sing these things at home? As to JOACHIM and the Concerto, I can say nothing. Perfection! perfection!

The *National Zeitung* man writes a great deal of the flattest nonsense about music, and makes the funniest mistakes sometimes; but this, about the Choral Fantasia, No. 3, of the programme, hits the mark.

"This," he says, "is a gentle prelude to the Ninth Symphony, a parallel piece to that sublime creation taken from the domain of the graceful and delicious. It begins with a long continued solo on the pianoforte. The master in a state of dreamy thought or reverie seems to be preluding upon the instrument to which he has been appointed, and while his fingers are gliding carelessly over the keys the soul is apparently collecting itself. Here all is vague and unconnected. Themes come peeping up only to be lost in broad arpeggios, and no distinct form comes out in all this flood of tones. Out of patience with his poor success, the composer calls upon the orchestra to help him give expression to the feeling which is struggling within for utterance. At first the Contrabassi answer in a sort of recitative figure, and after the other instruments have fallen in one by one, the pianoforte gives out a melody, which is singularly like the '*Freude, schöner Götterfunken*,' in the Ninth Symphony; and in which our Tone-Poet at length has found that means of expression he has so long been seeking. Now the orchestra divides itself into groups, curiously examining the newly-found theme, throwing it about and varying it in all sorts of playful ways. The flutes pass it to the oboes; they to the clarinets and bassoons; then the string quartet gets possession of it, and finally we get it from the rejoicing chorus of all the instruments. Still there is more in it than pianoforte and orchestra can make known; there is yet something more to be expressed. They do not yet give up the attempt, but vary it into new forms, lead it through the most manifold harmonic changes, and at last repeat it in the minor, as if angry at their own weakness. At last, near the close, the human voice comes to their assistance, a full chorus joins the quartet, and surrounded as with a halo of tones from the joyous instruments, sounds forth the 'The Praise of Harmony.'"

The only attempt, so far as I know, ever made to give this Fantasia, (how perfectly this title fits it!) in America, was that of HATTON, in Boston, some eight years since, at that concert of his in which a public, which had never failed to make him sing double the number of songs set down to him in the concerts of other people, left him to play and sing to empty benches. I have never been able to get over my shame and indignation at the shabbiness exhibited on that occasion.

I need record nothing of CLARA SCHUMANN'S performance of the pianoforte part last evening, nor of JOACHIM'S playing in the Beethoven romance which followed.

It is surely a record-worthy event when one hears for the first time any part—though only two numbers—of that work of Beethoven which he himself declares his "greatest and most successful."* The greatest, because in it the musical ideas were, like the subject of the composition, of the grandest order—what so sublime to a devoted Catholic like Beethoven as the words of the Mass!—and because in the breadth and scope of the work it surpassed all else which he had written. The most successful, because he felt that he had here achieved his greatest success in obtaining a full and complete mastery of his ideas and in musically expressing them. May one judge a work of the extent of this great Mass by its two first movements? If so, I feel that Beethoven judged his own work correctly. As I heard that *Kyrie*, and that *Gloria*, so nobly sung, I went in imagination into some grand cathedral and listened to it under the influences of the place for which the mass was written, and where alone the question of its success as a work of Art can be decided. I was for the moment in Antwerp, Vienna, or Strasburg, and the mighty flood of tone camedown to me from the organ-loft as the prayer of the kneeling multitude—"O Lord have mercy, Christ have mercy"—or as the "Glory to God in the highest" of that same multitude in an ecstacy of religious feeling.

Yes, his greatest and most successful!

Some time or other that crowning work of Christian architecture, the Cologne Cathedral, will be finished; the last stone will be laid, the last blow of the hammer will have been struck; the sculptor, the painter, the decorator will have gathered up their tools and departed, and the noblest work of architectural genius will stand there perfected! Then from every city in Europe will come together the Malibrans, the Maras, the Linds of that day; the Lablaches, Rubinis, and Brahams; the Joachims, Ernsts, and Beriots; all who vocally or instrumentally are above and separate from the mediocre—will come up to this "house of the Lord, to assist in the dedication thereof." But what in all music shall be found worthy of the place, the occasion, that chorus, that orchestra? Then and there will the great Mass in D, by Beethoven, find a fitting time and place for its production! A. W. T.

To send light into the depths of the human heart—that is the Artist's mission!—*R. Schumann.*

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* Not in his letter to CHERUBINI, as the London *Musical World* had it recently in a leading editorial article, the style of which might do perhaps in a Diary, but whose flippancy and exhibition of ignorance upon the historical point in question are anything but honorable to a journal of as much pretension as the said *Musical World*. Cherubini's solemn statement that Beethoven's letter never reached him is sufficient answer to the greater portion of the article. As to the *Musical World's* opinion of Cherubini's compositions—Beethoven's estimate of them was quite the reverse.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

THE BELLS OF VENICE.

I love the bells of Venice,
  They sound across the sea
Like the music of a vision—
  Or a Seraph's minstrelsy.
Throughout the day they're flinging
  Their sweetness on the air,
And through the night they're ringing
  Beneath the starlight clear.

The deep, sad bells of Venice!
  They sing a dirge-like lay;
They tell of pride forgotten,
  Of splendor passed away—
A wild and wondrous story
  Of the ages that are gone,
Of the faded, fallen glory
  Of that city, still and lone.

The strange, wild bells of Venice!
  They call a wondrous train
From their graves in the stately churches
  To their ancient haunts again.—
Maidens fair and matrons holy,
  Youths and gray-haired sires of yore,
In shadowy barks come gliding slowly
  O'er the moonlit waves once more.

The sweet, soft bells of Venice!
  They rang when Portia wed,
They sounded sad, a requiem
  O'er Desdemona dead;
And pealed in triumph glorious,
  When, o'er the glittering tides
The lovers brave, victorious,
  Bore home the rescued brides.*

The holy bells of Venice!
  They call the soul to prayer,
When they break the Sabbath stillness
  That fills that haunted air.
They pealed at the wondrous union
  Of the city and the seas,
And they rang at the strange communion
  Of the softened enemies.†

The dreadful bells of Venice!
  They tell an awful tale,
That makes the strong heart tremble,
  And the ruddiest cheek grow pale;
Of terror and oppression,
  Hands of steel and hearts of stone,
Wild despair and still depression—
  Drowning cry and dying groan.

O the bells, the bells of Venice!
  Sweet is their mingled strain;
But ne'er be their music wakened
  By such cruel hands again!
Let them swing o'er the proud old city,
  Slowly sinking, day by day,
And call upon the world to pity
  Both her crimes and her decay. E. J.

Musical Chit-Chat.

Thus humorizes the Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin* about—start not, ladies—*General* MARIO! "The last *canard* of the European press is the story that Signor Mario, who enjoys the dignity of a Sardinian noble and rejoices in the title of the Count of Candia, is disposed to join the Sardinian army destined for the Crimea. The story is soberly copied by American papers, and there are probably people that believe the gentle little tenor singer is really grown patriotic and belligerent; that "his voice is for war," and that he is in earnest when he sings "*sul campo della gloria*." Well, it may be so, and Signor Mario may be disposed to abandon the luxurious life of a *primo tenore*, the charms of GRISI'S society, the applause of "fair women and brave men," and the ador-

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* For a beautiful version of the story of "The Brides of Venice," see Rogers' "Italy."

† Pope Alexander III. and Frederick Barbarossa, reconciled by the intercession of the Republic of Venice.

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ation of the enthusiastic COUTTS, for the chance of glory and a grave in the Crimea. If so, the world will have to lament the spoiling of a good singer to make a bad soldier; for Signor Mario will find the bonâ fide soldier's life in the field very different from the sham soldier's life of the opera. The little squad of thirty or forty basses and tenors that make a grand army on the stage, is a much more manageable force than a division in the field, and the best martial air with which the prince of tenors ever rallied his forces in an opera, would be of little avail in the trenches of Sebastopol. What will the world do if Mario does really get an attack of the military fever and does really go to the Crimea? How will the fashionable world ever endure the abrupt and total cessation of his charming "*spirto gentil*," or, as he preferred to sing it, "*angiol d'amor*"? How much fashionable prospective happiness will be ruined, if the gay circles of Paris and London are never more to hear his "*il mio tesoro*," his "*una furtiva lagrima*" and his "*io pur sentii le placide!*" What will Grisi do, if the partner of her loves, dramatic and real, should rush madly to the fight? Final, and most agonizing query—what will poor Coutts do? We see no help for this charming lady but an immediate enlistment, in male apparel, in the Sardinian contingent, or a purchase of a choice loop-hole in the fortification of Sebastopol, from whence, with a hundred-horse power opera glass, she may inspect the movements of General Mario."

ALFRED JAELL's accident, we are glad to see, was not serious. He has recovered his *prestidigitation* sufficiently to play in Paris, as we learn by the exquisitely rose-bordered card which we have just received, containing the programme of his concert in the Salle Sax, on the 12th of March. He was assisted by the violinist HERMANN, with whom he played the "Kreutzer" Sonata, and the singer Mme. ANNA BERTINI. Jaell also played a Serenade by Rubinstein, a Fugue by Bach, his own Reminiscences of Wagner's operas, Fantasia on *Norma*, &c., &c. The ecstacies of the Parisian critics about Jaell are quite amusing; who shall say that the sublime art of eulogistics, commonly supposed to be peculiar to our Yankee newspapers, has reached its acme here? Listen! Thus saith *La France Musicale*, from which we translate skippingly: "Another brilliant pianist: let us applaud anew; his name is ALFRED JAELL, and he comes to us right straight from America, where he has conquered *une grande illustration*."—"Figure to yourselves *fingers of steel*, which become at times *fingers of velvet*, something by turns thundering and unctuous (*foudroyant et d'onctueux*)(!); a rapidity to give one the vertigo, a *sweetness to ravish the angels!*" "These pianists, they are *all* astonishing! If M. Jaell were only a powerful mechanician, we should admire him only moderately; but he composes, he writes for his instrument a music brilliant and original." "Seated at the piano, in the attitude of master Wolfram, the pianist beholds gardens sown with stars quick with inspiration, those beautiful gardens where, according to the divine expression of the poet, spirits linger. Then archangels clothed in white combine the chords and direct the artist's hands. Would he write fantastical music? Myriads of *diablotins* appear, who, poised upon the desk, turn over the pages, dance sarabands upon the blazing pedal rods, while imperceptible gnomes move the pedals." Bravo! Monsieur GIACOMELLI! But the article has also solid praise for Jaell: "He showed an equal familiarity with all styles." "In his Wagner reminiscences, one observed, besides an execution of rare power, a habit of harmonic progressions, a science of assimilation and development by no means common with virtuoso composers." "His *Au bords du Mississippi* is a page of the best colored and full of poesy." The Sonata of Beethoven was "admirably executed," &c. And the critic pleads for a second and a third concert. *Succès oblige.*

The masked balls of the Grand Opera in Paris promise this year to be unusually brilliant, the musical direction of them being confided to the well known ability of STRAUSS. The orchestra which he is to direct is to be composed of not less than 200 musicians, distributed in the following manner: 40 first violins, 30 second violins, 20 altos, 12 violoncellos, 30 basses, 10 clarinets, 6 flutes, 4 hautbois, 4 bassoons, 12 cornets à pistons, 6 trumpets, 12 trombones, 6 ophycleids, 1 cymbals, 1 big drum, 2 ordinary drums, and 4 harps. The first ball was to take place on the 23d, and to open at ten o'clock in place of midnight, to enable the orchestra to play for the first time in public the various novelties which compose Strauss's album, such as "Teresa," the "Cascade," the "Diable au Bal," the "Schottisch of the Guides," "Miss Lucy," "Mathilde," and other pieces. After the concert the theatre was to be delivered up in the usual manner to the votaries of the dance.

Galignani says: There has been a contest at the Opera in Lisbon between Mmes. CASTELLAN and ALBONI, as to which should sing the part of Amina in *La Sonnambula*. The latter lady carried the day with the director, but the public quiz the performance very much as supremely ridiculous, from the unfitness of the *artiste* for the part from her increasing obesity. The engagement of Alboni, who receives an exorbitant salary, is described as a complete failure, and the manager almost ruined.

Miss JULIANA MAY, of Virginia, (a niece, it is said, of Joseph Gales, the editor of the *National Intelligencer*,) who has been studying for some years in Italy, made her début at Verona, on the 17th of February, in Verdi's *Rigoletto*. The Italian journals, from which our friend Willis translates in his *Musical World*, pronounce it a success and predict for her a distinguished career.—This reminds us of what a friend wrote us about the young American tenor, Mr. SQUIRES, a glowing report of whose appearance in Italy we copied some weeks since: He was born in Bennington, Vermont, in 1826. After trying various kinds of business for his friends' sake, his love for music finally got its way, in spite of the general aversion to the life of a singer. His voice, says our friend, is a pure, fresh tenor of the MARIO quality, and he can make a chest tone like a silver trumpet up to B natural above the staff. He has naturally taste and expression, loves all that is beautiful, is well educated, and—what is not a bad thing for a tenor—he is *handsome*. He tried to learn to sing some six years since in Boston, but with poor advantages. Afterwards he sang for two years in St. Paul's church at Albany, during which time he concertized with Mr. and Mrs. VINCENT WALLACE, as far West as Chicago, and sang in Mrs. BOSTWICK's Soirées in New York, and always with a warm reception. The late JONAS CHICKERING was one of the first to recognize the rare promise of his voice, and to speed him on his way to Italy two years ago.

The *Stabat Mater* is announced to be performed in Philadelphia, under the direction of Professors THUNDER and ROHR. Thunder and roar! Do you hear that, O Jullien?—Mme. BOSIO is engaged at a high figure to sing in St. Petersburg, while TEDESCO, just returned thence, is more than ever praised by the Parisians.

The health of ROBERT SCHUMANN is still precarious. CLARA SCHUMANN has written a letter to WILLIAM STERNDALE BENNETT, whose guest she was to have been, stating that she must therefore renounce her proposed visit to England this season.—The classical pianist, CHARLES HALLE, met lately with a severe accident in Manchester, by a door closing suddenly on one of his fingers. It was at first feared that amputation would be necessary, but it is now hoped that he will be able to play at one of ELLA's two remaining "Winter Evenings."

The London *Athenæum* may well marvel at the titles of our Yankee books of Psalmody; especially the latest, "The Young Shawm." We are not aware if it be yet settled what sort of a monster a full-grown Shawm is or was. Enough, we suppose, that it belongs to the musical Saurians and Megalotheria of biblical antiquity.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, APRIL 14, 1855.

CONCERTS.

I. BENEFIT TO JOHN P. GROVES.—We entered the Music Hall last Saturday evening, only to see again the usual fate of concert-giving this year in our once so music-loving city. There was a remarkably good concert, and a remarkably thin house. We only hope that that scattered handful of people did not represent all the benefit that was realized in sales of tickets, and that the young native violinist, who proved his talent and devotion so unmistakeably that evening, will not want for the means to cultivate his art abroad. If the concert answered that end, we will not complain. But it was really a good concert, and we were sorry that we too had to lose the larger portion of the programme.

The orchestra was excellent, composed of over forty instruments, essentially the same that compose the Musical Fund orchestra, and under the bâton of Mr. ECKHARDT it told admirably in the accompaniments. We did not hear the best orchestral pieces, the overtures to *Fidelio* and *William Tell*; but in what we did hear we were struck by the euphonious *ensemble* and the marks of thorough drill and leadership. Mr. MILLARD sang the opening tenor cavatina from *Ernani* with fresh, elastic voice, and great ease, finish and expression; and Rossini's *Mira la bianca luna*, by Mrs. WENTWORTH and Mr. MILLARD, was one of the sweetest and purest pieces of duet singing that we have heard in the concert room for many a day. It was neatly and sympathetically accompanied, too, on the piano, by young Mr. LANG of Salem.

But what pleased us most, what gave us the newest sensation, was the Quartet for French horns, composed by Mr. ECKHARDT, and played by Messrs. HAMANN, FRIES, ECKHARDT and KLUGE. In the execution we do not remember anything of the kind so true, so flowing, so luscious in the blending of the tones. In the soft passages the quadruple stream of harmony flowed as smoothly as from organ pipes. The genius of the instrument was nowhere perverted, by attempting a kind of solo virtuosity out of its own sphere, and yet there was all the light and shade, the free melodious movement of a quartet of voices. The composition was not only perfectly adapted to the instruments, but interesting in itself, and solid. Throughout a considerable length of contrapuntal movement, imitation, &c., it charmed the listener along with it. We congratulate the author on producing something so much more felicitous than the usual attempts at ingenious novelties of this sort.

Master GROVES himself played two solos, one on the violin, by DAVID, and one on the viola, by Eckhardt. The first alone we heard. It was after the usual type of solos, an introduction, a melody, with variations in major and in minor, and

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all sorts; cantabile adagio, and bravura close; enough to show that he has attained to no small mastery already of the requirements of a modern virtuoso, that he has a very fair idea of style, and that his intonation is remarkably true. His appearance too was modest, and all went to show that he was well entitled to the opportunities he seeks, of a more advanced artistic culture among the orchestras and masters, and in the musical atmosphere of Germany.

II. MR. SATTER'S SECOND CONCERT.—Again an admirable concert and a miserable audience—so far as numbers were concerned.—There is no accounting for the shyness sometimes, even to the most liberal and honest solicitations, of this same musical taste of Boston. An artist of the decided stamp of Mr. Satter, who gives you programmes of the rarest and the richest order, who has not only the skill but the will to interpret to you out of all the choicest treasures new and old of piano-forte composition, from BEETHOVEN to LISZT, comes here and plays in that delightful Chickering Saloon, where all who go are sure to be good listeners; and furthermore he gives us the fresh maiden voice and charming talent of a singer like Miss LOUISE HENSLER,—and yet the room is hardly half full! We cannot help thinking it a reproach to Boston, when the dollars leaped so readily and so repeatedly from pockets as long as the opera lasted, and when for dancing "light brigades" it is thought a pretty thing to lose the dollars and the night's rest and the bloom upon the cheeks besides.—But those who did go Tuesday evening felt themselves decidedly the gainers.

The bill of fare, as at the first concert, was remarkable, perhaps a little too much so to excite the uninitiated palate. Four out of the seven pieces played by Mr. Satter, were orchestral compositions transcribed for piano. We have long heard of the wonderful talent LISZT has for this transferring of a symphony or overture, with all its parts, upon the key-board of the single instrument. His most famous exploit in that line was his last, the arrangement, which we noticed some time since at length, of the Ninth Symphony for two pianos. The *Pastorale*, the "Tell" overture, &c., were earlier efforts, and for two hands only. Of course only a Liszt could do these things; the arrangements must have grown in the act of playing them; they must have been played first, before they could be written; for it was only to Liszt's unprecedented facility of execution that such arrangements could occur as possible. Of course, too, only a very few pianists have learned to execute them when written, and these have had to learn the secret and the style thereof from Liszt himself. Mr. Satter, young as he is, is one of them. He proved it in his first piece, the overture to "William Tell." We could not before have imagined so much of the orchestral breadth and coloring and contrast to be representible upon the piano. The opening violoncelli strains preserved their identity to a singular degree, under his expressive touch; while the piano, the last from the Chickering manufactory, and less powerfully brilliant than the one played last week, had a sympathetic, soul-ful quality of tone, well suited to the moist, lake-like atmosphere, and tranquil picturing of all the first half of the overture. The effects were brought out with beautiful distinctness and freshness; the storm, too, (notwithstanding that friend FRY calls it "as bad a botch, in the way of description, as the storm in Beethoven's *Pastorale*,") was made grandly imposing, and the flute-like Alpine echoes on the clearing up were deliciously clear. Nothing could exceed the crispness, the vivacity and energy of the quick-step movement, and the violin-like vividness and boldness of the florid figures at the end. Greater strength, or greater delicacy we have not heard from any pianist—and perfect neatness, certainty and clearness through the whole.

No. 2 consisted of three smaller pieces: a very sweet, expressive little *Pastorale* (not the symphony,) by whom composed we know not; an *arioso* transcribed from the *Prophète*, by KULLAK, which did not interest us much; and another Minuet (of his own arrangement) from a MOZART Symphony, the well-known one in G minor. This is not like the equable and flowing Minuet he played before, but more bold and impetuous, though the Trio in the major is charmingly naive and pastoral. We like these little tit-bits, reminders of the great works, flung in sometimes thus incidently, when they are so complete in themselves and played to such perfection.

The artist's rendering of the BEETHOVEN Sonata in D minor, op. 29, one of the "Tempest" Sonatas, and companion piece, as we have said, to the *Sonata appassionata*, pleased us even more than his rendering of that. It was free from extravagancies; it was a conscientious, finished, and poetic rendering of an exquisite musical poem. How expressively those little recitative sentences sang themselves in the first movement! one might fancy Miranda's voice. The Adagio was played with true feeling; and the "airy fairy" Ariel-like gracefulness, crossed ever and anon with passionate humors, of the Rondo finale was as nicely conveyed as we should think it possible for human fingers. Were we to confess any want, it would be perhaps here, as in all of Mr. Satter's playing, of more of a gradual *crescendo* instead of so much positive *fortissimo* in the strong passages. It is very, very seldom that we listen in a concert room to a Beethoven Sonata with such real satisfaction.

The overture to "Oberon," Mr. Satter's own arrangement, was also remarkable as recalling so much of the magical coloring of the original instrumentation in the first half, although it seemed to us less clear and satisfactory in the stronger portions than the "Tell." But *the* triumph of the evening, as showing the union of astounding virtuosity with the poetic conception and reproduction of one of the loveliest tone-creations ever written for the orchestra, was the young artist's playing of Liszt's arrangement of "the Pastoral Symphony" for two hands. It certainly was wonderful both on the part of arranger and performer. Not a note of any of the twenty instruments seemed wanting anywhere; it was all there, obediently answering to the touch of the ten fingers. And so much of the charm of Beethoven's music, here as everywhere, is intrinsic, residing in the musical thought itself, that when the notes were as faithfully and appreciatively touched as they were here, when to such unlimited, easy mechanical grasp of all its contents there was added such power on the part of the interpreter of entering into the spirit of the music, we really heard the Symphony and felt it all come home to us in a very enjoyable manner: always understanding of course that the reminiscence thus awakened of the orchestra is one great element in the charm. The two first movements came out as warm and fresh and summer-like, as one could wish. Neither atmosphere, nor light and shade, nor breezy motion, nor any of the thousand little exquisite effects were wanting. The dance of the peasants had the weight of an orchestral unisono; and the storm was wild and grand and vivid, as it might have risen in the composer's mind; the strength of Mr. Satter's playing here was prodigious; he certainly made no "botch" in playing it, whatever Beethoven did in writing it. Of course it is not safe from simple *hearing* to declare that Liszt has neither added nor omitted aught; but the general impression was true to our best abiding impression of the Symphony. Once only, near the beginning of the first Allegro, we thought there was a bright dash of the *piccolo* too much, something that seemed fitter for the thunder and lightning passage than for this quiet scene. It may have been our fancy.

Miss HENSLER sang charmingly. Her first piece was the *Una voce*, from "the Barber," which was given with not quite all her *verve* and free abandonment, but yet with admirable style and a rare felicity in the execution of some of the ornamental points. In the second part she sang an air from *Beatrice di Tenda*, of a more sustained, dramatic pathos, dealing largely in long high tones, which she held out with a pure and silvery voice of ravishing sweetness. It was encored with great enthusiasm.

RICHARD WAGNER IN LONDON.—The man of the "Music of the Future" has actually appeared and "waved his bâton," in the very centre of the conservative citadel of the Past, in the old Philharmonic concerts of London. Greeted with ribald jeers so long, and at length bidden to their feast, the bugbear came and stood among them, not so much a man of marble, as a man of fire, and great was the dismay and general the dance among the critics. *A cenar teco m'invitasti, &c.* And how liked they the supper to which they found themselves invited in return? We shall see. We quote from the reports of some of the more eminent survivors. The concert took place on the 12th of March. We will first cite our amusing and original contemporary, the London *Musical World*, which gives two articles, first an editorial ode or rhapsody, in the following, luminous, dignified, calm manner:

> The die is cast. Richard has waved his *bâton* in Hanover-square. The "Seven Wise Men" are in ecstasies. A beat "up" (the only beat) is substituted for a beat "down" (a silly beat). Michael Costa is quenched. The "great Tritto" is ignored. The new prophet *is* the only prophet. Liszt was right.
>
> "List!—list!—O Lis(z)t!"
>
> Strange readings were enforced, and *sforzandi* yet more vigorous (we had thought *that* impossible); while the last pages of the *Hebrides* went faster than probable, and made noise enough to drown the waters that grumble and wail and rush and roar, in the darkness of Fingal's Cave. The slow chords in the second part of the *Zauberflöte* were reiterated. A flat found its way back into the *Eroica*. The "Child" (Mozart), the "Erroneous" (Beethoven), the "Stupid" (Spohr), the "Old Wife" (Haydn), and the "Jew" (Mendelssohn), were beaten, as they never were before, in the Philharmonic Temple. The members of the band were as demons, and shook and

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trembled with enthusiasm. Shapes like unto those which delirium paints upon darkness were flitting and grinning ghastly in the orchestra. The new prophet, &c.

"List!—list!—O Lis(z)t!"

The star of Richard shone as a moon in the heavens. The new Prophet *was* the only prophet. Praeger was there, with "the books" in his mind's coat pocket. He wore a Mackintosh and Fez. The "Reactionary" stood still, as the sun at the word of Joshua. A new king had arisen that knew not Michael; and Michael was forgotten by the fiddlers, the quidnunes, and the *Aristarchi*. "It was a glorious victory." Nothing lacked but the statue of William Pitt, which, had the Director sent it a reserved place, with a copy of *Lohengrin*, would doubtless have stalked from its pedestal in the square down to the very concert room—like the stony Commandant at Don Giovanni's supper, scaring away the Philharmonic Leporello—for William hated Jews, and would have exulted in Richard, who crucified Felix and Giacomo. There is but one Wagner, and Richard is his prophet! There is but one Richard and Wagner is his scribe. The ENTELECHIA of harmony, "*he is*,"—as Aristotle says, &c. &c.

And then a regular concert criticism, as follows:

Herr Wagner was received most courteously. He is a short spare man, with an eager look and a capacious forehead. He conducts with great vivacity, and beats "up" and "down" indiscriminately. At least *we* could not, with the best intentions, distinguish his "ups" from his "downs;" and if the members of the band are down to his "ups" and up to his "downs" by the end of the season, we shall be ready to present each of them with a quill tooth-pick, as a forfeit for our own lack of discernment. The Haydn symphony—a glorious old lady—went with immense *dash*—dash is the word. Of delicacy we observed no sign; while the *sforzandi* were intenser than even under the despotic stick of Mr. Costa. So many quickenings and slackenings of *tempo* we never heard in a Haydn symphony before. Perhaps it is in "the books," however, and was all right. As for Mendelssohn's overture, that magnificent Jewish inspiration—(fancy a *Jew* who could grope about Fingal's Cave, and give such a splendidly poetical account of his impressions!) was taken slower than necessary at the beginning, and faster than possible at the end. It was rather a "zig-zag" sort of performance, but wonderfully vigorous and animated. The *pianos* (we do not expect *pianissimos*) were disregarded from one end to the other; and this was felt to be especially disadvantageous at the beginning of the two grand *crescendos*, in the middle and in the *coda* of the overture. Perhaps Herr Wagner maintains that the music of Jews should always be as monotonous as the "Clo'—clo'—clo'!" which agonized the poet in the streets.

As for the *Eroica*, that was all "sixes and sevens"—now firm, now "shaky," now overpoweringly grand, now threatening to tumble to pieces. To us it was *most unsatisfactory*. To others it was evidently otherwise, since they praised it loudly. When the beat is understood, however, by the end of the season, it will be a very different thing; but then the concerts are over. What of that? There is next season—1856; and is not Herr Wagner a conductor, as well as a composer, for "the future?" The glorious overture of that divine "child" with the long name—WOLFGANG AMADEUS THEOPHILUS CHRYSOSTOM (etc.) MOZART (who will soon be teaching the "Future" to look back longingly to the "Past"—or we are much mistaken), went, as we thought, better than anything else. The long chords of B flat, that usher in the incomparable second part, with such pomp and ceremony, were reiterated (not sustained), according to the Weimar fashion. About this we have nothing to say.

Altogether our impression of Herr Wagner, as a conductor, is confused. By and by, we shall better be able to give something like a decided opinion; at present we are tongue-tied.

Tongue-tied! We should think so after all that, and from sheer fatigue of the unruly member.

The *Athenæum* is short and acrid:

Nothing could be stranger than the performance. The violins were rarely together. The pauses in Haydn's Andante were very long pauses, and every *forte* was a *fortissimo*. Mendelssohn's overture was hurried and muddled, without ease or undulation,—and Beethoven's Symphony was a fatiguing piece of exaggeration, stuck full of fierce *sforzandi* and ill-measured *rallentandi*. . . . Was it worth while to affront the profession in London, and to send a deputation to Zurich for no better result than this? Spirit Herr Wagner indubitably possesses,—but of his sense as a reader of great compositions by great masters, Monday's concert gives us a poor opinion: and it remains to be seen how far his fits and starts will be able to impress our orchestra, should he be intrusted with the production of any unfamiliar music.

So much for one side of the question. And now for the other. The *Times* (DAVIDSON,) still abuses the composer, but admits that "there was quite enough in the execution of the symphonies and overtures to show that Herr Wagner is a man of intelligence and firmness, an original and perhaps an intellecual thinker." The N. Y. *Musical Gazette* has the following letter from a London correspondent, which evidently represents the opinion of not a few:

The audience rose almost *en masse* to see the *man* first, and whispers ran from one to another; "He is a small man, hot what a beautiful and intelligent forehead he has!" Haydn's symphony, No. 7, (Grand,) began the concert, and opened the eyes of the audience to a state of things hitherto unknown as regards conducting. Wagner does not beat in the old-fashioned, metronomic-automaton manner; he leaves off beating at times—then resumes again—to lead the orchestra up to a climax, or to let them soften down to a pianissimo, as if a thousand invisible threads tied them to his *bâton*. His is the *beau ideal of* conducting; he treats the orchestra like the instrument on which he pours forth his soul-inspired strains. Haydn's well-known symphony seemed a new work through his inexpressibly intelligent and poetical conception. Beethoven's *Eroica*, the first movement of which used to be taken always with narcotic slowness by previous conductors, and in return the funeral march always much too fast, so as to rob it of all the magnificent *gran' dolore*; the scherzo, which always came oot clumsily and heavily; and the finale, which never was understood—Beethoven's *Eroica* may be said to have been heard for the first time here, and produced a wonderful effect. As if to beat the Mendelssohnian hypercritics on their own field, Wagner gave a reading of Mendelssohn's *Isles of Fingal* that would have delighted the composer himself; and even the overture of *Die Zauberflöte* (magic flute) was invested with something not noticed before. Let it be well understood that Wagner takes no liberties with the works of the great; but his poetico-musical genius gives him, as it were, a second sight into their hidden treasures; his worship for them, and his intense study, are amply proved by his conducting them all without the score, and the musicians of the orchestra, so lately bound to Costa's reign, already adores Wagner, who, notwithstanding his republican politics, is decidedly a despot with the orchestra. In short, Wagner has conquered, and an important influence on mosical progress may be predicted for him. The next concert will bring us the ninth symphony and a selection from *Lohengrin*, which the directors would insist on, notwithstanding the refusal of the composer. . . . The *Post* agrees perfectly with us.

THE MENDELSSOHN CHORAL SOCIETY give a concert to-night on a novel plan. It is *mostly* instrumental and is given in compliment to the Ladies of the Society. The orchestra of 42 members, under Mr. ECKHARDT, will play BEETHOVEN'S Seventh Symphony, which we have had no chance to hear before this winter, although we have had all the others save the Ninth:—also the *Masaniello* overture for a finale. Mr. GROVES plays a viola, and Mr. KLAESER a cornet Solo; and that horn quatuor of Mr. ECKHARDT'S will be played again. Miss BOTHAMLY, Miss TWICHELL, Mr. WETHERBEE, and others will contribute vocally. We hope the Music Hall will be crowded.

Next Saturday (21st) is fixed for the Benefit Concert of the MUSICAL FUND SOCIETY, and we trust the real friends of music will not grudge the spending of a little time during the intervening week in interesting their neighbors to attend. Let Boston at least show a tardy justice this time, and see to it that this concert shall redeem the losing winter of the Fund Society.

Mr. SATTER *will* play the grand E flat Concerto of BEETHOVEN. The orchestra is excellent and will give, besides, the first Finale from *Don Giovanni*, a new overture by Mr. PARKER, the *Semiramide* overture, and some Mendelssohn two-part songs arranged. Distinguished vocal talent also is engaged.

The lovers of great Sacred Music may hear HAYDN'S Mass in D, and other good selections, well performed by Mr. BAKER'S Choir, with Mr. WILLCOX accompanying on that noble Tremont Temple Organ, on Thursday evening next.

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For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Reminiscences of a Summer Tour.

II.

ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL IN DUBLIN, AND ITS ORGAN—ARRIVAL IN ENGLAND—ST. GEORGE'S AND THE PHILHARMONIC HALL AT LIVERPOOL.

In the progress of these desultory sketches, I shall have somewhat to say on the subject of Organs. Be it understood, however, I lay no claim to any artistic knowledge of their nature, whether mechanical or musical, and do not speak in the capacity of a critic. But I have an inborn partiality in this direction. To me when a boy, the organ loft of the parish church had the same attractions that a belfry and bell-rope is said to have possessed in the eyes of the youthful John Bunyan. Quite naturally, then, my attention was directed to the observation and study of this most sublime of instruments, as found, in their excellence, among the Churches and Cathedrals of the Old World.

My first experience of organ-playing abroad was in Dublin. In the shabbiest and vilest portion of that ancient city, corresponding to the parish of St. Giles in London, or the Five Points in New York, stands the fine old Cathedral of St. Patrick. Imposing and grand in its exterior, its interior is damp and gloomy always, partaking, in spite of all efforts to the contrary, of the decay and desolation that reigns around it. But enclosed within the oaken gallery above the choir, like the diamond in the toad's head, is an organ of most mellow and delicious tone. Tradition saith it was seized among the spoils of the celebrated Spanish Armada, and presented by good Queen Bess to her loyal subjects in Dublin, as a mark of especial regard. It was designed, no doubt, by the boastful Philip, to lead in the *Te Deum* for his victory. Two hundred years time has blackened its casing to the hue of ebony, and corroded the last particle of ornament from its pipes, till it presents a front like the portals of Newgate. But a marvellous beauty it hath in its voice; as though it joined to Saxon strength the soft voluptuousness of its Moorish origin, and had merged all asperities from being much tossed in ships, as good wine is mellowed in a voyage through southern seas.

I was fortunate in that I was present on a festival day in the calendar, when the impressive Choral service of the English Church was performed by a choir of twenty-four male voices. On this occasion, the noble organ put forth its full powers. It boasts none of the embellishments of modern structures: no reduplication and coupling of registers—no swell—no sesquialtera, and cremona and vox-humana stops. Its chief glory is in its solemn diapasons, pouring forth an avalanche of sound which moves on evenly, majestically, religiously, the very embodiment of praise to God. It is said of this instrument that the music loving George III. offered £10,000 to have it removed to England, but without success. Of its precise size, its age, and place of birth, I cannot speak with authority. The wonder is that in all its vicissitudes on sea and land, and the decay and damp endured for centuries in its ill-conditioned abode here, it still holds, to all appearance, its pristine vigor.

Telfourd's is a well known manufactory of organs in Dublin. It was here the famous instrument originated which was used at the inaugural ceremonies of the great Exhibition, and which was transported from Oxford to the Irish Metropolis for that occasion.

I left Dublin with regret. It is a city glorious in its decline. It was the first among the capitals of the old world which I saw. It will be the last I shall forget.

The angry channel which so effectually *separates* the Isles of Britain, looked never more threatening than on the, to me, memorable morning I embarked for England. Six hours of agony endured, and the bold promontory of Holyhead loomed up through the storm. It was anything but a pleasant greeting from "merrie England." Though now almost the middle of May, it was snowing heavily. Indeed, putting snow in the place of fog always, and the opening chapter of Bleak House will apply in the description of it, both in the spirit and reality. Moreover there was a cold searching wind, that went straight to the very marrow. I was disappointed in this, for I had left home at the close of a balmy week in April, giving promise of premature Spring, and I had learned from books to regard England as a very paradise in May. With little delay the train sped off for Liverpool, through I know not what beauties of nature or wonders of art, alike hidden by the driving storm.

Liverpool has been chronicled as void of attractions to the American tourist. I have been led to think it owes its reputation in this respect, in some measure, to its geographical and commercial position. It is the starting point to the unfledged traveller in a foreign land. He is expecting to meet, at the outset, with novelty and magnificence. He looks about him for an hour or two, and, in his superficial acquaintance with the dingy town, finds it "dev'lish dull" and is off for the splendors of the Metropolis. Or else, it is the goal of his pilgrimage among the capitals of Europe, and, weary with sight-seeing, it suits him better to doze away the few days that precede the sailing of the ship, in the quiet coffee-room of the Adelphi, than to nerve himself to new explorations. But I opine that to the man of taste or of literary bent, the city of the Roscoes is not without its charms. The country in its immediate neighborhood is full of interest, and, to him who will seek them out, the town has its treasures of Art.

As appropriate to the columns of this Journal, I will endeavor to give here, with some minuteness, the details of St. George's and the Philharmonic Halls, which interested me most in the way of architecture. The latter structure, from its acknowledged excellence in the particular for which it was designed, requires to be first named. It stands in a conspicuous spot, and being constructed entirely of massive stone, with a row of heavy columns extending around the four sides of it, presents an imposing appearance from whatever point it is approached. I came accidentally upon the building just in the dusk of evening. Observing a solitary light gleaming from a window, I made bold to push my way in. Internally as well as externally, it is projected, in all its arrangements, on the most complete and liberal scale. The main hall is, by measurement, 106 feet in length by 64 in width, within the limits of the podium. Its height is 65 feet. It is divided into parquette, boxes and galleries. The boxes occupy a position corresponding with that commonly so appropriated in theatres, comprising, however, a single tier, above which extend the galleries. These boxes are hung with drapery on all sides. The seats in the parquet ("stalls" they are termed) are cushioned and comfortable, though by no means the luxurious and roomy accommodations of our own Music Hall. The orchestral platform, which occupies one end of the room, is raised some five feet from the floor. From near its front, the seats for the band and chorus rise abruptly, in a semi-circular dis-

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end gallery stands an organ, built more than a century since by Martyn of Hayengen, who also built the celebrated organ for the Benedictine Abbey of Zwiefalten. Quite recently it has been repaired and improved by Walker of Ludwigsburg. It has 68 effective registers, 4 manuals, and 2 pedales, and 4236 pipes in all, including several of thirty-two feet in length. I had previously listened to the fine instruments in Dublin and at the Birmingham hall in England, and afterwards three of the celebrated Silberman manufacture in Dresden and elsewhere, as well as one or two of the mellow-voiced organs to be found on the banks of the Danube—but none of them so impressed me at the time, or left such pleasant recollections as this of Herr Kocher at Stuttgart. Of course the Freyburg giant surpasses it for vastness, and pomp and power of sound, and the best of the London instruments are more ready of speech and prompt in action; but in mellow richness of tone, in beauty and affluence of expression (not confined to certain registers only, but pervading the whole instrument) and in variety of resources and telling effects, I think this the finest specimen of its kind I have ever heard. The architecture itself of the instrument is peculiar, it being constructed in two portions joined together by one arch at the top. Between these separated portions, through a window of stained glass, light is admitted into that end of the church. Like most of the organs I met with in South Germany, the key-boards are brought forward so that the performer sits facing the audience.

But what now of the organ-playing of the veteran artist himself? I might say, in general terms, it was something surpassing after its kind. While it was evident, from his earnest enthusiasm and ready manipulation of his instrument, that his natural force had not abated in one jot or tittle—he displayed that thorough knowledge and mastery of its hidden mysteries, that not genius alone can give, but the study of years and a life-time of patient toil superadded. For a couple of hours, I was enchained in willing slavery, moving only from my position, when beckoned by the player to one nearer or more remote, for another phase of effect. What he played I do not recall, and did not well know at the time. Sometimes it was a fragment of a Mass—sometimes a solemn choral, or the finale of a sublime old Handelian chorus. At one time, as I found by looking over his shoulder into a torn and venerable book, a Bach fugue; at another an improvisation which called into exercise all the powers of his instrument in each and every of its stops—singly and in all possible combinations—now soft, now loud—breathing scarce audibly within the cloud swell, and, anon, shouting in thunder-tones from the sub-diapasons. The curious mechanism of the instrument, before alluded to, was not without its fitness. From the window of stained glass behind came a stream of mellow light, itself laden with harmony, and rested like a halo around the old man's head.

Herr Kocher might be called an organist of the old school, in contradistinction from the school of the kickers and swingers to and fro, as they have been aptly termed by Chorley, which so much abounds at the present day. He regards his instrument with a feeling akin to adoration; and, in the church, would even place it on equality with the preacher as a dispenser of the Gospel to the people—a medium through which, by the intervention of music (its highest office), the soul can hold converse with its Maker. Hence all those attributes which pertain *par excellence* to the organ, shine forth under his hands: dignity, profundity, solemnity, a power to engage the best feelings of the heart and prompt to high and holy purposes. Hence in his treatment of the keys he is always reverent, and his playing, though artistic and impassioned, is imbued with a religious sentiment which bears onward and upward the feelings of his listeners, in spite of themselves. Herr Kocher among the organists is, to my mind, as MASSILLON among the preachers. But now this consummate organ-playing is brought abruptly to a close. A trio of English tourists, Murray in hand, have come, shuffling along the aisles, and put a stopper on enjoyment.

On leaving the church, Herr Kocher remarked that he was preparing for publication a work on the organ, which he hoped he might live to complete.

I was sorry I could not remain over Sunday, and hear the mingling of three thousand voices in the grand old hymns of Martin Luther, which, I was told, formed a part of the service at the *Stiftkirche*.

From the church we went to the manufactory of Carl Weigl, an organ-builder who learned his craft in the famous establishment of Walker of Ludwigsburg. Though a young man he has already gained some celebrity in his calling. He has recently produced some good instruments, which are to be found mostly in the parish churches in the vicinity of Stuttgart. One of these he took me to see and hear. For this purpose we chartered a conveyance to Eilegen, a quaint little town ten miles to the southward, an account of my visit to which I will defer to another chapter. ——*.

Translated for this Journal.

Beethoven's Instrumental Music.

FROM THE GERMAN OF E. T. A. HOFFMANN.

(Continued from last week.)

The general musical public feel oppressed by the mighty genius of BEETHOVEN; they try in vain to rebel against it. But the wise judges, looking around them with haughty mein, assure us: we may believe them, as men of excellent sense and deep penetration, that the worthy Beethoven was not in the least wanting in rich, lively fancy, but that he had no control over it! That he never thought of assorting and shaping his ideas, but jotted down everything, after the method of so-called geniuses, just as he was inspired at the moment by his excited and glowing fancy! But how, if it is only *your* weak eye that cannot fathom the deep inner connection of every composition of Beethoven? If it is *your* fault alone that you cannot understand the master's language, that the gate of the holy of holies remains closed to you.

In truth, the master, fully equal to MOZART or HAYDN in reflection, separates his Self entirely from the inner realm of tones, and reigns over it with unlimited sway. Æsthetic geometricians have frequently complained of an utter want of an inner unity, inner connection, in SHAKESPEARE, while before the penetrating eye there arises a beauteous tree, sending forth leaves, blossoms, fruits, from one germ. In like manner it is only by entering very deeply into Beethoven's instrumental music, that we can discern the high degree of the reflective faculty, which is inseparable from true genius, and is nourished by the study of Art. What instrumental work confirms this more decidedly, than his Symphony, glorious and profound beyond all expression, in C minor? How this wondrous composition leads the listener on, in a constantly progressing climax, into the spirit-world of the Infinite! Nothing can be more simple than the main idea, consisting only of two measures, of the Allegro, which, beginning in unison, at first does not even indicate the key. The character of anxious, restless longing, which pervades this movement, is only the more clearly defined by the melodious counter-theme. It seems as if the bosom, oppressed and tortured by a vague sense of something vast and awful, threatening annihilation, were vehemently struggling, in shrill, penetrating tones, for relief; but soon a radiant form draws smilingly near, and illumines the deep, fearful night. (The lovely theme in G, which has already been touched upon by the horns in E flat). How simple—to say it once more—is the theme which the master makes the foundation of the whole! But how wondrously are all the little episodical and necessary passages connected with it by their rhythmic relation, in such a manner that they only serve to develop more and more the character of the Allegro movement, which the main theme only hinted at! All the passages are short, nearly all consisting only of two or three bars, and these subdivided besides, by a constant change of the wind and stringed instruments. One would think that from such elements there could only arise something disjointed, incomprehensible; but instead of this it is just this arrangement of the whole, as well as the constant recurrence of the different passages and chords, which increases the sense of inexpressible longing to the highest degree. Quite independent of the fact that the contrapuntal treatment bears witness to a deep study of the Art, the connecting sentences too, and the continual allusions to the main theme, show plainly how the noble master conceived and worked over the whole in his mind.

Like a sweet spirit-voice, filling our bosom with hope and consolation, sounds forth the lovely theme of the Andante *con moto* in A flat. But here too, the evil genius which laid hold of and tormented the soul in the Allegro, peeps out threateningly from behind the dark thunder-cloud in which he had disappeared, and his lightning flashes quickly scatter the friendly forms which hover round us. What shall I say of the Minuetto? Listen to the strange modulations, the terminations in the major chord of the dominant, which the bass takes up in minor as the key-note of the following theme — the theme itself continually expanding by a few bars! Are you not again seized by that restless, nameless longing, that sense of the wondrous spirit-world in which the master reigns?

But now, like dazzling sunshine, the glorious theme of the final movement shines out in the jubilant strains of the full orchestra. What wonderful contrapuntal complications are here intertwined into a whole! To some ears, indeed, it may all rush past like a clever rhapsody; but the soul of every thinking listener will surely be deeply and forcibly seized by a feeling which is just that nameless longing of which I have spoken;

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and to the final chord, and even for a few moments after, he will not be able to find his way out of that wondrous spirit-world where joy and sorrow, moulded into tones, surrounded him. The inner arrangement of the different passages, their working up, their instrumentation, the order in which they succeed each other—all this tends to one certain point; but it is particularly the close affinity of the different themes to each other, that produces that unity which alone is capable of retaining the listener in *one* mood. This relation often becomes clear to the listener when he hears it in the connection of two passages, or discourses the same fundamental bass in the two different passages; but a closer relation, which does not manifest itself in this way, often speaks out only from the mind to the mind, and this it is which exists in the passages of the two Allegros and Minuetto, and gloriously bears witness to the thoughtful genius of the master.

(Conclusion next week.)

Fine Arts.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

The New Museum in Berlin.

II.

The attractiveness of the Egyptian Museum, and its admirable arrangement, (due to Prof. Lepsius's well-known taste, skill and learning), added to the fact that the purchase of Dr. Abbott's excellent collection in New York shows the interest felt in the subject in our country, have seemed to justify the minute description of it given in our last. We now pass again into the

Treppenhaus.

(Stairway house.) When the building is completed, the grand entrance is to be at this point. At the right is the Egyptian Museum, at the left that of Northern Antiquities, in front the staircase conducting to the main floor. This floor is supported, in the small vestibule in which we stand, by four columns of Carrara marble, two on each side. In ascending the stairs we find on each side casts of small works of ancient Art. The upper row is a complete copy of the frieze of the cella of the Temple of Phigaleia in Arcadia, arranged exactly as they were in the original. We look up to the beautifully carved and gilded roof, rising high above the rest of the building. From the second story (the main story of the building), a stairway leads on each side to the third story, having the lower stairway between them, the landing-place being a portico supported by Caryatides,—an imitation of that of the Erechtheium in Athens, and of the same size. At the foot of these,—one on each side,—stand the colossal statues of the Dioscuri, 17 feet 8 inches high, of which the originals are on the Monte Cavallo at Rome. On each wall are casts of works of Art, the Metopes of the Parthenon, the Theseium, &c. Behind the Dioscuri, and supporting a gallery corresponding to the Caryatides hall, are four Ionic columns of Carrara marble. Under this gallery is the passage way on the right to the halls of Ancient Statuary, on the left to those of Modern. The Treppenhaus is still incomplete. We go up by the southern staircase, and stand in the hall of the Caryatides. The whole southern wall is covered with paintings by Kaulbach, too full of beauty and significance to be included in this general description. We will merely name the subjects. The three great paintings on the south side represent "The Destruction of the Tower of Babel," "The Bloom of Greece," and "The Destruction of Jerusalem." On the northern side the historical sequence is to be continued in "The battle of the Huns," "The Crusades," and "The Reformation." These are connected with each other by smaller, half historical, half allegorical groups and figures. At the corners are eight allegorical figures; those over the doors, (North and South) representing Myth, History, Poetry and Science; those East and West being the four Arts,—Architecture, Sculpture, Painting and Engraving. Above these paintings a graceful frieze runs about the whole room, representing allegorically the whole course of the development of man. In the third story, to the South, are the rooms designed to contain the curiosities now in the Art chamber (Kunst Kammer) in the Palace. At present they contain only the cartoons for Kaulback's paintings. To the North is the Gallery of Engravings.

We descend again to the statues of the Dioscuri, and turning to the right, enter (on the second story,)

The Greek Hall.

The contents of this hall, the masterpieces of ancient Art, are those which have the greatest attraction for the visitor. At the Northern end is a restoration of the east front of the temple of Ægina, colored in accordance with the views of some archæologists, and with casts of the sculptures of the pediment as restored by Thorwaldsen. Those of the Western end stand on a raised platform near by. Other works of this archaic period of Greek Art stand in the neighborhood, and the rest of the long hall is nearly filled with the sculptures of the Parthenon. Thus while the Æginan marbles present us with noble specimens of early vigor and correctness in Art, those of the Parthenon, at their side, give us the most perfect remains of its glory and triumph. The metopes, we have already said, are in the Treppenhaus, but the sculptures of the pediments are placed on raised platforms,—those of the Western end, just at our right as we enter from the Treppenhaus; the more complete and noble statues of the Eastern end, in the centre of the room. The frieze is arranged about the room in such a manner as to preserve the connection and present good opportunities for study. The walls of this room are painted with beautiful views in Greece,—the Acropolis of Athens as it looked in its glory, the temples of Ægina and Phigaleia, the harbor of Syracuse, the holy grove of Olympia, and other places. Leaving this room, with regret, we turn to the right, into

The Apollo Hall,

Passing first through a small chamber containing the groups of Laocoön. This hall, occupying the Northern end of the building, contains some of the most renowned single works of ancient Art. The Apollo Belvidere, from which it takes its name, stands on a niche on the Eastern side, and, corresponding to it, on the Western side, the beautiful Diana of Versailles. The centre of the room is filled with the great group of the Farnesian Bull. Behind is a cast of the corner of the Theseium in Athens, including one metoope, and enough of the pediment, column and other parts to make it a perfect example of Doric architecture. At the other end of the room are three masterpieces near the windows—the sleeping Endymion, the Venus of Capua, and the unrivalled Venus of Milo; near them the torso of Hercules. Smaller and less important statues stand in other parts of the room, among them the Apollo Lycius and the Venus di Medici. In the Northwestern part of the building is

The Cupola Hall,

A small, high room, with elegant frescoes on the walls. This contains, among others, the Minerva of Velletri, Bacchus supported by two Satyrs, the sleeping Faun, Menelaos with the body of Patroclus, and, most beautiful of all, the Amazon, attributed to Phidias.

The Niobe Hall

Takes its name from the well-known group which adorns the Western side. The dying Gladiator, the Quoit-thrower, the Antinous, the Achilles, the lovely Ariadne, the majestic head of Juno, and other statues occupy the floor, and the walls are covered with small medallion-shaped pictures representing scenes in Mythology.

The Bacchus Hall

Is a small apartment containing two cabinets destined to receive statuettes and other small antiques, mostly from Pompeii. A few are already placed there.

The Roman Hall

Is the last of those devoted to ancient Art. The wall-paintings represent scenes in ancient Italy,—the Villa of Hadrian, the Baths of Caracalla, &c. At the entrance are two columns, imitations of those found in Pompeii. The statues of this room are numerous,—the Minerva Giustiani, Hypnos and Thanatos, the Boy with the Dolphin, and many others. We have thus in this suite of apartments casts of all the most famous remains of ancient sculpture, representing it in every age and school, and specimens of nearly every form of Greek and Roman architecture. Casts of the Lycian and Assyrian sculptures are found in the inner space above the Egyptian court. The Southern end of the building, including the halls which connect with the Old Museum, is yet incomplete. We pass through the

Hall of the Middle Ages,

Occupying the Southern end, and containing nothing at present except the frescoes on the walls, mainly medallion portraits of Emperors and Bishops of Germany in the middle ages. The

Hall of Modern Art

Extends to the Treppenhaus, and is hardly more complete than the preceding. The paintings on the ceiling represent different branches of modern industry. Statues of Thorwaldsen, Schinkel, and other modern sculptors are already placed here, and at the Southern end is a cast of the famous door of the Baptistery in Florence.

The New Museum will, when completed, form—as indeed it does now—the principal attraction of Berlin. It will be a school unsurpassed in its completeness and arrangement for the study of plastic Art. The history of painting is so well illustrated in the Old Museum that its want is not felt here, and the modern German school finds its greatest triumphs in these frescoes of Kaulbach and others. Engraving too is well represented. But Architecture, with the exception of Egyptian and Doric Greek, has not received its fair share of attention. It is to be hoped that the portions of the building yet unfinished will supply this want, although it can hardly be expected to rival in this respect the Crystal Palace of Sydenham, which in other points it surpasses. A Catalogue is much needed. The Egyptian department alone is provided with a satisfactory one by the learned Egyptologist, Dr. Heinrich Brugsch.

Why should not Dr. Abbott's Museum form the nucleus for some such institution as this? We can have casts of all the finest statues and models of ancient temples, and newly discovered vases may as well be bought for America, as for England, Russia, or Germany. We need such a Museum in New York or Boston. We have money enough, and we really wish to be an educated people. For this nothing is more necessary or more easily obtained than copies of these glorious works of Art. W. F. A.

Musical Chit-Chat.

We have already spoken of the casting of Crawford's statue of Beethoven, at Munich, and of its inauguration there with musical solemnities upon the 26th of March, the anniversary of the great composer's death. Our readers may perhaps like to know the programme upon that occasion. The statue was erected in the hall of the Odeon by Herr

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von MILLER, inspector of the Royal Bronze Foundry. The music, conducted by FRANZ LACHNER, consisted wholly of Beethoven's works: viz. his Festival overture in C; Terzette from *Fidelio;* March and chorus from the "Ruins of Athens;" *Sinfonia Eroica*, &c. The whole was preceded by a Prologue, written by DINGELSTEDT, and recited by Mme. DAMBOCK, of the Court theatre, in the character and costume of GERMANIA. We trust we shall soon be celebrating its final inauguration in our Boston Music Hall, for which it is intended.

The songs of ROBERT FRANZ are among the freshest and purest products of true musical inspiration which the present century has yielded. They are really works of genius, every one of them,—and they already count above a hundred,—each a perfectly original, distinctly individual creation,—each, as it were, a spontaneous out-flowing into melody of the spirit of the genuine little poem which in every case inspires his Muse. They have been for a year past the delight of our most refined private musical circles, and there must always be something select in this enjoyment, since they require both a singer and an accompanist, who is truly an artist and of no ordinary skill. Not a few of our readers will be pleased to know that a new set of six Franz songs has just been published, his op. 22, inscribed, too, to a musical lady who has made Boston and New York her home. Breusing, of New York, has them. The Leipzig *Signale* says: "They make one envy any one the gift of singing, for it must be a moment of real bliss in the singing of such songs to become their second creator." "Poetry and Music celebrate their marriage festival in these songs, and Beauty herself consecrates the union." "To embody the *true* life of these songs in their delivery should not be difficult to an appreciative singer, since Robert Franz, one of the most highly gifted of our song-composers, has found his tones in the poetic truth of the poems themselves: Poetry and Music are here in song, like clear intelligence and true feeling in a fair human form, not to be mistaken, comprehensible and enjoyable to every one." The subjects of the six are: *Gleich und Gleich* (Like and Like), by Goethe; *Vorüber der Mai* (Gone is the May); *Im Frühling* (In Spring); *Frühe Klage* (early lament); *Im Mai* (In May;) and *So weit von hier* (So far away), by Burns. Franz's songs never disappoint, that is after you have once made acquaintance with his peculiar genius; and these last are among his very finest, and among the very finest of the world's song-literature. We must speak more at length some day of the songs of Franz. Meanwhile we rejoice that a beginning has been made of republishing them here with German and English words. Nathan Richardson (Musical Exchange) has already issued the *Ave Maria*, which, as a real Ave Maria, is even better than that of SCHUBERT.

Virtuosos are nothing if they are not astonishing; so when civilization gets to be past wondering at anything, they must needs go among savages. MIKA HAUSER, the violinist, writes a letter to a German paper from the Sandwich Islands. He says: "Seldom has a concert-giver seen so strange a public gathered round him, as surrounded me in Tahiti on the 6th of October.

"The place, now improvised into a concert hall, was formerly an idolatrous temple of the natives; afterwards the false gods were burned here by the queen's command; still later a French court martial here condemned to death the rebellious Indians; and now on the same spot stands a black-coated virtuoso as the Herold of the time, seeking with bow and fiddle to impart to these aboriginal children of nature some ideas of that modern European culture, from whose acquaintance they have so far by a good Providence been spared. On the right, amid tropical plants, sat the governor and his spouse, surrounded by many officers in brightly shining uniforms. On the left was the straw mat platform of the bare-footed queen, with many-colored woolen hangings, and the rest of the hall was filled by the strange figures of the natives, whose sense of hearing, until now sound and unsophisticated, had gone into ecstacies about no other song than that of the nightingale.

"I stepped forward, bowed before the bare-footed audience, and opened the concert. Really it took some time, to make this public comprehend that the main business at a concert was *to hear;* which most of them seemed not to know, for they talked so loud, that several times I was interrupted and had to begin again.

"I played the 'Othello' fantasia by Ernst; but a crashing of trumpets with drums and cymbals *obligato* would certainly have given these tawny Islanders more pleasure than my poor fiddling; for, with the exception of a few friendly European hands, not a finger stirred. So unapplauded have I never played before any public on the earth.

"The Queen now appeared, leading a little boy by the hand, attended by her court ladies, who, bare-footed like their mistress, in fantastical toilet, tripped into the hall and with curious wonder waited for the things that were to happen.

"The first musical celebrity of Otaheite, Mons. Camieux, *chef* of the French military chapel, a broad-shouldered giant, now appeared and played a piece upon the flute. They said it was a cavatina from *Ernani*, and one might perhaps have recognized it as such, but that unhappily most of the tones refused to come at the breath of the corpulent blower, upon whose forehead drops of perspiration stood from sheer exertion. The artist had moreover an original way, on coming out, of kissing his hand most reverentially to the lady governor-ess, a homage, which, although a slight to the bare-footed Pomare and her yellow ladies, was much more pardonable than his flute-playing, which seemed as if it never would end, and in spite of my eloquent signs to him to leave off, he still kept on whistling *(quinquillirte)*. Already to my dismay I saw the yawning Pomare get up from her seat; I saw the aboriginal children of nature, whose sense of hearing had been put to so severe a proof, desert the hall; all my alluring hopes of ravishing the barefooted monarchess by my playing, all the illusions of orders, fame and immortality were gone! O wretched flute-player, to whom all this never occurred! Pomare left the hall, without having heard me, driven away by the ungodly flutist.

"After tranquilizing myself as much as possible, and after the unhappy Frenchman had ceased to blow, I once more stepped before the public, I summoned up all my powers, played sentimental love-songs and Paganini Witches' variations, but in vain; no sign of being pleased; the yellow Islanders remained as cold and unsympathetic as before.

"Then in my dire extremity, with the unavoidable *fiasco* before my eyes, a bold resolution seized me. Help me, O legerdemain! I said to myself, and grimly tore the strings from my violin before the eyes of the gaping public and played the 'Carnival' on the G string alone. That worked! A murmur of surprise ran through the crowd, and I was soon beset on all sides by the yellow natural enthusiasts, who at every passage, but particularly at the flageolet tones, burst out into a yell of applause, such as could be drawn from no civilized public. Always I played only the 'Carnival,' always I improvised new variations, and the more stupid and *baroque* these sounded, the more enthusiastically shouted my bare-footed admirers, who would not leave the hall until my arm sank down exhausted to my side.

"After the concert all Tahiti was in a state of excitement. All sorts of things were told of the foreign fiddler, who had come across so many seas, and who knew how to pipe upon the wood as well as any bird. The rarest fruits and flowers were sent to my hotel; whenever I play, a wondering crowd is gathered under my windows, and when I go out, every body greets and approaches me in the most friendly manner; in short, I am the hero of Tahiti. And all these miracles the 'Carnival' alone has worked! Verily, the violinists know not how much they have to thank this piece for, whose wonder-working operation like a syren song often inflames the coldest public, and which to me has often been the saving stroke, as it was this time."

The first one hundred representations of *L'Etoile du Nord* in Paris have yielded MEYERBEER and SCRIBE 33,807 francs each.—We see it stated that the Italian Opera in Paris *closed* its performances with Verdi's *Trovatore*. We should think it would close any opera.

Some of the German critics, among others ZELLNER of the *Blätter für Musik*, have set up the standard of RUBINSTEIN and seem to regard the young Titan as "another Beethoven just creeping from the egg." But *La Presse* and others dismiss his claims as a composer in the most summary manner. If any one desires to see and judge from the printed works, BREUSING in New York has a great variety of them; but you must have a pair of virtuoso hands at your command.

FRANZ SCHUBERT'S Symphony in C has been arranged for two pianos by KLINDWORTH.—Nägeli in Zurich publishes a journal called the *The German Organist*. No. 1 contains a remarkable piece by J. S. BACH, entitled "Little Labyrinth of Harmony," which consists of three movements: the first (*Introitus*) is the labyrinth proper, full of enharmonic modulation; the middle piece (*centrum*) is a chromatic Fughetta; the last (*Exitus*) forms the postlude, again in labyrinthine style.

Music Abroad.

London.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—The season opened April 14th with Rossini's *Il Conte Ory*, an opera much admired by the *Athenæum*, which grows melancholy when it contrasts its delicious music with that of the new reigning Italian school.

How many of the pieces may belong to Signor Rossini's *Viaggio a Rheims* is not to be told,—but the opera has in no respect the air of a piece of patchwork, and, its dramatic structure considered, is alike free from weak points and from reminiscences. The introduction may have been foreshown in the introductions to *La Gazza* and *Cenerentola*, but the air of the Preceptor, No 2—the duet (No. 3) betwixt Count and Page, and the whole *finale* to the first act—have the freshness and sparkle of Signor Rossini's best time, and a finish and delicacy which his early works do not exhibit. Further, the opera rises as it proceeds. When was ever scene more melodious, easy and graceful than the duet and chorus of ladies on which the curtain rises for the second act—passing off into the storm, with the sweet and holy, yet hypocritical, pilgrims' chaunt heard without, by way of contrast! The drinking bout of the enterprising Count and his companions, in their nuns' gear, is as rakishly chivalresque in its jovial spirit, as the night-music for the cloistered ladies is elegantly noble. It is not needful to dwell on the *trio* (No. 11) as perfect after its kind,—that being one of the few portions of the opera which is universally known, and as universally relished. To follow such a work through, and then to think of what Italian music has sunk to since it was written,—to recollect the groups of trite notes which must now pass for melody,—the screams drawn out under pretext of dramatic passion,—and the style of instrumentation which now gives a trumpet a unisonal melody with the *soprano*, and allots to every recitative its grumbling *tremolando* by way of support,—is to receive as sad an illustration of the "mutability of things" as modern Art can furnish.

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Mme. BOSIO sings the part of the heroine with great brilliancy, and looks it gracefully. Is it vain to ask this lady to consider what she says more carefully? A *solfeggio* in costume is not a part; and up to the present time we have not heard a word from her lips. Mlle. MARAI is satisfactory as the page; but more to our liking is Mme. NANTIER-DIDIER, in the smaller part of Ragonda. The quality of this lady's voice makes her effective in concerted music. Then Sig. GARDONI, as the second hand Don Juan who gives his name to the opera, is well fitted for the character, both by his voice and by his personal appearance. He sings well, he plays agreeably,

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and he is supported with due spirit and enjoyment by MM. TAGLIAFICO and ZELGER. It is long, we repeat, since a season has opened more auspiciously for the lovers of music.

Il Conte Ory was twice repeated, and then came (Thursday, 19th) the grand exhibition night, when the Emperor and Empress of France visited the opera in state, and fabulous sums were paid for seats. Her Majesty had the good taste for this occasion to command *Fidelio* as the piece to be performed; although, as the *Leader* says, "the attention of the vast audience was so absorbed by the Imperial and Royal *dramatis personæ*, that the republican BEETHOVEN had no chance of a hearing, even with a new *prima donna* for his Fidelio." The *Times* says:

It was more than ten years since an Emperor had been visible in a London theatre; and the audience gazed and gazed as though they imagined that such an event would not occur again for as many more, if indeed in our time. The theatre looked wonderfully gay and brilliant in its new attire, which, like the shining coat of a butterfly, is, we presume, to be shortly cast aside for another. The hangings of white calico, with broad satin edges and gold ornaments, gave a light and airy appearance to the boxes, adorned, moreover, with festoons of flowers from top to bottom; and there was as much propriety as elegance in the banners that separated one box from another, with the initials "V" "N" "E" "A," variously distributed in the midst of circular wreaths—one initial on each banner. The retiring rooms of the State box, which comprised the saloon at the grand entry and a portion of the lobby on the grand tier, were arranged with consummate taste and prodigal magnificence. Vast mirrors multiplied the effects of the statuary, parterres of flowers, richly adorned furniture, and endless lustres which almost realized the ideal of one of the palaces of the Arabian Nights. Foremost among the manifestations of the sculptor's art were statuettes of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, the Empress Eugenie, and the Emperor of the French.

The illustrious party did not make their appearance until after the first act of the opera was over. The interval was passed by the audience—probably the most brilliant, if not the most numerous, ever assembled within the walls of a theatre—rather in a low sustained buzz or murmur of expectation than in attention to the performance. About a quarter to ten Her Majesty entered the state box with the Emperor Louis Napoleon, and the Empress Eugénie with his Royal Highness Prince Albert. Mr. COSTA then waving his bâton, *Partant pour la Syrie* was struck up, and the acclamations of the audience were graciously responded to by repeated obeisances. The French national air was succeeded by our own anthem, in which Mme. BOSIO sung the first verse, and all the company of the Royal Italian Opera, except those engaged in the performance of *Fidelio*, took part. The *entente cordial* thus harmoniously established, the cheers and acclamations were renewed, until the illustrious party resumed their seats, and the *Leonora* overture, magnificently played by the orchestra, obtained at least some degree of consideration for the music of Beethoven. After the second and third acts of the opera, which were listened to with comparative attention, and had a far better chance of being appreciated than the first, the curtain rose, and the stage presented an unusual spectacle. Behind the principal performers and the chorus were revealed a dense mass of ladies and gentlemen in full dress, who, sooner than not be present on such an occasion, had purchased the privilege of standing before the footlights during the performance of the national anthem and *Partant pour la Syrie*.

Of the principal performers most of the critics reserve their judgment; but the *Leader* says:

Mlle. JENNY NEY comes to us recommended by a considerable reputation in Germany, and by the name of JENNY, which ever since the days of the LIND has possessed a singular fascination for the British public. Mlle. NEY made her *debut* under circumstances most trying, but she appeared nothing daunted, and from first to last performed with ease and self-possession, singing and acting with a perfect mastery of her faculties, and a perfect control over her emotions, in the face of all that brilliant distraction. Mlle. NEY apparently enjoys the advantage (which so many would gladly forego!) of experience and maturity in her art. Powerfully constructed, and with a decided capacity for boots, with a fair complexion and a very German countenance, she wears a frank and pleasing aspect. Her voice, a thoroughly-trained and strong *mezzo soprano*, is round and rich in the medium notes; rather rough, it appeared to us, in the lower; and rather flat in the higher part of the register. She sang the long and difficult *scena* with sustained dignity and a finely-reserved emotion, and with a purity and correctness of intonation that never failed. We trust it may be said that Mlle. JENNY NEY, though not a JOANNA WAGNER, is a real acquisition to the theatre. FORMES was thoroughly at home, and always *en scène*, in the part of the bluff but kindly gaoler; and TAGLIAFICO is always the finished artist. On Thursday, however, he once or twice appeared a little absent, and sang beside the note. It must be confessed that the music ascribed to Pizarro is almost as ungrateful as the part, and seldom repays the most correct singing, so far as the audience is concerned. TAMBERLIK, who was gladly recognized on his prison pallet, was looking a little thinner perhaps, but in capital vocal preservation. The large phrasing and the passionate *vibrato* were welcomed with satisfaction by the regular opera-goers, and he gave the C in alt as a sort of *emphasis* to his European reputation. Mr. COSTA's orchestra played the two overtures, especially the *Leonora*, with even more than the usual spirit, decision, and delicacy. The chorus was neither ineffective nor remarkable. The Prisoners' chorus went off without a hand.

DRURY LANE.—Italian and German opera for the million, at ordinary play-house prices, and without the conventional restrictions of "full dress," was so successful at this theatre last year, that a new season was commenced on the 16th ult. with the *Sonnambula*.—The *Leader* says:

The Amina and the Rodolpho were far above the average, and the Elvino was at least agreeable. Mme. GASSIER, who was a favorite at the Italian Opera in Paris last winter, is a Spanish lady, with a most Castilian countenance and most Andalusian eyebrows and lashes. She looks all energy and confidence, too short in figure to be graceful, but still engaging and attractive. This is not exactly the picture of Amina: and Mme. GASSIER, we may say at once, has not the air of an *ingénue*. But with a piercing soprano, flexible and powerful to an extraordinary degree, and attaining unheard-of altitudes with perfect nonchalance, she sang the *Come per me* brilliantly, and with the finale *Ah non giunge* "carried away" the house. It is, however, in the *Barbiere di Seviglia*, in which she is announced to sing on Monday, that she is seen and heard to the best advantage. Monsieur GASSIER has a clear, powerful, and smooth baritone voice, which he manages with excellent taste, and his acting is smart and intelligent.

We were agreeably disappointed at finding the Signor BETTINI not the 'robust tenor' of that name, but a young man, apparently new to the stage, raw and awkward in his gestures, destitute of any dramatic pretensions, but gifted with a sweet and facile voice, well taught and judiciously used. The chorus is painstaking, and the orchestra, ably conducted by Mr. J. H. TULLY.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—The programme of the third concert, under Herr RICHARD WAGNER, was as follows:

PART I.

Sinfonia in A, No. 2. .... Mendelssohn.
Aria, "Va s'bramando," Mr. Weiss (Faust) .... Spohr.
Concerto, Pianoforte, in B flat, Op. 19, Mr Sloper. . Beethoven.
Aria, "Bald schlägt die Abschieds-stunde," Madame Rudersdorff. .... Mozart.
Overture, "Euryanthe" .... Weber.

PART II.

Sinfonia in C minor, No. 5. .... Beethoven.
Recit., "Im Wechsel immerdar" } Madame Rudersdorff (Faust) . } Spohr.
Aria, "Ja ich fühl'es .... }
Overture, Les Deux Journées .... Cherubini.

The *Daily News* never heard the symphonies go so well, the *Athenæum* and the *Musical World* never heard them go worse. But Wagner apart, they all agree about Mr. Sloper's "masterly" performance of that early Concerto of Beethoven; and most of them about the general excellence of the vocal music, particularly that by Mme. Rudersdorff, whose first piece is said to be a musical curiosity, written by Mozart for the *Zauberflöte*, in the style of the two airs of the Queen of the Night, but never sung, because of its difficulties, which this lady conquered. The *Athenæum*, however, says "she screams."

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MAY 19, 1855.

Musical Clubs and Parties.

The amount of musical taste in a community is not necessarily to be measured by the audiences it furnishes in any given season to oratorios, operas and concerts, good, bad, or indifferent. The concert-giving experience in Boston this past winter has been somewhat discouraging to the musicians and societies, and, contrasted with the seemingly unbounded appetite for classical performances in preceding winters, has even caused the question to be mooted, whether the perhaps too much boasted musical taste of our good city can have retrograded? whether it may not have been *not* a real taste, but only a sham, a fashion of the hour, a superficial, feverish, contagious excitement, of which the only wonder was that it died out no sooner? These are reasonable enough questions at any time. Taste in the public at large, anywhere and in any age, is subject to its variations, is liable to be corrupted, sensualized, demoralized, in short to retrograde:—witness even Vienna, the city of Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven, Hummel, Schubert, overrun even in the life-time of Beethoven by the taking fashions of Italian opera and dance orchestras, and chiefly given up to them to this day. And there is *always* large allowance to be made for fashion, imitation, and all kinds of factitious influences in the eagerness with which people flock to so-called classical concerts. But in our own experience this season we see nothing really discouraging. If the concert audiences have fallen off, it does not affect our conviction, we may say our *knowledge* of the fact, that the number of persons in and about this city who enjoy and love the Symphonies and other great works of the masters, and who make them a matter of thought and study, a part of the earnest culture and devotion of their lives, has been very large for years past, and is much larger at this moment than it has ever been before.

Should several successive years pass without good and frequent public performances of such music, it would alter the case; for the love of beauty must be continually reanimated by the inspiring presence of beauty; but we have not *yet* begun to feel the drought to any very damaging extent; or, if we do not feel it, it is so far an evidence that the desire is yet alive within us; that the 'hart still panteth after the water-brooks;' and meanwhile there are other encouraging signs of musical life, devotion and improving taste among us, which are perhaps even more worthy to be counted gain, than any brim-full measures of our concert halls which we have seen or hope to see. Think of the demand for music-teachers, and of teachers who have the spirit of Art in them. Think of "the pianoforte in every house," and of the enormous manufacture and sale of these and other musical instruments. Think how many accomplished amateur players and singers, of both sexes, now add an artistic grace to all our cultivated circles of society. Think what shopfulls of music are printed and circulated in our land, and, if the greater mass of it be trash, yet how large is the proportion of really classical, enduring works, such as the Sonatas of Beethoven, Haydn, and Mozart, the best oratorios and Masses, the Songs without Words and with words, of Mendelssohn, Schubert, &c., the favorite operas, the collections of organ music, &c. Think how wide a sale the solid publications of the house of Novello in London are acquiring in this country; how many persons, even in the humbler walks of life, have their own copies of the "Messiah," the "Creation," the "Elijah" and "St. Paul," and can lend a voice not ineffectually in the performance of these noble works.

But we have been unwittingly betrayed into this long introduction in undertaking to call attention simply to *one* manifestation of the progress of musical taste among us, in spite of the fluctuations of the concert business. We allude to the improvement both in quantity and quality of private musical entertainments. It may almost be said that there has been more of really good music, well performed, in private houses here this winter, than there has been in public,—excepting of course oratorios and orchestras.

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Many a time, in the dearth of fresh or interesting public themes for musical report or criticism, have we wished it were allowable to tell of the choice social feasts of music which we have enjoyed in private, and to a large extent from amateur performers. These may be regarded as in some sense the most legitimate and best fruits of the inspiring concerts to which our young music-lovers have been so freely exposed for several years past. They prove how genuine and deep has been the efficacy of so much good music heard in public. They prove that it has not been listened to in vain; that it has not left the listener content with passively enjoying, but has stimulated him in his turn to some sort of musical activity. For the re-assurance of the desponding, and the confounding of the always-will-be skeptical we may recount in general, without violation of the rights of privacy, what has been going on in this way.

First, we have already alluded to the Soirées of Italian vocal music, given by our excellent teachers Sig. CORELLI and Sig. BENDELARI, in which their pupils executed the most difficult operatic pieces in a style that would do credit to eminent professional artists. These occasions, with the preparation for them, and the stimulus they give, naturally imply not a little of such practice going on in larger or smaller circles in many private houses.

Next, as the most interesting and significant of all, perhaps, we may mention the various Clubs of amateur musicians, who meet periodically in one another's houses for the practice of certain kinds of music. Some of these have occasionally allowed a room-full of their friends to enjoy the fruits of their social study, and it has caused not a little pleasure and surprise to find how much of the highest and choicest kind of music has formed the material of this club practice, how thoroughly and conscientiously the music has been learned, and what an artistic and refining element it contributes to the ordinary social resources and amusements. In one of these clubs, composed of a dozen of our finest amateur voices, spending an evening weekly under the most severe and yet inspiring drill of a thorough German artist, it has been our privilege this winter to become acquainted with much fine German music never yet heard in our concerts. We can recall such compositions as the entire *Lauda Sion* and the Psalm: *As the hart pants*, of MENDELSSOHN; all the "Midsummer Night's Dream" music, many four-part songs, &c., by the same; several motets by BACH; a Psalm for four soprani by FRANZ SCHUBERT; portions of SCHUMANN'S "Paradise and the Peri"; an exceedingly beautiful *Kyrie*, and a Psalm by ROBERT FRANZ, in the most pure, religious style. These were learned and sung with rare perfection (for *these* parts) and, with a masterly pianoforte accompaniment, produced a sensation so unique and pure and fresh, that all felt their standard and ideal of true Art from that moment raised. Another Club, similarly composed, to which we have been a frequent listener, a model in its way for long-continuing fidelity, has been more exclusively devoted to the practice of Masses, a form of music which is as convenient for social practice, and as fascinating, as it is intrinsically good and elevating. During the winter we have heard in this way the Mass in C, by BEETHOVEN, that in D by CHERUBINI, and the *Requiem* of MOZART, not to speak of more familiar and easy Masses which have been from time to time revived. All these have been so thoroughly learned, as to convey to listening friends quite a conception of the music, so far as it is possible without orchestral accompaniment, large chorus, and the local charm of the cathedral. By way of dessert after solid practice, it has not been uncommon in both of these Clubs to hear some of the exquisite songs of SCHUBERT, MENDELSSOHN or FRANZ, a Sonata of BEETHOVEN, or a four-hand performance of one of the fine Symphonies, in which we have amateurs who can bear their part with the professional artists.

Clubs for Mass singing are not confined to Boston. In Salem, Lowell, Lawrence, Cambridge, Brookline, and other neighboring towns, there are or have been such, creating not a small demand for the cheap and convenient Novello editions of these works.—There is also a Club for the practice of Italian opera music under the direction of one of our most accomplished *maestri di canto;* and it speaks well for the disposition to shun musical intolerance and one-sided taste, that both German and Italian Clubs are in not a few instances composed of the same members, striving to do full justice to each kind of music. These are some of the musical Clubs which occur to us, and doubtless there are many more, of many kinds, among the amateurs of Boston and vicinity.

So much for Clubs. Another sign of progress is the frequency of late of classical musical parties in the houses of our wealthier amateurs, who engage the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, and other artists, to entertain their guests of an evening with choice programmes of string quartets, piano trios, sonatas, compositions of Chopin, songs of Franz and Mendelssohn and Schubert and Mozart. Really the choicest feasts of classical chamber music have been heard in this way, and the stimulus they give to musical taste, if less wide in circumference, is perhaps deeper and truer in quality and as far-reaching in the end, than that that usually proceeds from concerts. Among the many programmes of such occasions we may cite the following, for a sample, and let this end our rambling talk for this time, hoping that we have shown some reason for the belief that musical taste has not after all been dying out among us.

Trio in B flat, op. 11,..........................Beethoven.
Aria, "Rendi 'l sereno al ciglio,"..............Handel.
Sonata for Piano and Violin, in F, op. 24,...Beethoven.
Polonaise } for Piano,..........................Chopin.
La Berceuse }
Trio in D minor, op. 49,........................Mendelssohn.
Aria, "Saria pur dolce amore,"..................Marcello.
Polacca for Piano and Violoncello,..............Chopin.

New Music.

Our table groans with the piles of newly published pieces or collections of music, reprints of entire works, manuals, methods, scientific text-books, &c., which have been accumulating during the month past, and for which the publishers collectively and singly have our thanks. It is impossible publicly to notice, or even to read through them all as fast as they come along; and many of them, it must be confessed, are scarcely worth the notice and find *their* publics chiefly through the absence of such features as may be supposed to interest the readers of an Art journal. But many also are of various degrees of excellence and real value, such as it is well that the right-minded student or amateur should know of. We do what we can to-day to reduce the pile of the unnoticed, meaning to make repeated onslaughts on the same until it shall all be disposed of.

Foremost as ever, and most abounding in (we can often say) good works, comes that indefatigable publisher, OLIVER DITSON, from whose many and multifarious sendings we for the present single out the following:

1. *A New and Complete Edition of the Favorite Songs, Duets and Trios of* MOZART. This is a reprint of a London serial, consisting of some thirty or forty choice selections from Mozart's operas and occasional songs, with the original Italian or German words and a new English version, the whole arranged from the scores and adapted to the English by S. S. WESLEY, Mus Doc. The list includes all the best things, for one, two or three voices, from *Le Nozze di Figaro, Don Giovanni, Zauberflöte, Idomeneo*, and *La Clemenza di Tito*, besides half a dozen of his simple little songs, like "Come, Lovely May," "Forget me not," &c. Among those already issued (which may be had singly) are the duet: *La ci darem* from *Don Giovanni;* the baritone buffo song: *Non piu andrai*, from the *Figaro;* and the duet: *Crudel, perchè finora*, from the same. The music itself requires no recommendation; every singer of course wants to have these pieces, when he can have them in correct, elegant and cheap copies, such as these are.

2. *The Harp of Italy (Lira d' Italia).* Another serial Collection of Vocal Extracts, from the popular Italian operas, with Italian and English words. These are pieces to which the operatic amateur would make constant reference, if he had them by him, and here he has them in convenient and attractive form. Those already received are: 1. the great Quintet, *Chi mi frena*, from *Lucia;* 2. *Vicino a chi s' adora*, quartet from *Il Giuramento;* 3. the trio: *Ah qual vittima*, from *Norma;* 4. *Qual voluttà*, trio from *I Lombardi;* 5. *Di tanti regi*, the rich and stately quartet from the first scene of *Semiramide;* 6 *E rimasto la impietrato* ("Like a statue without motion"), the humorous and exceedingly effective quartet from *Don Pasquale*. There are many more in prospect.

3. *L' Art du Chant appliqué au Piano, by* THALBERG. We have before spoken of the principal numbers of this very useful series of *transcriptions* of vocal pieces (from Mozart, Beethoven, Pergolese, Stradella, Rossini, Bellini, and others) for the piano, after the peculiar manner of Thalberg, who makes the voice-parts, solo or concerted, *sing* upon the instruments, with accompaniments above and below; the voice-part or melody being engraved in larger characters than the rest, to indicate that it is to be thrown forward distinctly and prominently in the execution. We have now Nos. 8 and 9 of the series. These are a beautiful *Larghetto* ballad from WEBER'S *Preciosa*, and the chorus of Conspirators from MEYERBEER'S *Il Crociato*. A song from SCHUBERT'S *Müllerin* series, the Duet from *Der Freyschütz*, and MOZART'S *Il mio tesoro* are the remaining subjects. All the subjects are interesting, and the transcriptions faithful and effective, so that they afford capital practice in the art of illustrating a melody, with great richness of accompaniment, through the medium of one pair of hands. The edition is one of the most elegant specimens of music engraving which we have seen. The separate numbers cost 75 cents each, but the whole series of twelve, bound, is marked $5.00.

NATHAN RICHARDSON (Musical Exchange), publishes among other things the following:

1. *Menuet de* MOZART, arranged for piano by SCHULHOFF. This is that graceful and perfect little Minuet and Trio, from the E flat Symphony, which was so charmingly played by Mr. SATTER. It proves that *good* music may become extremely popular.

2. *Ave Maria*, ballad by ROBERT FRANZ. Those who remember OTTO DRESEL'S concerts and Miss LEHMANN'S singing, (and who can forget them?)

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will eagerly possess themselves of a copy of this lofty, pure and lovely melody, which is not difficult, so far as mere execution is concerned. The English words are singable, and a pretty close translation of the German of GEIBEL, which is also given.

3. *On the Sea;* ballad by FRANZ SCHUBERT, German and English words. Characteristic, wild and fascinating.

4. *The Mignon Song,* by FRANZ SCHUBERT. This is the sad little song in "Wilhelm Meister": *Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt, &c.,* treated by Schubert in very much the same manner in which Beethoven has treated it in one or two of his four settings of the same; only Schubert develops the simple and sad strain to greater length.

5. *Sixty-Six Interludes in the most usual Major Keys for the Organ, Seraphine or Melodeon,* by J. HILTON JONES. These are short strains, only a line each in length, and all essentially of the same character of expression, which is solid and church-like. They are in true organ style, the four parts of the harmony having each its individual movement, and therefore good to put into the hands of young players at church organs, whom it is seldom safe to leave to the inspirations of their own—fingers. But why *all* in the major key? And why only two varieties of measure, the common, and the three-four? Or is this little book but the beginning of a series?

CONCERTS.

MLLE. GABRIELLE DE LAMOTTE's fourth and last concert took place at Chickering's, on Thursday evening. A large and highly respectable audience, including many of the truest music-lovers, were highly satisfied with the execution of the programme, which was choice and classical. For her own part, she had selected three very formidable compositions, a Trio, a Concerto and a Fugue. The well-known Trio by MENDELSSOHN, in D minor, was a large undertaking for a young lady, and we could only be astonished at the power and certainty and firmness with which she went through it, showing that she had studied carefully the character of its nervous Allegro, its tranquil and religious Andante, its light and sparkling Scherzo, and its impassioned Finale,—although the latter we thought taken hardly fast enough; and one missed a certain vitalizing and poetic something in the whole. More caution in the use of the pedals would obviate the blur felt in some passages. Yet the execution was highly creditable and showed progress. The Fugue of BACH, in A minor, one of those florid, delicate arabesques, was smoothly played, but rather lifelessly. The *Concert-Stück* of WEBER seemed a less anxious performance, and came out with a freedom, grace and brilliancy that were quite effective. It was much her happiest effort. The *Concert-Stück* had a fine septet accompaniment, by the Messrs. FRIES, MEISEL, EICHLER, (strings), and KREBS (flute), RYAN, (clarionet), and DE RIBAS (oboe). The brothers Fries did well their part in the Trio.

THE MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB contributed an Andante from HAYDN's Quartet in D, and Quintet arrangements of two piano pieces: viz. BEETHOVEN's *Andante Favori* and one of the *Lieder ohne Worte.* Mrs. WENTWORTH sang with her usual purity and sweetness a Latin hymn (*Ecce Panis*) by CHERUBINI, a Mozart-like sort of melody, not unlike the same composer's *Ave Maria,* and HAYDN's charming canzonet: "My mother bids me bind her hair."

The CONCERT by the PYNE and HARRISON troupe on Wednesday night of last week was a good old-fashioned English concert, and gave such pleasure that nearly every piece was called for twice and even thrice. This was the case with each of the Glees, which led to quite a series of them; and they were nicely sung, save that the unaccompanied voices did not fall into quite perfect tune the first time. Miss LOUISA PYNE's singing of "Cease your Funning," with variations, and of BENEDICT's "Sky-Lark," was in her most admirable style, and she fed the appetite of the delighted audience with some charming ballads, accompanying herself. Her sister also sang a ballad very sweetly. Mr. HORNCASTLE gave the Cinderella Song: "Ye tormentors" and Hatton's "Simon, the Cellarer," with much comic humor. The programme was exceedingly long, and everything had to be repeated, even to one of those everlasting sentimental ditties of the Balfe order, by Mr. BORRANI, whom a portion of the audience *would* compel to "sing that (tedious) song again." Mr. HARRISON was perhaps more frequently in tune than usual.

The Farewell Concert, Saturday afternoon, was equally successful. So perfect a singer as Miss LOUISA PYNE will always be welcomed back to Boston.

MR. SATTER had a crowded and delighted audience, of some 300 persons, at his piano concert at the Norfolk House, last week, and proposes soon to give another.

ITALIAN OPERA.—The mere announcement of ROSSINI's "William Tell," his greatest opera, at the Boston Theatre, on Monday evening, will be enough to call out all our music-lovers. It is a rare chance, and a brief one, and we must improve it while it lasts.

Meanwhile Opera in New York seems in a hopeless snarl of disagreements. The LAGRANGE and MIRATE troupe coalesced with the Academy, and sang there but one night, before there was a general falling out. What becomes of the new troupe we do not learn; the Academy is closed against them; they have lost the chance of Niblo's, and the Academy party also pre-occupy our Boston Theatre. *We* shall have nothing to complain of.

CLASSICAL TRIO CONCERT. The fourth and *last* concert of those very able artists, Messrs. GAERTNER, HAUSE and JUNGNICKEL, will take place in the beautiful saloon of Messrs. HALLET and DAVIS, this evening. Those who go will hear much admirable music played by very skilful hands.

Miss ELISE HENSLER.—The papers have already announced the probable return of our young prima donna to America. Her father's continued illness has made it impossible for her to continue in Europe without his protection and under the constant anxiety which his condition brought upon her. She is endeavoring to bring him home, and at last accounts had arrived in Paris after a painful journey. We may expect to welcome her in Boston before many weeks.

Musical Fund Society.—At a special meeting of this Society, the following gentlemen were elected officers for the ensuing season:—President, C. C. Perkins: Vice President, T. Comer: Secretary, Thos Ryan: Treasurer, S. S. Pearce: Librarian, Henry Fries: Auditor, A. Fries: 1st Associate, F. Fries: 2d Associate, C. H. Eichler: Trustees, Thos. E. Chickering, S. E. Guild, Geo. T. Bigelow, J. P. Bradlee, John Bigelow.

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Translated for this Journal.

Beethoven's Instrumental Music.

FROM THE GERMAN OF E. T. A. HOFFMANN.

(Concluded from last week.)

How deeply, most noble master, have thy glorious Piano-Forte compositions impressed themselves upon my mind! How shallow and insignificant does everything now appear to me, that does not belong to thee, to the genial MOZART, or the mighty genius, SEBASTIAN BACH!—With what delight did I receive thy seventieth *opus*, those two glorious Trios—for I knew very well that after a short time of practice, I should have them rendered to perfection. And this happiness has indeed been mine this evening, so that now, like one who, strolling about in the labyrinthine paths, lined with all kinds of rare trees, strange plants, and exquisite flowers, of a fantastic park, becomes more and more entangled in them, I cannot find my way out of the wondrous turns and complications of thy Trios. The lovely syren-voices of those passages, resplendent in gay variety, draw me in deeper and deeper.

I have ever been of the opinion that the piano-forte is much more useful in Harmony than in Melody. The most delicate expression of which this instrument is capable does not give to melody the energetic life, with its thousands of shadings, which the bow of the violinist, the breath of the wind-instrument player is able to call forth. The performer combats in vain with the insurmountable difficulty presented to him by a mechanism, which causes the strings to vibrate and resound by a blow. On the other hand there is no instrument (with the exception of the harp, which is, however, much more limited,) that, like the piano, takes in at once the whole realm of harmony, and displays its treasures to the connoisseur in the most wondrous forms and shapes. When the imagination of a composer has seized upon an entire tone-picture, with rich groups, brilliant lights, and deep shadows, he can call it into life at his piano, so that it comes forth, in gay and dazzling colors, from the inner world. A full score, the true magic-book of music, which conceals beneath its signs and figures, all the wonders of tone art, the mysterious chorus of the most manifold instruments, receives life under the hands of a master pianist, and a composition thus played, correctly and in all its parts, from the score, may be compared to a finely executed engraving from a large painting. The piano is therefore peculiarly adapted for improvising, for playing from the score, for single chords, for solo-Sonatas, etc., as also for Trios, Quartets, Quintets, etc., where the usual string-instruments join in, and which certainly belong to the order of piano compositions, because, if they are correctly composed, that is, truly in four, five or more parts, everything depends on the harmonic working up, which of itself excludes the display of single instruments in brilliant passages.

I have a real aversion against all Concertos for the piano. (Those of Mozart and Beethoven are not so much Concertos, as Symphonies, with piano *obligato*.) They are intended to display the virtuosity of the solo-player in brilliant passages and in expressive melody; but the best performer on the finest instrument strives in vain for what the violinist, for instance, attains with but little difficulty.

Each Solo sounds stiff and tame after the full *tutti* of the violins and wind instruments, and we admire the execution, the flexibility of finger, without receiving any impression upon our heart and mind.

How admirably has the master conceived the peculiar spirit of this instrument (the piano) and provided for it in the most appropriate manner!

A simple, but fruitful melodic theme, which is capable of the most various contrapuntal involutions, abridgements, etc., lies at the foundation of every movement; all the other motives and figures bear a close relation to the main theme, so that all the instruments are brought into requisition to combine and arrange the whole to the highest degree of unity. This is the structure of the whole; but, in this skilful edifice, the loveliest pictures intermingle in restless flight, in which joy and pain, sadness and bliss, appear beside and within each other. Wierd forms join in an airy dance, now fading away to a mere point of light, then dispersing in brilliant and dazzling rays, and chasing and pursuing each other in divers groups; and in the midst of this unlocked spirit-world the soul listens, enraptured, to the unknown language, and comprehends all the most secret longings and presentiments with which it has been seized.

That composer alone has really penetrated into the mysteries of Harmony, who, by it, can impress the soul of man; to him the numerical proportions, which to the grammarian without genius are mere lifeless, uninteresting arithmetical calculations, are magic formulas, by means of which he conjures up an enchanted world.

Notwithstanding the geniality which pervades particularly the first Trio, not even excepting the mournful Largo, the genius of Beethoven still remains at all times serious and solemn. It seems as if the master were of opinion that deep, mysterious subjects, even when the mind, closely familiar with them, experiences a joyous and cheerful elevation, should never be spoken of in common-place, but only in glorious, exalted words; the dance-music of the priests of Isis can be nothing but a hymn of lofty jubilee.

Instrumental music, where it is intended to influence only through itself, as Music, and not to serve, perhaps, for a peculiar dramatic purpose, must avoid every thing trivial and jocose, all flippant *lazzi*. A deep nature seeks for the presentiments of joy which, more beautiful and glorious than here in this narrow world, have come to us from an unknown land, and wakened an inner, blissful life within our bosom, a higher expression than plain words, which are peculiar only to the limited pleasures of earth, can give.

This seriousness, which pervades all the instrumental and piano music of Beethoven, naturally banishes all the break-neck passages up and down with both hands, all the preposterous leaps, the ridiculous caprices, the excessively high notes, of the extra octaves, in which modern piano compositions abound. In point of technical execution, the piano compositions of this master present no particular difficulties, as every practised pianist will easily conquer the few runs, triplet figures, etc.; and yet their rendering is in most respects exceedingly difficult. Many a so-called virtuoso objects to Beethoven's piano music, repeating the excuse: "Very difficult, and very ungrateful to the listeners!" As regards the difficulty, a correct, easy rendering of Beethoven's compositions requires nothing less than that we should thoroughly understand him, that we should penetrate deep into his nature; that, in the consciousness of our own consecration we should bravely venture to step into the circle of magic apparitions which his mighty wand calls forth. He who does not feel this consecration in himself, who cultivates the acquaintance of the holy Musica only as an amusement, as a pastime in leisure hours, as a momentary

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tickling of dulled ears, or for his own ostentation, had better leave her entirely. It is only such a one who can offer the excuse: "very ungrateful!" The true artist lives only in the work which he has conceived in the spirit of the master and now executes. He disdains to bring his own person into play, and all his aspirations tend towards calling into life, in a thousand dazzling colors, all the beauteous, enchanting forms and pictures which the master, with magic power, has concealed in his work, so that they wreathe around the listener in bright, sparkling circles, and, inflaming his imagination, his innermost being, bear him in rapid flight to the distant spirit-world of tones.

M. A. R.

The Bob-o-link.

The happiest bird of our spring, and one that rivals the European lark, in my estimation, is the Boholincon, or Bobolink, as he is commonly called. He arrives at that choice portion of our year, which, in our latitude, answers to the description so often given by our poets. With us, it generally begins about the middle of May, and lasts until nearly the middle or the last of June. Earlier than this, winter is apt to return on its traces, and to blight the opening beauties of the year; and later than this, begins the parching, and dissolving heats of summer. But in this genial interval, nature is in all her freshness and fragrance; "the rains are over and gone, the flowers appear upon the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land." The trees are now in their fullest foliage and brightest verdure; the woods are gay with the clustering flowers of the laurels; the air is perfumed by the sweet brier and the wild rose; the meadows are enamelled with clover blossoms; while the young apple, the peach and the plum begin to swell and the cherry to glow among the green leaves.

This is the chosen season of revelry of Bobolink. He comes amidst the pomp and fragrance of the season; his life seems all sensibility and enjoyment, all song and sunshine. He is to be found in the soft bosoms of the freshest and sweetest meadows; and is most in song when the clover is in blossom. He perches on the topmost twig of a tree, or on some long flaunting weed, and as he rises and sinks with the breeze, pours forth a succession of rich tinkling notes; crowding one upon another, like the outpouring melody of the sky-lark, and possessing the same rapturous character. Sometimes he pitches from the summit of a tree, begins his song as soon as he gets upon the wing, and flutters tremulously down to the earth, as if overcome with ecstacy at his own music. Sometimes he is in pursuit of his paramour; always in full song, as if he would win her by his melody, and always with the same appearance of intoxication and delight.

Of all the birds of our groves and meadows, the bob-o-link was the envy of my boyhood. He crossed my path in the sweetest weather, and the sweetest season of the year, when all nature called to the fields, and the rural feeling throbbed in every bosom; but when I, luckless urchin, was doomed to be shut up during the live-long day, in that purgatory of boyhood, the school-room.

It seemed as if the little varlet mocked at me, as he flew by in full song, to taunt me with his happier lot. O, how I envied him! No lessons, no task, no hateful school, nothing but holiday, frolic, fields and fine weather. Had I been then more versed in poetry, I might have addressed him in those beautiful words of Logan to the cuckoo:

"Sweet bird! thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No winter in thy year.

"O! could I fly, I'd fly with thee;
We'd make, on joyful wing,
Our annual visit round the globe:
Companions of the Spring!"

Further observation and experience have given me a different idea of this little feathered voluptuary, which I will venture to impart for the benefit of my schoolboy readers, who may regard him with the same unqualified admiration which I once indulged. I have shown him only as I saw him at first, in what I call the poetical part of his career, when he in a manner devoted himself to elegant pursuits and enjoyments, and was a bird of music and song, and taste and sensibility and refinement. While this lasted, he was sacred from injury; the very schoolboy would not fling a stone at him, and the merest rustic would pause to listen to his strain.

But mark the difference. As the year advances, as the clover blossoms disappear, and the spring fades into summer, he gradually gives up his elegant tastes and habits; doffs his poetical suit of black, assumes a russet, dusty garb, and sinks to the gross enjoyment of common vulgar birds. His notes no longer vibrate on the ear, he is stuffing himself with the seeds of the tall weeds on which he lately swung and chanted so melodiously. He has become a "bon vivant," a "gourmand;" with him now there is nothing like the "joys of the table;" and in a little time he grows tired of plain, homely fare, and is off on a gastronomical tour in quest of foreign luxuries.

We next hear of him with myriads of his kind, banquetting among the reeds of the Delaware, and grown corpulent with good feeding. He has changed his name in travelling. Bobolincon no more—he is the Reed-bird now; the much-sought-for tit-bit of Pennsylvania epicures; the rival in unlucky fame of the Ortolan! Wherever he goes pop! pop! pop! every rusty firelock in the country is blazing away. He sees his companions falling by thousands around him.

Does he take warning and reform? Alas! not he. Incorrigible epicure! again he wings his flight. The rice fields of the South invite him. He gorges himself among them almost to bursting; he can scarcely fly for corpulency. He has once more changed his name, and is now the famous Rice-bird of the Carolinas.

Last stage of his career; behold him spitted, with dozens of his corpulent companions, served up, a vaunted dish on the table of some Southern gastronomer.

Such is the story of the Bobolink; once spiritual, musical, admired, the joy of the meadows, and the favorite bird of Spring; finally, a gross little sensualist, who expiates his sensuality in the larder.—*Wolfert's Roost.*

[From the New York Musical Gazette.]

Vincenzo Bellini.

Of the three Italian composers, who are most known to the present generation of opera-goers, VINCENZO BELLINI seems to enjoy public favor the most constant and the least interrupted. ROSSINI'S operas, with the exception of *Guillaume Tell*, are patronized only by such Italian troupes as prefer foreign countries to their own "mother of the arts." DONIZETTI'S works, it is true, are often performed; but it must be remembered that Donizetti died only a few years since, while Bellini, notwithstanding nearly twenty years have elapsed since his death, is still, perhaps, the most necessary composer for all managers in all countries; and his *rôles*, certain of them at least, must form part of the repertory of every singer. We have often thought that the public would at last tire of *Norma*, *I Puritani*, *Sonnambula*, and *I Capuletti e Montecchi*; but, no! every performance of each of these operas is sure to call forth new proofs of the sympathy of the public. And why is this? Is there any thing especial in the plots, the scenery, the costumes, or the mere musical treatment of these operas? Are there any of those accessories which play so great a *rôle* in modern operas, and which often decide a success? Certainly not; the costumer and the machinist, the lover of variety in plot, of wild and passionate scenes, or of romantic horrors, will find very little to suit their peculiar tastes, and as to those qualities which are demanded especially by the musician, it almost seems as if poor Bellini were quite ignorant of what they are. And yet we have all experienced, more or less, that his operas do not fail even to impress those who look mainly to the intellectuality of a dramatic work. Even WAGNER tells us that there was a time in his own history when he could not resist the charm of Bellini's melodies; when in them he found consolation and comfort for the troubles of life. This is, perhaps, the greatest triumph absolute melody has ever attained.

Bellini is the hero of absolute melody, of Italian love music; here lie his power, his strength, his genius. He had the gift of melody, and very little besides. And in this gift of melody we find the key to the continued success he has enjoyed. There will always come a time in every man's life when the sweet sounds of love and the voluptuous *abandon* to sentiment will attract him and win his admiration; there will always be a period of every one's history when Bellini's music will best reflect his own mind; and this will be more especially true should he chance to belong to the numerous class of *dilettanti*, whose only desire from music is to be moved, it matters not much how. Bellini appeals to the young—young in years, young in experience, and, let us add it boldly, young in musical education. With eighteen years, and a superficial knowledge of music, the duo of *Norma* and *Adalgisa*, or the finale of *Norma* will be the utmost that heart, taste, or intelligence will require. But if musical and intellectual development follows, there will come, sooner or later, the time when these beauties will suffice no longer; when the appetite will crave more solid, substantial, and nourishing food. To young ladies and beardless youth the sweet wines of Muscat may always prove refreshing; but men will demand a healthier, more vigorous product of the grape. Alas! for that musician who, in his thirtieth year, will experience the same sensations in listening to Bellini's music that came upon him when a younger man! He would surely prove by this that he had no vocation for his art.

It is not the abundance of melody alone which will make an opera successful. SCHUBERT had the gift of melody as much as any one, and still his operas were a decided failure; and almost all successors, in the path of song-composition, have met with the same result in regard to their operas. There must be something else to weigh down the balance of public favor. The Italians seek this generally in the successive gradation of the motives, without having recourse to heavy means, such as over-laden orchestration or full harmonization of the vocal masses. Here, in our opinion, may be found the principal secret of the successes of most Italian operas. Bellini followed the same path, popularizing his ideas; and as he, for the most part, composed only to such libretti as afforded him abundant opportunity of satisfying his sentimentality, and his love for tears and sorrow, his melodies often appear to have a dramatic coloring, although the higher claims of a dramatic work are totally neglected. His orchestration and his modulations are as poor as they well could be; and it is only in his last work, *I Puritani*, that he has showed himself capable of improvement, and given promise of better things. Still, the French art of instrumentation was not an appropriate acquirement for Bellini; it placed him out of his element; he appears much greater, and far more natural, in such works as permitted him to let loose the full stream of his Italian melodies, and left him untrammeled by any other consideration than an appeal to his never-failing source—tears and lamentations. *Norma*, *Sonnambula*, and some parts of *I Capuletti e Montecchi* are, in our opinion, the brightest emanations of his genius. The purity and naturalness of his melodies; the prevalence of sentiment in them, and the simplicity of his style; the fortunate circumstance that he abandoned the style of Rossini, of which the operatic world had already become somewhat tired; and, more than all, the fact that the greatest singers of modern times, RUBINI, TAMBURINI, PASTA, MALIBRAN, and GRISI found in his creations the means of displaying their powers and genius; all these, together with the fact, that the epoch during which he composed, from 1820 to 1830, reflected to a strong de-

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gree his peculiar characteristic—that of general relaxation—may be considered as the sources of his triumphs and successes; sources which will be inexhaustible, so long as there is a demand for Italian primo donne, for opera in its present form, and for appeals to the sentimentalities of youth.

Bellini lived only thirty-three years. Born in 1802 in Catania, (Sicily,) he died in France in 1835, at the proper time for the establishment of his fame, in our opinion. He died at a time when HEINRICH HEINE, one of the most *spirituel* of modern authors, was in the habit of telling him that he had attained the most dangerous age for men of genius, as the period from thirty to thirty-four was generally considered. Poor Bellini! In consequence of this he was almost afraid to approach the tormenting Heine, who most assuredly had no idea that his prophecy would so soon be fulfilled.

As to the characteristics of the man, Bellini, his personal appearance and manners, we can have no better delineator than Heine himself, who has given one of the best sketches of the Italian *maestro* we have seen. We translate from Heine as follows:

"Bellini was of a tall, up-shooting, slender figure, which always moved gracefully; coquettish, ever looking as though just emerged from a band-box; a regular, but large, delicately rose-tinted face; light, almost golden hair, worn in wavy curls; a high, very high, marble forehead, straight nose, light blue eyes, well-sized mouth, and rounded chin. His features had something vague in them, a want of character, something milk-like; and in this milk-like face flitted sometimes a painful-pleasing expression of sorrow. This expression in his face took the place of the fire that was wanting; but it was that of a sorrow without depth; it glanced, but unpoetically, from his eyes; it played, but without passion, upon his lips. It was this poutless, shallow sorrow that the young *maestro* seemed most willing to represent in his whole appearance. His hair was dressed so fancifully sad; his clothes fitted so languishingly round his delicate body; he carried his cane so idyl-like, that he reminded me of the young shepherds we find in our pastorals, with their crooks decorated with ribbons, and their gayly-colored jackets and pants. And then his walk was so innocent, so airy, so sentimental. The whole man looked like a sigh, in pumps and silk stockings. He has met with much sympathy from women, but I doubt if he has ever produced a strong passion in any one. To me his appearance had always something ludicrously distasteful, one cause of which may have been his French. Although Bellini had lived several years in Paris, he spoke the language as badly—as badly as it can not be heard even in England. I should not say "badly;" this word is really too good; horrible, outrageous, end-of-the-world-like, would better express the idea. If one met him in society, treating the poor French words like a hangman, and constantly displaying his monstrous blunders, he would think the world about to perish amidst thunderings unheard before. The utmost silence then pervaded the whole room; mortal fright was painted upon every countenance; the women seemed uncertain whether to faint or run away; the men glanced confusedly at their habiliments, fearing lest some button had been forgotten; and most horrible of all, this fright produced a sort of convulsive desire to laugh which it was impossible to resist. For this reason, in society a proximity to Bellini always impressed you with a sense of alarm, which, nevertheless, had in it a dreadful charm, and attracted as well as repelled. Sometimes his involuntary puns were only amusing, and reminded one by their funny insipidity of the castle of his countryman, the Prince Pallagoni, which Goethe describes in his pictures of Italian travels, as a museum of fearful distortions, and incongruously coupled deformities. As on such occasions Bellini was always confident that he had said something quite harmless and very serious, the expression of his face formed the strongest contrast with the sense of his words. That peculiarity, which displeased me in his face, was always most prominent at such times. But still I will not say but that this very expression had some charm for the ladies. Bellini's face, as well as his whole appearance, had that physical freshness, that flesh-bloom, that rose-color which invariably produces an unpleasant impression upon me. It was only at a later period, when I had been acquainted with Bellini for some time, that I felt any inclination toward him. This resulted from the discovery that his character was, throughout, noble and good. His mind had certainly remained pure and unsullied by contact with evil. He was endowed also with that harmless, good-natured, that child-like nature, which is never found wanting in men of genius, even if they do not expose it to the gaze of all mankind."

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Has the Taste for Classical Music in Boston Retrograded?

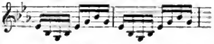
The concerts of the Musical Fund Society the past season have not succeeded! Only five, of the eight concerts subscribed and paid for, were given; and there is a considerable *deficit* yet to be paid by the members of the society. The choral societies also, have not been sufficiently patronized. Even the season before the last, when there was neither a new theatre nor opera, there was a falling off in the Germania concerts.

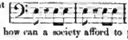
But, notwithstanding these adverse facts, it may still be possible that the taste for classical music among us has not declined. The failures of the concerts may be owing to other causes. We have now ten pianists—many who excel in classical compositions—where we had one twenty years ago. We have young ladies, who join and readily take their parts in a Requiem, a Mass, etc.; amateurs who perform Beethoven's Quartets also; Soirées, both in Boston and its vicinity, of the best classical compositions, vocal and instrumental. The facilities of traveling to and from Europe have also enabled many to hear music in perfection abroad, while within a few years a VIEUXTEMPS, a LEOPOLD DE MEYER, and many others, not excepting JULLIEN'S Band, have given a new idea of what may be accomplished in instrumental music. All this has tended to improve the public taste. People are better judges and will not now put up with imperfections which they did not notice several years ago.

Another cause of the failure of classical concerts may be found in the want of means, under our system of low prices of admission, to render classical music as it should be given—that is, on a sufficiently large scale. For example, one of your correspondents, speaking in raptures of a concert given by the pupils of the Conservatoire in Paris, says: "Only think of BEETHOVEN'S Ninth Symphony given by the orchestra of the Conservatoire!" We have heard the Ninth Symphony here in Boston; but how was it done? (Not but that I felt grateful to obtain even a homœopathic idea of it.) Instead of in a hall holding, as your correspondent says, when packed as closely as possible, 1300 persons, and with an ample and efficient orchestra, we had it here in a hall (to say the least) not *remarkably* favorable for sound, and holding more than twice that number,—done by four first violins (excellent ones to be sure,) two double basses, etc., etc., against or along with a complete set of reeds, brass, tympani, etc. The whole of this stupendous composition—particularly the opening of the choral Finale, which commences with a solo recitative by the double basses, sounded "pigmyish," as was very aptly remarked by a musical person who had heard it in Vienna with the imposing effect of *eighteen* double basses. I have listened to the Handel and Haydn Society, with a chorus of two or three hundred (whom no one will accuse of singing too *subdued*,) against four first violins, two basses, etc. I could not help thinking that if each member of the stringed quartet had played in a different key, it would not have made the least difference.

The modern oratorios are not like those of HANDEL, where the ideas of the composer are principally in the vocal parts. In the later compositions of this class, by HAYDN, BEETHOVEN, SPOHR, MENDELSSOHN, the effect is more intended to be produced by the *ensemble*: that is, it depends nearly as much upon the instrumental as upon the vocal parts; and if they are not balanced, or if the string quartet is so inefficient as not to be heard, and the voices too overpowering, it becomes a mere noise, a *fiasco*, and does not convey the composer's meaning.

I happened to enter the hall one evening last winter, when one of our orchestras had commenced the finale to MOZART'S Symphony in E flat, and were just at the passage for violins:



not a note of which could be heard, but only drums and the rest of the noisy instruments.—Now I ask what gratification, or what ideas of music can an audience derive from hearing nothing but  to the end of the passage?

But how can a society afford to pay for an efficient orchestra at present prices, unless the hall be entirely filled with paying subscribers? In London or Paris the prices of admission are generally half a guinea and ten francs; even in Germany, where money circulates in less abundance, the prices for occasional concerts are one thaler, and two thalers for such as those of VIEUXTEMPS, LISZT, &c.; and nearer home, the Philharmonic subscribers in New York pay ten dollars for four concerts, and one dollar and fifty cents for single tickets. It is clear that we must have halls constantly filled to make orchestral concerts pay.

How can this be brought about? It is possible that there may have arisen a want of confidence in the public, compared with its reliance upon the conduct of the old Academy's concerts. Subscribers were then sure to get what was promised, and though the means at that time were limited, yet symphonies were listened to and enjoyed in the old Odeon by full and intelligent audiences.

How has it been lately? For several seasons past, it is confessed that there has been a want of unity in the Musical Fund Society, which has greatly diminished the public confidence in it. The Germania promised in their last list for subscribers that they would have an orchestra of fifty members;—a number they were unable to produce. Again, the Music Hall is not favorable to the performance of classical compositions. Unlike most large halls, it resembles what the fashionable milliners call a "trying color;" it brings the smallest imperfections into prominence; its echoes appear to resound only to brass instruments, kettle drums, piccolo, etc. Good music in it is like Hamlet in the hands of a certain coarse, vulgar "star" actor — anything but the refined, philosophical, melancholy and gentleman-like Hamlet of Shakspeare. But the hall may be improved, and it is hoped that the directors may be able to render it more suited to its original purpose.

In fine, we think any one who considers these suggestions, will arrive at my conclusion, that musical good taste in Boston has not retrograded,

but been overpowered and kept under by repeated disappointments and want of judicious fostering. I cannot help thinking that there is more real liking for and appreciation of classical music in Boston than in any, even larger, cities in the Union, and that if the wants of the musical public are properly catered for, the future will show the correctness of my views.

Confidence must be re-awakened; subscribers must be sure that the inducements held forth will be fully realized. In Europe, Royalty and Nobility are the great supporters of the most refined public amusements; even in Havana several of the most wealthy citizens subscribed five hundred dollars each for Sig. Marti, to enable him to engage first-rate talent for the opera. Here, in a republican city, we must look to the public-spirited of our citizens, who occupy the first position in our society. Why cannot from ten to one hundred of this class among us be found, who will subscribe for a fund of, say one thousand dollars, and offer in this way, and in the choice of well-known directors, a guaranty for a series of classical concerts the coming season? I think the thing might be managed without difficulty. In this way an efficient orchestra could be easily engaged (for Boston *can* produce one,) and both artists and subscribers feel an assurance of mutual benefit. The musical public would soon begin to look forward to each concert, say every other Saturday, as a feast in advance, and would soon show that the city has taste enough to reward liberally *good* performances of the *best* music.

When I came to Boston in '41, I was agreeably surprised to hear a symphony for the first time after my departure from Europe. Now, as my departure (not for another continent or city, but for "that bourne whence no traveller returns") is approaching rather faster than I could wish, I hope yet, before bidding adieu to many kind and indulgent friends, to see Boston taking that pre-eminence in classical music which has always been conceded to her in most other departments of intellectual culture.

WM. KEYZER.

May 15, 1855.

Diary Abroad.—No. 16.

BERLIN, *April* 4.—This afternoon heard GRAUN'S *Tod Jesu* (Death of Jesus) in the Garrison church. I heard it four years since in the same place and was not mightily carried away with it. Thought perhaps the fault lay in the hearer. As compared with HANDEL'S, HAYDN'S MENDELSSOHN'S oratorios, I like it even less than before. The best things in it to my ear, are so much like Handel imitated—(did Graun in 1754 5 know Handel's oratorios?) that they sounded feeble. A certain dramatic progress, leading to a climax, seems to me to be a necessity in an Oratorio as well as in an Opera. If it be said that this is a Cantata and not an Oratorio, why, I like Oratorio much better. These long narratives in recitative, ending often with "And Jesus said," another voice singing what was said, I find very wearying. Haydn, having heard Handel in London, avoided this rock. Mendelssohn's "Paul" always seemed deficient to me, because written after Graun's pattern;—"Elijah," a hundred fold better, because Handel-like. Though this was one of the few occasions upon which I have ever seen an oratorio fill a house here in Germany, still there did not seem to be much real enthusiasm in the audience, and the "*wunderschön*," "*vortrefflich*," and other epithets of high praise seemed to be uttered because it was Graun's *Tod Jesu*—and Graun was Frederic Second's Kapellmeister, and it is the fashion to make a great fuss about his "Good Friday" music. I have often been told here that "Paul" is greater than "Elijah,"—it is more like *Tod Jesu*—and if that be the standard—why, then it is. Parson Sir Hugh "liked it not when an old 'oman had a great peard"—I like it not when the auditor expresses all sorts of enthusiasm—and yawns in the midst of it. I cannot count *Tod Jesu* among the masterpieces. What an infinite, infinite distance separates it from the Passion music in the "Messiah!"

BRESLAU (in Silesia), *April* 13th. Bring out the bull. Not Taurus—I am no *matador* ready for a bull fight. Bring out the Roman Bull; for I am—a heretic! From my heart of hearts I rebel against the fundamental principle of Opera. And yet if authority *is* authority, there can be no mistake that I am wrong, for do not the North and South poles in this matter agree and harmonize? Do not Fry and Dwight here coincide? Yet I can *not* believe! Out with the bull! Last night I again heard CHERUBINI'S "Water Carrier," (*Les deux Journées*). Delightful! As a drama, beautiful exceedingly. The music always written with the actor in view, so that delicious as it is, it is always subordinate, and satisfied with adding to the joy or pathos of the play. It is deliciously expressive, and its effects, as BRYANT says of Nature, are such as sink into the soul "ere one is aware." And herein I find by experience is the greatness of the great masters of opera. They never say, "Now Mister, I am going to give you an aria, a duet, a trio—look out for yourself." The music grows out of the situation and the tears fill your eyes, you know not why. I was looking at a great picture the other day—I forgot all about the painter—the picture itself was all in all—*it*, not the artist, touched me.

Well, like 'Der Freischütz,' 'Oberon,' 'Magic Flute,' 'Fidelio,' 'Swiss Family,' and other favorites, the 'Water Carrier' is in great measure spoken dialogue, and the music comes in, just like blank verse in SHAKESPEARE, when the elevation of thought and sentiment requires it. I smile now to think how last evening, when the first words were *spoken*, a feeling of delicious relief went through me, as I uttered a mental "Thank God!" that I was to be spared the abominable bore of recitative!

Years ago I first heard recitative at the Handel and Haydn Society. It grated on my feelings like the filing of a saw. I have learned to like some recitatives—nobody better—but on the stage———! Give me Pop Emmons's eloquence, but don't compel me to listen to half an hour's talk upon trivial matters on the stilts of recitative, when three minutes of spoken dialogue is sufficient.

I hate recitative—kiss the book upon it, and am ready for excommunication.

Out with the bull!

April 14.—I went this evening with Prof. J—— to an Amateur Musical Club. The subscribers to this are the music-loving portion of the professors in the University, and others of like rank and character. They meet Saturday evenings in a couple of rooms at a leading pianoforte dealer's, the men in one, their wives and daughters in the other, and the cost is only a division of the necessary expenses of heating, lights, and attendance. The programme this evening was this:

Sonata for Piano and Violin, E flat, Beethoven.
Piano-forte Trio, E flat, Hummel (fine).
Quartet, B, Mozart.

All capitally played. Such music at such a cost!

April 15. 'Cleve' tells with great glee a story of tall George Bradburn—the manful advocate of freedom in the Massachusetts Legislature some twenty years ago. A little weasen-faced, sanctimonious man in the other actor.

Weasen-face. Brother B., have you got religion?

Brother B. (being a little deaf, bends down with hand to ear.) Hey?

W. (raising his voice.) Have you got religion?

B. None to speak of!

This morning I went to the Dom to hear mass, and as I sat listening, in that crowd all still as heart could wish, to the 'Kyrie,' the 'Gloria,' and so on, and they sank each more deeply into my heart, the above odd anecdote popped into my mind, and the question came up whether even one who has no "religion to speak of," can be wholly unmoved by tones which breathe so full of the religious sentiment?

The choir and orchestra are both small, but the voices are select, and especially touching was one of those rare, full, clear, ringing voices, at the same time powerful and mellow. This sweet, noble voice was felt throughout—without making itself disagreeably prominent in the choruses. What a glory there is in a pure, sustained tone, swelling and dying away without the slightest perceivable waver or variation of pitch. How such a tone will fill one with music! Oh ye wiggle-voiced men and women, will ye never learn that one such tone touches the heart more than a whole evening of *tremolo*, and that it is only she who is capable of the pure tone, who can touch your heart of hearts, when in the depths of feeling the voice begins to waver and tremble with emotion?

The contrast between the mass to-day and the boy-singing of the Berlin choir, was not in favor of the latter. Music is cold without soprano. Brass bands, too, are abominable. We must have the feminine—the wood instruments. Our Puritan ancestors banished poetry, painting, sculpture, architecture and music from their Sunday services. So they went into a barn and snuffled and drawled out: "The Lord will come, and he will not." Their descendents already erect fine churches, place good organs therein, and show a reviving taste for painting and sculptured ornaments; will they not by-and-bye introduce *Music*?

Musical Correspondence.

From NEW YORK.

MAY 20.—It was a sad trick that the Fates played us, when, after a week of delicious Spring weather, they sent down upon us on Saturday, the day of Mr. EISFELD'S Complimentary Concert, a very deluge of rain, which only increased during the whole day. The natural consequence was a very, *very* thin house, so much so as to really pain any one interested in the success of an able and zealous musician, to whom New York owes innumerable musical advantages.

To me, this state of things considerably marred the exquisite pleasure which I could not but derive from the concert itself. It was a real treat to all lovers of good music; both in point of material offered by the programme, and of execution, which, with a few trifling exceptions, was uniformly excellent. The orchestra, particularly, I have never heard play better. Instead of being discouraged by the small audience, they seemed to feel as if they must do their best to make up for other disappointments, and do credit to the conductor, who, though bearing the too evident marks of severe illness in his appearance, was yet at the post which he has so long, so faithfully filled. The opening piece was the fresh, graceful overture to *Les deux Journées*, by CHERUBINI—a piece of solid light music (rather paradoxical I must confess) which one is always glad to hear. The other numbers of the first part were solo-pieces, Mr. Eisfeld having introduced, in this concert, a feature new, or at least rare, in this country, namely, to have the Symphony end the concert, instead of begin it. I much prefer to have it so, particularly when a Symphony of BEETHOVEN, and *more* particularly when the C minor is given. Nothing else sounds well after it, and, when you hear it last you go away with the full impression upon your mind, and enjoy it much more in retrospect than when it is confused by the memory of several miscellaneous pieces coming after.

The solo performers were Messrs. KIEFER and SCHREIBER, on the clarinet and cornet-à-piston, Miss LEHMANN and Mr. HOFFMANN. The first-named gentleman played, in a most admirable manner, a Concertino by Mr. Eisfeld, which we have already heard this winter at the first Philharmonic concert. A second hearing only heightened the pleasing impression which I received at that time. It is finely instrumented and the two *motifs* are very original and beautiful. The *Chanson d'Amour*, also by Mr. Eisfeld, for cornet à-pistons, did not seem to me to have as much character in it as the other. It was also very well played. I regret to say that

Miss Lehmann did not do herself justice. The grand aria from *Fidelio* is excessively difficult—it presents a task to which Miss Lehmann did not seem equal: nor was she well sustained by the orchestra, who, in this one case, did not do very well, probably from insufficient rehearsal of the very difficult music, with which they were not familiar. The "Erlking," too, I have heard much better sung by Miss Lehmann at a concert of her own.

Mr. Hoffmann delighted his hearers once more with the exquisite Romance and Rondo vivace from a Concerto of Chopin, which he had played at one of last year's Philharmonic concerts. It is a most beautiful composition—first the dreamy, delicate, languishing Romance, then the bright, sparkling, pearl-like Rondo—that intoxicates one like the wine which it resembles. Mr. Hoffmann continues to improve, from year to year. I well remember the time when, a mere wonder-child or boy, he astonished people by his strength and brilliancy of execution, in pieces of the "prodigious school." For some years he continued more or less in this line. After a lull, he came out last year so able an interpreter of Chopin, as to prove that he was, after all, no mere trickster, but had depth beneath the surface; and this impression has only been confirmed by his performances in public, not too frequent, since that time. I have hardly ever enjoyed anything more than his share in the "Kreutzer Sonata" of Beethoven, at a Quartet Soirée this winter. I am sorry that there is still so much superficiality in him as to allow him to play, in answer to an *encore*, on Saturday, one of the shallowest, flattest pieces imaginable: "The Last Hope," by Gottschalk. I should call it a *forlorn* hope! He played it admirably, though.

The grand, glorious Fifth Symphony of "the Master," never made a deeper impression on me than on that evening. I had purposely not played or looked it over before, according to my usual wont, as, not having heard it for some time, I wanted it to break in upon me afresh in all its beauty. Fresh from Hoffmann's wonderful analysis of it, in your last number, I followed it through in his spirit, without, however, allowing his impressions to disturb my own individual ones. Yet how true what he says—the restless striving and working in the Allegro—the "sweet spirit-voice" of the Andante, with the evil genius constantly peeping out from behind the thunder-cloud,—and lastly, "the glorious theme of the Finale, shining out like dazzling sunshine in the jubilant strains of the full orchestra!" It was in this symphony, particularly, that the orchestra surpassed themselves; never has a like composition been played with more "*Schwung*"—translate that German word if you can—than this.

I have been told that, as many who had purchased tickets were prevented from attending, Mr. Eisfeld thinks of repeating the concert next Saturday afternoon. Let us hope that the weather will be more propitious, and that not only those will be there who could not go last Saturday, but that also those who were there were enough interested to go again, of which number I myself shall certainly be one.

Bornonis.

Musical Chit-Chat.

Is there a Bobolink among composers? Read on another page Washington Irving's charming description of that songster of our meadows and cornfields in June, and of the sad metamorphoses which he is to undergo; then compare the gushing melody of *Il Barbiere* and *Tancredi* with the Rossini of these latter years!—Ferdinand Hiller, being asked what he thought of Meyerbeer's operas, replied evasively and with some impatience: "Ah! let us not talk of *politics!*"

We had a call last week from our townsman Samuel Parkman Tuckerman, Mus. Doc., who had just arrived from England to enter upon his duties as organist at Trinity Church, New York, in place of the veteran Dr. Hodges, who has removed to the new Trinity Chapel, upon Twenty-fifth street. This appointment to so important a position is even a greater honor to our townsman than the doctorate of the English university, and we trust that it will give him full facilities for carrying out his high ideas of what episcopal church music ought to be.

That always readable and faithful friend of the artistic and the beautiful, *The Crayon*, has a letter from a German gentleman, describing the festival at Munich in honor of the completion of Crawford's statue of Beethoven, the gift of our townsman, Charles C. Perkins to the Boston Music Hall. The letter is dated Munich, March 29, and is as follows:

* * * "It was a glorious, beautiful festival, and I still revel in the enjoyment of the delightful recollection. I wish you could have witnessed the universal enthusiasm.

"The artist's permission has been obtained to place the Beethoven in the Concert Hall; but the general musical director, Lachner, would not allow the statue to be placed in an ordinary hall, but appointed an especial concert for the 26th of March, the anniversary of the great master's death, saying, 'That day shall be marked by a *fête* of Art.'

"A pedestal of six feet in height was prepared, having a background of dark green velvet, supported by gilt columns. It was a serious undertaking to get the statue up the high steps, but it was accomplished without accident—and the statue was placed upon its pedestal, in the midst of a forest of flowers and cypresses, lit by more than a hundred gas lights: the *tout ensemble* produced a most magical effect. The Concert Hall was filled to overflowing with more than a thousand persons, among whom King Maximilian and the Queen were most conspicuous. And, now began the execution of Beethoven's best compositions by more than three hundred singers, male and female, and musicians, in a manner that made me wish Mr. Perkins could have listened to their magic tones.

"The director of the theatre, Herr Dingelstedt, wrote a prologue in verse, which was finely recited by Madame Dambock, the first actress: and, when the *fête* was ended—'Such a *fête* we have never had,' was the cry of hundreds of voices.

"King Maximilian remarked to a gentleman present, 'I only regret that this master-piece of Art should not remain in Munich:' the reply was, 'The artist who created it still lives,' at which his Majesty smiled, and said, 'Not easily does a work of Art please me as does this statue.'

"Ex-King Louis was unable to leave the palace on the evening of the *fête*, as the weather was very bad; and, still suffering as he is, he has not made any artistic visit. But, hearing that the Beethoven must be sent off, he went yesterday, in the midst of the snow and rain, to see it. The statue was once more placed on its pedestal for him—he was delighted with it; and, as he intends visiting Rome this summer, said that he would tell the artist, in person, how much the statue had pleased him."

A taste for better things is certainly spreading in our musically benighted towns and cities. We have already told of what has been achieved in Bangor. A correspondent from Worcester, Mass., commends to the notice of the *Musical World* a programme of choice music performed there at a private Soirée a few weeks since. He writes:

"Mr. B. D. Allen—an artist of eminent merit and of equal modesty—a pupil in every respect worthy of his distinguished teacher and friend, Otto Dresel, and one of our own citizens, has established for himself a highly honorable reputation in our musical community, discouraging all trash, and cultivating the highest standard of "Musical Art." His programme, above referred to, embraced the following excellent selections:

"Part I.—1. Symphony in B flat, (Piano, four hands,) Schumann—(Miss Bacon and B. D. Allen.) 2. Four Part Song, The Nightingale, Mendelssohn—(Misses Fiske and Wright, and Messrs. Stocking and A. S. Allen.) 3. Sonata in A minor, Mozart—(Miss Bacon.) 4. Ave Maria,—Song, Franz—(Miss Wright.)

"Part II.—5. Hommage a Handel (Two Pianos,) Moscheles—(Miss Bacon and B. D. Allen.) 6. The Erl King,—Song, Schubert—(Miss Fiske.) 7. Andante Spianata et Grande Polonaise, Chopin—(B. D. Allen.) 8. Four Part Song, The Gondolier's Serenade, Wm. Mason—(Misses Fiske and Wright, and Messrs. Stocking and A. S. Allen.)

"We may be permitted simply to allude to the lady pianist, Miss Bacon—also a pupil of Mr. Dresel, and a performer of rare merit—and to the excellent vocalists who contributed so admirably to the evening's entertainment."

Messrs. Geo. P. Reed & Co. have just published a new "Course of Harmony," quite a formidable octavo volume, by Mr. L. H. Southard of this city, and forming but the porch or Propylæa, we believe, to a complete course of Counterpoint and Fugue, which has been long shaping itself in the brain of the same thoughtful and profound musical scholar. The volume is modest in its pretensions, but from what we know of its antecedents, and from what we gather from a very cursory glance at its contents, we suspect it to be a work of remarkable value; indeed we shall be disappointed if it does not prove to be the best treatise that exists in English on the subject; not taking into account of course the translations from Marx, and other German theorists. We shall report more fully of it ere long. Mr. Southard is one of our most indefatigable and successful composers too of music. He is at present engaged, with a genial literary gentleman who furnishes the libretto, upon an opera, the plot of which is based upon Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter." —— The annual Festival of the German *Männerchöre, Liederkranze, &c.*, from all parts of the country, will take place in New York next month. Carl Bergmann has accepted an invitation to conduct it. —— Mr. John P. Groves, the young violinist of this city, sailed last Saturday for Europe, to pursue his musical studies in Dresden and Leipzig. —— Miss Elise Hensler still remains in Paris, and the slightly improved state of her father's health renders her future movements yet uncertain. We hope she may come at once, and sing to us in one of the two Italian opera troupes now dividing public attention.

The universal "free fight" between each and all concerned, which followed the attempted coalition of the two opera companies under the auspices of the Academy of Music, is sharply summed up by the *N. Y. Times:*

"Mr. Jacobsohn has a difficulty with the Management."

"Mr. Jacobsohn has a second difficulty with Mr. Ullman."

"Mr. Ullman has difficulty with everybody on general principles of policy."

"Signor Mirate (a singer not known here) has a difficulty with Signor Badiali."

"Signor Mirate has a second difficulty with the Management."

"Signor Mirate has a third difficulty with Mr. Maretzek."

"Signor Arditi has also a difficulty with Mr. Maretzek."

"Signor Arditi's chorus has a difficulty with Mr. Maretzek's chorus."

"Signor Arditi's orchestra has a similar difficulty with Maretzek's orchestra."

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"Mr. Maretzek has a difficulty with the 'gentleman who manages the press,' and generally with every one who has the misfortune to be under the latter's influence and control."

"And last and most serious of all,

"Madame Anna Lagrange has a difficulty in her throat which prevents her singing."

We understand that there was no ground for the statement so far as Signors BADIALI and MIRATE were concerned. Meanwhile Mr. PHALEN has retired from the management of the Academy, in favor of Mr. PAINE, another of the committee of the stockholders, and they have had compassion on the houseless LAGRANGE troupe, and agreed to terms whereby said troupe occupies the Academy so long as the regular Academy troupe remain in Boston. They made their first appearance there on Monday evening in *Lucia di Lammermoor*. Mme. LAGRANGE, Sig. MIRATE and Sig. MORELLI, that is, all the new stars, were to take the leading rôles.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MAY 26, 1855.

Italian Opera.

"William Tell,"—really ROSSINI's greatest work, as each successive hearing and perusal of the score has more and more convinced us,—was given at the Boston Theatre on Monday and on Wednesday evening, to large audiences and with very great success, especially the second time. It was produced on the same liberal scale and in the same effective style as at the Academy in New York; the same singers and supernumeraries, to the number of some 150 persons on the stage at one time; the same orchestral force, under the vigorous baton of the same conductor, MAX MARETZEK, in whom all have confidence; the same costumes and properties, and scenery, if somewhat different, yet quite as artistic and as picturesque, it seemed to us, as that of Sig. ALLEGRI's painting, at the Academy.

The inordinate length of the opera, requiring more than four hours in performance, necessitated large omissions in New York, and it has been very much farther shortened here. The whole of the ballet, connected with the wedding scene in the first Act, and with the Fair in the second Act, a good half hour of it in all, and for which Rossini has written some of the finest dance music in existence, was cut out. Entire choruses and songs in every Act were left out, and others much abridged. The only important female rôle, that of Mathilda, was reduced to less than one-half of the music which the composer and librettists have assigned to her. The fourth Act, melodramatic enough at best, was made still more so, by the omission of at least two-thirds of the music. And yet the papers cry out for still further "cuttings," not considering that the omissions already made are of themselves sufficient to account for much of the apparent want of unity, and therefore the actual tediousness of the last acts,—supposing the entire work to *have* a unity. But it is indeed true that this opera has not much dramatic unity or progress; that the musical climax is past with the second Act, and the dramatic climax with the third; so that some excisions could be made without touching any vital part. And it was quite important that it should be shortened somewhat. We have stated the above facts not to find fault, but for the information of those who heard "William Tell," that they might know what allowance was to be made on that score. The parts omitted were, in the main, those which could best be spared.

The musical performance, as a whole, impressed us as an improvement upon either that we heard in New York. The exceedingly rich orchestration throughout, from the well-known overture, which was vehemently applauded, to the *Mosè in Egitto*-like accompaniment of the jubilant final quartet and chorus,—and abounding everywhere with exquisite and piquant melodic figures, as well as with subtle harmonies and mighty combinations,—was rendered very effectively. Yet we must complain of the "overmuchness" of the brass instruments in the *fortissimos*, which often covered up the really elaborate and vivid violin figures so that the ear caught nothing of them even while the eye read the notes. If this was in a great measure owing to the acoustic nature of the room (as the confused and dull sound of the opening string passages in the overture led us to suspect) then there is one reason the more for favoring the stringed band at the expense of drums and trombones. The choruses, than which there are none finer in any opera ever heard here, —none so individual and various in expression, or wrought up with so superb a background of instrumental harmony, were generally sung with spirit and precision and a good musical blending of the voices—numerous beyond the measure of our operas hitherto.

Coming now to the principal singers, the musical and dramatic interest can scarcely be said to be concentrated upon any one leading part. Tell (baritone) is the patriotic centre. But Arnold Melchthal (tenor) unites the patriot and the lover, and thus becomes the focus in which the prime and secondary motives of the drama meet. To him are assigned more passages which "bring the house down," and which stamp themselves upon the memory; his songs are the most dramatic, of the kind in which each note is freighted with its separate weight of passion; besides, is not his of all tenor parts the most arduous, in both senses of the word; does not his music repeatedly run up to the C above the staff, and have not NOURRIT and DUPREZ immortalized him, the latter by the famous *Ut de poitrine*, which sent all Paris into ecstacies? Sig. BOLCIONI lacks the heroic and commanding presence, and is but a feeble and automaton-like actor, ever confined to one conventional round of looks and starts and gestures. But his tenor is sweet and musical and flexible, and takes those highest notes with a rare and satisfying power; indeed his most effective tones appear to lie above the staff. He sings conscientiously, earnestly, with good style and expression, and in his first duet, with Tell: *O Mathilde*, (which demands a high B flat with full strength the first time, and a tone higher when the melody recurs), although he may have transposed it half a tone, produced a great impression. Admirable, too, was his delivery of those passionate syllabic phrases in the great Trio of the second act: *Ses jours qu' ils ont osé proscrire*, &c., contrasting with the flowing thirds of the two basses, Tell and Walter. In the love duet with Mathilda, just preceding, and in that delicious bit exquisitely accompanied, at the beginning of the last act: *Asyle héréditaire*, his singing was full of tenderness and sweetness. But his strength held not out for the last, most trying air of all, the war song: [*Suivez moi*, which also climbs by emphatic half-tones to the C and dwells there with all possible power and volume; this trial was evaded, wisely too, by a great abridgment of the song. The other tenor parts also are written high. The picturesque little fisherman, who steps forward from his boat in the first scene, and sings his little song about his little loves, while earnest, anxious Tell is brooding on his country's wrongs, has to sing up to C, which Herr BEUTTLER (it was VIETTI in New York) achieved by the falsetto, rendering with his light, sweet, not overmuch pinched German voice, the whole of his music cleverly enough. Sig. QUINTO (the Herr QUINT of the late German opera), both in voice and action filled the part of Rudolph, captain of the Austrian soldiers, better than such parts have been often filled here, and indeed he lent his voice effectually to some of the concerted pieces.

Sig. BADIALI's Tell, so far as voice and singing, and expressive, vigorous *parlando* went, alike in passages of heroic indignation and defiance, or of tenderness and grief, and in scrupulous fidelity to all the requirements of his part, was much the finest impersonation of the whole,—save only in the matter of looks, (which it of course lies not in his power to adapt to any one's preconceived notion of the character,) and in a tendency, habitual with him, to occasional grotesque over-acting. But he was the same ever reliable, artistic Badiali, with the solid, ripe and ringing baritone, which seemed as if Rossini's music here were written for it and for no other.—Signor COLETTI (basso) sustained well his part in the trio of patriot leaders, and throughout the whole of that grand scene of the conspiracy at Grütli. —Sig. ROCCO makes a very Blue-Beard of a Gessler, as melodramatically fierce a tyrant as the composer in his funniest mood could wish. His costume, we are told, was historical.

But *place aux dames!*—and we may add *aux garçons*, for Jemmy Tell is certainly the leading soprano throughout the chief part of the opera, at least where the prima donna's scenes are reduced down to one or two. We can but compliment Mme. BERTUCCA-MARETZEK, upon her impersonation of Tell's dutiful, brave boy. She looked and acted the part charmingly, and mingled in the fray between villagers and soldiers as valiantly as a young Tell should. Never before (it is some years since she has sung here), have we found her voice so pure and clear and musical, and her singing so entirely satisfactory. On the the top of those strong choruses, her soprano floated with a silvery clearness, and on the emphatic phrases each note penetrated and crowned the great mass of sounds with effect. Everywhere, in the concerted pieces, except in the second act, her voice is paramount, and its charm wears not out.

There always is a charm in STEFFANONE's singing, in spite of all defects. Her voice is evidently the worse for wear in some respects; it has grown husky in the lower tones, and there is an uncomfortable amount of *tremolo*, or (as our friend the Diarist calls it) of the "wiggle" in her upper tones. Yet these tones are always rich, sympathetic, penetrating and surcharged with feeling, eminently suited to dramatic pathos, and there is a wholeheartedness about her singing which grows upon you in spite of a certain seeming physical nonchalance at the beginning of each effort. The part

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of Mathilda, to be sure, is not very dramatic. Her love for Arnold is but an incident in the play. Love is but a secondary motive in this opera; here, as in "Moses in Egypt," the mainspring is political, is patriotism. Yet that is certainly an admirable scene for her at the beginning of the second act, and full of beautiful, original and touching music. Her first recitative and the quiet, sweet, heart-felt melody: *Sombre forêt*, in which she (a princess) confides to the woods and to the evening star the secret of her love for Arnold and for simple Swiss life,—a melodic gem indeed—were sung with true expression, she only substituting for the final cadenza (as prima donnas will) another of her own. So too the dialogue with Arnold, and their duet, or rather two duets. The part, if not dramatic, has musical importance, and would have much more, if another equally long scene with Arnold, commencing the third act, were not left out, besides a Trio, &c., with the wife and son of Tell in the last act. As if to show her to better advantage than in that awkward riding dress, she is allowed to intervene once, for a moment, to claim Tell's son from Gessler, and her few indignant notes were there uttered with great spirit.

We have not room here to point out the musical beauties or dramatic faults of "William Tell;" although we *have* felt strongly tempted to enter into a somewhat regular analysis of the opera, or at least to sketch out a *catalogue raisonnée* of its musical contents. This we may yet do. Suffice it now to say, as we begun, that its charm grows upon us wonderfully. It is an exhaustless mine of happy musical inventions and effects. Even in point of melodic ideas, we had not half appreciated it, when we wrote our first impressions, some weeks since. Whatever the dramatic faults of "Tell," there can be no doubt of its great musical excellence, and that as a musical, a lyric composition it is far more important, and more worth a hearing—many hearings—than any opera of BELLINI, DONIZETTI, MERCADANTE, VERDI, or (what is more significant) of ROSSINI himself.

"William Tell" is to be performed this afternoon for the *last* time, and let no lover of good music miss the opportunity. We plead, however, that it may *not* be the last; and we could even wish we might have once a chance to hear Rossini's greatest opera, long as it is, entire.

Last evening, VESTVALI, "the magnificent," was to make her Boston *début* as Orsini, and BRIGNOLI, the young tenor admired of New Yorkers, as Gennaro, in *Lucrezia Borgia*. On Monday will commence the run of *Il Trovatore*, much to the joy, we doubt not, of all who love exciting, harrowing tragedy and Verdi, to whom we give the credit of being almost everywhere in the majority. The reduction of prices for the two upper circles—which places are for musical effect perhaps the best,—places the opera now within the reach of almost all who want to hear it.

WHAT FOR AN ORCHESTRA NEXT WINTER? We publish to-day a communication from our old friend KEYZER, ever alive to the interests of classical music in this his chosen home. He gives us some good ideas, as usual; and he has known too long the musical temper and material of Boston to take the concert experience of the past winter as an evidence that musical taste is on the decline among us. We are only sorry, that in seeking other explanations of the winter's failure he could not help gravitating back again to his old hobby of abusing the Music Hall, in which he will find little sympathy, at least from younger ears. But every music-lover says Amen to his idea that for so large a hall there should be a large orchestra, and particularly a large body of string instruments. This is a prime desideratum; at the same time that we are bound to remember, what is beyond dispute, that the most effective, most enjoyed, and most successful Symphony concerts everyway, ever yet heard in Boston, were those of the Germania Orchestra in the Boston Music Hall. As to the Hall, the question is not if it be a *perfect* room for musical effect, but if it be the best that could be for a room *so large*; and we see no cause yet to doubt that among all existing halls of the largest size it is unrivalled. The Philadelphia hall referred to is but half as large.

But this *en passant*. The main drift of our friend's article is to show what may be done next winter; to hint some practical measures towards placing classical orchestral concerts upon a foundation of certainty and *permanency* in this music-loving city. And here we are happy to agree with his suggestion, and doubt not it is practical, and that the money will readily and cheerfully flow towards the object, the moment that subscribers shall see that something solid and reliable is about to be done. We only think his demand too modest, and that he might safely strike for a much higher sum.

We have not room now, but we propose soon to discuss at length, and with a view to some practical movement, the whole matter of a permanent organization of great classical concerts in our city.

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Translated for this Journal.

Of Modern Instrumentation.

[From the German of A. B. Marx.]

The new construction of the orchestra has penetrated everywhere, especially into the Opera, and has everywhere exerted its influence, an influence of the most important kind. It has formed itself gradually, and without preconceived plan; BERLIOZ is not its founder, but its completor; he is the intelligence of this movement, of which MEYERBEER and WAGNER are the most significant, and—if you once admit the principle—the most inspired adherents.

The first peculiarity which one remarks in the new orchestration, is the greatly increased variety of instruments, especially of the wind band, thereby necessitating a strengthening of the mass of stringed instruments. Hence there is opposed to the vocal parts (in Opera and Cantata) a mass of sound, which now forces the voices upward and to extravagant accentuation, and now stifles the voices and crowds even the chorus into violent outbursts, leading the composer to employ an unfavorable choice of instruments if he would have a solo penetrate through so much noise. Thus Meyerbeer in a certain mournful love-song in G minor, (I think in *Robert le Diable*,) uses the trumpet for a pathetic cantilena; the same thing might be pointed out in AUBER and others.

The second feature is the unmanning of the trumpet and the French horn (they have even begun upon the trombone) by the introduction of the valve. So soon as one ceases to consult truth, the only characteristic quality that there is left becomes irrecognizable and unendurable; for character is any nature faithful to itself and complete in itself, which cannot operate, cannot avail through any thing other than itself. Now in the whole series of tone-personifications there are no characters of a more decided stamp than the heroic trumpet, the dreamy *Wald-horn* in its natural state. Even the limitation and incompleteness of their scale of tones is something peculiar to their character and nature; Achilles with the eloquence and cunning of Ulysses were no more Achilles; the trusty, sturdy mountaineer cannot have the many-sidedness of the polished, short-winded denizen of the city; just so little can the trumpet have the flexibility of the clarinet, or the horn the supple serviceableness of the bassoon. The character of those instruments, their very limitation as to the power of producing all tones of the scale, has constantly challenged the appreciative composer to invent characteristic passages, and has quite frequently rewarded his fidelity with the most happy inspirations. By the very fact, that they have drawn these natural beings out of their native and appropriate tone-element, that they have tried to refashion their naive peculiarity into an imitation of all sorts of creatures, have the composers entangled themselves in a mesh of half-ness and of falsehood. The use of valves and pistons has certainly extended the domain of tones; but the new tones are partially impure; the characteristic, pure tone-color is entirely blurred and sophisticated, the power of tone entirely broken.

The third trait is the introduction of the so-called soft or mellow brass band—the Cornets, Sax-horns, Tubas—as you may please to call them—into the orchestra.

By no means do I declare war here against newly invented instruments, or old instruments restored; it would ill become me, who have found one such at least (the chromatic tenor horn, in my oratorio "Moses") indispensable. If our masters down to BEETHOVEN have done great things without it, it does not follow that we should despise means which they could not use, because they did not know of them,—any more than that *they* should have confined themselves to the more limited means of BACH and HANDEL. Some of the new instruments have already found a really artistic application (as the bass clarinet in Wagner's *Lohengrin*, where its place could hardly be supplied in any other way); others may attain to like importance, who knows how soon and where? Even the application of them in whole bands or choirs may somehow or other become necessary. Every medium may possibly, for some artistic moment, be both fit and indispensable—and then it is the right one. Nevertheless the use of this new family of brass, as now employed, must appear questionable, nay, generally speaking, a perversion. For this, together with the introduction of the valve in horns and trumpets, obliterates the characteristic features of the orchestra, so that you hardly recognize them. And this consideration outweighs any favoring of single moments.

In the old orchestra the quartet of strings and the wind band, the latter including the brass (horns, trumpets, trombones, with the kettle drums) and the reed band (clarinet, oböes, &c.),—formed decided opposites. Splendor, power, warlike appeal, and solemn pomp lay in the trumpets and trombones; each band or family, each instrument, had its distinguishable character. Was it required to mitigate the opposition, or suspend it, instantly the French horns of themselves stepped in between the stern brass and the reeds; the insight of the composer found in covering the heavy voices by more mild ones, in veiling them by accessory parts, in a hundred turns, continually new and even genial means, which operated more excitingly upon his own and upon his hearers' mind, than would be possible by any mere material increase of mass.

And now stepped in the choir of cornets and of tubas. Even to the eye their conically widened, speaking-tube-like, intestinally winding bodies, interrupted by the weight of their cast metal valves and choked in their vibration, suggested beforehand the idea of a choked and suddenly outbursting, a muffled and yet violent sound; just as the shape of trumpets, horns and trombones indicates their quality of tone. This choir, particularly by the bastard nature of its sound, weakens the opposition of the brass and reeds. The cornets, which are neither horn nor clarinet, and yet resemble both (as if a painter should combine blue, green and yellow, and shade them into one another); the large tubas, half trombone, half horn-like, and neither altogether;—add to this wither the choking and muffling of the trumpets and the horns;—all this veils and blunts the sharpness of the character, allows the significant diversities of the orchestra to melt into a homogeneous mass, and merely increases the fullness, but not at all the power of sound. The drawn sword is mighty; in the scabbard it is thicker and heavier to be sure, but it has lost its conquering power of sharpness.

Once increase the mass of tone, and you have changed all relations. We artists are "dependent on the creatures we have made." New voices once acknowledged, they are eager to take part; when they have once spoken out, their weight of sound hangs upon every step; the masses with their swell and diminution (from a few instruments to many, to the whole, and the reverse) become broader; the finer execution of the shifting instrumental dialogue is crowded back; the spiritual yields to the material; the orchestra gives up its thoroughly soul-fraught dramatic

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character, that costliest legacy of HAYDN and BEETHOVEN, in order to resound like a many-voiced, sublimely powerful lyre (organ, if that sounds better.) Even in the choice of the principal voices care must be had, to mould them to the more sonorous, although often inappropriate instruments; or, in those grotesque Meyerbeer-ish alternations of one or two solo instruments (it might even be the piccolo and contrabasso) to conspire with the most wide-mouthed massive *tutti*. The banishment of certain important instruments goes hand in hand with this. Thus the characteristic Basset-horn is crowded out by the more flat and meagre Alto Clarinet; and so the not very sonorous, but yet often deeply impressive Contrafagotto has had to give way to the bull-voiced Bass Tuba.

Would you note these consequences of the new construction of the orchestra in a simpler body, consider the organization of Military Music, so far as it can be learned from the Prussian, Austrian and Russian army. With the skilfulness of our military bands and their directors, which seems greatly improved in comparison with earlier times, we are not now concerned. What from an artistic point of view now can and must be demanded of military music in general? In the first place (as it seems to me) a warlike feeling; then a characteristic expression for the kind of troops to which each corps of music belongs. Now supposing this last requirement to be fulfilled out of the means of the old orchestra, we should have for harnessed troops of heavy dragoons, trumpets (high and low), trombones and kettle-drums; for light dragoons trumpets. (mostly high, the deep ones only as bass); for the Jagers, horns, (perhaps those old primitive forest signal horns, which howled so wildly in the ears of the French in 1813, perhaps also the smaller ones, more trumpet-like, of the French and Belgian *voltigeurs*);—for the many-sided, far-stretching infantry, besides the drums, the full Janissary music, with the screaming clarinets at the head, but supported also and more highly colored by the brass. The cavalry music would present itself far more simple and more poor in tones; but its very peculiarity would consist in those natural tones and natural harmonies, in which, according to the example of all natural singers and all masters, the simple, native, fresh, downright Heroic ever finds its truest utterance; but that very poverty of tones would drive the composer to a strong marking of the rhythm, to the most peculiar expression of will and courage, of strong impetus and firm resistance, so far as any excitable spirit lives in him.

I step back out of that half-foreign sphere. Let any one examine for himself, who feels concerned to know, and see how much of those requirements is fulfilled or given up, since the troop of valve instruments has placed itself at the head of all sorts of martial music and has trained the harnessed brass band to each opera aria and to all the chromatic sighs of sweetish sentimentality. In a long peace the brightest sword rusts; the valves, brutal and tame, are the fit voices for our carrying on of war.

Mlle. Paradies.

MARIA THERESA PARADIES, a remarkable composer and eminent pianiste, was born in Vienna, the 15th May, 1759. Stricken with blindness at the early age of five years, she found in the study of music a consolation for her great misfortune. She evinced the most singular aptitude for this art, and was moreover endowed with marvellous facility for the acquirement of languages and sciences. Mlle. Paradies was equally familiar with Italian, German, French and English, well versed in the inductive sciences, a proficient in geography and history, danced with grace, and possessed such extraordinary facility of conception, and so tenacious a memory, that she played at chess, regulating her own moves according to the play of her adversary, as if she could have seen the board herself. Kozeluch and Righini were her masters for the pianoforte and singing; and she learned composition from the chapel-master, Freibert, receiving the advice of Salieri in the dramatic department. She was only eleven years of age when the Empress Maria Theresa granted her a pension of 250 florins, after having heard her play some of the sonatas and fugues of Bach, with rare perfection. In 1784, Paradies set out on her travels, visited Linz, Salzburg, Munich, Spire, Mannheim, Switzerland, and Paris, in which latter city she played with extraordinary success at one of the Concerts Spirituels in 1785. From Paris she proceeded to London, where she achieved a decided triumph. The most celebrated *artistes* of the period—among others, Abel, Fischer, and Salomon—considered it an honor to assist in her concerts. On her return from England, Paradies went to Holland, then to Brussels, Berlin, and Dresden, and was everywhere received with marked approbation at her public performances. In 1786, she returned to Vienna. She there applied herself to composition and teaching, published a variety of instrumental pieces, and wrote several operas, which were favorably received at Vienna and Prague. Her house became the rendezvous of the most eminent and distinguished persons of Vienna; foreigners solicited as the highest favor, to be introduced to her; and all were equally captivated by the charms of her conversation and the amenity of her manners. This remarkable woman died at Vienna on the 1st of February, 1824, at the age of sixty-five. In 1791, she produced at Vienna *Ariadne at Naxos*, an opera in two acts; and this was followed by *Ariadne and Bacchus*, a duo-drama in one act, a continuation of the foregoing opera. In 1792, Mlle. Paradies gave at the National Theatre of Vienna, *Le Candidat Instituteur*, an operetta in one act; and in 1797, a grand opera, entitled *Rinaldo and Armida*, at Prague. A grand *cantata* of her composition, on the death of Louis XVI., which was printed with pianoforte accompaniment, was brought out at Vienna in 1794. She had already published her funeral *cantata* on the death of the Emperor Leopold. Among the other compositions of Paradies, may be mentioned *Six Sonatas* for the harpsichord, Op. 1 (Paris, Imbault); *Six Sonatas*, Op. 2 (ditto); *Twelve Italian Canzonets*, with accompaniment, for pianoforte (London, Bland); and *Lenora de Burger* (Lieder, Vienna).

FETIS.

Emidee, the Negro Musician.

[From the Autobiography of James Silk Buckingham.]

He was born in Guinea, on the west coast of Africa, sold into slavery to some Portuguese traders, taken by them to the Brazils when quite a boy, and ultimately came to Lisbon with his owner or master. Here he manifested such a love for music, that he was supplied with a violin and a teacher; and in the course of three or four years he became sufficiently proficient to be admitted as one of the second violins in the orchestra of the opera at Lisbon. While thus employed, it happened that Sir Edward Pellow, in his frigate the Indefatigable, visited the Tagus, and, with some of his officers, attended the opera. They had long wanted for the frigate a good violin player, to furnish music for the sailors' dancing in their evening leisure, a recreation highly favorable to the preservation of their good spirits and contentment. Sir Edward, observing the energy with which the young negro plied his violin in the orchestra, conceived the idea of impressing him for the service. He accordingly instructed one of his lieutenants to take two or three of the boat's crew, then waiting to convey the officers on board, and, watching the boy's exit from the theatre, to kidnap him, violin and all, and take him off to the ship. This was done, and the next day the frigate sailed; so that all hope of his escape was vain. In what degree of turpitude this differed from the original stealing the youth from his native land, and keeping him in slavery, these gallant officers, perhaps, never condescended to consider. * * * * Poor Emidee was thus forced, against his will, to descend from the higher regions of the music in which he delighted—Gluck, Haydn, Cimarosa, and Mozart, to desecrate his violin to hornpipes, jigs, and reels, which he loathed and detested; and being, moreover, the only negro on board, he had to mess by himself, and was looked down upon as an inferior being—except when playing to the sailors, when he was of course in high favor. As the captain and officers judged, from his conduct and expressions, that he was intensely disgusted with his present mode of life, and would escape at the first possible opportunity, he was never permitted to set his foot on shore for seven long years! and was only released by Sir Edward Pellow being appointed to the command of a line-of-battle ship, L'Impetueux, when he was permitted to leave in the harbor of Falmouth, where he first landed, and remained, I believe, till the period of his death.

Here he first began by going out to parties to play the violin, which he did to a degree of perfection never before heard in Cornwall; this led to his being engaged as a teacher, and then a leader at concerts; so that, by degrees, he made rapid progress in reputation and means. Though he was one of the very ugliest negros I ever remember to have seen, he had charms enough to fascinate a young woman of a respectable tradesman's family, whom he married, and by whom he had a large family of children. Though anticipating by some years the proper period of this narrative, I may mention here, more appropriately than further on, the following anecdote connected with his life. Emidee had composed many instrumental pieces, as quartets, quintets and symphonies for full orchestra, which had been played at the provincial concerts, and were much admired. On my first leaving Falmouth to come to London—about 1807—I brought with me several of these pieces in MS., to submit them to the judgment of London musical professors, in order to ascertain their opinion of their merits. At that period, Mr. Saloman, the well-known arranger of Haydn's symphonies as quintets, was the principal leader of the fashionable concerts at the Hanover Square Rooms. I sought an interview with him, and was very courteously received. I told him the story of Emidee's life; and asked him to get some of his pieces tried. This he promised to do, and soon after I received an intimation from him that he had arranged a party of professional performers, to meet at a certain day and hour at the shop of Mr. Betts, a musical instrument maker, under the piazza of the Royal Exchange, where I repaired at the appointed time; and in an upper room, a quartet, a quintet, and two symphonies with full accompaniments were tried, and all were highly approved. It was then suggested by Mr. Saloman, that Emidee should come to London and give a public performance. But Mr. Betts and all the others thought his color would be so much against him, that there would be a great risk of failure; and that it would be a pity to take him from a sphere in which he was now making a handsome livelihood and enjoying a high reputation, on the risk of so uncertain a speculation. To show, however, the sincerity of their admiration for the man and for his works, they originated on the spot a private subscription, which, being extended for about a week among others of the profession not then present, realized a handsome sum, which I had great pleasure in transmitting to him, with several complimentary letters from those who had been present at the performance of his compositions.

I record these facts with pleasure, as while they speak well for the liberality of the musical profession to their less fortunate brethren, they at the same time offer another splendid proof of the utter

groundlessness of the fallacy which supposes the negro intellect to be incapable of cultivation, on arriving at an equal degree of excellence with that of the whites, if placed under equally favorable circumstances.

PROGRESS OF CIVILIZATION.—The St. Paul (Minnesota) *Daily Times* has a musical critic worthy of any oyster house in Broadway. He piles up the passion in truly artistic style. A juvenile fiddler having given a concert in St. Paul, the critic aforesaid was affected in the following manner:—"A passion of most sweet music was rained on us from his deep eyes, a supreme sensation filling the soul brimful, and subduing all thought and feeling within. In the exultation of some passages we could have bowed down and worshipped. He is a great boy. He can't help it. He is the embodied soul of music. You see the article in the flash of his dark, spiritual eye." Pretty tall fiddling we think that must be.—*Atlas.*

THE DAYS OF JUNE.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Not only around our infancy
Doth heaven with all its splendors lie;
Daily, with souls that cringe and plot,
We Sinais climb and know it not.

Over our manhood bend the skies;
Against our fallen and traitor lives
The great winds utter prophecies;
With our faint hearts the mountain strives;
Its arms outstretched, the druid wood
Waits with its benedicite;
And to our age's drowsy blood
Still shouts the inspiring sea.

Earth gets its price for what earth gives us;
The beggar is taxed for a corner to die in,
The priest hath his fee who comes and shrives us,
We bargain for the graves we lie in;
At the Devil's booth are all things sold,
Each ounce of dross costs its ounce of gold;
For a cap and bells our lives we pay,
Bubbles we earn with a whole soul's tasking:
'T is heaven alone that is given away,
'T is only God may be had for the asking;
There is no price set on the lavish summer,
And June may be had by the poorest comer.

And what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays:
Whether we look, or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;
Every clod feels a stir of might,
An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
And, grasping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers;
The flush of life may well be seen
Thrilling back o'er hills and valleys;
The cowslip startles in meadows green,
The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,
And there's never a leaf or a blade too mean
To be some happy creature's palace;
The little bird sits at his door in the sun,
Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,
And lets his illumined being o'errun
With the deluge of summer it receives;
His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,
And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings;
He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest,—
In the nice ear of Nature which song is the best?

Now is the high-tide of the year,
And whatever of life hath ebbed away
Comes flooding back, with a ripply cheer,
Into every bare inlet and creek and bay;
Now the heart is so full that a drop overfills it,
We are happy now because God so wills it;
No matter how barren the past may have been,
'T is enough for us now that the leaves are green;
We sit in the warm shade and feel right well
How the sap creeps up, and the blossoms swell;
We may shut our eyes, but we cannot help knowing
That skies are clear and grass is growing;
The breeze comes whispering in our ear,
That dandelions are blossoming near,
That maize has sprouted, that streams are flowing,
That the river is bluer than the sky,
That the robin is plastering his house hard by;
And if the breeze kept the good news back,
For other couriers we should not lack;
We could guess it all by yon heifer's lowing,—
And hark! how clear bold chanticleer,
Warmed with the new wine of the year,
Tells all in his lusty crowing!

Joy comes, grief goes, we know not how;
Every thing is happy now,
Every thing is upward striving;
'T is as easy now for the heart to be true
As for grass to be green or skies to be blue,—
'T is the natural way of living:
Who knows whither the clouds have fled?
In the unscarred heaven they leave no wake;
And the eyes forget the tears they have shed,
The heart forgets its sorrow and ache;
The soul partakes the season's youth,
And the sulphurous rifts of passion and woe
Lie deep 'neath a silence pure and smooth,
Like burnt-out craters healed with snow.

Herr Wagner.—Another Opinion.

[From the London Morning Post.]

In a book entitled *Kunst-werk der Zukunft*, replete with imagination and eloquence, Herr Richard Wagner explains his ideas of Art generally. He says here so many things "novel or strange," that his work might furnish numerous columns to a weekly contemporary, in whose broad sheet a quantity of information regularly appears under the above heading. He thinks the sister arts of dancing (not mere *capering*, but the art of gesture in its highest sense), music and poetry, originally combined by the ancient Greeks, should never have been separated; for this unnatural proceeding rendered impossible that greatest of works, the drama, which united all the modes of expression in one living picture of human life, where each illustrating the other, all could be easily understood by the people (taking this word in its most comprehensive significance), whose senses and sympathies were thus acted upon simultaneously. That to revive true Art, which is to be the mission of the future artist, the cold monumental beauties of sculpture, the special forms and science of music, together with that style of so-called dramatic poetry which, merely displaying acquired learning, dealing with metaphysical subtleties or abstract reasonings, admits not of combination with the sister-arts, must give place to such vital realities as can only be produced by the combination of demonstrative gesture—music based upon the exigencies of tonal expression, and literature whose words are called forth by the requirements of dramatic action, or well up from the heart as the necessary and immediate manifestation of thought, sentiment, or emotion, and colored by all the graces of intonation and vocal inflexion. Separated, says Herr Wagner, these arts are egotistical and incomprehensible to the many; united, they are universal and easily understood. In the former of these states they are the property of a selfish few, in the latter, that of human nature generally. Thus, celebrated modern dancers, like Carlotta Grisi, Elssler, Rosati, etc., are mere deformed posture-mistresses—wretched *figurantes*, whose only object is to please a depraved multitude by vulgar displays of agility and fascinations of doubtful decency—creatures of heartless luxury, whose performances have no intellectual purpose, no psychological expression, and are, therefore, unnatural, unnecessary, and unartistic. The art of double counterpoint, fugue, and canon is a mere mathematical sport of the understanding—music playing egotistically with itself—and those who excelled in it (nearly all the greatest masters), were, in this respect at least, mere selfish cunning tricksters, whose proceedings bore a strong affinity to the shrewd reckonings of Hebrew speculators in the money market.

Dramatic poets are supremely ridiculous when they write unactable plays, only fit to be read; and Goethe's *Faust*, driven from the stage by metaphysics, prolixity, and a poodle, affords a striking illustration of this. Art, says Herr Wagner, is not a product of Art—it cannot be taught *ex cathedra*—it grows out of the requirements of civilisation, as civilisation emanates from the exigencies of social man, and stands in the same relation to him that he does to general nature. As man's mind is but the conscious reflection of general nature, and all his true ideas can only be impressions derived from her, so should the true, universal work reproduce these reflected impressions, and be a complete picture of the man himself. Seeking and comparing, imply error; and it is only when the man no longer chooses, but impelled by internal necessity abandons himself to the immediate and natural expression of his ideas, that he is a real artist. If he feel this necessity, he will have something new to tell us—if not, he had best be silent, for arbitrary custom or unnatural abstraction will rule his thoughts, and his work, however skilful, will be egotistical, unnecessary, and meet with no genuine sympathy from the many. The great masters of past times were all necessary (though erroneous in their principles) for they were so many links in the great chain of events; and the gradual progress expressed in their works has led up to the brilliant present, begun by Beethoven and to be continued by Herr Wagner, who proposes to re-unite the three Art-sisters. Although we dissent altogether from many of the doctrines here set forth, it were most unjust not to recognize, in the author of the *Kunst-werk der Zukunft*, an original thinker, full of conscientious earnestness and poetical fancy; and we, therefore, give him that respectful attention which intellect and honesty of purpose should always command. To judge a composer like Herr Wagner in *ex pede Herculem* fashion, would indeed be unfair; and we can only wonder that a gentleman, who sets out with the principle that the only perfect rule is that which embraces the mimetic, musical and dramatic elements, should expose himself to such misconception as must infallibly arise from a performance of his operatic productions in the concert-room, where they must necessarily be deprived of two of their essential properties, and depend only upon one which, according to his own theory, should never stand alone. We must, however, speak of things as we find them, and shall, therefore, endeavor to do as much justice as possible to the works given on this occasion, under what must be considered disadvantageous circumstances. The selection made from our author's compositions was a scene belonging to the opera of *Lohengrin, the Knight of the Graal*, the words of which, no less than the music, are from the pen of Herr Wagner.

In one respect the music disappointed us. We expected to find it highly, if not extravagantly original, but failed to remark this quality which, in the latter, even more than the former degree, has been given to it by rumor. We observed no marked individuality of style in the score, no epoch-making innovations, such as the very original literary works of the composer had taught us to look for, but, instead, a succession of very brilliantly instrumented pieces, which contained nothing strikingly new either in rhythm, harmony, or orchestral arrangement. It has been said elsewhere that Herr Wagner's theories have merely been framed to suit his creative abilities; if so, the latter were certainly not by when they were measured, for a worse fit do we not remember to have seen. A great deal of this music is excessive and needlessly luxurious in mere loudness and meretriciousness of sound, as the unhappy dancers whom he castigates so unmercifully are in show; and it assuredly contains as much that is "unnecessary" and "customary," as any modern production with which we are acquainted. Herr Wagner, however, condemns his own music more than we are disposed to do; for, as we have said, it has very great merit in respect of instrumentation, and is also highly dramatic in character, and expressive of the words and action it is meant to illustrate. Strikingly original, however—like, for instance, that of Berlioz—it most certainly is not.

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The best part of this selection was the introduction, the clear and beautiful scoring of which betokens an amount of strictly musical "knowledge," and mere "science," which we cannot but wonder the author of the *Kunst-werk der Zukunft* ever condescended to acquire. But Herr Wagner has deigned to learn even more than this, for we understand that he knows the scores of the great though erroneous masters by heart, and can direct a rehearsal of their "progressivo" works perfectly well without referring to them. The selection from *Lohengrin*, very favorably received by a highly critical and, we may add, somewhat prejudiced audience, left the impression, at least upon us, that Herr Wagner is a very clever though not a great composer.

Musical Correspondence.

From NEW YORK.

May 29.—I regret to be obliged to report another very thin audience at the repetition of Mr. EISFELD's Complimentary Concert last Saturday afternoon. This time there was really no excuse, for the weather was beautiful, and those gentlemen who could leave their business of an afternoon to attend a Philharmonic rehearsal, might have done so just as well on this occasion. Perhaps they could not *talk* as much at a concert as at a rehearsal (though with some, according to my experience, this seems to make no difference). As it was, the audience consisted mostly of ladies, and such only, I hope, as did not suffer their regret at the absence of the Philharmonic beaux to impair their enjoyment of the music. The general rendition of the latter was even finer than at the first concert. Miss LEHMANN, particularly, sang the Aria from *Fidelio* much better than the week before, and did ample justice to the "Wanderer" by SCHUBERT, which was inserted, for some reason, instead of the "Erlking."

With this concert, in regard to which, as well as its predecessor, we regret exceedingly that it did not better fulfil its purpose, we take leave, for the present of Mr. Eisfeld, who we understand intends to sail next week for Europe. He was to have conducted the German *Liederfest*, which will take place here the end of next month, and has long been busied in making preparations for it; but the necessity of change of climate for him became so obvious, that he was obliged to resign this plan. His place will be filled by Mr. BERGMANN, as you mentioned in your last. Mr. Bergmann has also been elected conductor of the Musical Fund Society, which is waking up after a long nap, and preparing itself for activity next winter. With its concerts under Bergmann, and those of the Philharmonic Society under Eisfeld, we have a rich treat in store for the next season.

BORNONIS.

May 30.—The LA GRANGE troupe have now performed four times at the Academy and only once has the house been really *full*, and then it could not compare with the audiences which "Tell" and *Trovatore* drew. On Friday, and also last night, *Ernani* was given. Mme. La Grange's Elvira was too "Frenchy" for my taste in her acting. Her singing is truly wonderful. The new Ernani, Signor MINATE, makes a fine appearance and generally acts and sings well. But his voice is no longer fresh. MORELLI was excellent. On Friday the house was full. On that evening as also on all others, the audience was much troubled by the noise of regular *claqueurs* who applauded everything, never minding whom or what they interrupted by their hubbub. They had to be hissed down quite frequently. For to-night *Ernani* is again announced as 'the last performance but four.' On Friday *I Puritani* will be given.

At Niblo's there is the PYNE troupe, "with a poor orchestra and a poorer chorus," as I am told.—HACKETT, at the Metropolitan last night, produced a version of *Massaniello* which he announces as a "grand operatic and melo-dramatic ballet." Why "operatic" I cannot say, as there is not a single vocalist mentioned in the bills.

The Buckleys go on in their good work. They have produced a version of *Norma*, which, though it is a broad burlesque, still retains all the best music.—From the following card you will see that there is an opportunity offered for some of our resident composers.

CHANCE FOR NATIVE TALENT.—The Messrs Buckley, grateful for the liberal patronage which has attended their untiring endeavors to present entertainment in a degree of excellence above the mediocrity usually characterizing comic minstrelsy and burlesque; and anxious still further to elevate their reputation for superiority in catering to the taste of a refined and intellectual public, give notice that they are now prepared to treat with American composers for the production of original operas, adapted to the peculiarities of their Company. They must embrace in their caste, rôles of 1st and 2nd tenors, soprano and contralto, base and barytone; and all accepted Operas will be produced under the most favorable circumstances, regardless of expense. Communications in relation to the subject will meet with prompt attention.

JAMES BUCKLEY & SON.

I hope Mr. FRY and Mr. BRISTOW (who, by the way, is conducting the English opera orchestra) will pay attention to the above. Perhaps, as the Academy will not give the *Stabat Mater*, Mr. F. can change it to a comic opera and let the Buckleys produce it. Some parts are said to be comic enough already. But seriously, I am anxious to know with what responses advertisement will meet.

R.

Musical Chit-Chat.

There is a curious anecdote connected with the first performance of ROSSINI's "William Tell" at the Academie Royale in Paris, 1829. The authors of the libretto were Messieurs JOUY and HYPOLITE BIS. Immense was the success of this (then and now) last opera of the maestro, and after the performance the enthusiastic orchestra went to serenade him. The crowd, delighted with the music, cried out *bis! bis!* (equivalent to our *encore*). When Mons. Bis, the librettist, who resided in the same house, and fancied that they meant to call him out, appeared bowing and smiling at the window, was very sorry to inform them of the absence of his colleague, M. Jouy, hoped they would accept the heart-felt thanks of his collaborateurs and himself for the kind reception given to the new work, and retired amid the shouts and laughter of the crowd, who relished the joke as keenly as the serenade.

A newspaper in Frankfort-on-the-Main, (April 29) congratulates its readers on the prospect of hearing at the next week's Philharmonic concert the pianist ALFRED JAELL, who had already been admired there as a boy in '49. It advises them to make the most of this opportunity, since Jaell thinks of terminating his concert-giving career and settling down domestically (*häuslich*) in Paris. What are we to understand?

The *fête* of the Immaculate Conception has been celebrated with great splendor at Naples. MERCADANTE composed a hymn for the occasion, which was performed in the open air by 1573 musicians, of whom 893 were instrumentists, and 680 vocalists. The Neapolitan journals declare that the like was never heard...... A curious law-suit has just taken place in Paris, showing that the law is sometimes a ruthless interferer with the rights of woman and of song-birds. "Mme. LABORDE, it appears, does not live in the most loving manner with him she has chosen for her husband. The lady has a voice, which she looks on as her private and peculiar property, 'settled to her own use,' as the lawyers say. M. Laborde thinks otherwise, and declares that her voice, as well as all else pertaining to her, belongs to him, her lawful husband. The lady was restive, and made an engagement with M. CROSNIER for the Grand Opera, whereupon the husband appeals to the tribunal of justice, which he prays will prevent his wife singing without his consent. The tribunal has decided, and adjudged the husband to be in the right, having forbidden Mme. Laborde to accept an engagement without first receiving the authority of her liege lord."..... The story that FANNY CERITO, the danseuse, has been studying music and singing, and is about to make her début as *prima donna* at Covent Garden, is pronounced a *canard*..... M. ORTOLAN is the "savoury name" of one of the present French operetta composers—is he too a descendant of blithe Bob-o'-Lincoln? Speaking of names, we notice among the performers of Verdi's *Rigoletto* in Vienna lately, one Sig. CARRION as the tenor. Not so bad, considering the plot and music of that opera. Again, the Spanish dramatist, from whom was borrowed the grim plot of *Il Trovatore*, rejoices in the cut-throat name of GARCIA GUTTEREZ.

A London correspondent gives the following information about recent changes among the leading Feuilletonists of the Paris newspapers:

"The theatrical critic for the *Moniteur* during some years past was M. THIERRY, a gentleman whose good taste, able criticism, and invariable courtesy are well known. The musical critic for the same ministerial journal during some years has been M. P. A. FIORENTINO, who, under the *nom de plume* of A. de ROVRAY, has, week by week, delighted his readers with *feuilletons* second to none for wit, humor, good sense, and critical acumen. The musical critic for the *Constitutionnel* was the same M. P. A. FIORENTINO; the dramatic critic, M. LIREUX, whose pen, light, gay, and airy, could discourse about nothing better than that of any other man in Europe, save, perhaps, the great and immortal JULES JANIN, who for some twenty years has never missed a single Monday in the *Journal des Débats*. The musical and dramatic critic of the *Presse* was M. THEOPHILE GAUTIER, than whom there is no abler writer at present living in France. So much for the past.—Now for the changes which have taken place. M. Thierry has left the *Moniteur*, and M. Th Gautier has supplied his place, so that he is now the dramatic, and M. P. A. Fiorentino, under the signature of A. de Rovray, the music critic of that journal. M. Lireux has quitted the *Constitutionnel*, and M. Fiorentino assumes his duties, and becomes dramatic as well as musical critic for that paper. M. NESTOR ROQUEPLAN succeeds M. Th Gautier on the *Presse*.

A correspondent of the N. Y. *Evening Post*, under the head of "Art Gossip in Boston," has much to say of those private musical parties to which we have alluded. The following passage will be appreciated by a number of our readers:

"The *Mendelssohn Quintette Club* have done much in this way at private *soirées* through the whole season, both in the city proper and in the suburban cities, and have led great numbers into an intimate knowledge and love of the beautiful chamber music of the great masters. Can any more perfect enjoyment to a refined taste be conceived than such as your correspondent cannot but recall, as often experienced at the mansion of a gentleman of this city, of rare taste in all the arts, and in whose hospitable parlors, while listening to the divinest music, you at the same time may feast your eyes and your soul by gazing on the most beautiful works of modern painters, where the *chefs-d'œuvres* of Overbeck and Ary Scheffer are before your eyes, and the Divine Poet and Beatrice in Paradise almost seem to move before you to the sweet sounds, as you look at them on the breathing (no, not *breathing*—Beatrice is a spirit, without the breath of life, and Dante dares not) canvas of Scheffer. You may turn to the Divine Com-

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edy and read the page if you will, for the poets are here, and it will lose nothing by being read in such surroundings. After such an evening with musicians, painters and poets, (and some of each, too, of no little note among the guests,) one cannot but have pleasant dreams at night and many pleasant memories hereafter."

Music Abroad.

Paris.

April 21.—(From the Correspondence of the London Musical World.)—There is at last an effectual break in the dull monotony which has so long characterized the musical world of Paris. M. ADAM's new opera, *Le Cœur de Célimène*, has been produced at the Opera-Comique; and the *Lisette* of M. ORTOLAN (savoury name), has seen the light at the Théâtre-Lyrique. Both have succeeded, and each deserved the success it obtained, which is of the quiet and mild, rather than the enthusiastic and violent description.

The fair Célimène is a countess of noble birth and ancient descent, endowed with beauty, wit and wealth, tempered by the coquetry and flightiness which form the basis of her character. Her sister, the Baroness, possesses equal beauty, less wealth, and more steadiness.

The countess resides in her chateau in Brittany and is surrounded by a court of aspirants to her hand and fortune, consisting of one commander, one chevalier, four youths, four full-grown, and four elderly gentlemen. To each of these she holds out some hopes of success; but, in her secret heart, the commander is the favored lover; and he, at first divided between the charms and merits of the two sisters, puts their names into a hat, and, drawing forth that of Célimène, determines to devote his attention to her. The chevalier is a Gascon, full of the hot blood and boastful speech for which his countrymen are proverbial. He first courted the baroness, but, receiving no encouragement, changed his wooing to Célimène. She, with her innate coquetry, led him on to hope for success, but one fine morning quietly informed him that her choice was made, and that she would bestow her hand upon the commander. The chevalier is furious, declares to the countess that he will show her that a gentleman of his standing cannot be so treated with impunity; that she shall not marry the commander; that to prevent her so doing he will have recourse to prudence, deceit and force; the scaling ladder and the narcotic. He rushes from her presence furious, seeks the commander, insults him, and provokes a duel, wherein the unfortunate commander is bit in body, limbs and head, and falls, declaring that nothing can stand against the rapier of the furious Gascon. Célimène, in despair, sees that she must pour oil on the troubled waters, and sends the baroness with tender messages on her part to the chevalier. He, on seeing the baroness, feels his old affection revive in full force, and, fancying that she delivers on her own behalf the tender messages wherewith she is charged by her sister, falls at her feet and pours forth his passionate vows. The baroness is delighted, as she sees a way of relieving her sister, and she has a weakness for the chevalier, whom she regrets having refused. She therefore encourages him and accepts his hand; the commander weds Célimène, and so ends the opera. The *libretto* is exceedingly well written by M. BOSTON, the phraseology is neat, pointed, and terse, situations well worked out, and the plot clearly developed. The music is lively and replete with the comic element. The opening chorus from the twelve aspirants leads at once in *medias res*, the melody serving in a duet for the two sisters, which follows. * * * *

M. BATTAILLE, as the Commander, sang and acted extremely well; and M. JOURDAN, in the Gascon chevalier, presented an admixture of true passion and exaggerated ardor, full of buffoonery, while he sang like an artist, as usual. Mme. MIOLAN (Célimène) sang brilliantly, and was a good specimen of the tantalizing coquette, fair and cruel, inspiring love and hate at once; but she could not *look* the character. Mme. COLSON (Baroness), exhibited talents of no mean order; and the chorus of the Twelve Lovers was what a chorus should always be; what it generally is at the Opéra-Comique, and seldom elsewhere.

The Lisette of M. Ortolan is the daughter of a Norman magister. The curtain rises on a group of peasants gathering apples and gay with cider, which, like their song, has been somewhat sour. The drum beats, and the youth of the district come forth to draw lots for the Conscription. Germain draws a blank, and remains at home; Moisy draws a prize—if it be one—and becomes one of the defenders of his country. A demoiselle of a neighboring chateau, lately arrived from Paris, next appears on the stage, and, being unacquainted with the beauties of her own domain, takes Lisette for her guide. This demoiselle loves and is beloved by the Count de Thalbourg, but her "cruel parents" have chosen for her the Marquis de Gerville, newly arrived in the district as commander of a recruiting party. The marquis, however, has no idea of marriage, being a thorough unbeliever in the sex; and, on his first introduction to the young countess, proposes to her a rendezvous at midnight in a neighboring ruin. She is furious at the insult, but, concealing her wrath, consults Lisette who advises her to avenge so gross an outrage, and offers to change dresses with her, and go to the place assigned. Midnight arrives, and with it the marquis and Lisette, the countess being concealed among the ruins. The marquis presses his love with so much warmth and affection as to alarm Lisette, the false countess, who thereupon proceeds to administer to him some vigorous *soufflets*, well delivered, after which she takes to her heels and to flight. Next day the marquis boasts everywhere of his *bonnes fortunes*, which, coming to the ears of Thalbourg, he demands an explanation, and Lisette declares it was she, and not the countess, who received the kiss and administered the blow. But the explanation falls like a thunderbolt on the head of poor Germain, the lover of Lisette, who, in despair at his mistress's infidelity, takes Moisy's place and departs for the wars. The last act takes us to a chateau of the young countess, near Paris. She has been accompanied by Lisette, who grieves at the loss of Germain; he becomes a captain in the French army, still maintains his affection for Lisette, though he still believes her culpable. However, at length the countess unveils the mystery, and all the lovers are united and made happy. The music is that of a composer with original ideas, but inexperienced in his art. There is too much emphasis in his instrumentation, and too much noise throughout.

April 28.—On Monday, April 30th, the vigil of the Exhibition, a grand performance will take place, in the Church of Saint Eustache, of "Te Deum," composed for the occasion by M. Hector Berlioz, who will conduct the orchestra. The executants will number 950: namely, 800 in the chorus, and 150 in the orchestra, which will contain most of the best instrumentalists in Paris. After the "Te Deum," Mr Henry Smart, who comes from London expressly, will play various selections from Handel on the new organ just built for the church by M. Ducroquet. On the same day the new chapels, painted by some of our best artists, will be thrown open to the public for the first time.

Considerable discussion arose in the committee on the Budget, respecting a proposition of one of its members. He desired that subventions should be granted to one theatre in each of the large provincial towns of Lille, Rouen, Bordeaux, Lyons, Marseilles, Toulouse, and Strasbourg, the latter town being, with the exception of Paris, the only one in France whose theatre receives state assistance. This subvention was supported on the ground that the provinces have a fair right to some portion of the national funds so lavishly expended on the theatres of the capitol, of whose good fortune they are not a little jealous. The pupils of the various *conservatoires* might then be sent to make their *debuts* at those theatres, whereby they would be somewhat prepared for the terrible ordeal of facing a Parisian audience. No result ensued from the discussion; but it is by no means improbable that the large provincial theatres of France will, ere long, enjoy considerable subventions.

Meanwhile I believe it is settled that the Italian Opera will be open three times a week during the summer, and that the city of Paris will grant a considerable subvention to the manager who has been bold enough to undertake the speculation, which will probably terminate in a heavy loss.

London.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—On Saturday, May 5th, LABLACHE made his first appearance this season as Dr. Dulcamara in *L' Elisir d' Amore*. Mme Bosio was Adina; Sig. GARDONI, Nemorino; and GRAZIANI, Belcore. Rossini's *Il Conte Ory* followed, for the fifth time, and seems to have given more and more delight. Then followed the last work of "Young Italy's" idol, the *Trovatore*. We give the *Musical World's* account of it:

In the accumulation of horrors the *Trovatore* gives the sack even to *Rigoletto*. But the terrible earnestness of the last scene of *Rigoletto* would redeem a multitude of sins. The final scene of *Il Trovatore* is horrible without relief, and ineffective in the bargain.

Signor Verdi so frequently "surpassed himself," that we looked forward to much pleasure from the music of *Il Trovatore*, where he is said to have "surpassed himself" once more. It is apparently written with more care than the majority of his works; the unisons are fewer; and the desire to give a true dramatic interest to the scene is more manifest. On the other hand—which surprised us—the tunes are not so frequent as in his former operas. Much of the music of *Il Trovatore*, however, has *character*, is often pleasing, oftener well adapted to the situations, and occasionally in point of freedom and breadth—for example, the air *Ah! ben mio*, in the third act, so magnificently sung by Sig. TAMBERLIK—worthy of unqualified praise. The audience, though favorably disposed towards the work and its composer, were not roused to enthusiasm. There were only two encores. Nevertheless, the friends of Sig. Verdi never had greater cause to be satisfied. Nothing was left undone by the management to ensure a perfect execution and complete success.

The singers acquitted themselves admirably. It was Mme. VIARDOT's first appearance. The part of Azucena suits her, and the music lies well for her voice.—The dramatic energy and artistic feeling of Mme. Viardot were exhibited to evident advantage. The scene where Azucena makes the confession to Manrico was intense and powerful, and made a deep impression.

Mlle. JENNY NEY appears to greater advantage as Verdi's Leonora than as the Leonora of Beethoven.—Her acting was natural, and occasionally forcible and earnest. Her singing, too, was greatly to be admired, and frequently elicited the approbation of the audience. Mlle. Jenny Ney, by her execution of the music, showed herself a thorough proficient in the modern Italian *bravura* school, and sang with admirable facility.

Of Signor Tamberlik's singing and acting it is impossible to speak too highly. He was magnificent, and electrified the house in more than one scene.

The *ballata*, sung behind the scenes, at intervals with the choral "Miserere," in the last act, was given with such expression and tenderness that a unanimous encore ensued. The scenes with Leonora in the third act, and Azucena in the fourth, were equally fine and impressive. In the concerted music, Signor Tamberlik's voice produced all the effect the composer could possibly have contemplated.

Signor GRAZIANI, in the Conte di Luna, displayed to more advantage than ever his singularly fine voice and the apathy of his manner. He was encored in the *cavatina* (second act), *Il balen del suo sorriso*—one of the most popular airs of the opera; but hardly produced the *furore* ascribed to him in Paris. He does not improve as an actor. In the little part of Ferrando (played by M. Gassier in Paris), Signor TAGLIAFICO was all that could be wished, and gave the descriptive scena (Act I.) like a true artist.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JUNE 2, 1855.

Italian Opera.

Lucrezia Borgia on Friday, and "William Tell," for the third time, on Saturday afternoon, completed the performances of last week at the Boston Theatre. Our stay was limited to the first act of *Lucrezia*: but we heard enough to convince us that this happiest and best-wearing opera of DONIZETTI was never, as a whole, cast so effectively upon any Boston stage. Report (of the appreciative) confirms the promise of the opening act, or Prologue. STEFFANONE, to be sure, is not GRISI; yet the fresh recollection of the Grisi did not make one indifferent to the very high excellence of her lyric impersonation, which includes soul, action, voice and execution, blended and inspired to one dramatic and artistic end. In neither was the voice in very perfect preservation; but in both you feel that the voice always answers to the lightning summons of passion. Steffanone is indeed the greater vocalist, and there is that sympathetic, truly lyric quality in her tones, that makes them go to the mark and *tell*, in spite, as we have said before, of any *tremolo* or hoarseness. Her contrast of the mother's tenderness and of the insulted Borgia's pride and rage in the first scene, was, both as singing and as action, admirably true and beautiful and touching.

Sig. BRIGNOLI, the young new tenor, was not a BENEDETTI, nor a MARIO, as Edgardo. Yet it was altogether a very pleasing and sufficient rendering, save a feebleness in his highest notes, which in the strong concerted passages were frequently drowned by the rough blasts of the trombones. He is a youth of rather an elegant and distinguished presence, although his stage gait was awkward; his voice is sweet, fresh, flexible, sympathetic, and of good volume, sometimes *reminding* one of Mario's by a certain elasticity of tone, and capable of some strong, effective outbursts. He sings with taste and feeling, and (to his credit be it said) is given to a simple, faithful, unembellished rendering of the music of his author. We needed not to wait the appearance of BADIALI as the Duke, to know that we have never had *that* part better done. The charming picturesque rôle of Maffeo Orsini defines itself so satisfactorily in the first act, that one needed not to witness more to estimate the

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peculiar aptitude therefor of the new and beautiful contralto Signorina VESTVALI. The nobleness and refined elegance of her tall figure, with the beauty of her head and face; the tastefulness and rigorous propriety of her Venetian male costume, and the freedom, grace and animation of her movements, made her look a sort of beau ideal of the character. Her voice in its ordinary range is of a fresh and pleasing quality, though not remarkable. Nor is her singing, although she has fair execution and expression, and sang (so long as we heard her) in tune,—which was not always the case as we remembered her one evening in New York. She commands some remarkably strong, mannish low notes, which she seems too much tempted to employ, because they win that loud applause which always follows any feat, that is exceptional, although not pleasing to the cultivated ear, and not æsthetic. We must confess, with all the charms of the Vestvali, we liked not the low notes, either on the score of beauty or expression. It is true they were powerful; it is true that with the eyes closed we might have thought it a man's, or a full grown boy's voice; which doubtless charmed some listeners, as marvellously suited to the part; but the true ends of Art would have been better served by expending upon the legitimate voice the pains taken in developing a monster contralto. Yet taking her all in all, we must admit, that we have never witnessed a more fascinating Orsini.

When to four such principals we add Sig. COLETTI as Gubetta, and such better than average singers as filled the parts of the various nobles, whose voices are so essential in the rich concerted music of that first scene; when we add so large, well-voiced and well-trained a chorus, and so effective (would that it were not sometimes much *too* effective) an orchestra, with the ever-at-home, sure MARETZEK for the conductor; also a crowded audience, familiar with the piece and always happy to recall its musical richness and dramatic completeness,— we may safely say that even without GRISI and MARIO, without TRUFFI and BENEDETTI, without BOSIO and BETTINI, we had yet the materials of a more perfect presentation than this opera ever enjoyed here before. So it was generally felt to be, the further it went on, and we hear a call on all sides for a repetition.

But we should neglect a duty, if we did not mention one most serious draw-back; namely the overwhelming, deafening crash of the brass instruments, lashed up to furious *fortissimo* in all the stronger passages. We could actually feel the hoarse and angry waves of sound smite and thump upon the walls of the auditorium behind us, and rebound thence on our private tympanum. Bad enough in itself, but doubly bad, when it so drowned the voices of the central persons in those spirited *ensembles* of the first act, that you only *saw* their singing. We suppose there is something in the whole tendency of modern Italian Opera which leads a conductor unconsciously into the habit of exaggerating all the powerful signs of expression, of employing all the musical intensives to get up all the excitement possible upon the least occasion. It is a sort of musical *swearing;* a taking of great names in vain, a borrowing of emphasis so often and so thoughtlessly that nothing any more can be emphatic. "O, reform it altogether."

"William Tell" again, Saturday afternoon, delighted a large audience, composed very much of ladies. The musician and the cultivated amateur have found more in it for sense and soul to feast upon, than in all the common run of Italian operas. In spite of its length and in spite of the curtailments, those who have heard it repeatedly have found the charm of its wholesome subject and its fresh, vigorous, original, rich music growing on them greatly. After two such happy inspirations as this and *Lucrezia Borgia*, wide as the distance is between *them*, how was it possible that there should be crowds and enthusiasm about ——

Well what about *Il Trovatore!* What of VERDI's "last and greatest," after a second hearing, and in Boston? Of the performance, as compared with that first one in New York, we may say, better; of the music we can only say the same. Of the reception, it was warmly demonstrative enough to warrant the eulogistic passion of the newspapers, and the "tremendous successes" and "immense enthusiasms" of the next day's advertisements; yet the audience warmed slowlier than in New York. There was plenty of applause; but this, as usual, was meant more for the singers than for the composer, more for the stage effect, the scenery, the gipsies, anvils, &c., than for the music. We have been even agreeably disappointed in meeting so many who were proof against the loud assault of Verdi-ism.

But the singers made the best of it, and even in this ungrateful music added to their laurels. STEFFANONE threw all her power of voice and soul into her part of Leonora, and was enthusiastically applauded. Yet it was a severe task for her; the music and the situations kept her voice continually on the strain, demanding her utmost strength and volume; it is a part with no repose; and consequently her hoarse low tones conveyed ere-long a painful sense of effort. VESTVALI, as the gipsy mother, did not this time disguise the youthful beauty of her face, and was dressed more tastefully, though perhaps less gipsy-like than in New York. She displayed a great intensity of tragic action, though of a somewhat studied kind; and indeed how could one expect much naturalness in the impersonation of a character, whose ruling motives are an ever haunting imagination of being burned at the stake, mingled with a mad thirst for revenge! Much of her music was finely sung; the mannish low tones could not be said to be out of character in a rôle that is altogether unnatural; and yet contrasted with that fair maiden face, with the æsthetic ideal suggested by so beautiful a presence, they appealed more to the superstitious associations of witchcraft and gipsies, than to the artistic feeling.

Sig. AMODIO, as the Count di Luna, a man heavily moulded physically, put a great deal of fire and energy into his part, and sang the music with a fresh, strong, ringing baritone, of which no note was ever lost. Sig. BRIGNOLI's musical, true tenor continued to grow upon his audience. His serenade in the first act: *Deserto sulla terra*; his duet with Azucena, and his strain heard from the prison tower, amid the pauses of the *Miserere*,—which are among the few *sweet* passages of the music—were sung with good style and pathos. These four were so well seconded by subordinates and chorus, as well as by scenery and costume, that the performance as a whole was about as effective as Verdi's best admirer could have wished. Of course there were those, and not a few, with whom it took marvellously, and the managers saw their interest in repeating it on Wednesday night, and in announcing it again ("for the last time") for this afternoon.

With regard to the music of *Il Trovatore*, we must still say, what we know that many of the thoughtful ones in these audiences have felt as deeply as ourselves—(and by thoughtful ones we do not mean those who regard music from a cold, scholastic point of view, but those who have "warmth and imagination" enough to feel, accept, enjoy whatever in Art does truly address itself to these qualities of our nature)—that it is a kind of music which aims simply to create *excitement;* it makes its appeal as to a jaded and *blasé* appetite; it does not trust our wholesome, simple sense of beauty, nor seek to approach us through our every-day and natural sensibilities. It must excite, astonish, startle, even terrify, and in the momentary outburst of applause which follows the identifying of such shocks with musical means and processes, it finds its cheap triumph. To do this it must assault the senses with loud and powerful effects; with brazen *fortissimos;* with short, strongly marked dance rhythms, as the tragedy deepens; with hard-enamelled, flinty unisons, where passion would fain seem at the white heat; with ominous *tremolos* of the orchestra accompanying the recitatives. That Verdi has his own peculiar cut of melody, from *Ernani* downward, (*vein* we can scarcely call it, for it does not freely *flow*), and that this melody is brilliant, is ingenious, is effective, no one will deny. But it is *hard* melody; his musical ideas come upon you steel-clad; they are knights in armor, with their visors down; they may excite your young romantic fancy, they may overthrow you with their shock, but you feel not their warm human embrace, and their soul speaks not to your soul through their eyes. It is a kind of music which leaves the heart cold. We hear the opera through, we are surprised, sometimes excited, sometimes pleased; we go away, and what has it left with us? Has it deposited anywhere in the recesses of our memory and our soul any of those honeyed secretions of melody and fancy and fine feeling, which will flow out unbidden ever and anon as long as we live, to remind us of a rich and deep experience? We doubt it. Since we have heard *Don Giovanni*, since we have heard "William Tell," &c., &c., it has been as if perennial flowers of music were implanted evermore within us. But if strains of *Il Trovatore* haunt us, it is more as in annoying dreams, like impressions stamped upon the senses, but still unaccepted by the soul.

Death of Sir Henry Bishop.

This most popular and most voluminous, if not in every sense the greatest English composer, after PURCELL, died on the first of May, at about the age of seventy-two. He has been chiefly known of late years by his fine Glees and Choruses, many of which are still sung and admired, and will ever rank among the best works of their kind. But he has also had his day as a composer of English operas, which were much in vogue among his countrymen, before the new passion for Italian Opera made all such things seem antiquated. There is a list of some seventy operas, operettas, ballets, &c., of which he was the author, wholly or in part, between the years 1806 and 1824. Some account of these was given in our Journal for May 5th. He was long a leader in the musical affairs of England and shared all the honors. He was a Director of the Philharmonic Society from its foundation, and for some years Conductor of the Concerts of

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Ancient Music. He was professor of Music in the Universities of Edinburg and Oxford, Member of the Royal Academy of Music, and was knighted by the Queen in 1842 (the only composer, it is said, on whom that order has been conferred). In 1820 he was tendered the freedom of the city of Dublin. In 1836 he married the lady who is so widely known in this country as Madame ANNA BISHOP. Of this unhappy union and the consequent separation there has been perhaps enough said. The cause commonly assigned was, that Madame, being a fine singer and having been educated at the Academy, desired to sing in public, and that her husband was opposed. A son and daughter by this marriage are both living.

Bishop is said to have earned more money than any other English composer; yet he died in a state of great pecuniary embarrassment. For some months previous to his death, there had been strong appeals made in the papers to the patriotic pride and gratitude of English music-lovers, and a series of benefit concerts, chiefly of his own compositions, was commenced in Hanover Square and Exeter Hall, by Mr. MITCHELL, who has also exerted himself to organize similar series in all the principal towns of England. One or more of these concerts was conducted by Sir Henry in person, which led to vain hopes of his recovery. The *Times*, in forwarding this appeal, had the following appreciative remarks on his artistic career and character as a composer.

It cannot be asserted that Bishop was an idle man, or that he did not work hard to communicate all he possessed. No English musician has composed so much—few so well, as Henry Bishop; and probably none has produced so many things that are likely to endure. In every house where music, more especially vocal music, is a welcome guest, the name of Bishop has long been and must long remain a household word. For these reasons we feel it a strong duty to plead his cause, and to proclaim him among those who are entitled to consideration for the benefits they have conferred. Who that has been soothed by the sweet melody of 'Blow gentle gales,' charmed by the measures of 'Lo! here the gentle lark,' enlivened by the animated strains of 'Foresters, sound the cheerful horn,' touched by the sadder music of 'The winds whistle cold'—who that has been haunted by the insinuating tunes of 'Tell me, my heart,' 'Under the greenwood tree,' or 'Where the wind blows,' which Rossini, the minstrel of the South was wont to love so well—who that has felt sympathy with

'As it fell, upon a day,
In the merry month of May,'

admired that masterpiece of glee and chorus, 'The chough and crow,' or been moved to jollity at some convivial feast by 'Mynheer Van Dunck,' the most original and genial of comic glees, will not be grieved to hear that the inventor of them all—and they were all included in Monday night's programme, with so many more of equal merit and beauty—is in sickness and distress, without money, and no longer able to toil for it, deprived indeed of ALL 'that should accompany old age?'

To this we may add a few sentences from the obituary notice in the London *Musical World*:

That we have had and have more accomplished and learned musicians than BISHOP is unquestionable; but that we ever could boast, with the single exception of PURCELL, a composer so individual and so identified with the sentiment of English national melody, is equally doubtful. DIBDIN was a melodist only; while ARNE did so little which can last, that we only remember him as the author of "Rule Britannia," "Where the bee sucks," some of the airs in *Midas*, and an opera after the manner of his day*—an imitation and not a very good one. But Bishop was not merely genuine; he was prolific, and produced a great many things that are likely to endure as long as the Art itself, which, after all, can only be said of a few composers. The melody of Bishop was a pure flowing spring that had its source in nature, and was, therefore, a gift from above.

* Artaxerxes.

Bishop was not, like Purcell, a discoverer; he did little, in short, to *advance* the Art; but he added to the stores of wealth which are heaped in Music's granaries, and among the minstrels of his time his harp was ever of the sweetest and most silvery. His tune was varied and abundant. Now gay, now sad, now grave, now humorous, it ever flowed spontaneously. His vein of melody, as in the instance of far greater masters than himself, seems to open without an effort. Nothing forced, exaggerated, square cut, or otherwise uncongenial, was to be traced in his productions—we allude, of course, to his best, not the mere chaff of his labors, but the good grain from which time has sifted it.

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Translated for this Journal.

Beethoven's Symphonies.

BY "A FRIEND OF ART."

From the German.

The deepest insight into the nature and peculiar character of any Art is only possible when this Art has reached its culminating point, and when its efficacy is the greatest. Thus the Greeks, to whom the deepest nature of the plastic Arts and of Poetry revealed itself in their statues of the gods, in Epos and in Drama, attained to no deep perception of the nature of Music, since they possessed no real musical art. Music in its distinctive character, as afterwards developed, remained to them a closed domain. The same was true also of the first Christian centuries; indeed we can only speak of a really classical art of Music since PALESTRINA. As with the Musical art in general, so with the special kinds of music. The nature of the so-called ecclesiastical and spiritual music was already, with BACH and HANDEL, in the middle of the last century, unfolded in its full peculiarity, without their so much as dreaming at that time of the immeasurable meaning and omnipotence of the pure Tone-Art, that is, of Instrumental Music; in fact this still remained a riddle, when dramatic song music had reached its bloom in GLUCK and MOZART. For then BEETHOVEN had not created the *Eroica*. In this work did the genius of pure music first begin to unveil its deepest, inmost nature.

The world now recognizes Beethoven as the true Messiah of Instrumental Music, and in him the essence of this form of Art is manifested in the most comprehensive and the deepest manner. And then again Beethoven is the tone-poet, who has most richly developed the single branches of instrumental music; the solo Sonata not less than the more comprehensive string Quartet, and this not more than the gigantic work of Symphonies. But it is the Symphony above all, which has glorified the name of Beethoven; in that you think involuntarily first of Beethoven; he and it have grown together by as intimate a tie as GOETHE and his "Faust." Just as Goethe's peculiarity is revealed to us most deeply in his deepest work, the "Faust," so Beethoven's Symphonies give us the deepest insight into his nature, at the same time that they reveal to us the inmost peculiarity of pure Tone-Art, its richest fulness. Let us approach then these creations, with the hope to gain a genial image of their general and special characteristics, which may fill us with admiration for the creative power of the master and for the lofty signification of his works.—But first a brief consideration of the immediate predecessors of Beethoven in the realm of Symphony, of HAYDN and MOZART, will be useful.

HAYDN is the acknowledged founder of the Symphony. The Symphony developed itself in him out of the pianoforte Sonata, and one may safely call his symphonies, of which he has written a very great number, Sonatas for the orchestra. And this in regard to form, as well as substance. The forms of the Haydn symphonies seem, in comparison with Beethoven's, small; the single pieces (movements) of these works move in scarcely larger form-relations than we meet in Sonatas for the pianoforte. As to the subject-matter of the Haydn symphonies, it is throughout quite simple, at bottom not essentially, specifically distinct from that of the Sonata; its horizon limited, in comparison with the boundless perspective in Beethoven. We recognize the difference here between the child's and the man's circle of vision. In these tone-works we find expressed the careless cheerfulness of the child, his playful joy, his wanton, roguish humor, not the deep earnestness of manly life, not the proud, self-conscious joy of the man. Where Haydn oversteps that child-like sphere, where the child seeks to play the part of youth and manhood, there appears his limit. This is proved by a Symphony of this master, which he has called the "Military Symphony." The subject-matter of this work has not in the remotest degree the military character, unless you make the roll of drums and crash of trumpets in the second movement point to that; but even this passage seems so naïve, so corresponding with the whole, which is pervaded by the most child-like, harmless spirit, as to betray at once the innocent and playful child, concerned about nothing less than military matters. But in that limited sphere Haydn appears so rich, so multifarious, so sound, and so original, that on this ground itself, as well as on the ground of his significance in the history of Art, he is justly counted among the heroes of the art of Music.

It is a consequence of this peculiarity of Haydn's artist nature, that his orchestra wants the significant individual richness of Beethoven's. The child lacks the individual significance of the man's organs of expression. And so in the Haydn orchestra we miss the lifesome characteristics of the single instruments, the use of each according to its peculiar nature. It is merely the alternation of the sensuous charm and of the coloring of the instruments, which determines their separate introduction; it is not called out by any inward necessity of lending to a precise ideal subject-matter, this or that precise expression through this or that precise instrument. Hence in these tone-creations the dramatic soul-life of Beethoven does not unfold itself; the pure lyric element predominates.

With MOZART, too, the Symphony is still thoroughly lyrical. Otherwise, however, Mozart distinguishes himself entirely from Haydn, at least in his principal symphonies, both in form and substance. The form of his leading works in this kind is larger, broader, although it is essentially the Haydn form, in contradistinction to the freer form of Beethoven. The working up, or treatment, as it is called, is richer with Mozart; indeed in the last movement of his great Ode Symphony he wrote a fugue composed of four independent themes. In regard to subject matter Mozart distinguishes himself from his predecessor by greater significance and depth. It is enough to allude here to the G minor symphony of this master, in which work Symphony first takes for its theme the earnestness and sorrow of man's life, and in which there resound moods far removed from Haydn's child-like nature. Accordingly the world of instruments in Mozart's symphonies becomes a richer, more inspired world. We miss the individualizing power of Beethoven, but quite as little do we find the insignificant and child-like play of Haydn. In the "song-delighted," "song-abounding" Mozart the single instrument approaches the expression of the human voice, it acquires a soul. And now that instrumental music, or rather now that the genius of Symphony had, in the final fugue of the C major symphony of Mozart, so subdued and spell-bound the severe elements of Counterpoint, that these could receive into themselves the charm of Melody; now that free Melody had so got the upper hand of the strict form, all was ready for the Messiah to appear, who with new subject-matter at the same time created a new form. That Messiah was BEETHOVEN.

But not in his first symphonies does this Messianic character show itself; it is only in his third

symphony, in the *Eroica*, as we have said before, that Beethoven begins his epoch-making career. The two first symphonies of Beethoven belong essentially to the first epoch of his artistic creation, in which Beethoven is not yet *himself*, in which he still walks mainly in the paths of his forerunners, Haydn and Mozart; so that these works might be in many respects ascribed to one of these two masters; a remark which bears application to the charming Septet and to the first Symphony. One who can feel as high a degree of enthusiasm for these works, as for the later peculiarly Beethovenish creations, gives evidence that he has not received into himself the latter works with true feeling and understanding, and may take a lesson from Beethoven himself, who regretted having written his first twenty works. Nevertheless, *ex ungue leonem.* Already in his first works the later Beethoven does not deny himself; the genius flashes through them here and there. This is especially the case with the symphonies, which we are now to consider in an æsthetic point of view.

The first Symphony (21st work) in C major still breathes the Haydn spirit altogether; it is distinguished by a certain child-like feeling; a careless, guileless cheerfulness pervades the whole; a purely lyrical outflow of feeling predominates in the work; the forces, which are so active in the completed symphonies, still slumber; as yet no presentiment of the coming greatness is awakened. How could Beethoven, when he wrote this work, have anticipated that it would not be very long before he would compose the *Eroica* and finally the Ninth Symphony! In Beethoven's first symphony we have throughout the Haydn form, as shown especially in the second and fourth movements. Nor does the instrumentation enjoy as yet the significant individual life of the complete Beethoven creations; there is no pregnant characteristic stamped upon the instruments; all is still too colorless. This follows from the spirit and contents of the work, from the whole artistic step of development, on which it stands The child cannot yet show the individuality of the man. And the first symphony is filled entirely with the child-like spirit. But even in this work the bold originality of the master announces itself palpably enough, and in a remarkable manner at the very beginning. The first chord of the symphony is a dissonance. Significant indication of a genius, which has been called one steeped in sorrow, but whose real nature was not sorrow; or rather it was this, but not only this; it was joy; and that too not without sorrow; but such joy as is born of sorrow, the fulfilled, highest joy, joy achieved through struggle. And so that dissonance proceeds to resolve itself into pure consonance. And so we find the ideal, organic relationship of the child-like C major symphony with its later sisters, above all with its last sister, the Ninth Symphony; thus it stands no more forsaken and alone there in the Beethoven world, it reaches its hand out friendlily to its sisters. We take this hand and with it we approach the second symphony, in D major (36th work.)

It is another life that comes to meet us now. There is youthful fire in these tones; there is a bold, spirited, self-conscious marching and storming away upon the arena of Symphony.

Here, on the other hand, we have a love-intoxicated yearning, a dreamy languishing and tender supplication, which often seems to lose itself in sweet self-forgetfulness. But then again it roars and storms away in youthful extravagance, in unbridled ecstacy, as if to enjoy thus the fulness of its being, of its power. A type and compendium of true youthful life. Beethoven in this work has ripened from the child into the youth, and this sketch indicates the ideal purport of the second symphony. Courage and energy is the main character of the first movement; the tender longing and soft languishing of love are mirrored in the thoughtful Larghetto in A major; unbridled joy and youthful overflow of spirits in the third and fourth movements. So storms away, so loves and so enjoys the youth. But the youth's circle of vision, the field in which he moves, is larger and more comprehensive than that of the child; the youth breaks through the narrow limits, which are set before the child, and moves in freer paths and forms. And so Beethoven necessarily in this work proceeds in larger forms. Hence all is more extended than in the first symphony, the periods become richer, for the master has more to say. To be sure, the pure lyric principle prevails decidedly in this work; the Larghetto is kept lyrical throughout; but in the first and fourth movement the dramatic life penetrates into this lyric palpably enough.

Beethoven already begins to move in opposites, although these opposites still lack the pregnancy and the decision, shown in the later symphonies. I may allude here to the two leading themes of the first and last movement, which reveal the contrast of the spirited, the resolute, the strong and self-concentrated on the one hand, with the mild, the soft, the gentle on the other; perhaps one might say of the masculine with the feminine; whereas in the themes of the first symphony no marked difference and peculiarity appears, but rather a certain homogeneousness of character. But all this necessarily, as we have said, is conditioned and called forth by the peculiar idea of this work. And this also causes, that the world of instruments in the second symphony is a richer one, more fondly individual and more inspired.

If now Beethoven in the second symphony appears a greater man than in the first, if already "the eagle soars into the space of heaven," yet it is only in the third symphony that he first soars with complete success.

[To be continued.]

Verdi's "Rigoletto."

Rigoletto is rather tragical. A frivolous duke, full of curses and anathemas; a mad jester, elopements and rope-ladders, seduction, a lady of somewhat easy virtue, banditti, and a very suspicious sack; all this, in our opinion, is far from comic. But is there not some merit, that the composer has somewhat softened all this horrible stuff by the adoption of a lighter character in his music? There was a time when it was quite fashionable to attend the performances of such tragedies. At that time the romantic school of VICTOR HUGO had, at last, triumphed; and the Parisian public hailed the powerful genius of the author of *Ernani* and similar works. Time has swept away the romantic school as well as its founder; (poor Victor Hugo! his love of the romantic, even in politics, has driven him into exile;) but unfortunately, it has left one of his darkest works, *Le roi s'amuse.* Verdi, who was fond of the romantic horrors of the French, and even of the German school, and owed to them one of his best inspirations, *Ernani*, chanced one day to find the above, now almost forgotten tragedy of the French dramatist, and at once decided to make an opera upon it. But as the French names, and other accessories of the original, would not answer for certain musical purposes, the plot had to be Italianized; and instead of *Le roi s'amuse*, the public received *Rigoletto*. The plot, which we copy, is nearly the same.

"The Duke of Mantova was no less celebrated for his personal bravery and beauty than for his systematic and profligate inconstancy. At the commencement of the opera, he is troubled in spirit by a passionate love for two beautiful women: one the Countess Ceprano, the other an *incognita*. His Jester, the hump-backed Rigoletto, suggests that he should steal the Countess away from her husband, and dispose of him by poison or otherwise. In the midst of this conversation, the Count Monterone forcibly enters, and confronts the King, demanding reparation for the dishonor of his house through the shame and desertion of his daughter. The Jester, mimicking the voice of the King, scorns and insults the old noble, who, repelling this insult by indignant words, is seized by order of the King, and conveyed to prison. Ere he goes he solemnly curses the heartless Jester, who could mock the sorrows of an agonized heart. The courtiers, even with all their habitual moral indifference, were outraged at the insolence of the Jester. Each of them had some wrong to right, some bitter, pointed sarcasm to resent; and, with one accord, they vowed vengeance upon Rigoletto. One said that the hump-backed buffoon had a mistress whom he loved, and it was determined that night to steal her from him. Rigoletto, in the dusk of evening, with the curse of the old lord weighing heavily on his heart, goes towards his home. He is accosted by Sparafucile, a bravo by profession, who, seeing his troubled look, offers, for a small sum, to put an enemy out of his way; saying, that he keeps a retired inn, and that his sister, who is very beautiful, lures the victim into the house where he is quietly made away with. Rigoletto refuses his assistance; but takes his address. He approaches his home, and meets near by, not his mistress, but his daughter. He urges her to keep close within the house; and after a tender interview, he leaves her; when the Duke, who has tracked his incognita from the church, steals in unperceived, and hears that she has observed him often, and loves him. He makes himself known to her as a young student, and vows of mutual affection are exchanged. Hearing footsteps, he leaves, and she enters the house. Maskers approach; they are the conspirators come to steal away his supposed mistress; they are about placing the ladder against the terrace, when Rigoletto enters and discovers them. They pretend that they have taken his advice, and have come to steal the Countess Ceprano; that he must assist them. He agrees; they put a mask on him, and tying it with a handkerchief, literally blind him. While they ascend, he holds the ladder. They come forth, bearing away the Jester's daughter, who screaming in despair, invokes her father's aid. The Jester, tearing aside the bandage, beholds his daughter in the arms of the conspirators, who bear her away in triumph. Gilda is borne by the conspirators to the palace, and placed in the apartment of the Duke, who is wild with delight at the unexpected appearance of his beloved. Rigoletto pursues his enemies, and at last tracks them to the palace; he seeks the Duke, but the courtiers stop him. They learn that they have mistaken the daughter for the mistress, and half regret the part they have played. Suddenly, Gilda rushes from the chamber of the Duke into the arms of her father. They quit the palace, Rigoletto vowing a terrible vengeance on the Duke. The plan is laid, and the scheme begins to work. The sister of the bravo, Magdalen, has been thrown in the way of the fickle Duke, who, quite forgetting Gilda, throws his whole soul into the pursuit of the new beauty. At last, the end of the contemplated tragedy approaches. The Duke is to visit the house of Sparafucile, who agrees with Rigoletto to murder him, place his body in a sack, and deliver it to Rigoletto at one o'clock. The Duke, disguised, arrives, and becomes more wildly enamored of the beautiful Magdalen; Rigoletto and his daughter Gilda observe and hear him through the open window; Gilda is heart-broken at the falsehood of her lover; but Rigoletto bids her be comforted—she shall be avenged. He sends her home, assures himself that the bravo is true to him, and then retires. A terrific storm has now set in—rain, hail, thunder, and lightning; the Duke vows he must stay all night, and the bravo consents to let him have his bed. The Duke retires. In the mean time, Gilda, disguised in man's attire, approaches the house stealthily; she could not rest; she fears for the life of her faithless lover. Trembling amidst the pitiless storm, she overhears the sister pleading

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to the brother for the life of the handsome stranger, whom she has learned to love. The bravo says his honor is concerned, and the man must die and be delivered at one o'clock. But he consents at last, that if any body else should arrive before that time, to make *him* the victim and spare her lover. The clock strikes half-past twelve; Gilda hears it; there is no time to be lost. In the pureness and holiness of her love, she determines to give her life to save his! She knocks at the door, it opens; she enters, it is closed. Rigoletto advances in the storm and darkness, knocks at the door; Sparafucile brings forth the sack, receives his pay, and retires. Rigoletto, gloating over the idea of his consummated revenge, before committing the body to the river, prepares to untie the sack that he may gaze upon his victim, when from the house he hears a voice, a voice he knows—the voice of the Duke. Whose body is contained within the sack? His hands tremble, his heart beats, and with a cry of horror, by the aid of the flashing lightning, he discovers the features of his beloved child! She still breathes; and blessing her lover and her father, dies in his arms. The curse of Monterone is accomplished."

The appearance of *Rigoletto* in Italy, Paris, London, and Vienna has been marked with success; not one of those brilliant successes which accompanied *Ernani* through Europe, but a quiet, acceptable success. It has pleased, especially where the rôle of Rigolotto, which requires an actor of the first order, has been committed to able hands. But its success must be attributed not alone to this, but also to some charming pieces of music contained in the opera. There is, for instance, the duo, Gilda and the Duke, in the first act: *Signor re principe*, and the succeeding very brilliant and grateful aria of Gilda: *Caro nome che il mio cor*, which must sound very agreeably to dilettanti, and which will prove very effective. The rôle of the tenor is decidedly the best treated by the composer, so far as regards melody. The aria in the second act, *Parmi veder le lagrime*, and the canzone in the third act, *La donna è mobile*, prove this sufficiently; they are the freshest and the most natural in the opera.—The part of the baritone (Rigoletto) interests more by the dramatic resources it calls forth than by happy melodious phrasing. The grand scena where the poor father, under his jester's mask, has to conceal his anxiety for his stolen daughter, is, in a musical sense, rather too—*schottische*. The most pleasant piece of the whole is undoubtedly the quartet, *Un di, se ben rammentomi*, one of those encore pieces which sometimes decide the fate of an opera. Whenever and wherever it has been performed, its repetition has been demanded; and we doubt not the same will be true here. It is extremely pleasing, well adapted to the different voices, and very effective.

We need not say that the music of *Rigoletto* is thoroughly Italian, modern Italian; that is to say, *as music* a little worse than Donizetti. This is quite natural. If one pursues the same path which others have tried before him, he must of necessity be always behind them. But for all that, if well given, *Rigoletto* will please the public, and—*voilà tout*.—*N. Y. Musical Gazette.*

Auber's "Muette de Portici" (Masaniello).

The following is a summary of the dramatic and Musical situations of the Opera.

The First Act opens in the Royal Gardens of the palace of the Duke of Arcos, with ladies, knights, peasantry, &c., assembled to witness the nuptials of *Alphonse* and *Elvira*. After a chorus of rejoicing *Elvira* enters, and in a brilliant air expresses her happiness. A Guaratcha and Bolero are danced, at the termination of which the festivities are disturbed by *Fenella*, the dumb girl of Portici, rushing in to claim the protection of *Elvira* from the pursuit of *Selva* and soldiers. *Fenella*, in action, depicts her sad history; she has been the victim of some unknown Cavalier, from whom she has received a scarf; she has been arrested and imprisoned, but has escaped from prison, her life being in danger from the musket of a sentinel. *Elvira* promises to protect her, and then enters the chapel with *Alphonse*. The chorus invoke a blessing on the newly-married, but during the ceremony in the chapel *Fenella* has recognized in *Alphonse* her seducer; the soldiers prevent her entrance, and the dumb girl hears, with dismay, that the marriage rites are completed. On the return of *Elvira* and *Alphonse* from the chapel, the former presents *Fenella* to him, and then *Elvira* discovers that he is the betrayer of the girl she has protected. The finale of this Act paints the varied emotions in this scene of disorder and excitement.

The Second Act opens on the sea-shore, in the environs of Portici. Fishermen are assembled to greet the rising sun. *Masaniello* is seen brooding over the sufferings of his countrymen; his comrades call upon him to cheer them with his songs: he sings a Barcarolle, promising that the day of freedom will soon come, and impressing upon them the policy of caution, "to throw their nets with silence and skill, to make their prey more sure." *Pietro*, the friend of *Masaniello*, then enters, and an impassioned duo succeeds, in which the grief of *Masaniello* for his missing sister and the mutual resolution of the friends to strike a blow for freedom are expressed. *Masaniello* perceives *Fenella*, who is about to throw herself into the sea, but recognizing her brother, she descends from the rock, and, in animated signs, conveys to him the history of her wrongs and sufferings. *Masaniello* vows revenge, and in a spirited finale rouses his comrades to arms, *Pietro* and *Borella* assisting him to organize a rising of the people.

In the Third Act, after an Air by *Elvira*, are depicted the varied aspects of a Neapolitan market-place, amidst the turmoil and confusion of which are slumbering the stormy passions of an enraged populace. After a Tarantella, the attempt of *Selva* to arrest *Fenella* is the incentive to the insurrection, and she is rescued from the soldiers by the fishermen. *Masaniello* then gives the signal for the general rising, and before the people rush to the combat, they kneel and sing the celebrated Prayer which has immortalized Auber as a composer.

The Fourth Act opens in *Masaniello's* cottage. In an Air, he deplores the day of horror and slaughter, and laments that he has not strength of mind and resolution for such an enterprise. *Fenella* enters and depicts the disorder of the city, and she sinks exhausted with fatigue. Auber has composed a beautiful melody universally known as "*L'Air du Sommeil*," in this situation. At the termination of this air, *Pietro* enters and excites *Masaniello* to further revenge, announcing that *Alphonse*, the son of the Duke of Arcos, has escaped. The fishermen retiring for a moment, *Alphonse* and *Elvira* enter the cottage and demand protection from *Fenella*, who at first is disposed to take revenge, but is moved by the appeal of *Elvira* for mercy. A concerted piece ensues, in which *Masaniello* promises safety and defence to *Alphonse*, and on *Pietro* denouncing him as the Viceroy's son, he adheres to his pledge of hospitality, and consigns *Alphonse* to the care of *Borella*, *Pietro* and his companions vowing vengeance. The sail in the background of the cottage being withdrawn, the magistrates and citizens enter and present *Masaniello* with the keys of the city and royal insignia in token of submission, and he is proclaimed king by the insurgents, the Act concluding with a grand march and chorus in his honor.

In the Fifth Act, Mount Vesuvius is seen in the distance, the fore-ground being the Viceroy's Palace. *Pietro* sings a Barcarolle with his companions who have just left a banquet. *Borella* enters and announces that troops are in march against the fishermen, that Vesuvius is even conspiring against them, as an eruption is impending, and that *Masaniello's* reason has fled, unable to resist the horrors of the revolt. *Masaniello* enters, and his insanity is manifested beyond a doubt. He is, however, roused by *Fenella*, and learning the approach of the foe, once more heads his companions. In the fight, as *Alphonse* announces to *Elvira*, *Masaniello* is killed by his own comrades, and, on his fall, the soldiers are successful in defeating the revolted fishermen. *Fenella* joins the hands of *Alphonse* and *Elvira*, and, in despair at her brother's death, plunges from the terrace into the burning lava from Mount Vesuvius, the crater of which emits torrents of fire and smoke.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

The Consecration of the Infant.

FROM THE GERMAN OF ANASTASIUS GRÜN'S "LAST KNIGHT."

In yonder castle-chapel, upon the infant's brow
The consecrating fountain hath poured its waters now;
His eyes, then, heavenward lifting, cried Salzburg's holy man:
"In God's name I baptize thee—MAXIMILIAN!"

O Eleanor and Frederick! sure, till this very day,
No star upon your union had smiled with friendly ray;
But proudly now beholdeth, in blissful, fond embrace,
Lisboa's high-souled daughter her purple consort's face.

The glittering ring of courtiers around the cradle blaze,
Thus early to such splendor to train the infant's gaze;
Lenora brings her darling—ha! that impassioned kiss!
Forgets that she 's a princess in all the mother's bliss.

But lo! I mark, unbidden, beside that cradle stand
Two other guests—none sees them in all that stately band;
The one of lofty stature, a fresh and blooming dame,
A grim, old sage the other, with bowed and withering frame.

We give the haggard grey-beard the name of Death—the wife,
So lovely and so stately, is called among us Life;
Unseen, amid the circle they stood, and thus began
To speak his fair companion the bony, pale old man:

"To which, now, shall this infant belong—to you or me?
A kingly crown awaits him—then mine he sure must be.
A king—all's one whichever the man be, bad or good;
No king on earth died ever, with hands quite clean of blood.

"He is not yet accustomed to taste of life's sweet breath,
It will not pain him now, then, to be dethroned by Death;
Happy if now he perish! His heart shall never know
At once a monarch's torments with all a monarch's woe.

"This lamp of life extinguish—quench now these infant eyes—
A thousand lives are blooming, he else shall sacrifice;
A thousand eyes shall glisten with joy, instead of woe;
Where he one day plants graveyards, should then rich gardens glow.

"Dry up this brain: then never shall brood the thought one day,
How many graves are needed a throne to underlay;
Stop now this blood—then never the people's blood shall gush
To give his fading purple a dye of richer flush.

"Humanity lies bleeding—kings are its sore complaint;
Though *this* should be the best one that heaven had ever lent,
His land a bitter sorrow shall suffer for his sake,
When, his fair work half ended, his heart one day shall break."

Death ceased. In all that circle, I ween, none heard his voice,
Yet, as he spake, each heart's blood did trickle cold as ice;
The nosegay at the window was seen to fade and die,
The first-born tremulous tear-drop bedewed the infant's eye.

"O no! not yet extinguished shall be this eye-light's glow!
This heart shall throb with rapture, these rose-bud cheeks shall blow.
I lay my hand upon him—mine is the infant, mine!
A son of life I hail him—this kiss shall be the sign!

"He shall be king, his forehead with gold untarnished crowned;
Of all life's sons the fairest on earth the King is found;

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The towns that now are burning shall be rebuilt one day,
From eyes that now are weeping, wipe all the tears away.

"His hand shall pluck with rapture the wreath of evergreen,
Humanity's pale forehead to crown with hope serene,
And build to Peace and Freedom temples o'er many a grave,
Where Golgothas are blackening and churchyard grasses wave.

"His people's bliss—the pillow his head at night rests on,
His people's hearts—the columns that well uphold his throne
That deems he aye too little, and *these* too few by far,
His Chancellor is Confidence, and Love his Almoner.

"And, like the sun in heaven, so floats, though hid from view,
High over his dominions the King's warm blessing too;
Joy dwells in all the hamlets, concord in princely halls,
Rings 'freedom!' from the mountains, and 'Peace!' each valley calls.

"As troops of larks rise pouring their song in morning dim,
So thousand souls go soaring to God in prayer for him;
And where his dust shall slumber, *there* springs a harvest too,—
All this a monarch may be, and so shall this one do."

Thus, wondrously transfigured, spake Life, and no one heard,
In all that throng of courtiers, her high, triumphant word;
Yet larks, out 'doors, were trilling, spring-breezes swept the space,
And a faint smile, the earliest, played o'er the infant's face.

And, with the smiling infant, smiled the beholders all;
But now the Kaiser, thoughtful, went from the glittering hall;
With his seers and his sages, his watch-tower he climbs,
To read the starry record of the infant's future times.

But Eleanor more warmly around her darling flung
Her twining arms and, fondling, still closer to him clung,
And gazed with look of rapture into his two blue eyes;
"Twin-stars of my good fortune, O ever light these skies!" C. T. B.

Music in the Society of Friends.

The Society of Friends has at all times opposed the introduction of vocal or instrumental music into the families within the pale of its organization. If we mistake not, music has been expressly proscribed in its discipline. This feature is peculiar to both branches of the Society—the Orthodox and Hicksite—the division in 1828 and '29 having been followed by no marked change in the letter or spirit of the discipline of either branch—at least with respect to the toleration of music. But during the past twenty years there has been a manifest tendency on the part of the younger members of the Society to ignore such sectarian peculiarities as seemed to them merely formal, and having nothing to do with the essence of their religion. The shad-bellied coat and broad-brimmed hat having been cast aside, there is nothing at the present day in the external appearance of the young Friend to distinguish him from the ordinary citizen. It is true that elderly Friends of both sexes still preserve the pristine plainness of their Society in speech and dress, but there are not a few middle-aged Friends who are among the innovators.

In this march of innovation it would be strange if a love for music should not manifest itself among the members of this Society, unless we admit that Quaker nature and human nature differ from one another. That there is really no such difference we find in the fact of the protest against this proscription of music which exists in the minds of very many, and the practical protests in the shape of piano-fortes that exist in the houses of not a few Friends who reside in cities.

Slow, conservative members of the denomination have deprecated these evidences of a growing degeneracy in the Society. Others, however, have placed a different estimate upon these facts, believing that the desire manifested by Friends to cultivate a taste for music, is an evidence of progress. The question of tolerating this innovation has been in quiet agitation for some time; the matter was settled finally so far as the Society is concerned. The facts as we have been able to collate them are as follows:

A year or two since a Friend residing in Madison-st. was brought before the monthly meeting of the Hicksite Friends of this City, because he had purchased a piano-forte and had the same in his house. The fact was not denied, but it was averred that the offending Friend had ever been an exemplary member of the Society, and further, that the piano had not caused any visible deterioration in his religious zeal, piety or morality. But the monthly meeting was not satisfied with this and the sense of the meeting, as expressed by its clerk, was that the offending Friend should be disowned.

The disowned member was not satisfied with this decision and he appealed to the quarterly meeting. There the decision was confirmed. He again appealed to the yearly meeting which sat in this City last week. There the subject was fully canvassed. The good character of the offending Friend was fully sustained by ample testimony. But there was the piano—a hideous contrivance when viewed through Quaker spectacles—still standing, and probably in perfect tune, in his parlor in Madison-st., and the New-York yearly meeting confirmed the righteousness of the decision of the inferior tribunal. We believe that the piano is still standing there, but its owner has ceased to be a member of the Society.

The decision is a very important one in its consequences. It seems that there are about forty Friends in New-York, who, with their families, are liable to the same condemnation. Most of them stand high in the Society in every respect, except in entertaining a taste for the tabooed art. Among the number is at least one preacher. Under the decision of the yearly meeting, the monthly meeting of course will commence casting out the remaining offenders until the Society is purified of all music-loving persons.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Mlle. Rachel.—The main articles of the contract signed by Mlle. Rachel, are given as follows:

"Mlle. Rachel engages to give, in fifteen months, two hundred performances in America, including the Island of Cuba, for the sum of twelve hundred thousand francs, or 6,000 francs for each performance. She will receive, each evening, that sum from the receipts, and her brother was to be provided in advance of departure from Paris, a security of three hundred thousand francs in specie. Mlle. Rachel and her father, will defray all expenses of the travel and hotel. She will have two chambermaids, in each town, and a carriage with two horses will be put at her disposal. She will be entitled to four benefit performances, with twenty thousand francs guaranteed as the minimum proceeds of each. She can rescind the contract by giving her broker six months notice in advance. If she completes her appearance, the father will be entitled to one third in the benefit of the daughter, after three millions of receipts, and Mlle. Rachel will be entitled to a proportion of said benefits, after four millions and a half of receipts."

Musical Chit-Chat.

The European papers announce the death of Camille Pleyel, the celebrated pianoforte maker in Paris, a man much loved and respected. He was son of the composer, Ignaz Pleyel, whose graceful instrumental works were so much admired in the early part of this century, and was born Dec. 18th, 1788. He died in his sixty-seventh year, May 4th, 1855. His father, anxious that he should be an artist, placed him under the classical tuition of Dussek, who made him a pianist of the purest taste, as (it is said) his own compositions show. Kalkbrenner declared that the three pianists with the best gift for improvisation were Hummel, Chopin and Pleyel. Few persons (says the *Gazette Musicale*), except his intimate friends, have had an opportunity to convince themselves of this, "for he possessed that modesty which becomes more and more rare among our most admired pianists." Associated with his father for some years in the manufacture of pianos, he established in 1825, with Kalkbrenner, the house of Pleyel & Co., which has been highly flourishing during the thirty years that he has been at the head of it. He saw the importance of uniting the artist with the mechanic in such a manufacture, and for some years past has associated with himself M. Auguste Wolff, "who seems the natural heir of the artist and the great mechanic, so well known for his love of fine instruments as indispensable to the interpretation of the fine works of the great masters of the art." His pianos received the gold medal at the Expositions of 1827, '34, '39 and '44. He was named a member of the Legion of Honor in 1834, and in 1849 was excluded from the competition "as having already reached the apogee of merit in the construction of pianos of all kinds." The house of Pleyel sends out from 1,400 to 1,500 pianos annually and employs about 350 workmen.

They have in Paris a society called the *Caco-Philharmonic*, composed (if we may judge by the name) of the lovers of brazen harmony. There is a composer among them, M. Bellon, who actually writes symphonies for brass instruments. This exceptional sort of symphony should place him high among the class of musical innovators and originators, so much desiderated by friend Fry and others.

Mme. Laborde after all returns to the Opera. A judgment of the civil tribunal has declared the contract with M. Crosnier valid, in spite of the husband's opposition, and she must execute it under penalty of 50,000 francs damages.......Verdi's new opera, *Les Vêpres Siciliennes*, was to be brought out in Paris in a few days.

The Paris correspondent of the N. Y. *Tribune* mentions two new works of interest to music-lovers.

"A new biography of Mozart is announced by Otto Jahn, (German), made up from 3,000 letters of the great composer. Castil Blaze writes and publishes the first of two volumes with this promising title: '*Theatres Lyrique de Paris*, (L'Academie Imperiale de Musique), a Literary, Musical, Choregraphic, Picturesque, Moral, Critical, Facetious, Political and *Galante* History of this Theatre from 1645 to 1855.' Another volume is to follow on the Italian Opera, and another on the Opera Comique. If I might judge from what little I have read, for my sins, of Castil Blaze's writings, I should say that this book would not be an important contribution to literature or to documentary lore. I venture to guess that old anecdotes—doubtful and scandalous—occasional facts and dates easily to be got at, floating about in a sea of watery comment, that must pass for the original portion of the work, are the components of Castil Blaze's volumes. They cost seven and a half francs each."

A musical Bostonian, over the well-known signature of "L' Aboyeur," is writing pleasant letters from London about music, art, &c., in the *Evening Gazette*. He suspends judgment about the music of *Il Trovatore*, though he seems to have found much to delight him; but his memory was certainly at fault when he wrote: "After a few bars of introduction of great beauty of instrumentation, the curtain rose," &c. Now the few bars of introduction chance to be three long,

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lugubrious rolls of the kettle drums and nothing else; or they have an improved version of the opera in London.

The *Atlas* reminds us that MAX MARETZEK, for whose benefit *Rigoletto* was announced for last night, has been seven years in this country engaged in the conducting of Italian Opera, and that under his conductorship *twenty-three* different operas have been produced before an American public for the first time......Mrs. EASTCOTT, the American prima donna, late of Naples, is in London (as we learn from the N. Y. *Musical Review*); so too are BOTTESINI, the contrabassist, Mme. FIORANTINI, the prima donna, and SALVI, all recently in America, and it is rumored that BADIALI (may the fates forbid!) is soon to join them. .....ROSSINI, by advice of physicians, has gone to Paris to recruit himself. Such was his dread of steam, that he insisted on travelling the whole distance from Florence by *vetturino*......The copyrights of certain operas have yielded the publishers, Messrs. BRANDUS & Co., of Paris, the following round sums: *Robert le Diable* $30,000; *Masaniello* $30,000; *La Favorita*, *La Juive*, and *Le Domino Noir*, each $20,000......VON FLOTOW has written another opera, called *Albin*.

The bronze statue of BEETHOVEN has arrived in New York. It will be placed in the Boston Athenæum gallery for the summer, until arrangements can be made for properly placing it in the Music Hall, when, probably in the autumn, by way of solemn prelude to the musical season, it will be duly inaugurated, not without grand and fitting music, such as the Choral Symphony, &c. We have seen (at the house of the donor) a plaster cast of the bust, of the full size, which is considerably larger than life. It is indeed a grand, a noble head, more suggestive of all the great qualities of Beethoven's life and music than any bust or portrait we have ever seen of him. We doubt not CRAWFORD has produced *the* Beethoven of the world so far. No element, of massive strength, depth, fire, earnest, spiritual struggle, suffering, sweetest ideality and love and tenderness, seem wanting in that head and face. Its presence filled the room, so that through a long evening, listening to music, we could not keep our eyes from it. Once, while a fine composition of FRANZ SCHUBERT was being played, the Jove-like head seemed actually to nod, as when he said of Schubert living: "This young man has the true fire in him!"

From a French paper we translate the following: "At Balaklava every day the bands of the garrison give concerts in the square. The birds, who know very well the hour when these musical soirées in the open air commence, assemble in innumerable multitudes upon the trees and roofs of houses. The first piece is heard in profound silence; but the moment the second piece begins, the winged songsters join in and make such a hubbub, that a flute or oboe solo can scarcely be heard twenty feet off."

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JUNE 9, 1855.

Boston Theatre.—Italian Opera.

On Friday evening of last week *Lucia di Lammermoor* was given. This afforded opportunity for Mme. BERTUCCA-MARETZEK to assume for once the principal rôle, after the very pleasing impression she had made in the boy's part in "Tell." The lady has certainly gained both in voice, style and action since she was last above our lyric horizon, several years since. Her Lucia was really a fine performance, and called forth hearty and repeated plaudits. Her execution of its elaborate and florid melody was neat, artistic and effective; an eminently clever, not an inspired, effort. In singing and in acting all was conscientious, thorough and consistent. Some of her tones, especially the high ones, are very pure and silvery and powerful; others, as of old, especially on certain vowels, have a singularly pinched and Frenchy quality, which sounds as if the reed of the throat were pressed and forced beyond its power of free vibration. You notice it in rapid running passages, where the outline of the musical figure comes out full and bold in one part, and is pinched and smothered in another.

BRIGNOLI's rendering of the music of Edgardo was delicate, pathetic, pleasing; but he lacks strength for such a part; he was no match for the orchestra and BADIALI and chorus in the great sextet of the second act; and he had to husband his forces for the lamentable finale by the omission of the challenge scene with its strong masculine duet. BADIALI was of course a grand Enrico; COLETTI's Raimondo was satisfactory, only that his best piece was omitted; and the Herren BEUTTLER and QUINT, with their German conscientiousness and truth, made the secondary part of the captain of the huntsmen, and the husband, Lord Arthur, more acceptable than they were wont to be, as heard so often out of tune and murdered. The forester choruses of the first scene were well done, and the ensemble was generally good. *Lucia* we are inclined to place next to the *Lucrezia* among DONIZETTI's operas; it has many sweet, pathetic, gracefully ornate melodies, some fresh, effective choruses, a sextet which will endure as long as anything in modern Italian opera, and the benefit of a story which is dramatic in the best sense. But it has the fault of a too protracted monotony of lacrymose, sentimental sweetness, which makes it tedious in the end. The charm wears out.

On Saturday afternoon *Il Trovatore* was given for the third time, and with much the same kind of success as before; there being a sufficiency of fresh audience to offset those whose appetites already were beginning to crave other and more nourishing food.

The present week has been a week of benefits, closing our feast of opera, with this afternoon's performance, for some time to come. First came the benefit of Signorina FELICITA VESTVALI, Monday evening, when Donizetti's best opera, at least the one that wears best with the music-lovers here as elsewhere, his *Lucrezia Borgia*, was again performed in about the most satisfactory manner as a whole that we remember in the long series of operatic seasons, in which it has always borne its part here. Rather a droll, eleventh-hour controversy has been raging in some of the newspapers during the past week on the merits of this opera; one of the high contending parties fortifying his condemnatory criticism thereof by liberal citation of the musical authorities of London journalism at the period of its first production there—the *Athenæums*, *Spectators*, and the like. To any one who knows the strength of English prejudices in the matter of music, and who remembers how these same authorities once scouted much which is now commonly held classical; how they greeted each successive work of CHOPIN with contemptuous satire; how they sneered at poor BELLINI as a feeble imitator of ROSSINI; how they (some of them, at least,) not many years ago joined in the hue and cry of crazy man against BEETHOVEN, now the god of their idolatry, such appeals will carry little weight. Meanwhile there is no work of the Italians since ROSSINI, which the most musical and most exacting among the frequenters of the Opera seem so glad to have repeated as *Lucrezia Borgia*. Nor need one look beyond the work itself to find the reason thereof. In the first place it is one of the best constructed operas as to dramatic unity and progress; its characters are interesting, individual and well contrasted; its situations apt for music; it mingles the naive and the festive with the romantic and the tragic; it relieves the fever heats and chills of passion with frequent and as it were accidental peepings in of natural sunshine and summer, conveyed in the genial luxury of the music. Then the music itself abounds in spontaneous beauties and felicities; there is a freshness and unbidden charm in many strains in little incidental scenes and passages, which do not seem to claim to pass for much, but to have flowed out of a truly genial musical mood, like so much in "the Barber," and in works of Mozart; for instance, that accompanying the encounter of the two spies, the choruses in the street, &c.; and the whole of the festive chorus in the first scene, and the music of the banquet scene, is genial, lifesome and refreshing, with a bright and rich Venetian coloring. And how dramatic is much of the music! Take the passage in that stirring first scene, where the nobles one by one accuse and taunt the Borgia: *Maffeo Orsini, Signora, son' io*, &c.; take the trio and the whole scene between the duke and duchess; take the whole of the picturesque contralto rôle of Orsini. Surely we have to look among greater and deeper tone-poets than the modern Italian opera has been blessed with, to find music which is at once so dramatic and so musically genial and refreshing withal. With good interpreters, we cannot wonder that it still proves a sure card.

The good interpreters we had that evening. STEFFANONE's Lucrezia was from first to last one of the finest lyric impersonations we have ever witnessed, short of GRISI, and in the same school essentially. Her voice was remarkably at her command that night, and she looked, sang and acted splendidly. Indeed, there were points in the great scene with the Duke, which surpassed anything that we have seen before; as where, after exhausting all her powers of menace and persuasion, she throws herself into a chair, before the wine of Borgia is administered. VESTVALI looked and moved more beautiful and manlike than ever, as Maffeo Orsini, and sang better than we had before heard her. Her rendering of the Brindisi had a certain ecstacy of refined voluptuousness in it, which seemed original, peculiarly hers; but the exaggeration of the low contralto tones still deducted from the artistic enjoyment of the whole.

BADIALI, in voice, style and bearing is never so magnificent as in the part of Duke Alfonso, and never seemed he more so than on Monday. Signor BRIGNOLI lacks still the sustained power of voice for so trying a part as Gennaro. He shades too much of his music into *sotto voce* to save himself for a few strong phrases or isolated notes; yet there is great purity and sweetness in his singing, and he has a sympathetic quality of voice that grows upon you. Of the excellence of the *ensemble* we need add nothing to what was

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said last week. After the curtain fell, and the artists were called out, Signorina Vestvali returned and, with that ready genius for all sorts of languages which characterizes the Sclavonic races, read in correct, clear English, and with that certain charm of accent which reminded one of KOSSUTH, a little speech full of grateful and graceful acknowledgments, much to the enhancement of the whole charm of the evening.

On Wednesday evening the performance was for the benefit of Signora BALBINA STEFFANONE, when we were sorry to see the house very far from full. This was perhaps owing to the want of novelty in the programme, and even seemed to indicate the waning popularity of *Il Trovatore*, which formed the bulk of the entertainment, the first act only being left off and the glorious second act of "Tell" given in its place. It was a real satisfaction to listen once more to that admirable music, for the second act is musically the best; only it is too rich and full of musical ideas for popular effect, requiring to be heard many times, and sure to repay the more closely and repeatedly it is observed. Moreover the protracted series of recitative, air, trio, choruses, single, double and triple, by male voices only, probably needs the lighting up of some soprano to make it catch the flagging general attention. But the trio of the three patriots, and that magnificent music accompanying the oath, and all the little orchestral ideas and harmonies which represent the arrival severally of the three cantons,—what have we had so satisfying to listen to, since we had *Don Giovanni?* It would have been better policy, we think, to give also the first act of "Tell," in which there is so much that is fresh and sparkling; a sombre, night-fall coloring lies over all this second act. Steffanone, though not in her best health, sang well her air: *Sombre foret* and duo with Arnold. Sig. Bolcioni was not always quite in tune; yet the act as a whole was well performed, Badiali and Coletti doing full justice to the music of Tell and Walter Furst. We must say the music of the *Trovatore* (so much as we heard of it) suffered by such comparison.

NEW OPERAS.—The Italian troupe leave us with a taste of two new operas—that is, new to us.

First, *Rigoletto* was the attraction for last night, on the occasion of conductor MARETZEK's benefit. *Rigoletto* was the last production of VERDI before the *Trovatore*. It is the seventeenth upon his list of operas and was first produced in 1851. We have already (Vol. III., page 82) given a very good description of it from the *Athenæum*, and to-day we copy the story from the libretto with some just comments by one of our New York contemporaries. We write before hearing it; but an examination of the score inclines us to the opinion that the music in itself is considerably better than that of the *Trovatore*. It has more relief; more that is light, genial, sparkling, alternating with the tragic; more felicitous ideas, more luxury of melody and accompaniment. Both works abound in dance rhythms. The difference would seem to be that in *Rigoletto* the dance music means real dancing and feasting, whereas in *Il Trovatore* it means roasting alive. The plot is as absurd and monstrous as that of the *Trovatore:* but the characters are more individual and interesting; it admits of more scenes that are light, natural and agreeable; it is not all wrapped in the lurid atmosphere of horrors, not so much of the harrowing kind from first to last.

The other is *Masaniello*, AUBER's most important work, which is to be given by way of farewell of the Italian troupe, and for the benefit of Sig. BRIGNOLI, the young tenor, *this afternoon*. Next to "William Tell," this work should excite more interest here than any which this company have offered; and we could have wished that it might not be given merely on a Saturday afternoon. Naturally the artists thought it as familiar in Boston as it is in almost all other musical cities. But it is as good as new to us,—at least to the present generation of opera-goers. A sort of English abridgement of it *was* given many years ago here, we believe, by the SEGUINS; and the more salient pieces of the music, the overture, the barcarolle, the prayer, the dances, &c., have long floated on the musical atmosphere which we all breathe. All the more should we rejoice at an opportunity to hear the famous work for once in its entireness.

RICHARD WAGNER has pointed out the striking relation in which "Masaniello" stands to "William Tell." We are tempted to re-produce the passage. He is speaking of the renovation of Opera from popular melodies, begun by WEBER:

. . . . And now the grand hunt for popular melodies broke loose. . . . Our Frenchmen were quickly on their feet; they merely looked into the hand-books for tourists, and set out in person to see and hear, upon the spot, wherever any bit of popular *naiveté* was to be found, both how it looked and sounded. . . . There, in the beautiful and much defiled land of Italy, whose musical fatness Rossini had exhausted with such elegant complacency for the lean world of Art, sat the careless and luxurious master and looked on with a wondering smile upon this rummaging about of the gallant Parisian popular melody hunters. One of these was a good rider, and when he got off from his horse after a hasty ride, people knew that he had found a good melody, which would bring him in much gold. This man rode like all possessed through all the fish and vegetable markets of Naples, till every thing flew around about his ears, scoldings and curses followed him, and threatening fists were raised against him,—so that with the lightning-speed of instinct he snuffed the idea of a magnificent fishermen's and market-men's revolution. But there was still more profit to be made out of this! Away to Portici gallops the Parisian rider, to the barks and nets of those *naive* fishermen, who are singing there and catching fish, sleeping and throwing knives, stabbing and killing one another, and still singing on. . . . The rider rode home, sprang from his horse, paid Rossini an uncommonly gracious compliment (he knew well why!), took the extra post to Paris, and what he there got ready in the turning of his hand was nothing more nor less than the *Muette de Portici* ("Masaniello.")

—This "Mute" was the now speechless-grown Muse of the Drama, who, sad and lonely in the midst of singing and tumultuous masses, wandered about with broken heart, only at last from satiety of life to smother herself and her irremediable anguish in the artificial fury of the theatrical volcano!—

ROSSINI looked on from afar upon the gorgeous spectacle, and when he journeyed to Paris, he thought he would just stop and rest awhile under the snowy Alps of Switzerland, and listen how the healthy and brave fellows there held musical communion with their mountains and their cows. Arrived at Paris, he paid Auber his *most* gracious compliment (he knew well why!), and placed before the world, with much paternal joy, his youngest child, which by a happy inspiration he had baptized "William Tell."

The "*Muette de Portici*" and "William Tell" became now the two poles of the axis, about which the whole speculative world of opera music turned. A new secret for galvanizing the half effete body of the opera had been found.

Query: if the mute Fenella typifies the speechless Muse of the effete Opera of twenty years ago, have we not the final plunge into the fiery volcano in the lurid works of Verdi?

The opera this afternoon (which, please observe, commences *half an hour earlier* than usual) is to be followed by the last scene of *Lucia*, in which our townsman, Mr. HARRISON MILLARD, is to make his first and only appearance in opera, since his return from Italy, as Edgardo. It is an event of no ordinary interest, and will stimulate the competition for good seats.

Has Musical Taste Improved among us?

MR. EDITOR:—I was pleased to read an article in your tasteful "Journal," a short time since, reflecting upon recently made intimations that Boston was declining in musical culture and appreciation. I think the circumstance you mentioned of the many private gatherings for the enjoyment of classical music, is ample refutation of these charges; although I have no doubt but many persons, from want of knowledge that such gatherings are frequent, have a strong conviction that want of patronage to musical entertainments results from a want of real musical taste in our community.

But I must think quite differently. It would seem rather that this want of patronage has a contrary cause, —that it exists because the tastes of those who can afford to pay good prices for good music is elevated by continued cultivation until they desire something beyond what they have offered them in the concert room.

Some are fond of sneering because a well appointed Italian opera troupe will draw good houses, while a most exquisite singer of English opera warbles to empty benches. But the cause of this seems plain. The English troupe had but one or two real attractions. One prominent member was at least a dead weight: some would speak more harshly than even that. The Italian troupes which have succeeded have done so by strong *combined* attractions in the form of *artists*, to say nothing of the music. This is one very evident key to their superior success. Another is, that very many of our citizens have learned to appreciate the niceties of artistic vocal music and to value it above a mere understanding of words. English Opera is,—much of it,—mere talk; some of it even weaker and more aimless talk than the regular drama will allow: hence the very many who visit the Theatre from pure love of music, stay away when English opera is announced; while its dramatic attractions are insufficient to gather those who merely wish to see and hear a Play. Partly from this reason then, and partly from lack of much other attraction than the single one of LOUISA PYNE's exquisite vocalization, English Opera was not as successful as Italian. These thoughts aid me in retaining belief that Boston is still musical, and still ready to prove the fact,—still ready to patronize whoever will offer entertainments in accordance with a constantly refining and more exacting taste.

It can hardly be assuming too much then, to say that Operatic Music is winning a decided preference. And again, that class of Opera, which is most wholly music, is gaining ascendancy over that which is partly merely drama.

In this progress may we not soon hope to have offered some of the deliciously entrancing GERMAN Opera?—or failing that, may we not hope to see German Operatic music take a prominent place in concert programmes?

There is a sweetness and purity of bewitching scientific movement in German music that makes it a welcome visitant to the cultivated ear, and I hope yet to see it in high favor with Boston audiences.

I have noticed with pleasure a recent promise of movement in regard to a permanent system of instruction in Italian, French and English Operatic music; and were *German* included, I should hail the plan with enthusiasm, and predict unbounded success, if the work be followed with diligence and perseverance. There is

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material in Boston for an Academy with an object like this, which may become an honor of unmistakeable prominence, and afford an amount of beneficial instruction to our citizens, which shall place them beyond a question of their musical appreciation.

Under proper management such an enterprise would succeed, and would then become a fount from which lovers of Music would draw a vast deal of delicious pleasure and solid gratification; and in which those who had rallied to its first aid and support would take an earnest and increasing pride. ST. BERNARDE.

It strikes us "St. Bernarde," for a grave saint "smit with the love of sacred song," has seized hold of rather the most secular corner of the subject in the above. His remarks are true as far as they go. But are we to look wholly, or mainly, to the love of Opera, of *any* kind, for the real test of a progressive, deepening taste for music? Witness the clamorous plaudits with which a melodramatic *Trovatore* is received, in comparison with the really musical "William Tell," and judge how far the popular or fashionable support of opera springs from a really *musical* passion. The singers in the first place (and even then quite as much the actors as the singers,—or it may be only a beautiful or stately presence), and then the plot, the situations, the scenery, the harrowing tragical excitement, seem to have as much or more to do with the success of an opera, than the real merit of the music, in Boston, as in every other place, except it be in Germany.

But we second the Saint's call for German opera; there *would* be proof of musical improvement in a hearty welcoming and cherishing of that. Only "bewitchingly scientific" is scarcely likely to become a cant phrase among opera *habitués*; it is in the concert room, in Symphony and Chamber Concerts, and in the private soirées of late so often referred to, that our most real and sincere love of music is to be measured. Because to the concerts go the music-lovers; while in the Opera, *that* opera will always be announced which draws the greatest number of persons, that is of spectacle and play-goers as well as of music-lovers. The crowded audience of the last work of Verdi is only in small part a musical audience; it is an audience of new comers, young and raw recruits into the operatic army, who are excited and delighted in a musical performance by just that which is the least musical feature in it. When, on the other hand, an opera appealing to the truer love of music *as such* is announced, these keep away, and the audience is drawn from the of course smaller public of the musical, whose delight is quiet, who make no *furores* even when they are best pleased, and whose "house" is not in the habit of "coming down" in the way that delights managers and prima donnas, and gives the newspaper paragraphists a nice chance to air their stereotyped superlatives.

But looking at our musical public, properly so called, although it may be small compared with the great miscellaneous public, whose eyes so readily yield tears to the red pepper of the most stunning modern opera, yet compared with musical publics elsewhere, we believe it to be both large and highly cultivated and in a sound direction. This everywhere limited public, even if not large enough to support so costly an institution as the Opera and make it partly German, has yet shown in other things, in its love and support of Oratorios, orchestral symphonies, &c., enough, we think, to satisfy our saintly correspondent's most glowing imagination of what is due to the "delicious entrancingness," or the "entrancing deliciousness" of German music.

MADAME DE LAGRANGE.—Our readers will rejoice to read the announcement that this wonderful vocalist, of whom we wrote our impressions after a recent visit to New York, is to commence a series of concerts in the Boston Music Hall on Monday evening. She will be accompanied by the other distinguished artists of her troupe: namely, Sig. MIRATE, one of the first tenors of Italy, who sang in Milan with Miss HENSLER; Sig. MORELLI, an admirable baritone; Sig. MARINI, the well known *basso profondo*, and others. We can assure our concert-goers, they will hear some of the most admirable singing they have heard for many a day.

Among the passengers by the steamer Washington, from Bremen, which arrived in New York Wednesday evening, were Miss ELISE HENSLER and her father. Their many friends will be glad to know that both arrived in good health, Mr. Hensler having been benefitted greatly by the voyage. We trust our own ears will soon confirm the uniformly good reports which come to us from Milan of our young Boston prima donna. She is our third, Mme. BISCACCIANTI having been the first, and Mme. LORINI (VIRGINIA WHITING) the second. When shall we have the fourth, still in Europe, Miss ADELAIDE PHILLIPS?

It will be understood that Miss Hensler returns to us for private, and not professional reasons.

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On which occasion Auber's splendid Opera of

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Signor MARINI,

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A FULL AND COMPLETE ORCHESTRA under the direction of SIGNOR ARDITI.

☞ Further particulars will shortly be announced.

BOSTON MUSIC HALL ASSOCIATION.

The Annual Meeting of the Stockholders of the Boston Music Hall Association will be held at the Music Hall on WEDNESDAY, the 13th of June, current, at 4 o'clock in the afternoon.

FRANCIS L. BATCHELDER, Clerk.

Boston, June 6. 1855.

☞ JOB PRINTING neatly and promptly executed at this Office.

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With the third Symphony in E flat (55th work) BEETHOVEN opens the series of his really great symphonic creations, in which he will ever remain unapproachable. This has long been a settled point among real connoisseurs of music, and only the grossest ignorance can speak here still of grotesque extravagance, of lack of form or symmetry, where an ocean of tones is spread out and the whole fulness of profound human emotion is mirrored in its depths.

What an immeasurable fulness of the richest feeling is unfolded in this *Eroica!* THEODORE UHLIG (in the Leipzig *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*) has already called attention to the fact, that the Heroic in this work is not to be sought in its attempt to represent the life of an actual hero. This hitherto current idea of the work is, to be sure, somewhat countenanced by the first and second movements, seeing that the first suggests the struggle, the suffering, the victory and the death of the hero, in a word his life; while the second, the funeral march, represents in tones his burial, with all the painful and elevated feelings connected with this solemnity; but in that view the two last movements become a mere unorganic appendage, they show no ideal connection with the first parts of the work; the organic ideal unity of all the parts is broken, and it ceases to be an artistic creation of the first rank. Nevertheless the work was produced at one cast, and the cultivated mind, surrendering itself more intimately to it and penetrating more deeply into its meaning, *felt* its unity. But this feeling could not attain to any definite expression of itself, until a great artist succeeded in finding the key to the unconscious felt understanding, and in reproducing the idea of the creation in familiar words. This was done by RICHARD WAGNER in his "Programme to the Heroic Symphony." This programme forms an epoch in the history of the understanding of the works of Beethoven, and we may be permitted to present here its leading features.*

According to Wagner, the moving principle and soul of the work is found in all the various, mutually and mightily complicated feelings of a strong, complete individuality, to which there is nothing alien that is human, but which contains all the truly human in itself, and expresses it in such a manner that it seems, after the frankest revelation of all noble passions, to reach a consummation of its nature, marrying the most feeling tenderness with the most energetic strength. The progress to this consummation constitutes the heroic tendency of this work of Art.

The first movement includes, as in a glowing focus, all the feelings of a rich human nature in their most restless moods of young activity.—Gladness and sadness, musing and yearning, languishing and luxuriating, boldness, defiance, and an unsubduable self-consciousness, alternate and interpenetrate; but all these emotions proceed from one main faculty, *Strength*, which in the over-fulness of its being gathers itself up, towards the middle of the movement, to an annihilating energy. This crushing power hurries on to a tragical catastrophe, whose earnest significance is announced to us in the second movement under the garb of a funeral march, in which a feeling of deep, suppressed pain, of solemn grief resounds; an earnest, manly sorrow modulates from complaint to tender emotion, to recollection, to tears of love, to inward exaltation, to inspired appeals. Out of sorrow germinates a new strength, which fills us with a sublime glow; for nourishment of this strength we turn involuntarily again to sorrow; we give ourselves up to it even to melting away in sighs; but precisely here once more we gather up our fullest strength; we will not succumb, we will endure.

We do not shrink from sorrow, but we bear it up on the strong waves of a brave and manly heart. Strength, chastened by its own deep suffering,—strength, cured by its annihilating excess, is what the Third Movement shows us now in its bright serenity. Its wild impetuosity has become transposed into a fresh and cheerful activity; we have now the loveable, glad man before us, who walks happy and delighted through the fields of nature, smiles upon the landscape, and listens to the merry hunting horns resounding from the wooded heights. If in the second movement we have the deeply, greatly suffering, here (in the Scherzo) we have the glad and brightly active man. These two sides Beethoven brings together in the Fourth and last Movement, to show us the whole Man in harmony with himself. This movement is the well won countertype of the first.

As there all human feelings are seen now blending and now mutually repelling, so here these differences are united into one harmonious result, which presents itself to us in a beneficent plastic form. This form is first fixed in an extremely simple theme, capable of development from the tenderest delicacy to the highest power. It represents in a certain manner the firm, manly individuality. About it from the outset twine and hover all the tenderer and softer feelings, developing themselves into the announcement of the pure feminine element, which finally reveals itself to the manly principal theme as the o'ermastering might of Love. At the close of the movement this power opens for itself a full, broad path into the heart, penetrating and filling the whole manly heart down to its lowest depth. Here it is that the heart once more utters the thought of life suffering: the breast heaves with fulness of love—the breast, which in its bliss embraces also woe. Once more the heart throbs, and the rich tears of noble humanity gush forth; but out of the ecstacy of sadness boldly bursts the jubilee of Strength,—Strength married with Love, and in which now the whole, the complete Man exulting claims our recognition of his divinity.

Such, according to Wagner, is the idea of the work. But the tone-poet found the then prevailing symphonic form inadequate to the most living representation of such an idea; it was too narrow for the expression of such wealth. With singular boldness therefore Beethoven burst the old form and created an essentially new one, in which he could proceed unfettered. The essence of this new form however must be partly sought in this: that the purely musical principle of development and working out of the musical thoughts, in other words, that regard to the strict rules of Harmony and Counterpoint, no longer determines the single movement in its musical career; but that the Idea itself in its progress and development determines the musical mode of expression; that not a specifically musical mode of expression, but an actual poetic design determines and moulds this form. This is not saying that Beethoven set at nought the everlasting natural laws of Harmony, but only that he adopted a freer harmonic working up of the musical periods,

* For translation of Wagner's article entire see Vol. VI., page 73 of this Journal.

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that he resorted to bolder harmonic modulations, and when the idea of the work required it, indulged fearlessly in the boldest, most unheard of dissonances; for instance, in the well known four measures in the second part of the first movement, which alone could suggest "Strength gathering itself up to an annihilating power."—Then again we recognize the novelty of these forms in their *dramatic* element. This too was necessarily conditioned by the dramatically moved inward life to be represented. Accordingly the music moves in constant antitheses, as for instance in the first Allegro, where the swelling and subsiding of the tones forms an essential contrast to the pure lyrical outflow of feeling in the symphonies of Haydn and Mozart; so also the two leading themes of the concluding movement are placed in a pure dramatic antithesis to one another.

With this new subject-matter and this new form the instrumentation grew up in the most intimate union. The world of instruments had by an inward necessity to shape and expand itself into one richer and more individual. In this work accordingly Beethoven reaches that inspiration and individual significance of the single instrument, whereby it becomes capable of expressing a definite side of a poetic idea, and only comes into distinct prominence through the poetic necessity of expression; its use is no longer determined by mere regard to the variety and alternation of the sensuous colors of the tones. Here every instrument is, so to speak, a self-centred, independent individuality, which Beethoven in the course of his creation strives to fashion to an even more precise peculiarity. With this we take leave of the grand work, and turn now to the Fourth Symphony.

The Fourth Symphony of Beethoven, in B flat major (60th work) holds in several respects an isolated place among its sisters. While the third, fifth and ninth symphonies stand in an intimate relationship to one another, on the one hand through the earnestness and elevation of their subject-matter, and on the other, through the conflicts of feeling and the sufferings represented in them; while the sixth, seventh and eighth symphonies in their common cheerfulness compose an intimate trinity, the fourth floats in a peculiarly fantastic region, which it pursues into its airiest distances. Moreover while the other symphonies are distinguished from the third by the ideal inward connection of their single parts, while they manifest an actual organic development of certain moods determined by an inward necessity, while they are each supported by a unique fundamental idea, in the fourth symphony we miss all such ideal unity of its parts, it suffers by a certain heterogeneousness of character. Finally, while those symphonies, as compared with Haydn's and Mozart's, as well as with the two first of Beethoven, contain an essentially new form, distinct in principle from the earlier forms, the fourth symphony rests substantially upon those older, and already superseded formal bases.

Now it is remarkable and has already become recognized as a fact, that the genuine, unprejudiced, unaffected admirers of Beethoven,—of course not those who wax equally enthusiastic about *every* work of the master—have been less satisfied with the B flat major Symphony. And in fact whoever has been filled by Beethoven in the *Eroica*, finds himself unable to receive this symphony with the same inspiration. If the ever onward-striving composer is not to be considered in this work as having retrograded or halted in his artistic career, certainly he shows no real advance in it upon the *Eroica;* it is rather a solitary digression and aberration from the main path, into which Beethoven had struck; it is a side star, a production which owes its origin to a momentary special direction of ideas in the Beethoven genius; it sprung from a period, in which Beethoven for the time being perhaps did not feel himself in his highest state of creative energy. "Even the good Homer sometimes nods." Apart from this, however, this symphony also bears the stamp of the Beethoven genius. The fantastic-romantic character of the work stamps itself in the first movement universally.—The slow introduction transports the feeling soul into a peculiar state of suspense; the fantastic powers seem as yet bound and fettered by an invisible limit, until this is broken through in a genuine Beethoven climax, and now the jocund host rustle away upon the waves of tone, now losing themselves in unobserved solitude, now finding one another again, and, re-united, beginning their dances anew.

In the Second Movement a deep silence is first introduced, a deep-felt, sustained *cantabile* commences and unfolds into a tranquil, musing wave-like movement, lifting itself even to the spheres of ecstacy,—think of the magical entrance of the G flat major in the middle of the movement—till the loud chord closes the movement and the etherial world has vanished at a blow. Now in the Third Movement the fantastic play begins anew and soars in the concluding movement even into the finest *nuances*, the most individual shadings and the most evanescent figures, where it ends. The heterogeneousness of sentiment in this symphony lies in the relation of the second to the third and fourth movement. This ecstacy in the second movement stands in no organic consistency with the jovial character of the last. This has been very justly pointed out by a musical critic, THEODORE UHLIG, as also the violent termination of the second movement, which betrays a contradiction of feeling with the essential spirit of the whole, and was evidently designed to mediate the transition to the following movements; whereby Beethoven himself, as Uhlig strikingly remarks, gives us to understand that he has felt the want of organic consistency.

If, after all, then, Beethoven's Fourth Symphony cannot maintain an equal rank with the *Eroica* and the later symphonies, yet by the originality of its tone-pictures, by its life-like instrumentation, especially by its countless beauties of detail, it is one of the noblest blossomings of the Beethoven Art.

[To be continued.]

From the *Calendar*, (Hartford, Ct.) Feb. 3.

Musical Talent of the Americans.

The failure of all attempts hitherto to introduce congregational singing in place of that of a choir, ought to have suggested long ago an inquiry into the *cause*, why so much effort should have been made in vain. Were that more distinctly developed and more generally understood, it is possible that a great deal of the ink which is being shed in so profitless a discussion would be reserved for more useful purposes. I call it profitless; because, after all that has been said, and much of it well said, on the superior fitness of congregational singing in public worship, I am mistaken if one of my readers can point to a single parish within his knowledge, where the change has been made.

Now, the cause, which is patent to every one, and lies on the surface, is obviously this: that three-fourths of the members of any given congregation *are not singers:* but this is only carrying us back a single step, where we are confronted with the question—why is it so? why is not music taught in our common schools as in Germany? Why are not our children initiated into the mysteries of an art so easily understood, and the source of so much innocent pleasure? This brings us to the point; and the correct reply is one, I fear, not calculated to inspire any very sanguine hopes for the future. However mortifying the confession, our whole failure may, in my opinion, be traced to the simple fact, that *the Americans are* NOT *a musical people*; that they have not the fine musical organization which delights in song, and enables them to appreciate highly, and feel strongly, the power of melody and harmony over the soul; and *therefore* it is, that music is so little cultivated amongst us. It is common, I know, to ascribe the passion for music among the Germans to its being taught them in childhood; whereas, such teaching is the *effect* rather than the cause of the musical taste so generally prevalent, though it doubtless tends greatly to augment and perfect the latter.

As some evidences in support of an opinion so heterodox as the one I have expressed, may be expected, I will indicate a few as they occur to me.

The experiment of making the study of music a branch of elementary education, was faithfully tried a few years ago in Boston, by a no less competent teacher than Mr. Mason. He had just returned from the Continent, glowing with the sanguine hope of making our land another Germany, and for a time appeared to succeed with his juvenile classes; but when the novelty of the thing had worn off, it became an up-hill work, and is now, I believe, relinquished. At least, no report of any remarkable success has come to our knowledge; and the failure, if there was one, of an experiment so auspiciously begun, can be ascribed only to what I must regard as a fixed fact, that we as a people are not endowed with much sensibility to the charms of music. The English have perhaps as little as we have, and the French are no better. Unless Auber is a Frenchman as the French claim him to be—though the name has a German look—neither of the three countries has yet produced an Opera of any celebrity, though they all affect a passion for that kind of music. The same may be said of the sacred Oratorios which are occasionally performed amongst us. They are all of foreign growth—none American—none English. Yet musical compositions of high merit are the real test of the musical genius of a people; and all we can boast of in this line is, a few songs for misses to warble to the piano, with certain anthems of doubtful merit, and psalmody of a very mediocre character. Our country has given birth to orators and statesmen of world-wide fame; our sculptors, painters and architects vie with the best in the old world; in military and engineering talent we are inferior to none; even our poets "micant inter *minores* stellas"—for the gods seem for the present to have sealed up the fountain of plenary inspiration from all people; but of musical composers, even approximating towards excellence, we have not one, nor ever had. Even the merit of Yankee Doodle is not ours.

Now, it is in vain to contend that a soil, so barren of creative talent, is not necessarily indicative of great poverty of musical genius; especially when regard is had to the liberal encouragement which eminent professors of the art meet with in this country.

Ah, says the objector, then you concede the point that music is encouraged and rewarded in America: is not that a conclusive argument that it is appreciated too?

Yes; we have *had* the Malibrans, and Jenny Linds, and Sontags, with others of lesser fame; and we *have* the Marios and Grisis; and we have given them, in stereotyped phrase, "an enthusiastic reception." Yet we are not to forget that the celebrity they had achieved in the old world preceded them hither, and that their advent was

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heralded by long and loud blasts of the trumpet on every possible key. Not to have recognized their surpassing excellence, and fallen into ecstacies at their vocalization, would have been to confess that we are insensible, unmusical, without taste, and above all, unfashionable; and that would have been killing to our vanity.

But let us examine a little the character and quality of the plaudits with which their exhibitions have been hailed, and see what they are worth as proofs of our musical taste? An Opera, by one of the great masters of song, is being performed. One of the three or four movements—for there are rarely more in a single piece—is reached, into which the composer has thrown all his inspiration, and created a strain original, simple, unadorned by meretricious finery and fantastic flights, but full of a strange, mysterious pathos, which suspends the breath, and stirs to the very depths the souls of the favored few, to whom the divine sense has been vouchsafed,—sending the electric thrills in wave after wave along the nerves, till the ecstacy almost becomes insupportable. How is it appreciated by the majority of the audience—by most even of those who would feel offended if they were not allowed to pass for musical critics? If I may trust my own observation, it is likely to be thought tame and spiritless, if not something of a bore. But let a passage of extraordinary *difficulty* be triumphantly encountered—a trill spun out to an interminable length—a flourish made up of seeming impossibilities for the voice to compass, and expression of no musical thought; and, *presto!* "the house comes down" in a thunder of applause. Let us now suppose the scene to be suddenly changed, and an *acrobate* to take his place on the stage, poised on his thumb, with his heels in the air, and a ladder on the top of them, and a boy on the top of that; and the same uproarious applause would follow, with probably just as true a perception of *music* in the one exhibition as in the other. It is the adroitness of the feat, and that only, which is appreciated in both cases. A German or Italian audience always applauds in the *right place;* an American as constantly in the *wrong* one. While some glorious strain is being delivered, the German or Italian does mental homage to the genius that conceived it; an American never thinks of that—all his talk is of the *singer*, and his chief delight in those unnatural exploits of voice, which are the abhorrence of all true lovers of music. And I may add—what is not without significance—while the approbation of the former is commonly expressed by a low murmur, and a rustling of fans, and a general but slight movement in the audience, "The Free Democracy" is not satisfied without bringing boots, and fists, and cudgels, into play. Approbation, then, of music, to be worth anything as a proof of musical sensibility, must be discriminating, and bestowed where it ought to be; otherwise it is a damaging sort of proof on the other side.

I have spoken of the Americans *as a people*, but am far from denying that many of them are endowed with the *mens divinior* to feel and appreciate music of the highest order. Such, however, must be regarded as exceptions to the general rule. And if the fact be so, it sufficiently explains why music is no more cultivated amongst us. Admitting our low musical organization and temperament, the futility of attempting to make musicians of a majority of our population, or even of any considerable proportion of them, and consequently of carrying out the proposed design of substituting congregational singing for that of a choir, becomes apparent. Little can be argued from the success of the early Methodists in this particular: their religious fervor enabled them to succeed for a time, but now it is believed that, with few exceptions, they have fallen away from their first love.

The writer would regret having penned these remarks, if he supposed that their practical tendency would be to discourage the cultivation of whatever musical talent we have, since that is the only way in which our choirs can be sustained and improved.

Bad compositions thou must never play, nor even hear, if thou canst help it.—*Schumann.*

[From the Crayon.]

INVITA MINERVA.

The Bardling came, where, by the river, grew
The pennoned reeds, that in the westwind blue,
Gleamed and sighed plaintively, as if they knew
What music slept enchanted in each stem,
Till Pan should choose some happy one of them,
And, with his wise lips, thrill it through and through.

The Bardling thought,—"A pipe is all I need:
Once I have picked me out a daintier reed,
And shaped it to my fancy, I proceed
To blow such notes as yonder, 'mid the rocks,
That strange youth blows, who tends Admetus' flocks,
And all the maidens will to me pay heed."

A long June day he searched the rivage round,
And many a reed he marred, but never found
The one wherein the strange youth's tones were bound;
At last his vainly-wearied limbs he laid
Beneath a darksome laurel's flickering shade,
And sleep about his sense her cobwebs bound.

Then shone the Mighty Mother through his dreams,
And said, "The reeds that grow beside these streams
Are mine; and who art thou that layest schemes
To snare the melodies, wherewith my breath
Inspires the double-pipes of Life and Death,
And harmonizes that which discord seems?

"He seeks not me, but I seek oft in vain
For him who shall my voiceful reeds constrain
To free his heart of its melodious pain:
He flies the fatal gift, for well he knows
His life of life must with its overflows
Flood the unthankful pipe, nor come again."

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

A London View of Verdi's "Trovatore."

If not precisely the best, *Il Trovatore* is one of the longest operas of Signor VERDI, and in some respects the one in which he has attempted most. We cannot perceive in any part of the music, however, that thorough transformation of style which some of the Continental critics have announced. On the contrary, we find the composer of *Ernani* and *Nabucco* as plainly declared as in either of those works, with the same forms of melody, the same disregard of construction, the same straining of voices, the same choruses in unison, the same violent contrasts, and the same poverty of instrumentation. Nevertheless, we think, that dramatic instinct, at times even dramatic *power*, is more frequently indicated in the *Trovatore* than in any other of Signor Verdi's operas, not excepting *Rigoletto*. The tunes are not so simple and rhythmical, but the coloring is more appropriate, and the general "effect" better. To deny merit altogether to the *Trovatore* would be just as unfair as to go the extreme length of Verdi's admirers, who proclaim it the grandest dramatic work of modern times. It is no more to be despised than it is to be raised to Olympus. But how many works are there, occupying that border-land between the contemptible and sublime, which, accepted by the world, have pleased, continue to please, and are likely to please? It were easy to cite examples. A work may be dramatic, and afford gratification to mixed audiences, without being profound or even correct; and Sig. Verdi is neither one nor the other. It is for the public to applaud, but for the critic to do his duty and examine. *Il Trovatore* is written in contempt of all rules; no *ad captandum* qualities, no temporary success, however imposing, can atone for the want of refinement, the coarseness of style, the habitual contempt for pure forms, which are as apparent as in any of the previous attempts of the composer, and the more to be regretted, since, even with such evidence of dramatic feeling, individuality of manner, and fluency of execution, they render it impossible to hope for any newly awakened desire on the part of Signor Verdi to become essentially an artist. The question of art is distinct, however, from the question of popularity. Of the growing popularity of this one Italian composer—who, now that Bellini and Donizetti are dead, may be said to have inherited the footstool of Rossini, though still living, dead to music—there cannot be a doubt; that it is founded on certain attributes which distinguish Signor Verdi from the common herd of producers is equally indisputable; that he is, in some measure, gifted, it would be absurd to deny. On these points, indeed, the reasoning of his admirers becomes what Shelley calls, "refutation-tight." But when his enthusiastic compatriots, dissatisfied with fair admissions, are disposed to apostrophize the author of *Ernani* and *Nabucco* as a lamp to illumine the circuitous corridors of Art, a minstrel singing as never minstrel sang—in plain language, a musical phenomenon—those who know how preposterous are such assumptions incline to be unjust themselves, and refuse to acknowledge merits that should be unquestionable; or, if not, whence comes the popularity Signor Verdi has acquired, and not so much with the uneducated crowd as among the cultivated classes?—and why have not other Italian composers, (Mercadante, for example, who had twenty times his knowledge and experience) been equally fortunate.

Signor Verdi, had he known more, there is no doubt, would have done better. As it is, he may rest satisfied with the applause of the mob, and affect to despise the educated few. When *Oberon* failed to obtain the success anticipated, and some one told the composer that "It was too abstruse for John Bull." "Hang John Bull," cried Weber, "I wrote *Oberon* for de world." He may have written with a view to immortality, but he did his best, for all that, to please John Bull. John Bull was enchanted with *Der Freischütz*, and why not with *Oberon?* Here is matter for speculation. Signor Verdi also wrote for "de world," but in a different way. He writes for "de world" in which he lives, and is heedless about "the future." Applause is to him as the breath of his nostrils. To gain applause he must conciliate mobs, and ignore "ears polite." From mobs he takes his cue, having studied their tastes, feelings, sympathies, and prejudices. He writes exclusively for mobs, and is accepted and worshipped as their idol. His aim is to be less a musician than a popular composer. He has revolutionized the musical stage in his native country; for his operas all others are forgotten. In time he made himself a name on the other side of the Alps. Other mobs caught up the enthusiasm, which spread from kingdom to kingdom, until new countries were invaded and conquered, and the mob-idol of one land become the mob-idol of all. Is this, or is it not, the secret of Signor Verdi's career? Could this have been effected without talent, and is Verdi the nonentity that *musicians* would make him out? We say nothing. It is amusing to compare the opinions of "judges" with the emotions of the public. Meanwhile grumblers are in a minority; *Il Trovatore* is applauded; and the directors of the Royal Italian Opera put money in their pockets every night it is performed.—*Musical World.*

MISS HILL.—The Florence correspondent of the Newark *Daily Advertiser* writes, May 10th, as follows:

Several young Americans are now in course of preparation for the opera. One of them, Miss Hill, of Boston, was sent to Italy by a wealthy gentleman two years since, and being not yet seventeen, will no doubt succeed in adapting the language impressively to her voice, which is a clear soprano, not large but pleasing in quality. A few evenings since she sang for trial to the Impresario. There he sat on the critical bench in stern judgment, while the young aspirant tremblingly began to lay open the treasures of her *chest;* as his tuned ear and attentive attitude said "Go on!" she grew stronger, and poured forth all her vocal wealth—singing as it were for her life. It was easy to see that he was not *displeased*—that was something; was he pleased? Certainly the injunction *to study* was given with an encouraging air, and the word *giovane* (young) said with promise for the future. At least the tremulous songstress thought so, and expressed her determination to excel if time and labor enabled her to do so.

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These, aided by native gifts in voice and person of no common order, with a good foundation of early study, cannot but succeed in giving Italy another prima donna; who, after a "first season," will be of course given back again to the bosom of native American patronage.

The "Tannhauser" Overture — A London Criticism.

We have before given specimens of the contemptuous and flouting style in which the *Musical World* and other London papers have uniformly noticed RICHARD WAGNER'S conducting of the Philharmonic concerts, as well as his compositions, and his theories of Art. We in the distance here could only read and wonder. But the last point of their attack was the *Tannhäuser* overture, a composition with which we here are somewhat familiar. From the manner in which the said *World* speaks of that, we may now judge somewhat of the degree of value to be attached to all that it has said of Wagner. Rather than "slice" any portion from so curious a "cake," we copy the entire criticism:

The fifth concert took place on Monday night. The audience was again anything but numerous. The "Music of the Future" is evidently not attractive to the amateurs of this dull and "unartistic" capital. The programme was as follows:

PART I.

Sinfonia in E flat .... Mozart.
Aria "Agitato," Signor Belletti .... Paer.
Concerto, Piano-forte, M. C. Hallé ..... Chopin.
Aria, Mlle. Jenny Ney .... Mozart.
Overture, "Tannhäuser" .... Wagner.

PART II.

Sinfonia Pastorale .... Beethoven.
Romance, "Robert," Mlle. Ney .... Meyerbeer.
Barcarola, "Sulla Poppa," Sig. Belletti .. Ricci.
Overture, "Preciosa," .... Weber.

Conductor — Herr Richard Wagner.

The manner in which Mozart's Symphony was executed defies description. Every movement was an innovation, and a bad one. The first *allegro*, and especially the opening, was drawled through, rather than played; the *andante* was the slowest and most somniferous performance ever heard; the minuet was quite dreary, and would have been only tolerable had the Prophet "of the future," and the members of the orchestra worn bag-wigs, lappets, knee-breeches and buckles; while—with a view to contrast, we suppose—the last movement went off like a rocket, and the end was attained almost before we could quite reconcile ourselves to the beginning. "O, by Abel! O, by Adnan!" muttered the elect, to whom Richard is, as it were, a herald and a trumpet—"Lo! here be great truths!" "O gemini," exclaimed the uninitiated, whose curse is sempiternal darkness.

Another slice from that cake of harmony to which the posterior world is destined was tasted in anticipation. This was *Tannhäuser*. In "the books" we find that Tannhäuser was a minstrel of the mid-ages, who, tempted by Venus, repaired to "the mount," and ministered egregiously to the sensual goddess, in song and verse, harping upon his harp with cunning digits. This is all set forth, in strong shadow, by the overture, which Liszt of Weimar, who carries the keys for Richard, blows the clarion in advance of him, and is in a manner as great a "clark of nigromancy" as Merlin himself—during King Arthur's time, entombed in a stone by a damsel "of the Lake," upon whom he was besotted—which Liszt of Weimar, who carries the keys, has declared "a miracle," in his "book" of the overture to *Tannhäuser*. This overture was played on Monday night—not so briskly as by Jullien and the Philharmonic Doctor (Wylde), but briskly and impetuously—under the wand of its finder, of him into whose mind it was "blown," as says Hobbs (not Hobbes) of Malmesbury, by the Boreas (not Æolus) of harmony. The effect was stunning, windy, and preposterous. The audience was evidently perplexed, and (the "elect" excepted) postponed their verdict to "the future." The orchestra, in an under current of chorus (in unison, *ppp*—not *à la Verdi*)—which began at the 39th bar, just after the subject, a faint parody of the slow melody for the *Corno inglese*, in the *Carnaval Romain* of Hector Berlioz; was suspended at the 71st bar, resumed at the 301st, and carried on to the climax at the end (when *Tannhäuser* has sung his last tetrastich, on "the mount") — murmured "Oh dear, dear, dear, dear, dear, dear, dear!" eight in a bar, an expression of the emotions experienced at fiddling and piping such Amphionic strains. The overture to *Tannhäuser* was not encored.

Beethoven's symphony was well played, but hardly up to the Philharmonic mark. The "Rivulet" did not flow. Weber, the "stammerer," gave us a good notion of his stammering. The overture to his gypsey opera, *Preciosa*, by its simplicity, atoned for the Tannhauserian mysteries, which, much more than the Eleusinian, would have puzzled Jamblichus.

Chopin's first concerto has some attractive *motivi*, but for the most part consists of an uninteresting series of *bravura* passages of greater or less difficulty. The instrumentation is as feeble and bad as Kalkbrenner's, and the form null and void. M. Hallé, however, played superbly, and was deservedly applauded.

Signor Belletti was in his best mood, and sang both his songs with admirable facility. Mlle. Ney has not flexibility enough for the curious *aria* from the *Seraglio*; but in Meyerbeer's *cavatina* she displayed no little sentiment.

The audience were by no means satisfied with the concert.

There is lucid criticism for you! There may be reasons plenty as blackberries, if you have scratched your hands among those thorny, brambly sentences in getting at them! But with regard to the *tempi* in the Mozart Symphony, and with regard to the alleged liberties which Wagner takes with *tempi* in his conducting generally, it is but fair to say that the English critics are sustained by so high a German authority as ROBERT SCHUMANN. Among the short sayings scattered through his collected writings we find the following memorandum:

"Aug. 11, 1848. — Heard *Fidelio*. Bad performance and incomprehensible *tempo*-taking by R. Wagner."

Similar in opinion, but clearer in statement, and with something like intelligible analysis in the matter of the overture, is the criticism of the *Athenæum* (CHORLEY), which may also interest our readers:

Herr Wagner makes no way with his public as a conductor. The *Sinfonia* of Mozart went worse than we ever heard it go. The violins were rarely together; the wind instruments were hardly able to hold out in the middle movement, with such caricatured slowness was that *andante con moto* taken,—and the *finale* was degraded into a confused romp, by a speed as excessive. That Chopin's *Concerto*, a work which is as delicate as it is difficult, pleased as it did, was owing to the exquisite playing of M. Hallé, who carried it through;—supporting, not receiving support from, the orchestra. A finer display of execution and taste has rarely been heard. Neither did Herr Wagner condescend to assist Mlle. Ney in her *bravura*; which, if well accompanied, might have produced a great effect, in spite of its *rococo* forms, thanks to her lovely voice and brilliant execution. It is fair to give currency to the plea which, we are told, is put forth,—to the import that Herr Wagner protested, when making his engagements, against taking charge of the vocal and of *solo* music, on the score of admitted incapacity. But how ill does such want of power assort with the consummate musical knowledge assumed by the pretension of conducting certain favorite works by heart! There can be nothing in either *concerto* or *bravura* to tax the quickness or resource of a conductor in comparison with the difficulties, violences and incoherences of "the music of the future." Due pains had been bestowed by Herr Wagner on his own overture,—but the pains had been bestowed in vain, for never did new work making such a noise, and concerning which so much noise has been made, fall more dead on the ears of a callous and contemptuous public.

Though we have already spoken of this long-winded prelude in general terms, we must be permitted a few more minute remarks on a composition for which such high honors have been claimed. Our impression is, that the overture to "Tannhauser" is one of the most curious pieces of patchwork ever passed off by self-delusion for a complete and significant creation. The first sixteen bars of the *andante maestoso* announce the solitary strain of real melody existing in the whole opera. This is the Pilgrim's chant, and is the half of a good tune in *triple tempo*,—which, however, seems to us no more ecclesiastic in style than the *notturno* in Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream." The second part of the air is made up of those yawning chromatic progressions which seem Herr Wagner's only bridge from point to point. After it has been given once, comes the whole over again simply repeated with embroideries. In the *allegro* a rude imitation of Mendelssohn's faery music may be detected, both at the opening of the movement and in the phrases from bars 8 to 12. To these succeeds a scramble, not leading into, so much as broken off by, the second subject. This is a hackneyed eight bar phrase, the commonplace of which is not disguised by an accidental sharp and the omission of an interval. As the *allegro* proceeds, one or other of the above "notions" is repeated with small attempt at working out:—and the ear is thoroughly weary ere the point is reached where a busy figure for the violins, identical with one used in Cherubini's overture to "Lodoiska," dresses up the theme of the Pilgrim *andante*, which for the third time is presented in its integrity, with slight modifications of rhythm, none of harmony, and no *coda* by way of final climax or close. When it is stripped and sifted, Herr Wagner's creation may be likened, not to any real figure with its bone and muscle, but to a compound of one shapely feature with several tasteless fragments, smeared over with cement, but so flimsily that the paucity of good material is proved by the most superficial examination. Of Herr Wagner's instrumentation as ill balanced, ineffective, thin, and noisy, we have elsewhere recorded our judgment. Yet, this overture is almost the sole coherent instrumental work from his hand which he could produce in substantiation of his claim to be considered the composer of the future. In London, we repeat, he fails to make any converts; either as a conductor or composer.

Music Abroad.

London.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA. — Madame GRISI has been over-persuaded into a series of "ten *last* last performances, after which she will positively retire to her Tuscan villa, so pleasantly alluded to in the bills." The *Times*, ever among the foremost of her admirers, reads her a lecture upon "inconsistency," and thinks a "farewell" should be a "farewell," and nothing less, no matter what regrets it leaves behind. Yet having MARIO, what could they do without GRISI, and she so near? And what a feast of opera, she, with the stars already there, ensured them! Her first re-appearance was in *La Favorita*, (May 21,) with MARIO, GRAZIANI, &c. Her reception, says the *Leader*, was gratifying, but not enthusiastic; but in the last Act she took the house by storm, and "made us all forgive the disappointment of hearing her again." This was followed by the *Trovatore* (fourth time), and then Grisi again in *Norma*, with TAMBERLIK for Pollio. Then came *Don Giovanni*, only, strangely enough, without Grisi's incomparable Donna Anna, which was the more remarkable, considering how superlative was all the rest of the cast. The following extracts should make our musical Bostonians' mouths water. The *Times* says the present generation has recognized but one worthy impersonator of Don Giovanni, and that is TAMBURINI, who, after a three years' absence from London, appeared again in this part.

When we state, that the voice which won for its possessor the reputation of the first of barytone singers is, in a great measure, extinguished, and that what remains of it is not so wholly at command as of old, we shall have traversed *per saltum* the most unwelcome point in our task as honest critics. But, "*faute de voix*" (as our allies express it), Tamburini can boast *all* the qualities of a great artist. He sings with taste, expression, and correctness; acts with judgment, vivacity, elegance, and truth to nature; and (the most essential point just now), in spite of years, he looks more like the Don Giovanni of romance,

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and passes better for the Don Giovanni of Mozart, than any one at present on the boards.

MARIO was the Don Ottavio, a part which for some years has been exclusively the property of TAMBERLIK. The *Times* says:

It is impossible to imagine anything more perfect in grace and sentiment, or more faultless in execution than Signor Mario's delivery of the divine air by means of which Mozart has raised Don Ottavio from a quasi-nonentity to a very important and interesting personage. He sang it last night better, if possible, than on former occasions, and was encored with genuine enthusiasm.

Owing to the illness of Mlle. NEY, the part of Donna Anna was taken by Mme. RUDERSDORFF, who is not very warmly praised. The veteran LABLACHE was Leporello. And then Bosio as Zerlina! Well may the *Standard* ask: "Can any one conceive a more winning and artless exponent of *Batti, batti*, and *Vedrai carino*—two of the most enchanting songs ever given to the mortal world—than this lady; and can any one imagine a more legitimate reason for a pair of encores?" Let the *Times* finish the account:

Bosio, last night, not only sang the airs of Zerlina with a perfection that must have satisfied the most scrupulous admirer of the music, but *acted* the part in a very natural and charming manner. This innovation was most grateful, since it gave additional reasons for conscientiously praising one of the most accomplished singers that ever appeared at the Italian Opera. *Batti, batti*, and *Vedrai carino* were both encored; and so well were they sung, and so thoroughly understood, by Bosio, that we should not have objected to hear them a third time. Such exquisite and flowing melodies from the lips of so finished a songstress cannot fail to enchant, even where the music alone is taken into consideration; but last night Bosio invested them with a twofold charm. She was a real "flesh and blood" Zerlina—not a puppet with a syren's voice, but a loving wife, doing her utmost to console a jealous husband under his temporary afflictions, knowing the remedy to be in herself, and, by the prettiest possible by-play, making the audience quite as much convinced of it as Masetto. We stated some time since that Bosio *could act*, if she pleased; and we are now more than ever convinced that she possesses something else than a lovely voice, a fluent execution, and an engaging personal appearance. A more capital Masetto than Signor POLONINI was never seen. His acting while Bosio sang *Batti, batti*, was perfect, and his gradual restoration from offended dignity to complacent good humor was worthy of any praise. So good was Signor Polonini throughout that we wish he had sung, and hope he will sing on another occasion, the very quaint and appropiate air which Mozart has allotted to Masetto, but which only the German Masettos have not abandoned. Another excellent performance was that of Elvira by Mlle. MARAI. Last, not least, the Commendatore of Signor TAGLIAFICO was, as it has been often proclaimed, one of the most artistic and effective performances on the operatic stage. In the supper scene—where the music rises to a degree of solemnity which has left Mozart unapproached by dramatic composers—the singing of this gentleman was beyond criticism.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—The following was the programme of the sixth concert:

PART I.

Sinfonia in G minor (MS. composed for the Philharmonic Society)	Potter.
Aria, "Questi avventurieri," Herr Formes (Il Seraglio)	Mozart.
Concerto, viola, M. Sainton	Beethoven.
Siciliana, Mdlle Bohkoltz Falconi	Pergolesi.
Overture, "Leonora"	Beethoven.

PART II.

Sinfonia in A minor, No. 3	Mendelssohn.
Recit. "Crudele!" Aria, "Non mi dir," Mme. Bohkoltz Falconi; (Don Giovanni)	Mozart.
Recit. "I rage!" Song, "O ruddier than the cherry" Herr Formes, (Acis and Galatea)	Handel.
Overture, "Berg-geist"	Spohr.

Conductor—Herr Richard Wagner.

The Symphony of Mr. Potter is praised as a truly classical work, and showing genius. M. Sainton's playing of the Beethoven concerto is pronounced masterly, and the vocal music excellent. Of Wagner's conducting, this time, the *News* of May 29 (and the admissions of the *Times* are almost as strong as its exceptions) says:

Mendelssohn's "Scottish Symphony" was played with powerful effect, though the times of some portions of it were not altogether the same as those given by Mendelssohn himself. Probably M. Wagner never heard him conduct the symphony. An author's own reading, of course, must be the best; though we confess that M. Wagner's ideas, when they were different, did not always displease us. The immense impetuosity which he threw into the *allegro guerriero* gave additional grandeur and majesty to the resumption of the first subject which forms the finale. In the overture to *Leonora*, likewise, the time was occasionally pressed and relaxed in a manner to which we have not been accustomed; but our impression was that these licenses, as they are deemed, heightened the fire and vigor of this incomparable overture.

NEW PHILHARMONIC.—The fourth concert was in aid of the funds of an asylum, and was crowded. The following was the programme:

PART I.

Choruses from "The Ruins of Athens"	Beethoven.
Overture, "Melusina"	Mendelssohn.
Air, "Jessonda," Signor Belletti	Spohr.
Rondo in B minor, (pianoforte, M. Alex'r Billet)	Mendelssohn.
Scena, "Oberon," Mme. Novello	Weber.
Symphony, (No. 4)	Beethoven.

PART II.

Overture, "Der Freischütz"	Weber.
Finale, "Loreley" (Solo, Mme Novello)	Mendelssohn.
Scena, "L'Elisir," Signor Belletti	Donizetti.
Part Song (Chorus)	Mendelssohn.
Wedding March	Mendelssohn.

Conductor—Dr. Wylde.

MUSICAL UNION (ELLA's).—The following programme was performed at the third "sitting," May 15.

Quartet, No. 2, in G	Beethoven.
Trio, E minor, Op. 119, Piano, &c	Spohr.
Quintet, in A. Op. 18	Mendelssohn.
Solo, Contra-Basso	Bottesini.
Accompanist—Signor Bellini.	
Solos, Pianoforte	Chopin, &c.

Executants:—1st violin, Herr Molique; 2nd violin, Mr H. Cooper; viola, Mr Hill; 2nd viola, Herr Goffrie; violoncello, Signor Patti; contra-basso, Signor Bottesini; pianoforte, M. C. Hallé.

Paris.

MAY 10.—(*Correspondence of the N. Y. Musical Review.*)—You have learned from the journals of the postponement of the opening of the Universal Exposition, from the first to the fifteenth of May, and it was thought that the performance of the *Te Deum* by BERLIOZ would also be deferred. We were deceived, as the new work of this composer was given in the Church St. Eustache, on Tuesday, April 30, as previously announced. This *Te Deum*, in retaining its appointed day, apparently changed its signification, and seemed to have been performed in honor of the signal failure of the attempt upon the life of the Emperor. Unfortunately, we were not able to be present at this festival, given by one hundred and fifty instrumentalists and three different choirs, composed of one thousand and fifty singers, eight hundred and fifty of whom were children. We have obtained the opinions of different connoisseurs of the most opposite schools, and in drawing the balance-sheet of their contradictory opinions, we are forced to conclude that this *Te Deum* is a remarkable work.

This *Te Deum*, it is said, is only a part of a larger composition, detached by Berlioz for the occasion. The composition was primarily designed as the crowning-piece and final apotheosis of a grand epic, at once religious and martial. For this reason, it was generally thought that the performance was somewhat out of place in a church. The ideas of worldly pomp and glory, the accents of grief and the cries of distress, which are introduced into this *Te Deum*, recall too vividly, we are assured, its earthly origin. Contrary to what had been announced, the organ was too much overwhelmed, in its dialogues with the orchestra, by the explosions, à la Meyerbeer, of the brass instruments, cymbals and drums, and other improvements of Mr. Sax, that enterprising monopolizer of infernal noises.

The work commenced with a species of choral, first given out by the organ; the same phrase, returning at intervals during the course of the composition, serves also as a conclusion worked up into a triumphal march. A most pompous fugue, formed upon this choral, which is Number 1, attracted much attention. A *Miserere*, introduced episodically, which forms a dialogue between the soprano of one choir and the tenors of the other, was much criticized by some, and as highly extolled by others. A tenor rôle, accompanied by part of the orchestra, achieved much success; it was received very favorably. A novel and curious effect was produced by the voices of the soprano giving forth from time to time the verse, *fiat super nos misericordia tua, Domine*, accompanied by brass instruments. But the greatest sensation was produced by the finale, although some found in this a want of clearness. All the forces, vocal and instrumental, united with the thundering tones of the organ, arose to the most powerful climax of effect, such as might be expected from a master in composition like Berlioz. A part of the audience arose during the performance of this *ensemble* by an involuntary movement. Immediately after the *Te Deum* was performed an instrumental march, designed to be played while the flags of the different nations were presented at the altar, to be blessed by the clergy. As we have before said, the theme of the exordium re-appeared for the last time, thus uniting the march to the hymn of thanks.

The execution was not the most satisfactory, in spite of the electric metronome, which was to unite all the masses of performers.

ERRATA.—In the translation entitled "The Consecration of the Infant," in our last number, (June 9th,) readers will please note the following unpardonable errata:

3d stanza, 3d line, for *brings* read *hugs*.

7th stanza, 4th line, last word but one, for *monarch's* read *mortal's*.

Top of page 76, for *be rebuilt* read *be rebuild.*

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JUNE 16, 1855.

The Lagrange Troupe.

The first concert of Mme. ANNA DE LAGRANGE and the fine artists who have been singing in opera with her in New York, did not attract so large an audience to the Music Hall on Monday evening, as so rare a combination would certainly have commanded at any other season, even at the dollar price. But a more delighted audience we have rarely seen at any vocal concert since the famous LIND days. If the programme consisted mainly of somewhat over-familiar pieces, yet they were good pieces, at least for the first exhibition of the best powers of the several singers, and the singing itself was all, without exception, admirable.

Madame LAGRANGE is certainly a most wonderful vocalist, and every hearing of her confirms the impression that she made upon us in New York, and even more than confirms the prevailing tone of European report for several years concerning her. To say that her singing shows an almost incredible perfection of mechanical execution, is not to say all. There is also something besides this; something of nature, that was worth such cultivation and adornment, something decidedly individual, fascinating and fresh, as nothing could be after so much study, unless there were the living spring of talent first of all and through all. We feel this in the voice itself, we feel it in the whole style of her singing. Her voice, to be sure, is what no one would call sympathetic; it has not "the tear" in it, nor has it the grand volume for impassioned declamation. But it is more than a merely sweet and flexible organ; if it resemble an instrument, it is not the flute, for it has a certain rich and reedy quality, an expressive coloring varying throughout its compass like a clarinet, or even like the most expressive of instruments, the violin; and with a brilliancy like that, though at the expense of now and then a harsh, hard, loud note in the upper regions; and even then there is no lack of substance in the tones. The compass too is quite remarkable; from the low A at least, which, if a little husky, is a rich, ringing sound, with none of that dry, "mannish" quality, to the E and F in *alt*, which she reaches with perfect ease and makes as bright and strong as points of light. Not passionate or earnest, her song is nevertheless genuine; she loves it; there is a naive charm about it, with all its studied art; she plays with melody as a fountain sparkles in the sun; and not without the softening atmospheric changes, the shadings and colorings from full light to sunset glow and twilight; for her gradations of force, her alternations from full voice to *sotto voce* are most beautiful. Whatever does itself so perfectly, creates a legitimate place for itself in the world of Art. It was this same genuineness and free, hearty play in the execution of the same kind of vocal feats, which made them so acceptable in JENNY LIND; but this was only *one* phase of her universal talent; nor is the Lagrange voice to be named with hers.

In the first piece sung by Mme. Lagrange you have a fair specimen of all her vocal and artistic peculiarities, although you do not weary of hear-

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ing her in continually new pieces, any more than you weary of the fountain's play. It was a Hungarian melody, by ERKEL, a wild, pensive, rhapsodical andante, of charming poetic expression, followed by variations in which she displayed all her marvellous runs, leaps, trills, and rapid arpeggios in a *staccato* of the most marvellous lightness, neatness and precision. It was followed by rapturous applause, and she was recalled after this as well as every other piece she sang. In the *Carlo Magno* finale to *Ernani* (the quartet without chorus) her voice told finely in the soaring unisons with the tenor. In the duet: *Dunque io son*, from "the Barber," she added the graceful vivacity and archness of the best Rosina we remember to all that exquisite vocal embroidery for which Rossini's music here gives so much scope. But her grand triumph of vocal instrumentation was in the Mazurka by SCHULHOFF, *Souvenir de Varsovie*, a piece written for the piano, but whose intricate mazes her voice threaded with the precision and certainty of the most cunning fingers.

Yet startling and delicious as was the sensation produced by Mme. Lagrange's singing, it was something more like enthusiasm, which followed with a perfect storm of bravos the two solo efforts of the new tenor, Sig. MIRATE. He is a man apparently of about forty, large and noble in figure, with a massive forehead, a look of intellectuality, refinement and good nature, and a dignified and graceful bearing. His voice corresponds with his person, one of the muscular, robust, manly tenors; rich, warm, sympathetic in quality, slightly husky (it seemed that first night) in its ordinary range and when exerted with his ordinary power, but with a glorious, clear ring, and power of endurance in the high tones. His style is simple, large and dignified, and he is master of the pure, sustained *cantabile*. He sang the *Cujus animam* with more power and effect than we have ever heard, his voice in the strong high notes ringing triumphantly above the then as always stunning noise of the brass instruments.—But it was in the romanza: *Deserto in terra*, from Donizetti's *Don Sebastian*, that he fairly electrified the house, really causing such an outburst of enthusiasm as we scarcely remember in that Music Hall. The voice, which before had seemed very slightly inclined to flat, was now inspired and true in every tone; the melody was delivered simply and with feeling, the power and richness of the voice kept growing on you, till it reached a climax before the last cadence, where he prolonged a ringing high B flat, renewing the tone by several successive impulses, as one tries an echo among the mountains, and not from exhaustion of the first impulse, but as if from pure delight in drawing again and again from an exhaustless reservoir. The applause that followed this, after the repeat also, was almost frantic, and perhaps out of just proportion to the other good things of the evening. But nothing operates upon the mass of an audience like a great tenor voice; one, which after so many that are either dry or feeble, lacks neither sentiment nor power, and boldly plants the strong shaft quivering in the highest mark. It is undoubtedly the finest tenor we have heard, excepting MARIO; in power much greater than Mario, but less in exquisite beauty of tone, and in perfection of art; though many are ready even now to crown Mirate king of tenors. He reminds one of BETTINI, more than any other tenor we have had, only that he seems to possess Bettini's best power always. He is perhaps more nearly what we have imagined BENEDETTI *might* have been, but we must hear him in opera to be convinced that he is Benedetti's equal in respect to fire and lyric genius.

Sig. MORELLI is perhaps thus far the best of all our baritones. His voice has not the weight or warmth of BADIALI'S; it seems not to be his temperament; nor has he the exaggerations of Badiali. Yet he is quite as masterly a singer, perfectly artistic in style, executing everything with truth, facility and taste; a faultless judgment pervades his rendering, and his voice is clear, elastic, evenly developed, and singularly musical and ringing in the upper tones. In his cool, refined, gentlemanly style of singing, he reminds us of BELLETTI, while he has a better voice. He has a comic vein, too, and sang most admirably the *Largo al factotum*; also in the duet above referred to with Mme. Lagrange; in the duet, *I Mulettieri*, with Sig. Mirate; and nobly sustained the central part in the *Carlo Magno* quartet.

Sig. ROVERE, of ALBONI memory, is one of the best buffo singers we have ever had, and recited the baron's dream: *I miei rampogli*, from "Cinderella," in the most approved style.

The orchestra, under Sig. ARDITI, numbering about thirty instruments, mostly from New York, is an excellent one, except, the usual fault of a preponderance of brass, which sometimes rendered voices pure and powerful as these inaudible. But the overture to *Masaniello*, and the *Prophète* march were finely played. Herr SCHREIBER'S Concerto for the trumpet *à piston* was in execution quite as wonderful as any of Herr KOENIG'S feats, and quite as expressive, and the composition itself as an orchestral piece had meat in it.

Second Concert, (Wednesday evening.) The audience was much larger, and even more enthusiastic than before. The programme was a richer one, although we would gladly have spared the noisy overture to *Zampa;* but that to *Der Freyschütz* was finely played and worth the playing; it took its good share of the plaudits of the evening. Sig. MORELLI led off after *Zampa*. This time he abstained entirely from the comic, and confined himself to serious and pathetic melody. His solos were the air: *Ah, per sempre*, from *I Puritani*, and the romanza: *Ah, non avea*, from *Maria di Rudenz*, two of the very best songs of BELLINI and DONIZETTI respectively, in which both simple dramatic melody and luxury of ornament taxed the singer's powers and found them adequate at all points and ample. We have listened to no baritone with more unalloyed pleasure. Sig. ROVERE'S *buffo* talent found play in the two duets from *L'Elisir d'Amore;* the first with Sig. MIRATE, the second with Mme. LAGRANGE, and much to the amusement of refined ears.

Sig. MIRATE'S voice and manner grew upon us. The voice seemed to us more uniformly pure and true. It adapted itself happily to the light, conversational style of the duet with Rovere, although that style is not his forte. He showed his taste in the selection of the almost always omitted tenor aria: *Dalla sua pace*, from "Don Giovanni." (It has been sung, however, in our chamber concerts by Mr. ARTHURSON.) This air has not the bravura of Don Ottavio's other song: *Il mio tesoro*, but is quite its equal in beauty of melody, in depth and tenderness of feeling; its sustained *cantabile*, its wonderful modulations, and its chaste simplicity, refusing to wear any of the hacknied modern Italian cadenzas and effects, make it a difficult test of the best, though not the most showy and effective qualities of a singer. It will not "bring the house down"; but when well sung and accompanied (and the orchestra has very much to do with it) it sinks deeply into the souls of those who truly love good music. Sig. Mirate sang it like an artist, with simplicity and truth, and with such warm reproduction of all the intrinsic beauty and melody as none but Mario might surpass. The romanza from *Don Sebastian* was repeated, twice, with the same electrifying effect as on Monday, and Mirate reigns the king of hearts at present. He has one danger, that of letting the storms of ecstatic *bravos* which leap out at the signal of his first ringing, loud high note, tempt him into forcing said notes, in the unconscious joy of riding such a storm.

Mme. LAGRANGE, this time, did not exhibit her voice in instrumental pieces, but kept exclusively within the sphere of vocal music proper. First she sang the well-known *Qui la voce;* and even after LIND, SONTAG, BOSIO, GRISI, we found no lack of feeling and expression, as of course there was none of artistic finish, in her singing of the slow, *cantabile* movement; in the rapturous allegro: *Vien diletto, &c.*, her voice could riot in the most bird-like luxury of ornament, achieving unheard of marvels of execution with most perfect ease, and all with so much unity and taste, that one enjoyed it like a simple gush of nature. There was character enough in this, besides the dazzling execution, to make it easy enough to credit what the New York critics say of her dramatic talent.

The duet: *La ci darem*, with Morelli, was charmingly sung and a repetition insisted upon. Here she was singly true to the requirements of the music, losing herself, like a true artist, in the expression of its feeling. In the subtle delicacies of the duet from *L'Elisir*, and in the brilliant bravura of *Una voce poco fa*, she was again in her own peculiar vein, the truest exponent we have perhaps ever had of the beauties of those ornate styles of melodic composition. The finale from "Lucia": *Chi mi frena*, closed the entertainment, and never have we heard it so superbly sung as by these four artists. Mirate's rich and manly tenor soared majestically through the harmony, and the soprano partook fully of the same largeness of style, crowning the whole on the final chord by running up an octave and swelling out the high D with wonderful effect.

Mme. Lagrange gains upon her audience with every effort,—if effort it can be called, which seems so easy. Art, carried to such height, becomes a second nature. It is plain that it is no mere mechanical matter. There must be a certain something like genius at the bottom of it—genius for a speciality, not genius in its universal sense—to explain such freshness in the exercise of processes so long and laboriously studied. An infallible instinct of good taste reigns in all she does, from what is simplest to what is most extraordinary, so that she may never mistake the right expression of whatsoever music she may undertake, and never undertake what is not meant for

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her. At all events it is an interesting, a genuine individuality, this singing of Mme. Lagrange; and we shall rejoice to hear again that wild Hungarian melody, and that vocalized Mazurka. Her lady-like dignity and grace of person, the beauty that is and is not, coming and going with her rare mobility of features,—and yet beautiful in the total expression as if every feature had been spiritually moulded to the good will to please,—go far to complete the charm.

Very general is the regret that we may not hear this troupe in opera. Is not the appreciation of their efforts here sufficient to procure us sooner or later that great pleasure?

Boston Theatre.—Italian Opera.

The two closing performances last week formed rather an anti-climax to the opera excitement. *Rigoletto*, on Friday, was voted the most insignificant of all the operas. Even VERDI's admirers did not seem to warm to it. The charms of novelty, of Mme. MARETZEK's singing in the part of Gilda, and of a few effective pieces of for the most part light music, were about all that saved it. The thing dramatically is too monstrous to be endurable, except as your attention is caught away from the drama by the sparkling detail of the music, or by nice points for voice or orchestra. It certainly is not a great opera; it does not seem, until the last act, where the horrors are unveiled, to aspire to anything intensely lyrical. It is rather a light play of fancy; and therein we like it better than such overstrained efforts at the tragical and thrilling as *Il Trovatore*. There the composer tried harder; here he has been happier. We are still convinced that there is more agreeable music, more that is new and fresh in *Rigoletto*. Sig. VERDI has a very clever talent for pretty masquerade and dance music, as we knew by the last act of *Ernani*; and here the music played by a band upon the stage in the opening Don Juan-like scene, the minuet, the whispered *Zitti zitti* chorus of the conspirators who abduct Rigoletto's daughter, the Duke's free and easy waltz air: *La donna é mobile*, &c. &c., are really among the pleasant things of the kind. There is now and then a touch of geniality as in "the Barber."

There are some touching songs, too, and some dashing ones that are quite clever. In the scenes between Gilda and her lover, and Gilda and her father, there is some expressive melody. The quartet in the last scene is finer than anything in *Trovatore*, or perhaps any work of Verdi's; and to deepen the horrors of that scene there are some orchestral effects of a very simple and scarcely musical kind employed, which show invention.

As to the singers, there was little to praise, with the exception of the part of Gilda. VESTVALI appeared wholly out of place in such a part as Madalena; Sig. BOLCIONI's tenor was hard and hoarse, and he had nothing of the gay air of the sporting Duke. Sig. AMODIO, as Rigoletto, the court jester, Gilda's father and avenger, had the most of a character to sustain; but his memory often failed him in his music, and his "make up" was too ridiculous.—The piece was curtailed of some of its good things, and some absurd things, such as the revival and singing of the murdered Gilda in the sack.

We were too hasty in congratulating our readers last Saturday upon the prospect of hearing *Masaniello* in its entireness. We should have known the worth of theatre announcements better. Of the five acts only the three first were given, and those greatly abridged. Yet what we heard and saw—all save the painfully ungraceful Fenella—was appetising to a degree that made our disappointment keen. If there is no great music in AUBER's opera, there is much that is fresh and vivid, both in melody and harmony. The plot, the characters, the scenes and groupings are all interesting. It was perfectly refreshing after VERDI's operas. The well-known choruses, of the fishermen, of the marketers, the wedding chorus in the first scene, the prayer (a rich, unique piece of unaccompanied vocal harmony), &c., were very effectively sung. Mme. MARETZEK looked and sang finely in what little of her music was retained. The Duke's part (Herr QUINT) was reduced to almost nothing. Sig. BRIGNOLI made an interesting Masaniello. He had not fire enough for the full effect of the Barcarolle, but was warmed into life in the patriotic duet by BADIALI, whose impersonation of the rough, honest fisherman, Pietro, was as picturesquely Neapolitan, as it was new for him.

When the curtain rose after the prayer and battle chorus, "a change had come o'er the spirit of the dream" and of the music. It was Donizetti, and Edgardo dying once more, who has died so often, even in brass bands and hand organs, that it would be really a relief to have him make an end of it. But it was the début of our young friend, HARRISON MILLARD; and in that we were all interested. We are fully of the general opinion that it was a very successful début. There was no great evidence of dramatic talent, yet all was appropriate enough, as it was modest. His voice, if not so strong as we have heard, was throughout very clear and pure and sweet, and his rendering of the music such as would do credit to a better tenor than that opera troupe possesses. But Mr. Millard, we are sure, does wisely to employ his gift in concert and in parlor singing, where his voice and style and good musicianship are always most acceptable.

Musical Correspondence.

From TAUNTON, Mass.

JUNE 13.—The "Creation" was brought out here by the "Beethoven Society," Monday evening last, under the direction of the accomplished artist, THOMAS RYAN. The Society had eight or ten weeks' drill on the oratorio, and the ladies practiced in general vocalization under the direction of this gentleman during this time; so that every thing on the evening in question went swimmingly. The Society consists of about fifty voices, and an orchestra of twenty,—complete, excepting oboës and bassoons. I doubt if any town out of Boston can boast of so complete an organization of the kind as Taunton. The society has given a series of concerts for several seasons past, at which many full oratorios have been performed,—thus have they endeavored to instil a love for music of a high order among their town's people. This and all similar societies will consult their best interests by engaging such a person as Mr. Ryan to drill and bring out works of as high an order as the "Creation," because more deference is paid by the members to all remarks and suggestions from such a leader, than would be paid to one of their own members.

I hope, Mr. Editor, to be able to chronicle similar undertakings next season.

I must not omit stating that this, as well as previous concerts, was very fully attended.

SPECTATOR.

From NEW YORK.

JUNE 12.—Since my last the LAGRANGE troupe have given the 'Barber,' 'Puritani' (twice), and 'Norma.' Mme. LAGRANGE's Elvira pleased me exceedingly, as indeed it did the rest of the audience. I liked her better than GRISI. Her singing is perfect, and her acting, especially in the third scene of the second act, and in the *Vien diletto* was superb. The other artists, though far inferior, on the whole did well. On Friday night we had 'Norma,' and a crowded house. I saw but a part of it and therefore can say nothing as to the 'new reading' which Mme. Lagrange is said to have given. Signorina COSTINI made a very pleasing Adalgisa.

And now, although Mme. Lagrange is a perfect singer and actress, I feel no great admiration for her. She has nothing which makes one sympathize, nothing to carry away one's feelings. And therefore I was glad to have the regular company back last night, even though they gave *Il Trovatore*. The house was crowded, which shows that the New York public prefer a good stock company to a star and a few accompanying starlets. To-morrow we have 'Tell,' and on Saturday *Linda*, with your Boston prima donna, Miss HENSLER, whom we are all very anxious to hear.

The present troupe will break up before long, (they say), BADIALI and STEFFANONE going to Europe. The Lagrange troupe will soon return to the Academy, and probably be strengthened from the present company.

Next week we are to have German opera at Wallack's. Manager, ALBERT MARETZEK; conductor, ROBERT STOEPEL. *Fidelio* is among the promised operas. The week following, the grand German musical jubilee of the different societies through the United States will open with a grand concert on Monday, at the Metropolitan. At the close of July we are to have JULLIEN, with a new orchestra. It is rumored that he is also to be engaged in Italian opera. And lastly, that Dr. JOY (of the great English firm), is making arrangements for English opera, the company to include Mr. and Mrs. SIMS REEVES, Mr. and Mrs. WEISS, etc.

And so closeth this chapter of musical gossip.

R.

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Translated for this Journal.

Beethoven's Symphonies.

BY "A FRIEND OF ART."

From the German.

(Continued from last week.)

In the Fifth Symphony, in C minor (67th work), BEETHOVEN strikes quite other, higher chords. This symphony has always been regarded with peculiar fondness and even as the *ne plus ultra* of symphonic art by those Beethovenists, to whom the last symphony of the master has remained more or less a riddle, and who have recognized in Beethoven chiefly the sorrow-smitten, struggling genius, attaining to joy and cheerfulness only through grief, while they have not enough appreciated the pure serenity and joyfulness with which he is filled in the seventh and eighth symphonies. In fact this work exerts an infinitely magical influence over those, who have just for the first time reached the outer threshold of the Beethoven sanctuary. This magical effect is owing partly to the pregnant and pronounced tone-pictures, and partly to the sharply separated contrasts in which the work moves. If you take the first movement of this symphony and compare it with the same in the *Eroica*, you perceive at once the epigrammatic shortness (so to say) of the former, the simplicity of its thoughts, as opposed to the broad, extended treatment and the involved periodic structure of the latter. The contrasts of light and shadow in the fifth are much bolder than in the third. Moreover about no work of Beethoven has there been so much poetizing, as about this; think only of Hoffmann's *Phantasie-stücke*.

But let us approach this tone-creation more nearly. As the ideal subject of the work we may designate the struggle of the human soul to escape the narrowing limits of pain and sorrow and attain to inward joy and cheerfulness. This struggle is announced to us in the first movement. How significant already the first tones, of which Beethoven thoughtfully has said "So knocks Fate at the door!" It goes on developing in true dramatic course, in painful conflict, the soul is filled with deepest woe, is in a state of veritable wretchedness, dismay and anguish get possession of the feelings; now the soul seems to succumb to these nocturnal demons, to sink exhausted in the battle; and now it gathers itself up again, giving utterance in violent spasms to its pain, and approaching nearer and nearer to the goal of absolute despair. But through this night there sounds from time to time a soothing, mildly reconciling voice—the second leading theme—as if to intimate that even this night is not wholly inconsolable. Still pain and sorrow constantly regain the upper hand, until toward the close they fill the agitated soul exclusively and with an increased power. In painful conflict the movement began, in painful conflict it concludes.

Then resound in the second movement the sweet tones of consoling hope, and quicken the soul that has been steeped in woe. What repose, what soul-kindling consecration reside in this first theme! What a healing, strengthening spell it works in the shattered soul, which presently, in the second theme rises to inspired courage, to joyful presentiment of success. These moods of all-consoling hope and of inspired and joyous courage fill alternately this wonderful piece of music; these compose its ideal subject-matter. Words are too precise and limited to afford any further indication of the soul's mysteries, which are here unveiled to us; one shrinks from trying to give intelligible expression to this magic, for "feeling is all." Let me simply allude to the transporting and celestial passage where the key of A flat minor enters; to the swelling gush of sweetest feelings near the close, to the impetuous fervor of the 22d and 23d bars before the end.

In the Third Movement, the Scherzo, the soul seems beclouded anew; but these are not those demons of the first movement, that are busy here; they are rather shadowy cloud shapes, which get possession once more of the soul already filled with hope and courage. The soul is once more spell-bound in a state of inward misery and discontent, from which it seeks in an infinitely humorous way to free itself. And the attempt succeeds. Toward the conclusion the composer struggles in a most magnificent musical climax out of the gloomy C minor into the full light of C major, and in a splendid triumphal march announces the achieved bliss of a cheerful, glad existence. Indeed in this concluding movement a whole world-sea of tones spreads out, the waves of the most blissful joy are heaving and sinking, an inexhaustible ocean of delight. But the characteristic of this joy world is, that it is not one immediately found and given us, not one created out of our subjective will or humor; but it is a joy wrestled for and won through the deepest conflict of the soul, a joy born in sorrow, a moral fruit of suffering. But so hot was the preceding battle with sorrow, so deep the traces it has left in the soul, that even in the jubilee of joy there mingles yet again an echo of that misery,—sounds from the third movement in 3-4 measure—but only to betray its utter impotence, for instantly the joyous jubilation is begun anew, and with the entrance of that theme in the forty-third bar before the beginning of the Presto,—a theme that breathes the most cheerful consciousness of victory,—the soul seems to swim in indisturbable fulness of enjoyment and revels near the close in ever swelling floods of dithyrambic inspiration.

This is the ideal substance of this mighty tone-poem, so far as weak works have power to express it, so far as it is possible to utter the unutterable. After Beethoven in the Fifth Symphony had lifted himself by hard conflict out of the depths of sorrow into a cheerful region, into the realm of bliss and rapture, he lingered some time in this paradise, and in this state of mind composed the sixth, seventh and eight symphonies, those ideal pictures of purest serenity and joy, until in the ninth symphony he succeeded in reaching a yet higher paradise, not to be won however but by conflict and by suffering as before.

In the Sixth Symphony, (F major, 68th work), Beethoven fills the sphere of absolute music with a new element. It is the life of *Nature* which environs Man, that forms the ideal unity and ground work of this tone-creation; hence its name, "Pastoral Symphony." But it is no soulless copy of the phenomena of Nature, no unpoetic material tone-painting, that Beethoven gives; it is a real poetic representation of the idea of Nature in the first place; and then the feelings and emotions, which possess man when he contemplates and loses himself in this world; but above all the representation of Nature as reflected in human feeling, of Nature, so to say, transfigured in the human image; that is to say, not literal, naked Nature, but Nature reborn in the human spirit. Instead, therefore, of a mass of separate natural phenomena, we have an intellectually condensed picture of the most general life of Nature; and only in the second and third movements of the work are some single, definite phenomena of Nature introduced; but here too Beethoven does not lose himself in sen-

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suous materialism, he only gives the spiritual quintessence.

Thus in the First Movement, as he says himself in the superscription, he represents the awakening of cheerful emotions on arriving in the country. He does not describe to us the fields and meadows, the ploughers and the reapers; he only depicts the mood of feeling with which the citizen comes longingly and joyfully home to rural life. HAYDN, as FRANZ BRENDEL says, is very beautiful, the child of Nature himself, who has grown up in intimate relationship with Nature, a part of her; but Beethoven is the man of the city, who consciously resigns himself to Nature's life. It is the mood, so strikingly indicated in GOETHE'S "Faust":

> Forth from the arch'd and gloomy gate
> The multitude, in bright array,
> Stream forth, and seek the sun's warm ray!
> Their risen Lord they celebrate,
> For they themselves have also risen to-day!
> From the mean tenement, the sordid room,
> From roofs' and gables' overhanging gloom,
> From the close pressure of the narrow street,
> They've issued now from darkness into light.

This ground tone of feeling the composer pursues into the finest *nuances* and portrays it in the richest and most various play of colors; if in the outset the soul seems mainly moved by silent joyfulness, yet presently it begins to breathe with perfect freedom, to exult aloud, and revel soon in the most glad and merry waves, till at the end of the movement it returns again to tranquil, musing, pensive cheerfulness, for now the clear and quiet brook is rippling sweetly near.

The Second Movement Beethoven has characterized as the scene by the brook. This is decidedly a definite natural image, and accordingly the music assumes a more determinate and individual coloring. We perceive the wavy motion of the brook, we listen to the sweet voices of the birds in the woods; nay, finally the sound of the water is entirely silenced, and we only hear the song of lark, cuckoo and nightingale. This is "tone-painting." Certainly, but so far from being a soulless, material copy, it is the most soul-ful, most naive, ideal expression of a particular phenomenon of natural life. It is a fact not without significance, that these living, natural voices first appear distinctly only at the close of the piece; so far from being a product of the mere arbitrary will and fancy of the poet, these "tricks," as some are pleased to call them, appear rather as the necessary last result of the ideal development of this movement; they extricate themselves from the more or less diluted tone-pictures—we do not use the epithet in a disparaging sense—which lend ideal expression to the life of the brook and forest, detach themselves therefrom, and represent this side of Nature's life in the most sensuous accuracy and directness, revealing the stedfast striving of Beethoven after the utmost possible definiteness of expression.

In the Third Movement Beethoven describes the merry meeting of the country people in the most original manner and in the most speaking outlines, so that here all poetic commentary were superfluous. But soon this joyous festival is interrupted by an approaching thunderstorm, and now the masses of tone as they whirl onward and spread out upon the grandest scale announce the spectacle of the unchained energies of Nature, the rolling thunder, the howling storm and the flashing lightning. But presently the angry chaos is quieted, the sky is cleared, the setting sun shines forth, the herdsmen's horns resound, and in every creature are excited "glad and grateful feelings after the storm." To these emotions Beethoven gives expression in the last Movement. As in the first movement, these feelings are at first gently stirred; but soon again the heaving waves of heart-felt joy expand in the most inexhaustible fulness, and with the most various individuality, until at the end all is blended in the feeling of sincerest gratitude to the Creator, and the work concludes in a devout and holy mood. So Beethoven reproduced Nature and her thousand living voices in the poetry of tones.

[Conclusion next week.]

Malibran and Mendelssohn.

From Novello's Musical Times.

DEAR MR. EDITOR:—As one of the fashionable novels of the day draws public interest towards the subject of a distinguished musical celebrity, his extraordinary genius, his charm of person and manner, his marvel of pianoforte playing, I have thought the following anecdote might not be unacceptable just now, as showing how little the absolute realities in delight of Art-life are transcended by even the most florid imaginings of Art-romance.

It was once my fortune to be present on an occasion, which "Charles Auchester's" highest flight of rapturously described scene could not surpass in profound gratification, although very quietly enjoyed.

At an English professor's house in London, a few friends were once assembled, after the soberer mode of a past day—when an evening's artistic and social pleasure was more the object than stylish party-giving, and when sterling music proved the staple of the entertainment, rather than supplementary footmen, plate and glass for the nonce, with unwonted exotics and ices. The guests were told that Maria Malibran De Beriot and her husband had promised to come; and that Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy was also expected.

In the meantime, those already arrived—most of whom were musicians, and either played or sang—joined their host in performing some of their favorite pieces, vocal and instrumental, as the fancy of the moment prompted. During an interval, when conversation had succeeded to a trio of Beethoven's, one of the host's children (just such an infant fanatico as the boy "Auchester" defines himself) being on the eager corwatch, heard the sound of an arrival, and crept to the stair-head, in hope of catching the first glimpse of the coming glory. Peeping through the banisters the child beheld a lady who had just thrown off a hood, leaning upon the arm of a gentleman, who turned, as he prepared to ascend, saying to those who waited to know at what hour the carriage should come:—"Half-past ten." "Ten, Charles! Oh, pray tell them ten! These musical evenings,—these *parties*, are so ——."

The arch movement of the flexible eye-brow, the petulant curve of the mobile lip, the slight though significant emphasis on the word 'parties,' and above all the tedium expressed in the cadence of her voice as she paused, sufficiently supplied the unuttered epithet.

She came on, with her radiant face, full in the light of the staircase lamp, and of the opened drawing-room door; and then, as she entered, a burst of greeting welcomed her, and she was in an instant surrounded by admiring acquaintance, who led her into the farther drawing-room, where the music was going on.

With her own grace of courtesy, she offered to sing, knowing her host's delicacy would not allow him to propose it; and when she asked him to choose her song, he mentioned the one she had the day before given at the Philharmonic concert—Mozart's "Non piu di fiori."

She had scarcely begun that delicious strain of ineffable regret, when a young man of slender figure, but of irresistibly striking presence, came gently in, and placing his finger on his lip, dropped into the nearest chair, merely exchanging a silent shake of the hand with the mistress of the house.

Entranced and spell-bound while the aria continued,—at its close, all the company in the room where she was, drew round the singer, with animated looks and words of thanks.

Still, the last-entered guest kept his seat quietly, just within the folding doorway which divided the two drawing-rooms, signing to the lady of the house to say nothing of his arrival to the host. To the latter, Malibran had just turned with her beaming look, and said:—"My dear Mr. —, I want to sing one one of your compositions. Are there none here?" One was found—a "Sancta Maria"—which she hastily looked over, and then sang. With such intuition of what the right expression should be—with such devotional fervor, with such anticipative truth of conception in her rendering each passage, as only genius itself can inspire, did she execute this motet, which she had assuredly never seen before that night. The composer's delighted praises, her auditors' irrepressible plaudits, excited her; and she sat down to the instrument herself. First she touched all hearts with the tender sweetness of a little French air, with words as appealing as its melody; and then she suddenly struck into a lively mariner ballad, with a burden all jocund and free.

In the midst of the tumult of laudation that followed, De Beriot stepped to her side in his calm way, and whispered something in her ear.

She started up. "Mendelssohn here!" she exclaimed, with a whole flood of sunshine smiles pouring over her countenance, making it one glow of bright color—I never saw a face speak its gladness in such candor of vivid suffusion as her's did, upon any sudden emotion—and then she ran into the next room, to meet him. In another moment, he was the centre of a welcoming crowd. He rose to salute his friends, and join his thanks with theirs for what she had just heard. "Ah! you were pleased?" she said, with her touch of foreign accent, and cordial voice. "Now, my dear Mr. Mendelssohn, I never do nothing for nothing; and therefore you must come and play for me." She seized his arm, in her sportive eager way, and drew him over to the instrument.

Then came the wonder. He ran his fingers over the keys, and launched into one of his masterly improvisations. First he introduced the divine beauty of Mozart's impassioned aria.—Then, with solemn measure, stole in the holy purity of the "Sancta Maria;" then came the phrase full of loving earnestness, and voluptuous ardor: "Ah! rien n'est doux comme la voix qui dit je t'aime;" then burst in, with frolic gaiety, the sailor's ringing cry; and lastly, triumph of triumphs—he worked the four subjects together.

The torrent of eulogy that succeeded, warmed every one into a state of excitement that nothing could satisfy but more and more music. Piece followed piece, one still bringing on another. De Beriot played a fantasia with his own incomparable skill; a rare combination of fire, and of exquisite softness; of impulse, vigor, and admirable firmness, and a richness yet delicacy of tone, which to my taste, has never been equalled. Mendelssohn gave us some fugues of Bach; and Malibran sang again and again.

At length she caught her husband's eye, with something of a lurking meaning in its expression, which occasioned her to exclaim, with her sprightly tone, "Ah! It is late?" De Beriot composedly took out his watch, and held it before her.—"Past midnight: Then two hours the carriage has ——." The playful smile which sat so well upon that mouth, concluded the sentence. On taking leave, as she grasped both her host's hands in hers, after her own frank winning fashion, she said:—"Thank you for a pleasant time, dear Mr. ——. This is what *I* call a musical evening!"

It was a musical evening which will never be forgotten, while life and memory lasts, by

Your's, Dear Mr. Editor,

"THE YOUNGEST WREN OF NINE."

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Bellini Classic.

As we advance in time, and as we become familiar with the followers of Bellini, it really seems that this composer, whose works, during his life, were considered a very marked degradation of the musical genius of his nation, has now risen to such a pitch as to appear almost *classic*. In fact, the epoch of ROSSINI and BELLINI, compared with the following one of DONIZETTI and VERDI, can actually bear the same classification which, some forty years ago, people gave to the old Italian school, comparing it with the *improprieties* of the *farçeur*, Rossini. After such an experience, we should really not wonder if coming times should place even Verdi amongst the classics, and Bellini's style as a rigorous one, unfit for all imitation. In the beautiful field of music and harmony, the last fifteen years have made so many so-called impossibilities very possible, so many plants which were thought entirely unsuitable to the ground have grown and ripened into the most astonishing fruits, that we should not feel at all surprised, another fifteen years hence, to see this very field cultivated by some extraordinary hitherto-unknown means, and producing, with an enormous success (of course, not a miserable *succes d'estime*,) musical effects which ordinary beings now consider as just the reverse of music.

Bellini classic! Why not? If simplicity—purity of subject, of conception, and of sentiment are prominent features in a work of classicity, Bellini's music must doubtless appear exceedingly classic to a man who is compelled to witness the efforts of a modern Italian opera troupe. Take all his subjects, even *Norma* included, how simple are they, how far from all that, which is called in a modern sense romantic! Bellini has, in all his operas, very little to rely upon but himself, almost always a calm action, very few opportunities of displaying brilliant sceneries, no decorative points, very few exciting scenes, which have to do the whole work of impression, while the composer adds only a sort of musical drapery; he has nothing but his melodies, the purity of his sentiments, and a sort of musical naiveté, which beautifully reflect his own nature. It is said that Bellini, before he wrote down the music, repeated the words to himself, until they received a musical accent and phrasing, a very reasonable proceeding, and not often used by modern opera-composers. It is most probably on account of this that, whenever the character of the words and the situation in the opera sympathize with his own predilection and nature, he becomes really dramatic, at least as much as an Italian with so little musical knowledge as he had can be; while, if this is not the case, his music appears sometimes unbearable. To illustrate the latter remark, we cite only his *Liberty-duo* in the second act of *I Puritani*, which is as trivial and meaningless as possible. Poor Bellini! what did he care for liberty and independence? His very nature could only develop itself by uniting with other natures, by living in the light of love, friendship, and, perhaps, such feelings as are expressed in *Casta Diva;* and whenever he has to refer to these, he shows truth, ideas—in short, all the resources of his nature. The finale of the first act of *I Puritani* is a striking proof of this. Here, the sentiment of loyalty on the part of Arthur, the love, in its joy and despair, of Elvira, the jealousy of Richard, are all rendered full of life and dramatic truth; and as Bellini, at the time he composed this, his last opera, had made a decided progress in his art, we can not wonder that this finale is the best and most artistic thing he has written. We presume it was on account of this finale that a distinguished musician said the other day: "Whenever I listen to *I Puritani*, I forgive Bellini for having written *Norma!*"—*Mus. Review.*

Debut of Miss Hensler.

[From the New York Times of June 18.]

There was a good attendance at the Academy of Music on Saturday night in spite of the rain—than which nothing is more discouraging to an opera goer. Miss HENSLER may feel complimented that she attracted so large an audience with the elements and an off-night against her.

The opera selected for the occasion was DONIZETTI's "Linda di Chamounix." * * * *

On the appearance of the *debutante* the house applauded with encouraging gallantry. Without any perceptible nervousness, Miss HENSLER commenced the opening scena, and at once enlisted the sympathies of the audience. *O Luce di quest anima* followed, and was given with fluency and grace, but not otherwise remarkably. The duet with Carlos, *A consolarmi*, was artistically rendered so far as Miss Hensler was concerned, but the clumsy *staccato* of Signor BRIGNOLI did not contribute to its effect. Throughout the first act, Miss Hensler preserved the favorable impression she had created, and was called before the curtain and pelted with bouquets in the most approved manner. In the second and third acts, she felt more at home. There was a perceptible improvement, not only in the quantity of her voice, but in her management of it. The duet with the Marquis, and the final portions of the opera were in all respects, the best efforts of the evening.

The quality of Miss Hensler's voice is sympathetic and sweet. It does not command admiration but beseeches it, and is precisely the voice to strengthen with practice and study. If a conscientious regard be paid to the latter, there can be but little doubt that Miss Hensler will eventually take a high rank among eminent sopranos. Her method is the pure Italian, and so far as it goes, admirable. We should do an injustice to Miss Hensler and to ourselves, were we to imagine for a moment that her studies are ended. In the delivery of her voice and in fluent phrasing she has much to learn. On the other hand, she has no mannerism which it would be desirable to forget. What she does now is but a promise of what she will be able to do hereafter. At present, a quiet neatness of style, correct intonation, and a charmingly sweet voice are the characteristics of her singing. The compass of her voice we should take to be about two octaves and a note or two over, of good soprano quality. The lower notes are deficient in roundness and sonority; the upper ones clear and delicious. The register is smooth and well connected throughout. In personal appearance Miss Hensler is young and interesting. Her deportment on the stage might be materially improved without losing any of its attractive modesty. In a dramatic point of view Miss Hensler has everything to learn. To sum up, Miss Hensler has a delightful voice and some skill, but she needs more practice before she can do full justice either to the former or the latter. Her *debut* was triumphantly successful—sufficiently so, we hope, to secure her an engagement for next season. Three or four months' hard work before a critical audience would do her immense service.

The criticisms in the other New York papers are quite in harmony with the above. We will only add a portion of the remarks of W. H. FRY in the *Tribune:*

"The puritanic antecedents of Boston are in striking contrast with the facts it has lately shown in the musical line. Several native-born Boston amateurs of music are now in Italy studying; Mrs. Biscaccianti too is known to operatic fame; Mr. Charles C. Perkins, besides, lately produced a Cantata or Oratorio; another, we hear, is engaged on an opera—and Miss Hensler, if considered also of that latitude, is yet a fresh evidence of the changes which have taken place there in the arts.

Miss Hensler has a sweet, frank, ingenuous, expressive face, a dark, symphathetic eye, and considering her opportunities, exhibited talent in dramatic action. Her figure is of moderate height, her age about nineteen—so she has ample time for culture and improvement. Her voice is a high soprano—capable of rendering such parts as that of Linda in which she appeared. Positively soprano voices have seldom or ever very great body, but their compensations lie in delicacy and flexibility. Hence Miss Hensler's voice, though not massive, is pure and agile, and commanding high notes readily, is easily heard throughout the theatre. It is proper to add that she was warmly applauded by a numerous auditory, and called for eagerly at the close of the performance."

Max Maretzek.

The popular Conductor, "hero of nineteen opera campaigns," &c. &c., took his benefit at the New York Academy of Music, Monday night. The *Times* improved the occasion to give the following sketch of his career.

The vicissitudes of Mr. MARETZEK's career afford a striking illustration of the mutability of human riches, and the utter vanity of all earthly glory. Seven years ago he landed in America with nothing but talent and a wooden *bâton*. To-day he has nothing but talent and a wooden *bâton*. In the interval he has made and lost several fortunes. We find him conducting the opera for Mr. FRY in 1848; commencing for himself in 1849; progressing rapidly to fortune in 1850; tumbling down suddenly in 1851; and from that time to the present making and losing money with strange rapidity and *nonchalance*. For seven years he has been the hard working propagandist of the Italian Opera. He has done all the work; received all the kicks; made all the enemies; and conferred all the benefits of the lyric muse. In return for this, he is Musical Director of the Academy and has a benefit to-night. Rather hard in a wordly, but highly beautiful in a moral point of view.

It may not be inappropriate on this occasion, and certainly will not be uninteresting, to refer to some of the New York campaigns of Mr. Maretzek. It will be seen that the artistes engaged by him were not of third or fourth rate class; and that really to Mr. Maretzek New York is indebted for much of its best musical education.

In the autumn of 1849, Maretzek gave a series of fifty performances at Astor-place, with TRUFFI, BERTUCCA, FORTI, BENEDETTI, BENEVENTANO, and NOVELLI. It was carried through successfully. In 1850 he gave another series of fifty performances, with PARODI, as well as the other artistes. In the Spring of 1851, he commenced a season of sixty nights at Castle Garden, with BOSIO, TRUFFI, SALVI, BETTINI, BADIALI, MARINI, BENEVENTANO, and COLETTI. This great company performed at fifty cents admission only. The season and its promises were carried out fully, but in doing so Maretzek lost $20,000. The next year he tried another campaign in Astor place, with STEFFENONE, BOSIO, BETTINI, and most of the others. This was recuperative—so much so that a fresh season was commenced early in the Spring. But in the meantime an opposition sprang up at a rival house. The result was that both Companies were utterly ruined, after a brilliant but erratic career. Maretzek, with the remains of his Company and an orchestra consisting of three performers, (including musical director,) left for Mexico. After an absence of eight months, he returned and commenced another season at Castle Garden, (1853,) with SONTAG, STEFFENONE, SALVI, POZZOLINI, BADIALI, BENEVENTANO, MARINI and ROSSI. This season was successfully carried out, and another undertaken at NIBLO'S, with STEFFENONE, SALVI and others. It was to have been fifty nights long, but terminated on the forty-ninth in consequence of a difficulty with SALVI. Our readers will remember the interesting and exceedingly abusive correspondence which took place at the time. Last year Max Maretzek went to Europe and returned with BERALDI, GRAZIANI, GOMEZ and others. These artistes performed thirty-six nights at Castle Garden. The season was unsuccessful, and terminated in vexatious losses to every one. Since this, the Academy has possessed Mr. Maretzek. In the course of these campaigns *sixteen* new operas have been introduced to the public, in addition to those of the customary repertoires and a number of revivals. Something worth remembering, surely.

THE BRONZE STATUE OF BEETHOVEN.—The *Advertiser* publishes a couple of letters from

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Munich, on occasion of the exhibition of Crawford's noble statue there at the festival commemorative of Beethoven's death. The first of these, describing the festival, we have already given substantially. The other, addressed to Mr. PERKINS, is from the distinguished composer and Royal Music Director of the King of Bavaria, Herr FRANZ LACHNER (not SWEKINER, as the *Advertiser* has it), and is as follows:

MUNICH, March 31, 1856.

The common feeling and reverence for Art and the masters of Art which exists on both sides of the ocean, among the cultivated nations of the New and the Old World, is a tie which unites them although separated from each other by space, in customs and social forms. That reverence for Beethoven, greatest of all the composers of our country, which has so long lived in all the music-loving hearts of his native Europe, is now participated in by a great and noble people beyond the ocean. The Beethoven will soon stand in Boston, as a visible and speaking proof of the noble community of thought existing between the two continents. Munich, highly esteemed as the starting point of modern Art, has given being to this monument, so grandly modeled by one of the most gifted artists of America. The musical community of our city took occasion of the completion of this monument, to give a musical fête in memory of the great master on the anniversary of his death. (He died, as all the world knows, on the 26th of March, 1827.) Confident of your cordial sympathy, they placed it in the Concert Hall. The king, the members of the Royal family, and a select and numerous audience assembled on this glorious occasion. Constant applause during the whole evening showed the deep sympathy of the inhabitants of Munich in this celebration, the memory of which will long live in a thousand hearts. You will see by the enclosed programme what works were selected for performance at this admirable concert. The prologue which accompanies it will express to you the sentiments of the listeners. And now receive from me the well-deserved thanks of all German artists and Art lovers, which you and Crawford have so well won by the creation and erection of this noble monument. May this bronze image of the great composer take with it across the ocean as a great blessing, the power to preserve and spread among you the love of classical music, so that the art of music, in its deepest and truest meaning, may give the holy consecration of a true feeling for Art to the rapidly developing people of America.

Musical Correspondence.

From NEW YORK.

JUNE 20.—All the newspapers will tell you that our fair young prima donna, Miss HENSLER, has had a brilliant success at the Academy of Music.

And you will not be sorry, perhaps, to have the assurance of a private citizen of the parquette that in this particular instance the newspapers have told the truth.

Miss Hensler's success was an honest, handsome and satisfactory success—a success highly gratifying to all her friends, and full of encouragement for herself. The traditional New York dislike of things and people Bostonian, seems to have been suspended in her favor, and I have rarely witnessed a more demonstrative and hearty audience. They rained roses, and thundered applause. And (which was more satisfactory) they looked admiringly and listened approvingly. The house was perhaps not quite full, but like Charles Lamb in the omnibus, each individual seemed to be "full" of good will and satisfaction.

The choice of the opera was very judicious, the music of *Linda* giving good scope to the peculiar charms, the freshness, delicacy and sweetness of the débutante's voice, while it offers but few of those temptations to florid and ambitious display, from which a young singer is apt to take harm. In such a case as that of Miss Hensler, a début is to be judged with reference to the future; it is the blossom and not the fruit that we go to see, and those who took an interest in the fair lady's fate hoped to find in the performances of Saturday night assurance of long seasons of delight to come. This assurance they found. The very faults of Miss Hensler's inexperience were recommendations, and I am sure that no competent person could have listened to her Linda, without being convinced that she lacks no quality essential to the rank she aspires to hold on the lyric stage.

You will hear her in concert, and will be delighted with her voice and method. But as I know you agree with me that the legitimate triumphs of vocal music belong to the Opera and the Oratorio, you will reserve your best satisfaction in the return of an accomplished countrywoman, till you can see her fairly installed in the constellation of that "Opera of the Future," which is destined, I hope, to shed its benignant influences upon us for season after season yet to come.

I heard Miss Hensler again last night, at MARETZEK's benefit, when she was good enough to lend her sweet aid to the ovation of the unlucky, cross-grained and energetic ex-impresario. I say nothing of last evening, for I listened not critically, but comfortably, to Miss H., after being exhausted and obfuscated with a pot-pourri consisting of

Masaniello, 3 acts.
Le Prophète, 1 scene.
Don Bucephalo, 1 scene.

I always enjoy *Masaniello*, and BRIGNOLI sang well. But the audience was as confusing as the performance. One's sentiments were painfully wrought upon by the way in which the people cheered the smoke-pipe and hot lava of old Vesuvius, whistled for the curtain to rise, shrieked cat-calls at the supernumeraries, and did so many other things unsuitable to an operatic house, that I dare say peanuts were eaten in the galleries. No man knows better than yourself the importance of "atmosphere," and you will easily understand my unwillingness to venture any observations on such an evening.

I may mention as a crowning indication of the odd nature of the assemblage, that Maretzek, the beneficiary, was not called out at all.

The people had sense enough, however, to honor the Signorina Elise, and she looked, sang, and acted much better than such a house deserved.

I think that I shall try to drag myself to Niblo's to hear BALFE's "Daughter of St. Mark," or rather to *see* the same, and if you wish, will "drop you a line" apropos thereof.

Faithfully yours, X

JUNE 21.—On Wednesday last the Academy troupe produced "Tell," and never did they play it better. The orchestra gave us the overture in a perfectly exquisite manner, and all the singers, solo and chorus, afterwards did their best. I have got to like the overture and two first acts so well, from frequent hearing, that to part for them for some time, at least, makes me quite sad.

On Friday evening the house was about as full as it could be, and then there were several hundreds of the *genus homo* crowded in besides. The occasion was the benefit of the New York favorite, VESTVALI. Of the third act of *Rigoletto* the least said the better. The next piece on the programme (in order to continue the horrors) was the third act of "Romeo and Juliet," composed for Mme. MALIBRAN by VACCAI. It seems Mme. M. was not contented with BELLINI's last act, and therefore procured this. Vestvali did well in the poor music, but STEFFANONE was rather too large and old for Juliet. To show you with what poetical genius the argument in the programme was written, I enclose it:

ACT III.

Romeo enters, with chorus, and desires the tomb of Juliet to be opened. He expresses his anguish, "Dearest of my heart, look down upon the grief of thy fond and faithful love." Romeo takes poison, when Juliet suddenly recovers. "What, know you not my death was feigned," She cries. Romeo dies lamenting.

Is not this beautiful? Note the wonderful climax at which the unknown poet arrives in those grand words, "She cries!" 'Tis strange, but Steffanone did not cry.

The performances closed with the second and fourth acts of *Trovatore*, or rather they closed with a speech from *Miss* Vestvali, as our New York papers insist upon entitling her.

On Saturday evening Miss HENSLER made her début in *Linda*. On account of a heavy rain the house was not crowded, but the attendance was very fair nevertheless. Miss H. was at first a little timid, but soon took courage and pleased exceedingly.—She is very young yet, and when her acting has become more perfect by practice, and her voice more full and developed, she will be a very valuable acquisition to the lyric stage. And even as it is she is a very pleasant singer, and in a girlish part like that of *Linda* does very well indeed. She was enthusiastically received, and at the close of the first act obtained a perfect shower of bouquets. She has made a very good impression upon us New Yorkers, and we look forward to her future career with much pleasure. Rocco made a capital Marquis, BRIGNOLI a fine De Sirval, BADIALI an excellent Antonio (he could not have been better either in the making up, acting or singing), and Vestvali a very charming Pierotto.

On Monday evening the benefit of "our MAX" came off. First we had the three acts of *Masaniello*, which you had in Boston two weeks before. The notice of that performance in your last will do for this. I enjoyed it very much, all but the dancing. Then followed a scene from the *Prophète*, introducing the beggar song, by Mme. D'ORMY. It was well given. Sig. Rocco then gave us most capitally a most capital buffo scene, from the opera of *Don Bucephalo*, composed by himself, representing a young composer at the rehearsal of his opera. I have seldom laughed more heartily in the same space of time.—The performances closed with the second act of *Linda*. Miss HENSLER did even better than on Saturday.

This was the last night of the performances of the regular troupe, and at the close, those initiated adjourned to the operatic "bier-kneipe" in 3d Avenue, where pretty soon about the whole Teutonic portion of the troupe and their friends (including many Yankees) were assembled. Even the policeman, detailed at the Academy, came. I heard a gentleman ask him if he understood German: "No *sir*," he answered, "but I understand what *lager-bier* means."

From this "house of the muses" we proceeded to the residence of Mr. PHALEN in 14th street, to whom the orchestra brought a fine serenade. The same was then done to Miss HENSLER, at the Everett House, Mr. COIT, (the other manager,) in 8th street, STEFFANONE, in Houston street, and MAX, in 4th street. And then, it being half past two o'clock, I left them about to proceed again to the "house of the muses," and I think it likely that they didn't "go home till morning."

And now I must briefly express my thanks to the whole troupe, from Messrs. Phalen and Coit down to the lowest call-boy, inclusive, for the pleasure they have given me this winter, and, to be less selfish, for what they have done for the establishment of opera in this city, and for doing away with the "star" system. I only hope that our next season may be as good as this. The task of manager is a hard one, much labor and often much loss. But if Messrs. P. & C. will undertake the Academy again next winter, they will have some experience, and be able to get along with less trouble than this year. Let them

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keep "Max," and get rid of "naughty Harry," and they will do well.

To-morrow evening the Lagrange troupe open at the Academy, with *Norma*. I understand that we are to have *Don Giovanni* before long, with LAGRANGE as Zerlina. Who are to sing the other two female parts is unknown. Rumors are yet rife of an addition to the present troupe of some from the late "regular" one, and the production of the *Prophête*.

At Niblo's, BALFE's opera of *The Daughter of St. Mark*, was produced on Monday, with, as all the papers concur in saying, a most miserable lack of the requisite splendor. And I can believe it, for in the poverty of its decorations, etc., Niblo's is only excelled by Burton's.

Last night was a rainy one, and consequently but a poor audience assembled to hear the "Daughter of the Regiment," at Wallack's. The orchestra was a very good one, and D'ORMY made a capital Marie. Next week *Fidelio* is to be produced, with D'Ormy in the title rôle. The orchestral part of the performance will no doubt be good; of the rest I am not quite so sure. R.

Musical Chit-Chat.

"Come," said a respectable old Boston merchant to a young amateur pianist, who was visiting his family one evening, "Come, can't you play us a bit of a *fu-gée* for my little daughter to dance by?" Not so impossible, after all; for only a few nights after laughing at the story, we happened in at about the middle of one of the ballets of the Ravel Family, when verily as one of the principal danseuses began to cut her pigeon wings, the orchestra began scratching through an antique sounding fugue. Why not, since nearly all the modern forms of melody were originally associated with certain dances?

Among other things to be sung at the great festival of the German Männerchöre next week in New York, is the scene from the second act of "William Tell," that of the gathering and oath of the three cantons. It is said that about a thousand male voices will take part in it, the nucleus of whom have been sometime rehearsing it under the the direction of CARL BERGMANN.....The original GERMANIA MUSICAL SOCIETY, with the exception of two or three members, will meet, in July, at Newport for the summer season. We hear they propose giving a series of concerts in the autumn.

It is well said by the London *Times*, and might be said as truly in New York or Boston as in London: "If half the care lavished on *Il Trovatore* were bestowed on *Don Giovanni*, at least a dozen overflowing audiences might be counted on in the progress of the season. Will directors never be persuaded that in a musical theatre the first essential is the general completeness of the musical performances? Why not, *for once*, in the absence of attractive novelties, make a desperate effort, and present *Don Giovanni* as Mozart wrote it, with every scenic and histrionic accessory to render it perfect? No opera offers greater scope for the actor, the scene-painter, the decorator, and the singer—to say nothing of the beauty and variety of the music, which, up to the present time, remains unequalled."

Profs. THUNDER, ROHR and CROUCH 'respectfully place before the musical community of Philadelphia and neighborhood, the result of a careful investigation by them for establishing a series of Sacred and Secular Concerts for the approaching season.' The number of concerts to be twelve, on alternate Tuesdays. Among the compositions to be brought out are Mendelssohn's "St. Paul;" Mozart's "Requiem;" Mehul's "Joseph" (as an oratorio); Romberg's Cantata: "Song of the Bell"; "The Morning," by Ries; Locke's "Macbeth" music; and a series of ancient Madrigals of the 15th and 16th centuries. The professors pledge their professional standing, &c., for "fidelity of authorship" as well as artistic rendering.....The "Salem Choral Society" recently gave a very pleasant musical soirée to a large number of invited friends; the first part of the programme consisting of vocal solos, quartets, quintets, &c., and the second of choruses, with orchestral accompaniments. The society is composed of some eighty of the young singers of Salem, besides an orchestra of eighteen performers, all under the able directorship of Mr. MANUEL FENOLLOSA. It has been in operation only about three months, having been organized by the originators and leaders of the old "Salem Academy of Music," after that was revolutionized by Know Nothing influences. The Choral Society have been practising Mozart's 12th Mass.

MRS. JAMESON, in her *Common-Place Book* says: "Talking once with Adelaide Kemble, after she had been singing in the *Figaro*, she compared the music to the bosom of a full-blown rose in its voluptuous, intoxicating richness. I said that some of Mozart's melodies seemed to me not so much composed, but found—found on some sunshiny day in Arcadia, among nymphs and flowers. "Yes," she replied, with ready and felicitous expression, "not *inventions*, but *existences*."....The same genial authoress relates that, old George the Third, in his blindness and madness, once insisted on making the selection of pieces for the concert of ancient music, (May, 1811)—it was soon after the death of Princess Amelia. "The programme included some of the finest passages in Handel's 'Sampson,' descriptive of blindness; the 'Lamentations of Jephtha' for his daughter; Purcel's 'Mad Tom,' and closed with 'God save the King,' to make sure the application of all that went before."

Paris papers report the marriage of Mlle. WILHELMINA CLAUSS, the celebrated pianist, to M. FREDERIC SZARVADY, formerly secretary to the Hungarian embassy at Paris, and feuilletonist of the *Gazette de Cologne*....M. DELPHAT, the oldest instrumental musician, as M. DARIUS was the oldest singer, in France, lately died at Lyons, at the age of ninety-nine years and three hundred days. He was projector of the first "monster concert" in France, which took place in 1791, as part of the funeral honors paid to the officers who were killed at Nancy. Then, under the direction of M. Delphat, the overture to *Demophon*, by Vogel, was executed by 1,200 wind instruments, accompanied by twelve tam-tams. A flute of honor was decreed to him by the city of Nancy, which, on his death-bed the old man begged to have placed in his coffin.

The Vienna correspondent of the *Signale* (Leipzig) thus reports a couple of criminal cases that have come before the tribunal of good taste there: "The first offender is of the female sex; name *Traviata*; father, Verdi; mother Neo-Italia; occupation nameless, see *Dame aux Camelias*; crime: exciting of public discontent through tediousness. The second offender is called *Marco Visconti*; father, Petrella; mother, Neo-Italia; occupation: murder and assassination; crime: qualified theft in the third degree and concealment of a mess of borrowed trifles; and on the second count, excitement of discontent through tediousness." Verdi, he says, is a Titan to Petrella!

At the Rhine Musical Festival at Düsseldorf, on the 27th, 28th and 29th of May, Mme. JENNY LIND GOLDSCHMIDT was to *sing* some Mazurkas of CHOPIN(!) besides arias from the *Zauberflöte*, and *Beatrice di Tenda*. FERDINAND HILLER was to conduct. It is also stated that Mme. Goldschmidt will sing three nights in Paris after the festival.

LISZT has lately attended a performance of an *Ave Maria* of his own composition in the Catholic church at Leipsig....THALBERG's opera, "Christina of Sweden," was to be brought out at Vienna on the 26th of May.

HALEVY's new opera, *Jaguarita*, has met with great success at the Théâtre Lyrique in Paris; the favorite singer, Mme. CABEL, surpassed herself in it.

A German paper relates the following of ROSSINI's journey to Paris. He arrived at Aix from Nissa without stopping at Marseilles; his numerous admirers in that city had prepared him an ovation, which he was obliged to decline, his disease, as it is well known, consisting in the most extreme nervous irritability. Arrived at Aix, and weary of the long journey, he resolved to take the rail-road to Paris. He was taken in his carriage to the village of Rognac, through which the rail-road passes from Marseilles to Paris. No sooner had he reached Rognac than the train approached; he saw far off the smoke of the locomotive, and heard the rumbling and screaming of the steam whistle. He grew deadly pale, a violent tremor seized his whole body, he was in a state of the greatest excitement, and under this feverish influence he ordered the postillion to drive back to Aix. There he changed horses, and resolved to go to Paris in his carriage by short stages. The few persons who had the fortune to see the famous maestro, give sad descriptions of his shattered and melancholy appearance.....We read also of a still more curious instance of his nervous terror in Paris. Being invited to go to the Grand Opera, the scene of his triumphs, he refused from pure dread of meeting his own statue, which stands in the vestibule!

Mme STEFFANONE (or Steffenone, as it has lately become the fashion to spell it,) sailed this week in the Africa. for Europe, intending to lead henceforth a private life in Italy.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JUNE 23, 1855.

Crawford's Statue of Beethoven.

Decidedly the great event in this our corner of the world of Art just now, (at a time, too, when we are otherwise quite rich in artistic novelties), is the arrival of this glorious statue of the great composer, who more than any other has stirred the deepest chords of musical feeling in the hearts of this community. It stands there in the Sculpture gallery of the Athenæum, where it daily draws delighted crowds of reverent admirers. We may truly say that we have never seen any work of Art call forth so much emotion among the bystanders. Eyes grow moist, strangers cannot seem content to be strangers in its presence, and people go from it excited as they go from listening to the Fifth Symphony, the "Leonora" overture, or the *Eroica*. For ourself, speaking as one whose life has been pretty thoroughly steeped for some years in the music of the master, we want words to express the satisfaction that we feel in CRAWFORD's work. It is the BEETHOVEN of the Symphonies and the Sonatas, whether it follow the best actual portrait or not; it is modelled after the living, personal form and features that glow through all his music (which is his truest life), if it be not a literal likeness of the man as at any given age he walked the street. But it conforms to both; it is at once ideally and literally, physically true, so far as men have now the means of judging. Germany has sanctioned it with joy and pride; and verily the sculptor may feel happy in a rare success, in that, while

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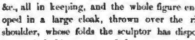
winning American gratitude by his Washington, he has also touched the Germans in the person of their great man.

The statue is colossal, seven feet in height. The material, the Munich bronze, is beautiful, much lighter than the common bronze, of a rich yellow, almost golden color; and it is well relieved, on a green pedestal, against a background of green, as it was at the Munich festival.

The whole figure is in the highest degree majestic and imposing; it lifts the thoughts upward; it stands aloof from all the trivial fancies, affectations, fashions of the hour, a thousand times more real than them all. There is the stamp of the absolute upon it, allying it with all things great and enduring, and it is worthy to keep company in that room with the "Day and Night", the colossal head of Juno, and the Apollo Belvidere. The composer stands with head erect, earnest, straight-forward look, the body quiet, the face indicative of intense mental action, the hands dropped loosely crossed before him, the left hand grasps the score of the just completed "Choral Symphony," and over it the right hand holds a pen. His dress is plain and historical, the open neck, the coat buttoned, the substantial German boots, &c., all in keeping, and the whole figure enveloped in a large cloak, thrown over the right shoulder, whose folds the sculptor has disposed with admirable grace and largeness of effect, enhanced by the fine hue and texture of the bronze. Upon the music sheets which he holds are inscribed the first notes of the choral strain he introduces in the symphony, with the words from SCHILLER'S Hymn to Joy:



"Joy, bright spark of Deity, daughter of Elysium," &c., &c. And what seems a happy point in the selection, whether the artist so designed it or not, the strain is not here quoted as it is first introduced in the symphony in its most simple form, which is in a sort of reciting four-four rhythm, but as it is reproduced afterwards in a more excited lyrical moment of the composition, where it is caught up as it were and moves on tip-toe in the six-eight rhythm. For it was the happy and the bold design of the artist to represent Beethoven in the fulness of his genius, at the most triumphant height and climax of his artistic striving, when he realized the ideal to which his great faculties and passions had been so devoutly and severely consecrated, and, seizing upon its text in Schiller's ode, he sang of JOY and the embrace of myriads.

It is this that justifies the whole treatment of the subject and explains whatever has been questioned. The face to many appears young, at least for that period of his life. But it is the character, the genius, the ever-living portion of him that is there. It is the ideal Beethoven, made to appear, as all men do who are inspired, of *no* age. Some say, he does not look savage enough; there is not the absent, wild, dishevelled look, which we see in most of the portraits; the deep lines of suffering and disease, the prematurely aged look, are softened down, and there is more of the air of health and strength than we have been wont to see portrayed. So there is and so there should be; for the portraits naturally have exaggerated his peculiarities, or daguerreotyped and fixed the casual look of single moments. Beethoven *was* the great sufferer, the rapt and inward seer, the proud, uncompromising foe of life's frivolities and shams; he was deaf and he was harsh at times. But the artist's triumph was his no less than the struggle; his music is all full of both, and every work a victory; love and sweetness were the basis of his nature, and gushed out in spontaneous melodies sweeter than any other man has written, if we except MOZART; and it was fit that he should wear the everlasting young Apollo look of genius. All this the statue has, while in the face and head you recognize all that is vital, all that ever seemed quite real, in all the other busts and portraits. There are the compressed lips, and the deep lines about the mouth; there are the swelling veins about the temples; there is the searching, inward gazing eye, the beetling mass of forehead, delicately intellectual at the same time, with the well pronounced ridge on the corners, which the phrenologists call Tune, and above and behind all the grand cloud of hair, altogether making one of the noblest and most effective subjects for a sculptor. It is one thing to catch him in Punch's or Kladeradatsch's diorama some day, as he saunters in the street, and another thing to see him in the full glorifying sunlight of his own great music.

So has the artist modelled him, and so may we hope literally to see him, when the statue shall be erected in the fitting place for which the liberal first suggester and present owner destines it, in our noble Boston Music Hall. This will be done with all due ceremony in the autumn, marking an era with the opening of our next musical season. The thoughts above expressed, if a correct key to the artist's design, ought, as it seems to us, to settle the yet mooted question as to the precise locality for the statue in the hall. It ought to stand upon the stage, in the middle of the arch that now screens the temporary organ, facing the audience, reared upon a pedestal above and behind all the musicians, so that we shall see it *through* the grand music to which we shall sit there listening. When a permanent organ, worthy of the place, shall be set up, the statue in the same position may be easily built into its front.

Meanwhile it is a proud day for music-loving Boston to become the possessor and abiding place of such a work of Art; and our thanks are due to Mr. Perkins, to the Sculptor, to the directors of the Royal Bronze Foundry in Munich, which is really an artistic institution, to the founders of the Music Hall, to those who first taught Boston to love Beethoven, and to all who have helped to prepare this triumph. That we do not overestimate its artistic importance is proved by the elevated enthusiasm shown by German artists and Art-lovers in Munich, upon formally taking leave of it, and affectionately consigning it to their younger brothers in Beethoven of the New World. This is the Beethoven whom Germany accepts and feels; and those into whose soul Beethoven's music has most deeply, truly penetrated, are those who will most deeply *feel* the truthfulness of Crawford's statue.

A friend has placed in our hands a translation of the programme, and the prologue that was recited at the Munich festival, and with these we may fitly conclude this perhaps too long article. It will be observed that the translation is strictly literal, making no attempt to reproduce either rhyme or rhythm; but the nobility and appositeness of the thoughts, in themselves, make them interesting, even without the music of the verse.

PROGRAMME

Of the Memorial Festival in honor of BEETHOVEN, *Munich, March 26th,* 1855.

PART I.

1. Festival Overture in C.
2. Prologue
3. Elegiac Song. (Orchestra and Chorus.)
4. Trio from "Fidelio."
5. Offering Song: Solo Voice and Chorus.
6. March and Chorus from the "Ruins of Athens.

PART II.

Eroica Symphony.

PROLOGUE.

[Written by F. DINGELSTAEDT.—Spoken by Mlle. DAMBOECK.]

Ye, by a death and resurrection Feast
Assembled here, in Art's adorned abode,
GERMANIA greets, of a rare day the witnesses,
Day which beheld her Greatest die and rise again.

Often with heavy heart on the sea-shore I sat
Like a new Niobe, weeping my lost children,
As sons and daughters wandered gladly towards the West,
Like birds that migrate, unrestrainable, exulting to depart.

Thus from the Mother heart her health and blood, like veins,
The German streams, with stolen flow, unceasing drew.
See how the banner, rich in German stars,
Beyond the Atlantic, where the sun sinks, floats.

Sadly I saw them disappear; but one—that one—
Ocean-spanning Colossus, gladly I see go forth
In triumph, bridge-like 'twixt Germany and America thrown.
Give, O Sea! your gentlest dolphin, Arion-like to bear him!

Once more, wonderingly, before he goes, behold him;
Yes, such he was, strong, firm and iron, every tone a man,
On the arched brow the stamp of a strong nature is imprest;
That brow cloud-freighted, that eye of lightning flash!

Those lips spoke seldom, but their sound was song;
Those ears, all deaf to earth, heard but the music of the spheres;
That heart, like granite rock, enclosed a stream
Of ever-flowing freshness, deep-rushing, dark and dreamy.

Great image of the greatest master, with reverence we inaugurate thee;
Stand as he did, beyond the reach of space or time,
Amid the New World's oaks, and giant streams, thy equals,
Pillars of God's great Temple, take thy place!

There, where one nation formed of nations, makes of a continent its State,
Where land unmeasured still grows green and waters gleam;
Where with united heart, strongly into boundless space
A young manhood rises, Phœnix-like, from the ashes of the old:—

There, in the dawn of new arts, the birth of new tongues,
Amid the chaos of new spirits, significant, to stand;
To us a mark of the attained goal, to them who follow after
A beacon, surely guiding, thro' the storm, and night and wind.

When a beam of that young sun shines upon thee,
Then Memnon-like sound forth, as to this hall to-day,
Blaze out, thou spark of Deity, bright light, shine forth;
Sound loud the triumph of devoted love, Fidelio!

[*The trumpet passage from the second act of "Fidelio" was here introduced.*]

Hark! a mightier echo wakes from North and South,
Than your volcano thunders, your Niagara's fall;
And, as when Orpheus played, the beasts attend,
As before Amphion, stones do dance, at such a song.

And do not home-bells ring, and Christmas sounds return,
To million German hearts far scattered o'er the land?
See how they meet, how speechless stand,
Turn'd towards the West each eye, and none without a tear.

Yes, it is he, our Artist-king, who cradled by the Rhine,
Did in Vienna find, a life-span since, his cold and darksome grave.
Go, and declare, thou iron shade, tell it beyond the sea,
Truly he is arisen, and among us lifelike stands.

To brothers and to strangers tell, upon that distant shore,
By that same German land, as bond and herald thou art sent,
That Germany which, with priestly fire, and warriors' blood,
And peasants' toil has christened every land.

Though in the council-hall of nations, by the stern decree of Fate,
Torn and dismembered, silent, Germany must stand,
Say, that one thing sustains her, that her Art and Science give
Hope, trust and unity amid her woes.

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These, mid the storms of every time and age,
Span with their rainbow arch both sea and lands;
In Cultivation's dawn, on tracks of bloody War,
They come with Culture's light, with palm of Peace.

Rejoice that in our royal house, in the Bavarian land,
A haven they have found, from wear, and storm and time;
'Tis this the Statue tells us, and with grateful hearts,
That Munich gave it us, let all who see, declare.

CONCERTS.

The Lagrange Troupe left our public with an appetite. The third and last concert in the Music Hall, on Friday evening of last week, showed no abatement of enthusiasm. It was so essentially like the first two, that is offers little to remark upon — Mme. Lagrange was hardly in as clear voice as usual, and labored a little in the beginning of the air from "Lucia": *Spargi d'amaro pianto;* still she sang it with exquisite grace, and her voice sufficed in the main for rich, large expression, as well as for those fine, delicately gleaming passages in the highest notes in which she *never* fails of purity. The brilliant waltz, of her own, afforded a new chance for her wonderful display of instrumental vocalization; and we were glad again to hear that wild and pensive Hungarian melody, in which her voice perfectly takes the peculiar and very various color of its sentiment. To us it seems the most individual and charming flower of all her melodies. We were never much interested in mere vocal instrumentation; but in Mme. Lagrange it seems a thing of nature and of character, and not mere studied artifice.

In the humorous duet from *L'Elisir*, and in the trio from *Lucrezia* and the quartet from *Lucia*, her voice told admirably, and she was ably seconded by other artists. Sig. Morelli sang *Vi ravviso* with his usual quiet and manly artistic grace and completeness. Mirate sang a romanza by Mercadante, another from Verdi's *Louisa Miller*, in the same large, robust voice and style, which takes young Boston and young Italy right off its feet, and when recalled again indulged them in the height of ecstacies by repeating his crack piece, the air from *Don Sebastian*. He surely has a noble voice and sings with energy and great *abandon;* but is not, as an artist, as a medium of pure musical expression, to be named with Mario, in spite of our imflammable young friends. It is a very common thing for loud tones in a tenor, especially when accompanied with good looks, to be mistaken for feeling; and the danger of Mirate seems to lie in pure physical overdoing of the thing.

The orchestra, under Arditi, played a rather learned and classically constructed overture by Bottesini, and the *Freyschütz* overture again, remarkably well.

Miss Elise Hensler, on her return from Italy, greets her musical friends with the announcement of a concert in the Music Hall next Tuesday evening. She will of course meet with the warmest welcome, and we anticipate a lively pleasure in realizing with our own ears, the good reports of her success in Milan and at her recent début in New York. We only regret that we also may not hear her in an opera. We give to-day two letters from our correspondents, as well as extracts from the New York papers, showing the good impression made by her début. From private sources, on which we fully rely, we learn that the papers rather under than overstate her success. Especially are we told that she shows far more dramatic talent than the *Times* gives her credit for.

Mme. Lagrange in "Norma." — A single operatic performance was vouchsafed by these admirable singers on Monday night. The Boston Theatre was quite well filled, although it would be impossible to find two pieces more hackneid than *Norma* and the last scene of *Lucia*. Yet after Verdi, the first strains of even *Norma* were somewhat refreshing, and not until it came to the long, tedious "middle passage," the Adalgisa sugary duet business, did our patience give out. It was worth while to go, simply to hear Mme. Lagrange in *Casta Diva*. Never before, with the single exception of Mme. Goldschmidt, have we heard it sung nearly so well. The lofty, remote, spiritual character, which the priestess wore in her impersonation, was quite striking. Her holding out of that exquisitely pure, silvery highest note at the end of the recitative upon the altar, was marvellous. In the slow movement of *Casta Diva*, which she sang mostly in a subdued, supplicatory, and religious tone, there was rare perfection of phrasing, and a really spiritual fineness of expression: and the rapturous quick movement following was given with a dazzling brilliancy of execution which no one before has equalled. Dramatically, altogether her Norma was a very high performance; but when it came to the denunciation of Pollio, we were fully confirmed in our old feeling that it was best to let Norma end with Grisi. What Grisi did not do—*sing* the only great music in the opera—Lagrange did, and wonderfully well.

Pollio is an ungracious part, and Mirate's large voice, so far as we heard, did not redeem its dulness. Morelli was a fine Oroveso; and Mme. Siedenburg a sweet but feeble Adalgisa. — We did not witness Mirate's death-scene of Edgardo, for which he of course reserved his best strength, but learn that it fulfilled every expectation.

Music Abroad.

Germany.

Leipsic.—Our Gewandhaus concerts are over; the quartet *soirées* are at an end; and the Stadt Theatre is to be closed on the 1st of June for three months. The closing of the theatre is a fact hitherto unprecedented, and creates no little sensation. Not only the artists, whose salary will be suspended, but the public are evidently discontented. Of late we have had no lack of operas, and even *Tannhäuser* has been given twice, to the no small satisfaction of the Wagnerians. But the performance was not very successful, partly owing to the Tannhäuser (Herr Epple) and the Elizabeth (Mlle. Uhrlaub)—both from Hamburg, and both very bad—and partly from want of rehearsals.

Herr Mitterwürtzer, from Dresden, has been performing here with success, and was greatly admired as Hans Heiling, in Marschner's opera of that name. Mlle. Tietjens, from Vienna, has appeared in *Oberon*, *Die Hugenotten*, and other operas. She is a great favorite. Herr Beck, from Vienna, has also been very successful in Kreutzer's opera, *Das Nachtlager in Granada*, which has drawn crowded houses. He is the best barytone in Germany. The new opera, *Der Erbe von Hohenegh*, music by Hauser, was produced on the 18th inst. to a full house in aid of the "Theatre Pensions-Fonds." The *libretto*, by Herr Emile Devrient, contains nothing interesting.

On Thursday, the 17th inst., Liszt came here and conducted his new mass, at the Catholic Church, for four men's voices, with organ accompaniment. I am happy to be able to inform you that Robert Schumann is in a fair way of recovery from his long and severe illness. The last accounts we heard of him were that he has again begun to read and write, and play the piano. He is very fond of playing duets with friends. His memory does not seem impaired by sickness, and strong hopes are now entertained of his speedy restoration to health.—*Corr. London Mus. World.*

Cologne.—The *Männergesangverein* gave their last concert of the season on the 15th April. The whole of the first part was occupied by *Rinaldo*, a cantata for solo, quartet, chorus, and orchestra, composed by Herr Max Bruch, a pupil of Ferdinand Hiller, and who for the last three years has held the Mozart Scholarship in Frankfort. This was performed for the first time; and in the absence of an orchestra, the accompaniment, arranged for two pianofortes was played by the composer and Herr Breunung. *Rinaldo* is a composition of considerable freshness. It would be well if the society would study a few more such compositions, instead of overwelming us with *Ständchen* and *Volkslieder*. The second part was made up entirely of such *insipidities*, excepting a violin solo, by Herr M. Pixis (Variations of Vieuxtemps) and Mendelssohn's *Liebe und Wein*, compared to which all the others were as "water to wine." The thirty seceders, with the addition of some others, have formed a new Society (*Sängerbund*), under the direction of Herr Kupper.

At the last *soirée* for chamber-music, besides Mendelssohn's quintet in B flat, and Beethoven's quartet in E flat, Op. 74, a trio for violin, pianoforte, and violoncello, by W. Niels Gade, Op. 29, was introduced. It is entitled *Novelletten*, and consists of five distinct pieces, good enough to atone for the affectation of the title. Hiller played a sonata of his own—a masterly composition. Carl Reinthaler's oratorio, *Jephthah und seine Tochter* (MS.) was performed for the first time complete in Elberfeld, under the direction of the composer, on the 5th April. Herr Reinthaler is the son of a Protestant clergyman, and was himself intended for the ministry, but Heaven seems to have willed that he shall edify the people by his music rather than by his preaching. The oratorio contains many beauties, the choruses especially: the whole is cleverly instrumented. The composer conducted with energy, and at the conclusion, amid the plaudits of the audience, the blowing of trumpets and the beating of drums, was crowned by "fair hands."—*Corr. Lon. Mus. World.*

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Translated for this Journal.

Beethoven's Symphonies.

BY "A FRIEND OF ART."

From the German.

[Concluded from last week.]

The Seventh and Eighth Symphonies (in A major, and in F major, ninety-second and ninety-third works) give expression in tones alike to one idea, the idea of the fullest sensuous and spiritual enjoyment of existence; they are different variations of this one theme. In both symphonies alike the expression of this idea rises toward the close to the highest possible vivacity, to the greatest sensuous excitement, to the boldest extravagance, to the maddest jubilee. The tone images in both works attain to the highest sensuous reality, and these creations say what they will in tones in the most distinct and penetrating manner; with them therefore a poetic commentary were especially superfluous. Here BEETHOVEN reaches the highest individuality and definiteness in his tone-forms, and from this point of view THEODORE UHLIG is right, when he sees in these works the centre of gravity of the Beethoven instrumental music. As it regards the A major symphony in the first place, we might prefix to it as a motto the words of Luther:

> Who loves not woman, wine and song,
> Remains a fool his whole life long.

The First Movement begins in sustained tones; the soul is filled first with a silent, suppressed joy, but soon it begins to tremble with gladness, it can no longer conceal that with which it is so full; and now it openly announces its secret with ever increasing fulness of expression to the end of the movement. How dramatically that so-called *organ point* a little before the close portrays the deeply suppressed feeling of joy pressing toward tumultuous outbreak, just as it rids itself of narrowing limits and pours along in roaring streams! In the Second Movement the soul, after this full outpouring, is again moved by tranquil joyfulness; but this joyful mood wears in the first theme in A minor a, so to say, sweet-sour character; it seems as if a slight sadness trembled through it, but only to sweeten the sweet charm of joy still more, as the wound made by Cupid's arrow is a sweet one, and the rose is not without thorns. But this gentle sorrow expressed in an ever more enchanting tone-coloring, is presently sweetened by the lovely theme in A major which is joined to it. At the close of the movement it comes forward again and keeps the upper hand, but sad as its presence seems, for the very reason that it pours itself so fully out,—I might almost say weeps itself out,—its power is broken, so that it softly dies out at the close. But how unsatisfactorily words describe this infinite magic of tones!

In the Third Movement again the liveliest cheerfulness rises (in the magical middle subject in D major) in the plenitude of bliss, floating as it were upon the waves of ecstacy, to the expression of a certain solemnity, thence to resign itself anew to the most unrestrained career.

But in the Fourth Movement the joyful soul celebrates its Bacchus feast; here the emotion rises to the most unlimited jubilation, here all the nerves are strained up to the highest pitch, a "jubilant kiss seals the embrace." It is this work, kept throughout in dance rhythm, which RICHARD WAGNER strikingly calls "the very apotheosis of the dance, of the movement of love ideally embodied in tones."

In the same feeling and spirit is the Eighth Symphony composed. There breathes in it the same cheerfulness, raised to a pitch bordering on excess. But it gives in smaller form rather a miniature of serene soul's life; it is more a naive, child-like joy, too, which pervades the whole; a Haydn-like spirit breathes in this work. This and the small form, in which the symphony moves, have misled many into supposing it an earlier production of Beethoven; but there cannot be a greater error. Any one who has become deeply acquainted with Beethoven, and who compares the first quite Haydn-like symphony of Beethoven with this, his eighth, cannot help feeling the infinite difference between them. *Outwardly*, indeed, the eighth symphony is not more comprehensive than the first; but to apply a mere space measure to the highest spiritual products, is to be guilty of the grossest error and betrays the most trivial and unartistic standpoint. But the inward relationship of these two works is at the same time an outward one. The form of the first symphony is the Haydn form; that of the eighth symphony is the genuine Beethoven, such as the master created in the *Eroica*. And then the striking originality of the tone-pictures in this eighth symphony, this bold, self-conscious humoristic life, this bubbling overflow of animal spirits,—what a contrast to the above described contents of the first symphony! That is the pure Haydn spirit, married with the manly spirit of Beethoven, a mediated product, an intellectual re-birth. But the eighth symphony is in truth a product of the ripe, developed Beethoven. A naive, humoristic joy pervades, as we have said, the whole and unfolds itself in the finest *nuances* and shadings. If in the first movement this character is depicted more in general, the two middle movements give us two particular sides of it; but in the last movement comes the highest climax, giving scope to the maddest humor, to the most jovial mood, such as was never before produced in tones.

Beethoven must have been in the most joyful state, inwardly reconciled with himself, when he conceived these two creations. But, as has already been remarked, this paradise did not suffice for him; he soon aspired after a higher, and he created the Ninth Symphony.

About no work of Beethoven, perhaps about no work of Art, have views and opinions been so different, as about the ninth symphony; indeed no creation of Art has had to battle so hard ere it gained admittance, as this grandest work of absolute music. Twenty years ago the work was considered deranged, a mere aberration of Beethoven; ten years ago it was only half deranged, while in recent times the understanding of the same has broken a continually deeper path for itself, and the work with the cultivated musical public has acquired a certain popularity. What formerly seemed a confused conglomeration of musical eccentricities, is now recognized as a necessary expression of a sublime idea of feeling. The union of words with tones, which formerly in such a work of pure instrumental music passed for an arbitrary whim, a something abnormal, an extravaganza, is now recognized as an artistic necessity. This change, this better understanding or feeling of its meaning, is due partly to repeated performances of this difficult work; partly to deeper penetration into the innermost nature of Art and of Beethoven in particular; partly in fine to excellent commentaries on the work, such especially as FRANZ BRENDEL has given in his History of Music, and RICHARD WAGNER in his "Programme" to the Ninth Symphony. Henceforth is recognized, as the idea pervading the entire work, *the victory-crowned striving of the soul after the highest* JOY. To show how Beethoven lends expression to this sublime idea, and devel-

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ops it organically, we will once more follow Richard Wagner.

In the First Movement we see, conceived in the sublimest sense, the conflict of the soul striving after joy against the pressure of that hostile power, which rears itself between us and earthly happiness; only in isolated gleams of light do we catch the sad sweet smile of bliss; the demon of joylessness encompasses us again and again, and it is in vain that we contend against him. We exclaim with Faust: *Entbehren sollst du, sollst entbehren*; Thou must renounce! (See Journal of Music, Vol. II, p. 137). In the Second Movement a wild delight seizes us, hurrying us on in the pursuit of a new, unknown bliss even to giddiness, to reeling ecstacy, until in the middle period a scene of earthly pleasure and of satisfied contentment opens; but to such narrowly limited cheerfulness we are little disposed, we plunge anew into that wild intoxication. In the Third Movement, on the contrary, the soul seems filled with sweet remembrance of a purest bliss enjoyed in early life. This is the first theme. This remembrance awakens in the second theme the tender longing of love. That hope-promising first theme answers again, then the second theme likewise returns, and now it seems to us, as if love and hope had inwardly joined hands as if to reconquer their soft sway over the tormented spirit. The bleeding heart seems healed and to be manning itself to courageous aspiration. But with the beginning of the Fourth Movement the soul falls back again into that joyless night, until the instruments give out a simple song theme, which swells up to a mighty climax, and finally a man's voice, after the instruments have been again hurled back into the conflict, sings:

"Ye friends, not these tones! But let us attune a sweeter and more joyful strain."

And now light shines amid the chaos. A chorus of human voices chants the lofty song of JOY: "Joy, bright spark of Deity," &c. Then in the high enthusiasm of joy bursts forth the utterance of *universal* love of Man: "Embrace, ye millions." This is the *purest* Joy, the *highest*. Now leaps from the breast anew the shout of Joy! Joy! Jubilant, in this fulness of emotion, we clasp the whole world to our breast!

Such is the idea of the Ninth Symphony. Considered from this side, as the representation of this idea, it is perhaps the sublimest work of Art of all times. On the other hand it makes an epoch in the history of Music, by the fact that in it the Word of the poet is married to pure instrumental Music. But this introduction of the word is not to be regarded as an exceptional extravaganza, as an arbitrary whim of Beethoven; for the word struggles out as a necessary result from pure tone, is the organic offspring of the tone. Beethoven, who in his symphonies shows a striving after more and more distinct individual expression, who in every one of these works presents an actual poetic subject-matter, and who therefore is before all the true tone-poet, arrives in the ninth symphony at a point, where mere tones no longer suffice for what he wants to say; hence he must call in the Word as a more definite expression of his thought.

Beethoven, the most absolute musician, arrives at the verge and limit of pure instrumental music; he removes the boundary. Hence with the Ninth Symphony, viewed in the light of *principles*, the last symphony was written, and at the same time the *actual organic marriage of Music with the Art of Poetry* prepared. And from this point of view must the progressive development of music since Beethoven be regarded.

Whitsuntide Music on the Rhine.

CHORLEY, of the London *Athenæum*, true to his old love of Germany and German music, has been over to the Düsseldorf Festival, and written to his paper the following vivid description and criticism thereof. We must allow for his strong English prejudices in what he says of SCHUMANN'S "Paradise and the Peri",—a work by the way which MENDELSSOHN, the English music-lovers' oracle, was the first to introduce to the musical world in Germany. On the other hand Chorley seems to have "conquered his prejudices" with regard to JENNY LIND GOLDSCHMIDT, whom he formerly liked not too well; his very exalted estimation of her singing now, therefore, is a fact of some significance, and goes far to offset the thousand and one newspaper reports about the decline of the vocal powers of the world's truest and greatest Queen of Song.

The thirty-third annual music-meeting held during Whit-week at one or other of the towns on the Lower Rhine—one of the most important gatherings of its class in Germany—took place this year, as the readers of the *Athenæum* have been duly apprized, at Düsseldorf, under conditions of more than ordinary interest. It is universally owned to be the most brilliant Festival which has taken place since that great musical summer of 1846, which included the *Musik-Fest* at Aix-la-Chapelle,—the Jesuit Festival at Liége, for which Mendelssohn's "Lauda Sion" was written,—the assemblage of upwards of three thousand part-singers at Cologne,—and the production of "Elijah" at Birmingham. It seems only yesterday since we were partaking of these excitements and pleasures: yet what a whirlwind of change and destruction has passed over Art in Germany during that interval of thrice three years! This Düsseldorf Festival would have been well worth a visit, whether it be regarded as illustrating the amount of what has been lost, and what is retained, in the Lower Rhine-land; or considered merely as testing the present state of that strange thing, German opinion. Apart from all philosophies and comparisons, however, it has been a noticeable meeting.

Our English privilege of beginning every matter in debate with a prelude concerning the weather does not come in amiss this Whitsuntide —since the sudden outburst of summer in all its glory, after so long-drawn and dark a winter, has given the whole district the festive aspect of a garden freshly decked and garlanded for some joyous purpose. Never were seen herbage of such an intense and tender green—such floods of golden flowers on the fields—never such piles and coronals of blossoms on every fruit-tree (making a delicious harmony with the red-tiled roofs of the homesteads, and the quaint towers of the old churches)—as those we swept past while taking the line from Aix-la-Chapelle to Ober-Cassel. This holiday clothing, too, was at its brightest in and about Düsseldorf. Every one knows the charming gardens which belong to that town, and it was fortunate that the lilacs and the chestnut bloom should have "kept back" till Whitsuntide. The hall where the musical performances are held—one of those picturesque temporary wooden rooms, the secret of erecting and decorating which belongs to Germany—was pitched in a garden, and betwixt fit and fit of the long and laborious rehearsals, and part and part of the concerts, it was pretty to see the cheerful and cordial audience streaming out under the covering of those lovely fresh leaves; and pleasant to know that one could loiter without among objects so refreshing to weary spirits, yet still hardly lose a note of Madame Goldschmidt's singing voice, and hardly a *piano* of the most elaborate chorus. There is much, after all, in scenery,—as the respective impressions produced by sacred music, when it is heard in a cathedral and in a town hall, will prove to the least imaginative; and it must be allowed that a garden in the Lower Rhine-land (due festival weather granted) puts heart and mind into better tune for music than the streets of our provincial towns, streaming with their factory population.

The material for such a meeting—orchestra and chorus numbering eight hundred, and twenty-six executants—has been, on the whole, excellent. The voices, particularly the female ones, have been more tunable than those which are sometimes to be heard in Germany on like occasions. The stringed Quartet in the orchestra has been admirable, animated to no ordinary point by that king of orchestral violinists, Herr David. The wind instruments were less satisfactory. All were tested to the utmost in some of the works selected for performance. All stood the test capitally. The first evening's concert was made up of a Symphony by Herr Hiller, the conductor of the Festival, with the motto, "*Es muss doch Frühling werden*,"—on the whole, perhaps, the best work of its composer, and the best German Symphony of a later date than Mendelssohn's. The ideas in three of the movements are good and well contrasted, the structure is excellent (some lengthiness forgiven,) and there are many charming details, which fill up the outline without obtrusiveness. It was noticeable that the Andante, which is the most vague and tormented of the four movements, seemed to be most relished, especially among the young professors and practitioners who thronged to the rehearsal. After the Symphony, Haydn's "Creation" was performed excellently. Somehow they make more of this work in Germany, and less of Handel's Oratorios, than we do in England; and (sad to say,) in spite of the sarcastic pity of the "men of the future," old Haydn's picture music was rapturously received, —in part, because, after all, it *is* music, and not mystical noise,—in part, owing to the wondrous singing of Madame Goldschmidt. Wondrous this was, and of a perfection which I do not think she ever reached in England. If her voice suffered from her American tour, it has entirely recovered its brilliancy and lustre,—and the style seems to have gained (as must be the case with every true artist) in warmth and dignity. Praise, too, is well deserved by the tenor, Herr Schneider of Leipzig, who was mentioned in the *Athenæum* three years ago as a tenor of promise, and who possesses what so many German tenors want— charm and suavity of tone, without any bad habits of delivery. After the tasteless bawling one is used to hear, which "sets up" for heartiness and energy, unaffected refinement, in but a modest quantity, is a welcome rarity. Herr Schneider ought to make a good career, if he remains unvisited by the ambition which killed the frog in the fable, and which has destroyed so many a singer.

"So far, so good." The second concert, which contained the "peculiarity" of this Whitsuntide Festival, was full of matter for strange comparison —if not for sad thought. The programme consisted of Mendelssohn's 'Meeresstille' Overture, Dr. Schumann's Cantata, 'Paradise and the Peri,' and Beethoven's C minor Symphony. To those who think as we do in England, and who are not used first to set up idols and then to pull them down, the juxtaposition of the two first-named compositions suggested the abyss into which German taste has made haste to plunge since Mendelssohn's death, by accepting Dr. Schumann as his successor and (say the "men of the period") his superior. Never before did I feel so strongly how great was one composer—how very small the other; never did I seem so intimately to touch, taste and handle the bitter and faded fruits which spring from disorder sown by a rebellious spirit that asserts progress and destruction to be one. There were good reasons, it is true, why this Cantata should be elected. Dr. Schumann having been long a resident at Düsseldorf, there are reasons why his works should not be sought out with censure too well known to all kindly and considerate musicians here to call for recapitulation:—but if Art is to

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continue to exist. Truth in Art must be vindicated,—and the truth must be told, that to select such a work on the occasion of a great German festival is to own to Europe that Germany has no more great men, and that any one who pretends to their "purple and gold" will find subjects (whether sycophant or sincere, who shall determine?) willing to swear that he is greater than any Greatness who has preceded him!

Years ago a brief analysis of this Eastern Cantata was offered in your journal; when its monotony and triviality were pointed out, and the pompous nothingness which a man poor in ideas could assume, in the hopes of appearing deep, simple, and sentimental. On hearing the composition capitally executed (and the principal part fought for by Madame Goldschmidt with a valiancy and power which did her honor)—the meagreness—the absence of true expression—the want of artistic simplicity in grasping the subject and distributing its component parts—made themselves more felt, even, than on perusal.—"It is much more amusing" (said one capable to judge) upon the pianoforte than here,"—and piteous was it to think of the time and the good-will which had been wasted in dragging through a work which did not really please (as was evident from the tepid applause bestowed on it), and which cannot last, unless *ennui* is to be mistaken for thought,—threadbare phrase for the utterance of emotion, and want of color for ideality in description. The final *bravura* of the Peri,—fierce and uncouth enough to padlock 'Heaven's gate' against such a shrieking and pedantic person forever and ever—the frivolous dance of the *Bayaderes* round about "Allah's throne," (like one of M. Adolphe Adam's two opera tunes worked canon-wise)—the dismal weariness of the scene of the Pestilence—and the irrational manner in which the singers have to pass from narration to personation, and *vice versâ*,—sounded ten times more fierce, frivolous, dismal, and irrational, when they were heard, than when they were read. And yet the amateur,—who is *rococo* enough to demand only melody, only variety, only propriety, only interest,—is told by "young Germany" that this Cantata is a work written before its composer had wholly shaken off the trammels,—in fact, "quite old music," as compared with the music of the hour and the music of to-morrow.—There is no pleasure in saying these things—as there is no comfort in controversy or dignity in disagreement;—but even the stranger's smallest word may help,—if it only induces one student to pause and consider what made his forefathers great;—and Europe owes too much to the giants of Germany, to see one of music's provinces handed over to dwarfs and deformed rulers, without a pretty strong protocol-work of protest.

The *Artist's Concert*, held on the third evening, offered among its noticeable features, new to a Londoner, Herr Gade's Overture, 'Im Hochland,' and a clever but incoherent violin Concerto, by Herr Rietz, who like Dr. Schumann, belonged to Dusseldorf "once upon a time." This was admirably given by Herr David. Lastly, the ovations to Madame Goldschmidt (who has sung, I believe, gratuitously) were such as to claim mention in the record of the meeting. After her first aria, *Deh vieni*, from 'Figaro,' a positive *feu de joie* of bouquets was discharged against her by the Ladies of the chorus, with the customary flourish of trumpets used in German orchestras for the greeting of favorite artists. After her second aria (a cavatina from *Beatrice di Tenda*, which, indeed, she executed magnificently), a young lady pressed forward from the ranks of the amateur choristers, and crowned her with a wreath; and while Madame Goldschmidt shrank away from this, the ceiling opened, and a rain of flowers fell around her. After her third aria came another shower of small ribbons, imprinted with the legend that Heaven had sent an angel to sing at the Thirty-third Lower-Rhine Festival. We must not measure our cousin-Germans' fancy for honoring the honorable by our own colder modes of procedure; but such ecstatic compliments could but be painfully oppressive, to their victim:—and so, indeed, she appeared to feel them. How could it be forgotten by some of those who saw the rapture and heard the riot,—that after having also seen Mendelssohn crowned at Brunswick, in years gone by,—and on another summer night the whole city of Cologne turned out to honor him with a torch-procession, and to present him with the freedom of the town—one has lived to hear him spoken of by many as a well-trained musician,—industrious enough, but without poetry or philosophy in his compositions. "These violent delights have violent ends"; and those who have seen the fickleness once, thenceforward mistrust the fervor. But the shower of roses and ribbons suggested something pleasanter than the thought of past triumphs followed by contempts. Was it not also an evidence that the lovely art of singing, as a branch of musical execution, and in some sort a partaker of the Creator's inspirations, can still hold its thousands thralled!

Such have been a few of the features of this animated and successful music-meeting on the Rhine. On the opportunities of meeting old friends and making new ones, and of hearing all that is to be—as well as much that should not be—in German music which the Congress had afforded, it is needless to dwell.—The next year's Whitsuntide music on the Rhine will be held, it is purposed, at Cologne.

Rossini in Paris.

A correspondent of the *Moniteur* writes:—"Rossini has arrived in Paris. This is the happiest and most important musical event of the week. To this excellent piece of news I can add another, which is still better and equally certain—there is every hope that the health of the sovereign *maestro* will be completely restored.

"Che sovra gli altri come aquila vola."

"All that science can do to preserve such a valued life for many long days will of course be done. His ordinary physician has already had several consultations with some of the most distinguished members of the faculty in Paris. If all who owe to the immortal author of 'William Tell,' 'Moses,' and the 'Barber,' hours of ineffable beatitude, of exquisite enjoyment, were to leave their names at Rossini's door, we should see an immense procession from sunrise to sunset for days without number. Many private friends of the master, however desirous they were to contemplate those fine and intelligent features which age and suffering have changed but very little, contented themselves with leaving their cards and good wishes at the threshold of his august abode, and abstained from feelings of delicacy from any attempt to disturb the privacy of the first days of his installation in Paris. Others, either less timid or more intimate, could not resist the desire to press to their hearts the old friend so long absent, and who had been represented by correspondence as much more seriously ill than he really was. Those who succeeded in penetrating the sanctuary were delighted when they saw the great man who had been reported to be so broken down. Although he has greatly suffered in various ways, they found his mind as sparkling, his temper as good, and his conversation as charming as ever. In answer to questions about his health, he complains of a little weakness and an absolute want of sleep. His malady seems to be purely nervous. But, notwithstanding his illness, he has resumed his favorite promenades upon the Boulevards, where he may be seen strolling as of old, with his hands in the pockets of his long frock coat, while he curiously observes the many transformations that have taken place during his absence. When any one talks to him of music and the recent success of his *Mathilde de Shabran*, he looks at his questioner with an air of astonishment so well assumed as to appear *naif*, and, bowing his head replies with almost imperceptible irony, 'People are really too good to trouble themselves about my old things. All that music is *rococo*. It has quite gone by.' The other day some one was vaunting the wonders of magnetism, and proposed that he should consult a somnambulist. 'Ah,' said Rossini gaily, 'she would ask for a lock of my hair; I have but five hairs left, and each of them has a name. I am bald enough as it is.' He came to Paris by short journeys. Rossini likes to see the country he passes through; to breathe the air at leisure, to sleep at night, and, in short, to take the longest way about, like the good La Fontaine. As to those modern means of communication which shoot men and luggage, as from a cannon's mouth, a hundred leagues before a man has time to enquire the way, without having either that fear or dislike of it which has been pretended, he does not see why one who has no occasion to hurry should adopt this mode of travelling. He says capital things about the inconveniences as well as the advantages of progress. During this long journey, which took more time than Torquato Tasso and Benvenuto Cellini would have done to perform the same distance sword in hand, Madame Rossini watched over her partner with a pious and maternal solicitude. * * *

"It is said that the management of the opera will celebrate Rossini's return to Paris with all the *éclat* due from a principal theatre supported by a state subvention. There is a talk of bringing out *Moïse* on a grand scale; *William Tell* and *Count Ory* will also, we believe, be played. This homage to Rossini will be at once an honor to the Opera, a great joy for the friends of Art, and a solemn reparation for the inconceivable neglect of the great works of the master of masters, of which we were at one time guilty.

From the New York Tribune.

The Grand Pic-Nic of the German Musical Societies.

The fourth day of the great Festival began cloudy, but at nine o'clock, just at the time of the meeting of the great bulk of the singers at Washington Hall, the heavy clouds dispersed and a fine sunny day favored the grand excursion.—The Singing Societies, Turners, and military Companies formed in procession and marched through the Bowery, Chatham-street and Broadway to the foot of Canal-street. The procession was an imposing spectacle on account of its numbers, the brilliancy of the emblems and the entire arrangement of their proceedings. In front marched the Carabine Rangers, Capt. Bechtel, and the New York Riflemen, Company 1, Capt. Johnson; then came a body of Turners in rank and file, then the vocal Societies with their gay banners and standards; another body of Turners, the New York Hussars, Capt. Beiser, and the Washington Artillery, Capt. Schnorr, bringing up the rear, in this way taking the Singing Societies in their midst. The streets through which they passed were thronged by people, and thousands of men, women and children visited Elm Park during the day. There is no exaggeration in estimating the vast multitude at forty thousand, who, from 8 o'clock until evening flowed to the beautiful spot selected for the great Festival. The grove was thronged. The procession numbered about three thousand persons, and proceeded in several steamers to Stryker's Bay and thence to Elm Park.

In the Park the various scenes of this "Waldfest" (Festival in the Woods) were piquant in the extreme. They were new and astonishing to many native Americans who were present, who never witnessed the assemblage of such an immense multitude of persons conducting themselves with the most perfect decorum. The occasion was full of sweet reminiscenses of the happy days of the truly beloved Vaterland. Every society and company had their banners suspended in a certain place, and numerous friends gathered round them. There were forty or fifty of these headquarters. At each the parties enjoyed themselves in singing, in drinking, and in dancing to the music of five of the finest bands of music, and in filling the air with their hurrahs. Suddenly the scene changed, the rattling of drums called together the members of the Turnerbund, and they marched through the thronged multitude amid enthusiastic applause. They appeared in the full vigor of health, youth and beauty.—Crowds gathered here and there to listen to some orator who appealed to the old German love of liberty, and therefore to the love of their new *Vaterland*, the headquarters of the future liberation of the world. Then the mighty harmony of a great chorus swelled through the woods, and re-

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minded the listeners of the romantic banks of the Rhine and Neckar, with their old castles, their merry vineyards and rich cities. Then followed the drinking round (Bundtrinken) from enormous *Birkenheimers* or trinkhorns, or giant silver cups, of which we saw one specimen holding about four bottles of wine, belonging to the Teutonia Gesangverein of New York, with the device:

> Wer nicht liebt Weib, Wein und Gesang,
> Der bleibt ein Narr sein Leben lang.
> (Who does not love wine, wife and song,
> Will be a fool his life-time long.)

and embellished by the haut relief figures of love, liberty and song.

Here met old friends, brought together by this Festival from the most distant parts of their new Vaterland, and remembering old times both here and on the other side of the Atlantic, happy and sad days, revolution, barricades, prison and banishment. Then in another place the strong old German choral music or fugue could be heard, of which the old Lutheran warrior song of the thirty years' war: "*Eine feste Burg ist unser Gott*" (a fast stronghold in our Lord,) was the first and fundamental specimen. Those who have witnessed these Festivals in Germany must confess that this German national characteristic is gaining a hold upon the new world, and that German song will by and by be a characteristic not only of the German population but of the whole people of the United States.

It would be impossible to give a full and true picture of the whole affair with all its freedom connected with the utmost order and harmony. There was the vast crowded multitude and single couples and parties in the more remote places of this large Park. Here the loud echoing of a thousand voices, there the still happiness of family circles with wife and children and the stiller tones of tender lovers. And above all these manifold scenes were visible the mind shadows of gentle trees and the rosy clouds of the sinking day. Certainly the German people found here a home, an *Heimath!* This grand Festival was certainly the most brilliant of all Festivals of this kind held in this country.

At about 4 o'clock several speeches were made from the steps of the Villa of the Park, but the crowd prevented one understanding anything that was said. It was said that the Mayor made a speech and expressed himself much pleased with the order and good behavior of his German fellow-citizens, to whose services he had ordered a force of two hundred and fifty policemen as a guard against native and adopted rowdies and pickpockets.

At 5 o'clock, cannon-shots and the roll of the drums announced the hour of again forming in procession to proceed homeward. Soon they marched in the same order as they came, through the alleys of the Park down to Stryker's Bay, accompanied by the thousands of their friends. Several overloaded steamers were required to transfer them to the City.

The memory of this Festival will undoubtedly linger a long time in the minds of all who witnessed its proceedings, giving the love of the liberal arts a new vigor among the Germans.

Musical Correspondence.

From NEW YORK.

JUNE 26.—In regard to the quantity of music afforded us Gothamites at present there is surely no reason for complaint. The Academy opened its doors last week for a few more nights with Mme. LAGRANGE, Messrs. MORELLI and MIRATE. These artists have sung in *Norma* and *I Puritani*, and were to have given *Don Giovanni* last evening, had not the indisposition of Morelli and Mme. FERRARI, a débutante in America, compelled the postponement of MOZART to Wednesday evening. It is late in the season, and amid the musical surfeit of the hour they have failed to draw as numerous audiences as they deserved. I hope *Don Giovanni* will better reward their labors, and it is rumored that the management have not yet abandoned the idea of getting out *Les Huguenots*, that exhauster of MEYERBEER'S originality.

The German troupe,—mainly the same which you heard in *Der Freyschütz* at Niblo's some weeks since,—have taken possession of Wallack's cozy little theatre; but in spite of the zealous efforts and really good leading of their director, Mr. ROBERT STOEPEL (a brother-in-law of WILLIAM VINCENT WALLACK, and recently of the Princess' Theatre, London) *Die Regimentstochter* has twice attracted but a few listeners. To-night we were promised the *Czar und Zimmermann*, but for some unannounced reason a German vaudeville has been substituted. Rehearsals of *Fidelio* have commenced with Mlle. LEHMANN, Mme. D'ORMY having wisely concluded to confine herself to rôles depending less upon artistic singing. She is a very acceptable Marie, the vivandière, but Fidelio should have another representative.

But the musical event of the week is the gathering of the German Saengerbund, Maennerchor, Liedertafel, Saengerrunde, Orpheus, Liederkranz, etc., (there are as many names as societies for one and the same thing) to their general Saenger-Fest. On Saturday they poured in upon us, and visited our main streets with their torchlight procession. On Sunday they gathered at their head-quarters, the Washington Hotel, and there marshalled under the American stars and stripes and the German revolutionary tri-color, they rehearsed, exchanged greetings and consumed a sufficient number of barrels of *Lager-bier*, to reconcile the brewers to the Maine Law for one month at least. Yesterday, with flying banners and military, (for detailed accounts of which see the dailies) they took possession of the Metropolitan theatre, and the "Generalprobe" gave promise of an acceptable evening's entertainment. CARL BERGMANN had been selected as "Fest-Director," and this appointment will satisfy you that all that a conductor can do was done. For the last few weeks this most modest and able leader has been most indefatigable in his preparations, and numerous rehearsals of the large orchestra and the New York societies have not been without their effect. The Festival-Concert was on Monday evening.

Carl Bergmann is ambitious to bring before an American public, works to which they have not hitherto listened and which represent the modern phase of music abroad. WAGNER'S overture to *Cola di Rienzi*, and the Reception March from *Lohengrin* were therefore the instrumental pieces selected. The *Rienzi* overture is one of the musical reformer's earlier efforts, produced at a time when Meyerbeer was his attraction, and of course can be considered in no sense as "music of the future." My position unfortunately was directly in front of the brass instruments, consisting of four horns, four trumpets, four trombones and two ophicleides, supported by an immense drum; and these instruments in a Wagner overture are not left to rust, you well know. Of course I could not judge of the *Rienzi* or the *Lohengrin*; but I heard enough during the occasional suspensions of brass, to convince me that the *Rienzi* overture contains some choice bits of melody,—actually "absolute" melody.

The first vocal piece of the concert was a "Liederspiel," or species of vocal Cantata, by JULIUS OTTO, entitled *Im Walde*, consisting of soli and choruses. This was a very pretentious composition, written with orchestral introductions, interludes, and descriptive passages. Some pretty common-place bits, generally remembrances of others, were heard from time to time, the most effective of which was a serenade for tenor solo and chorus; but the whole composition was meaningless and foolish; the several numbers being connected together with orchestral passages, which reminded me strongly of the interludes of some of our country organists, having nothing more to do with the pieces themselves than the interludes referred to have. However, *Im Walde* pleased the audience much better than the Chorus of the Priests from Mozart's "Magic Flute," excellently given later in the evening. Among the other selections of the evening were *Winterlied* chorus, very trivially composed by V. E. BECKER, and lifelessly sung by the Baltimore societies; the "World's Prayer" chorus, by ZOELLNER, very effectively performed by the Philadelphia societies; KUECKEN'S "Warrior's Song before battle," the best singing of the evening; for Mr. Bergmann had carefully trained the New York Societies; FRISCHEN'S *Kriegerscene* chorus, which closed the programme, and which I did not hear; and the finale of the second act of *William Tell*. This was by far the most effective performance of the evening, notwithstanding the weakness of the accompanying terzett. The full bursts of the large chorus, now instantly mounting from *pianissimo* to *fortissimo sforzando*, were magnificent indeed. How little do our opera managers appreciate the effects that may be produced by a powerful and efficient chorus!

The next festival is appointed for Philadelphia, in 1857. To-day Elm Park (82d st.) is alive with the Turners' Pic-nic, which closes the social amusements of the week, and at which it is safe to predict, a considerable quantity of lager-bier will find a sympathetic receptacle. G.

From WASHINGTON, D. C.

JUNE 23.—You see by the enclosed circular that we have in embryo at Washington a Musical Journal to be called the *National Monthly Musical Magazine*. I have seen the proof of the first number. It will be chiefly a publication of lighter music—waltzes, opera airs, etc.—in a suitable size for binding. The reading matter will be secondary. It has as vignette a beautiful engraving of the National Monument that is to be, if the K. N.s who now have the matter in hand don't surround it with a *platform* and leave it so.

Last night we had the first really Classic concert which has occurred in the city since I have been here. It was given by Mlle. DE BOYE, a resident artist of admirable qualities, but never sufficiently known, she being a student of high Art, and Washington having but little weakness that way. But she was induced by those who knew her value to advertise a concert, whereat she was assisted by artists here and in Baltimore. It came off last night, and was so successful, that I trust it will be followed by a series of subscription concerts next fall, which would be something new for us!

In the C minor Trio of Beethoven, and the Concerto in G minor of Mendelssohn, Mlle De Boye gave evidence of such a real entrance into the spirit of the masters as we are here strangers to. AHRENS'S 'cello is exquisite. He gave us finely for solos Schubert's *Hommage à Beethoven*, Finale of *Lucia*, and "Sounds of Home." I could but reflect when the first of these was announced as a "Theme from Beethoven," how remarkable a compliment it is to Schubert, that his *homage* to Beethoven should have so inspired him, that this entirely original piece should have so widely passed for the composition of the great master, and been published as such in London and America. You may remember that when Schubert's earlier compositions were attracting notice, and especially his songs: *Die Burgschaft, Die Junge Nonne, Ossian's Gesänge, Die Grenze der Menschheit*, Beethoven was deeply interested in them, and exclaimed, "*Wahrlich in dem Schubert wohnt ein göttlicher Funke*," (Truly in this Schubert burns a godlike fire!)

I have said that this was the only really Classic concert we have had. I do not forget HELLER'S entertainment, (half music, half necromancy,) of which I wrote you. He did give us the *Sonata*

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Pathetique, and some "Songs without Words."—But when I think of his concert I am reminded of the statements published with becoming gravity by the Hon. Robert Boyle, namely: that a drum made of wolf's skin would break another made of sheep's skin; and that a harp strung with fox-gut strings would make hens fly away. Heller has "second sight" enough to explain these to us, and also why an orange-tree blossoming and bearing fruit in two minutes puts to flight a flock of *Lieder ohne Worte*; and a "Magic drum," on which invisible spirits beat, will break the effect of the *Pathetique* on the drum of the ear.

After living here somewhat longer one gets to find a good deal of worthy music in Washington. There are a number of good artists. The defect is a lack of musical enthusiasm, and an ignorance of the great composers. There was last night an earnest attention to the entire concert, and an evident interest in the finest passages. I remember a verse of John Sterling's which commences

"Meliora latent" ever; &c. C.

From CHICAGO, Ill.

JUNE 21.—We have actually had nothing in the way of Concerts, except one of STRAKOSCH'S *very pleasing* and *amusing* Grand Musical Festivals, gotten up in the usual style, viz: Signora PARODI, prima donna assoluta, lately returned from her professional tour through Europe; Madame PATTI STRAKOSCH, and some tenor or baritone, engaged at twenty-five dollars a week, to give variety, and the necessary rest to the prime donne, besides sustaining the male parts in those sweet and entirely new duettos, with Maurice Strakosch as musical director and accompanist to the vocal performance. Strakosch is an excellent manager, and during his sojourn of seven years in America has sufficiently studied the taste of our Western population to know that his music will take, and that he gains more by pursuing his course than by trying to cultivate and elevate the standard of music; he gains more *money*, I mean, and I am very much mistaken if that is not his prime object. Oh, beautiful! how sweet! charming! are expressions I hear whispered around me; and signs of astonishment exhibited by open mouths, charming smiles, and sundry gesticulations, have sufficiently convinced me that it would be dangerous openly to express any dissatisfaction. Strakosch performs finely on the piano; his accompaniments are really a great support to the singing members,—and leaving his pecuniary aims out of the question, which form the main basis of his course, it is almost a pity that he should not try to please his audiences with Chopin, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Beethoven, and compositions of other authors, instead of his own calculated accompaniments of "Katy Darling," "Old Folks," "Yankee Doodle," and others, while I think him able to perform such compositions as would raise him in the opinion of all admirers of music.

But he *did* make money; both evenings the spacious hall was crowded at one dollar a head. He left here for some parts in Wisconsin, will visit St. Louis and return ultimately to New York.

It has often been remarked by artists that the Western country does not offer sufficient encouragement to visit it, while all depends on knowledge and management; and although many will rather abandon the idea of paying us a visit than descending to these sundry humbugs, I request their consideration and compassion, assuring them that with our fast notions of improvements we shall soon be able to distinguish good from middling,—and while at present, all belonging under the category of the latter are pretty sure of making money by the experiment, the first class will always meet with a hearty welcome from a goodly number.

The "Backus Minstrels" are *locking us* considerably, having taken possession of our only good music hall for a length of time, to keep away anything less mediocre.

Since BERGMANN has left us, there have been no public performances of our Philharmonic Society, and we must rely altogether on the kindness of those who favor us with a chance visit; and not until such an important event will I again task your patience.

H. B.

Musical Chit-Chat.

CINDERELLA has stepped into real life, it seems. The *Salut Publique*, of Lyons, guaranties the truth of the following story:—"About two months ago, M. de Rhet——, a gentleman of large property in the neighborhood of this city, on leaving the theatre after a performance of the 'Etoile du Nord,' picked up a white satin shoe. On examining it, he found that it must have been made for a foot remarkably small and elegant. He asked the box-keepers if any one had announced the loss of a shoe, but was answered in the negative. He took it home with him. The more he saw it the more he admired it; and he jumped to the conclusion that the owner, having so small a foot, was, in all probability, extremely beautiful. He showed the shoe to all his friends and acquaintances, and caused them to make inquiries after the owner; but he could gain no clue to her. At last it struck him that, as the person who had lost it could not have walked home, he might gain some information from the cab-drivers. After eight days spent in inquiry he found a driver who remembered having driven a young woman who had lost her shoe in the Rue Thomassin. M. de Rhet— thereupon made inquiries at every house in that street; and he at length discovered a young work-woman who blushingly confessed that the shoe was hers. As he anticipated, he found that she was remarkably beautiful, and on inquiry he learned that her character was very good. He fell in love with her, and in a few days they were married."

Look out for an improvement in church music—for we are told that, in view of the want of devotional feeling among church singers generally, the Bishop of Newfoundland has prepared a prayer for them, which is used in his cathedral, and in many of the churches of his diocese.

Our music-loving friends in Philadelphia are at length to be congratulated on the prospect of a fine large Opera House. The money is wholly or mostly subscribed, the directors have contracted for the building, and ground was actually broken last week at the corner of Broad and Locust streets for the foundation. There are at present nearly two hundred men at work upon the lot. It is said that the site is better and that the theatre will be larger even than the Academy of Music in New York. The Philadelphians, we believe, style theirs the American Academy of Music. Success to it! Democratic prices! down with the star system and with the spasmodic speculations! and instead thereof a permanent lyric institution, in which justice will be done to composers as well as *prime donne assolute*, and great works presented with reasonable completeness and conscientiousness in all, even the most subordinate parts!

At the same time that the Londoners are hailing the advent of a new English opera (of which we copy a description elsewhere) Paris is rejoicing in two new operas from its favorites, AUBER and HALEVY. The latter has chosen a wild Indian subject—*Jaguarita* is its title—and it has met with great success at the Theatre Lyrique. Auber's was given at the Opera Comique, and the first performance was honored by the attendance of the veteran Rossini, as well as of the Emperor and Empress.......ALFRED JAELL has lately given a concert at Strasburg, in company with the violinist, SIVORI......CATHERINE HAYES, the Irish vocalist, gave a concert at Singapore, in the East Indies, in March last. In extent of territory her artistic career certainly beats all others, she having traversed Europe, America, (from ocean to ocean), Australia and India...... Our sweet singer, Mrs. WENTWORTH, has returned from a successful concert tour in the Eastern provinces.

Has any musician, or any other living lion been the subject of so many anecdotes, real or invented, as ROSSINI? One might fill a book with them.—His revisitation of Paris just now is the signal for a new shower of them. Terribly severe is his reported *mot* concerning MEYERBEER. Being asked if he had heard the *Prophète*, he answered: "Yes, I heard it once in Florence; but the Italians are not fond of five-hoor operas, so they abridged it a great deal, and very unfortunately they seemed to have left out all the good parts."

There is a rumor that one of our enterprising managers proposes to bring over here the famous composer and conductor, RICHARD WAGNER, who is now frightening the Englishmen......For the French Opera at New Orleans M. ROUSSEAU DELAGRAVE, of the Imperial Academy at Paris, has been engaged as first tenor; he is said to be superior to any tenor who has visited New Orleans before; he is still young, of a fine *physique*, and counts among the first singers in France. He has a comic talent also. For *basse chantante* their old favorite, M. GRANT, returns to them from France, in place of M. BECKER. M. DERRINAT, light tenor, also returns, and M. MAZER succeeds M. MONTCLAR......The German *Männerchöre* have societies in Texas, which met for a Festival at New-Braunfels on the last three days of May, at the same time that a similar festival was held in Cleveland, Ohio. Besides the Braunfels Union itself, which numbered thirty or forty singers, there were double or single quartets from Columbus, Indianola, San Antonio and Austin, and one rejoicing in the tender little title of the "Sisterdale-Comfort" union. Some of them travelled one hundred and fifty miles to attend.

Master LUCA, a young colored pianist, has been creating some sensation by concerts in New York. Some of the papers, with the usual ready catering to popular credulity, call him at once another De Meyer, Thalberg, Jaell, &c. We should think so, by the title of one of his pieces: "LISZT's Concerto by HERZ"(!) which, according to one of said newspaper criticisms, turned out to be upon themes by BELLINI(!!) But we have heard Master Luca, and think him possessed of rather extraordinary talent, and execution more brilliant and forcible than tasteful. What he most seemed to need, (this was a year or two since,) was a study of genuine compositions, instead of such made up trumpery as the above title indicates.

NEW THEORY OF NEGRO MINSTRELSY.—The Philadelphia *Bulletin* commences an article upon "The farce of Caricature" with the following:

Whoever has taken the trouble to think about our "Ethiopian Melodies," must have been struck with the fact, that, aside from the affectation of dialect, there is nothing Ethiopian about them. The airs are known to be the production of a pure Caucasian head, but we refer more particularly to the text. What is there peculiarly African in the images called to the mind by the great majority of these songs?

It is evident that these "Negro Melodies" are white melodies, strictly national songs of our country and people, and fully entitled to the designation of American pastorals, if any thing were to be gained by using such pedantic expressions. They deal in the daily life of a thriving people, just beginning to feel sufficiently at ease in and satisfied with its social arrangements and relations to entertain a nascent desire to make them the subject of artistic treatment, and

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yet too little emerged from the hard labor which was required to establish such a state of comfort and well being, to enter upon this artistic occupation with great force or fervor, or to be quite convinced that the desire is entirely legitimate and proper and not in the least ridiculous.

Why, then, does this phase of art appear in the dress of such coarse and extravagant caricature? Why do we choose to see ourselves mirrored in the forms and faces of the blacks instead of incarnating our own feelings and wishes in the forms of bright ideals? For the very reason that we are not quite sure that we have a right to make poetry about ourselves. Poetry, as handed down to us, erects its superstructure on the basis of their social conditions; and the poets of these melodies doubt their own title to admission into the sacred order. To avoid, therefore, the appearance of entertaining an unwarrantable aspiration, they endeavor to keep open the possibility of a retreat by resorting to the excuse that they were "only in fun," that they never seriously thought of such a thing as writing poetry. "Anybody but a green-horn can see that I never intended to write poetry in earnest; I wouldn't have written about darkies if I had."

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JUNE 30, 1855.

Miss Elise Hensler's Concert.

The first Concert since her return from Italy, of this young lady, whose residence in New England and especially in Boston from a very early age (although she was born in Switzerland) naturally enlisted the warm sympathies of this community in her artistic studies and career, took place on Tuesday evening in the Music Hall. It was a Complimentary Concert, and the occasion was as interesting as we all knew it would be. Considering the lateness of the season, and the attraction which the country has in these sweet nights of June, when to most hacknied concert-goers the songs of birds are the most refreshing of all music, the audience was remarkably large, and composed of the most intelligent, the most agreeable, the kindest company that could well be collected. All wished the singer to succeed, and although there were n plenty whose judgment could not be blinded by their best wishes, all found their wishes realized.

The season prevented the arrangement of a concert on so large a scale, as we could have desired, seeing that the arrival of Miss HENSLER was just too late to give us a chance of hearing her in opera. There was no orchestra, but just a simple, quiet concert, with variety enough to make it somewhat piquant, with excellent piano-forte accompaniments by Sig. BENDELARI, excellent vocal aid by Mr. MILLARD, and some of the best pieces of the Germania Serenade Band, played in their superior style, which was as good as music by nine brass instruments could be; for really they play admirably, and in such pieces as Rossini's overture to *L' Italiana in Algieri*, the Scena from *Freyschütz*, &c., astonished us by their cleverness.

The fair *débutante* appeared not a little timid and anxious in her first appearance, as was natural. Her look and manner were as simple, unaffected, full of maiden delicacy, and earnest, as before she left us. She was enthusiastically welcomed and riveted a sympathetic attention to her every tone and motion. The embarrassment scarcely left her during the whole of the first piece;—it was the *Come per me sereno* from "La Sonnambula." Her singing therefore was a little colder than we might expect afterwards; and her voice in parts slightly tremulous. But such a pure, evenly developed, sympathetic, sweet, refined soprano it was a deep pleasure to hear. It is by means a great voice, but singularly fine and beautiful; not of the LOUISA PYNE sort of sweetness and fineness, but with a richer individual color to it; and faultlessly true in every note. She executed both the plain cantabile and luxurious embellishments with true mastery of method and with such artistic style, as would have done credit to some of the most finished Italian prime donne. She sustains, swells and diminishes a high, silvery note with perfect purity; her trill is very fine; and there is no single trace of any kind of bad mannerism anywere perceptible. The only deduction, not ascribable to the timidity of the moment, was on the score of power—power we mean for the grander kind of efforts, on the lyric stage, in oratorio, &c.,—and yet there was power enough to fill with perfect ease that vast hall, with each note in her compass, and to penetrate and fill every listener. The duet from *I Masnadieri* was charmingly sung by Miss HENSLER and Mr. MILLARD; their voices were sympathetic to each other, and it was a joint success of a truly artistic order.

In the Second Part Miss Hensler seemed first fully at home and at ease with her audience, and sang as among her friends. The Cavatina from "Linda": *O luce di quest' anima*, was perhaps her best piece. She sang it with so much finished grace, and flexibility, and delicacy, such truth of sentiment, that one could not wonder at the expression attributed to BORDOGNI, her teacher in Paris, who patted the young girl on the shoulder and said: *la petite Sontag!* By the way, *Linda di Chamounix*, (apart from its fitness to her voice and kind of talent), was not a bad opera for the *début* of a young girl born in Switzerland. Her last piece, one of the prettiest of Verdi's airs, *Caro nome*, from "Rigoletto", which some of our friends will remember was first introduced to us by ALFRED JAELL in one of his piano fantasias or transcriptions, was very tastefully, feelingly and effectively delivered.

Miss Hensler's voice has certainly gained very much in power and body in the two years of her absence. She is yet young,—only nineteen,—and with the excellent method which now guides, as well as the earnest feeling which inspires her practice, there is every reason to hope it will gain still more. Yet it is plain that in her whole nature, organization and temperament, she is not destined for the grander sphere of Art. She may never be what is distinctively called a *great* artist; but she may be, she already is, an artist, and of a fine and pleasing quality. Nor is it likely that she has yet developed all she is. If voice, musical temperament, mind, the first fruits of study, womanly modesty and self-respect, artist-like earnestness, if these are trust-worthy signs, there is an enviable future before her in the path which she has chosen. Something we might say about the kind of music in which she seems so far entirely to have exercised her talent; it is exclusively of the Italian operatic school. So fine an instrument, tempered by the true Italian method, seem almost to owe itself to the production of sometimes other and more satisfying strains than these. But this is too great a subject upon which to enter here.

Of the six vocal pieces set down in that programme all were Italian, and four by Verdi. Mr. MILLARD, besides the duet, sang two solos, both by Verdi, and sang them finely, especially the Serenade from *Il Trovatore*, in which he gave us some as sweet and noble tenor tones as one could wish to hear. But in the highest tones, both here and in the Air from *I due Foscari*, the voice seemed forced; clear and round and strong as the note was, it had a certain hard and bawling quality that disturbed the fine impression of a *timbre* for the most part singularly musical. We doubt if much singing of Verdi can be nourishing to the voice, or wholesome in respect of style and feeling. Especially in the concert room do some of those dashing cabalettas seem unnatural, there being nothing to justify the excitement indicated in the music, unless it be the excitement of accomplishing a feat.

Our Military Bands.

MR. EDITOR:—We noticed, a few days since, a piece in your paper relative to the music given by the various military bands of this city. The recent visit of the New York City Guard to this place has once again brought this subject to public notice, by the fact that their band, though numbering no more than our Brigade Band on that occasion, performed in such superior style, as to give rise to comparisons not altogether favorable to our musicians. We cordially agree with your writer in thinking that it is a great mistake to abolish reed instruments from our street music, and to supply their places with *harsh* instruments of brass. We can well remember when our bands could number many good performers on the Bugle, French Horn, and other instruments, so conducive to softness and harmony in music. The Cornet, and the various kinds of the French Sax-Horns and Tubas, have usurped the place of these old, familiar instruments, for the reason that the cornets, &c., are much more simple in their construction, and consequently do not require such good performers.

Still, this New York band had no reed instruments, and yet how superior their music was to ours! We noticed this particularly on the last day of their sojourn among us, when they passed up State Street; the music of Shelton's Band was deep, full and smooth; that of our musicians noisy, discordant and shrill. Can there be no reform in this respect? If money be a consideration, the various military corps of this city would willingly pay an additional price for the sake of better music. Cannot your able Journal take up this cause in earnest?

1ST DIVISION.

We sympathize with the writer or writers (for their name is "Legion") of the above in their complaint.—We have already more than once taken the matter up in earnest in these columns. It is too true that Boston has lost any prestige she may once have had on the score of her military bands. It is easier to point out the causes of the decline, than it is to make it better. These causes are two-fold.

First economical. The bands are too small. The problem seems to be to make the loudest noise at the least cost. Brass instruments serve this purpose well. Instead therefore of well-appointed bands of thirty to sixty properly blended instruments of various character and coloring of tone, we have little screaming, howling, brassy squads of twelve or sixteen instruments.—Query: Might it not be *better* economy, so far as *music* is concerned, to resort to the *e pluribus unum* principle, and blend several of the little squads into one goodly and effective company?

The second cause is *fashion*, the false musical fashion of the times. We mean the factitious consequence suddenly assumed by the multifarious inventions of brass instruments of the cornet and Sax tuba family, with valves and pistons. These are easy to play upon; their sounds are taking to the uncultivated ear, which loves

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something mongrel, monstrous and exceptional sooner than something genuine. It is not merely that these instruments are *harsh*. The harshness of the trumpet, and the trombone, in their places, is something characteristic, stirring, genuine. But these cornet and Saxhorns are of no character at all; they are trumpets without their manliness, while they imitate clarinets without their fineness, in seeking to make the sound go far. Then again in the modern brass or cornet band, all the instruments are of one family; all are shades of one and the same color; there is no contrast, there is no character; and the effect is monotonous; no class of musical sounds pall so soon upon the refined ear, as these emasculated brass sounds.

There is the whole story. An old-fashioned band, composed of reeds and *genuine* brass instruments, not omitting the neglected old Kent Bugle,—a *large* band, too, it should be—would do more to educate the popular sense of music, than all the coiled and twisted tubes of brass of all the music shops in all the land, blown in all corners by each little local band. We have sometimes indulged the hope that a civic band, for civic, literary and artistic festivals and processions, for summer evening music on the common, &c. &c. might be organized upon this plan by our municipal authorities, if not by private enterprise, and be a model in its way. We confess to feeling an inherent difficulty in the military connection. Things musical and things military do not point exactly the same way; in truth their tendency is opposite (compare Sebastopol with Handel's "Messiah"). The very existence of a military is the overlapping of a barbarous period upon the present, (we say nothing of the necessity,) and inconsistent with a civilized and Christian age. If Music is to occupy the world, War must go out of it.

Music Abroad.

London.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—(From *The Times*, June 4.) On Saturday night a new opera, in two acts, entitled *Berta, or the Gnome of Hartzberg*, was produced with great success, the music by Mr. HENRY SMART, the *libretto* by Mr. FITZBALL. The former Baron of Hartzberg, a profligate gentleman, has privately married one of his serfs. The offspring of this marriage is a son, who, fancying himself illegitimate, assumes the profession of arms and quits his "native hills," to risk the perils of a soldier's life. The mother has taken a solemn oath never to reveal the secret of her marriage; but on his deathbed the haughty Baron repents, and confesses the truth in a letter to his son, furnished with which Valouri (Mr. WEISS) returns to claim the rank and possessions of his father. The other link in the story turns upon the loves of Michael, a forest ranger (Mr. SIMS REEVES), and Berta (Mrs. SIMS REEVES), a young village girl, who, though a bit of a coquette, reciprocates in her heart the attachment of Michael. The harmony that exists between them is deranged by a vision of Berta, who dreams she is carried away by the Gnome of Hartzberg. A popular interpretation of this dream conveys that the dreamer is to marry a nobleman; and Berta, being ambitious as well as a flirt, declares she will not wed Michael until he becomes nothing less than Baron of Hartzberg. At this juncture, Valouri, who in early life (ingenious Mr. Fitzball!) has been saved from drowning by Michael, opportunely arrives, and, without being recognized, overhears a conversation which informs him of the unhappy condition of his ancient friend and benefactor. He resolves to aid him. The abode of the Gnome is supposed to be a gloomy spot in the recesses of the mountains, which the inhabitants regard with terror. To this place many disconsolate maidens had been lured away and devoured by the wicked demon who infested the neighborhood, like one of the fierce dragons in the *Seven Champions of Christendom*, with no St. George sufficiently gallant to pursue and conquer him. The second soliloquy of Valouri, however, gives a clue to the mystery. The Gnome was no other than Baron Hartzberg himself, a sort of Bohemian Don Juan, who, turning the prevailing superstition to advantage, was enabled to carry on his depredations with impunity. The plan resolved upon by his successor is to test the real feelings of Berta, and if she proves worthy, unite her to Michael. After making the unconscious ranger believe himself, and pass for, the real Baron, he causes him to be arrested, on suspicion of theft, and imprisoned as an impostor. Assuming then his proper titles, Valouri offers his hand to Berta; but, finding the young girl's affection has only been strengthened by the misfortunes of her lover, he contrives, through means not worth describing, a general rendezvous at the abode of the imaginary Gnome, which, as in the times of the late Baron's *saturnalia*, is suddenly transformed into a magnificent banquet-hall, with every preparation for the wedding feast, and there, amid general rejoicing, the nuptials of Berta and Michael are proclaimed. The subordinate personages—Koff (Mr. MANVERS), who has another love affair with Nannetta (Miss HARRIET GORDON); the Burgomaster (Mr. FARQUHARSON), and Isaac, a pedlar (Mr. W. FARREN)—with the exception of the last, whose purse Michael is charged with stealing, have nothing to do with the main plot, and merely serve to season the action with a spice of that peculiar low-comedy "business," which, when Mr. Fitzball was less chary of operatic *libretti* than at present, used to afford a pungent relish to the more strictly musical part of the entertainment.

It was not easy to do anything with such a jumble of unedifying absurdities; but Mr. Henry Smart has managed to make it the framework for some of the most beautiful and masterly writing that has been contributed to the stage by any English composer. From the overture to the end the evidence of consummate musicianship, united to rich invention, clever construction, and a continuous flow of melody, is present. All this could not be concealed by the scanty proportions of the orchestra and the utter inefficiency of the chorus, although the orchestral accompaniments are elaborate and varied with great felicity, while the choruses, besides being numerous, are of the highest importance to the general effect.

The performance, allowing for the inevitable deficiencies to which we have alluded, offered much to be praised without qualification. Mr Smart himself presided in the orchestra, and was received with the loudest applause. The house was crowded with amateurs and musicians, who had long been aware of his abilities as a composer, though they had enjoyed no previous chance of testing them in a public theatre. Every one seemed in the humor to be pleased; and the opera went off with the greatest *éclât* from first to last.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—On Monday, the 11th inst., the seventh concert took place, when the music was "by command." Her Majesty honoring it by her presence. Madame Clara Novello and Signor Belletti were the vocalists on the occasion, and the former sang a scena and an aria eminently calculated for displaying her varied powers of voice and expression. Weber's grand dramatic song, "Ocean thou mighty monster," and Cherubini's divine strain, "Ave Maria" (with clarinet obligato), were each in their several styles, perfection. The symphonies were Mozart's "Jupiter," and Beethoven's No. 6. The overtures, Macfarren's "Chevy Chase," Wagner's "Tannhäuser," and Cherubini's "Anacreon."

Germany.

BERLIN.—Last week was presented, in the Singacademie, the *Tod Abel's*, an oratorio by the late Herr Rungenhagen, formerly director of the Institution. The performance was under the direction of Herr Grell. Herren Oertling, Rehbaum, Wendt, and Birnbach have brought their quartet soirées to a close in Sommer's Rooms. In the space of about a year, they have given fifty-seven quartets, ten by Haydn, nine by Mozart, six by Beethoven, and the rest by Mendelssohn, Ries, Taubert, Spohr, Stahlknecht, Fesca, Schumann, Rubinstein, Wendt, and Just. Herr Dorn has gone to Konigsberg, where his opera, *Die Niebelungen*, is to be produced, with Mlle. Johanna Wagner in the principal character.

MUNICH.—Mlle Marie Cruvelli is permanently engaged at the Theatre Royal. On the 24th inst., Lortzing's *Undine* was produced for the first time, without creating any sensation. Wagner's *Tannhäuser*, and Lachner's *Medea* are about to be produced.

BRUNSWICK.—Mlle. Johanna Wagner has appeared in *I Montecchi e Capuletti*, *Lucrezia Borgia*, *Die Niebelungen* and *Les Huguenots*, with great success.

Italy.

On the 13th of May, the theatres of Naples again reopened their doors to the public. At the Fondo we had Verdi's *Violetta*, alias *La Traviata*, previously played at San Carlo during the winter season, and with about the same success. The parts were filled by Mme. Beltramelli, Signori Monjini and Olivori. The orchestra was good. It is somewhat extraordinary that the Teatro Nuovo should be opened with the same opera. The singers here were Mme. Cappelli, Signori Villani and Rossini.—The composer, Mercadante, has arrived at Bari, to superintend the rehearsal of his operas, *Gli Orazi ed i Curiazi*, and *Il Giuramento* and *La Vestale*.—At Milan, La Scala is now open, but to a "beggarly account of empty boxes." No new opera is announced, at least for the present; and *I Lombardi* drags its slow length along, night after night. Our accounts date up to the 12th instant; the *Profeta*, of Meyerbeer, was in rehearsal, and much is expected—not from the singers, who, as we have already said, are below mediocrity—but from the *spectacle* which is announced as magnificent. This opera has already been two months in rehearsal—for Italy, an unheard of circumstance. At the Carcano, *Il Trovatore* has drawn good houses. The Italians frequent this Theatre, which may account for the success of Verdi's new opera, while not one native sets foot in La Scala. *Il Templario* has met with considerable favor at this house.—At Trieste the composer F. C. Licki has produced a new work, entitled *Il Trionfo del Cristianismo*, which at once arrested public attention. Three pieces were encored, and the composer was several times recalled during the performance. Signor Licki was presented by the orchestra with a silver *bâton*, after the performance.—There must indeed be a sad scarcity of musical talent at Naples when the three principal theatres are producing at the same time and on the same nights Sig. Verdi's *Violetta*—at the San Carlo, the Fondo, and the Nuovo. Report speaks favorably of a new tenor, Signor Monjini, who is described as being possessed of a fine voice, although he is reproached with the defect, common to all the *debutantes* of the present time in Italy, viz: bad execution and deficiency in stage practice. We find mention made, in the *Giornale di Roma*, of a new *Miserere* composed by the Abbé Mostapha. It is for five voices, with a chorus; the whole body of the pontifical singers took part in the chorus, so that the execution was as near perfection as possible. The composer has aimed at the highest order of church music, and he seems to have succeeded in exciting the enthusiasm of all present.

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VI.

STUTTGART TO EILGEN—ORGAN OF CARL WEIGL AND THE PARISH CHURCH—TUBINGEN—SCENERY IN SOUTH GERMANY—ORGAN MANUFACTORY OF THE MESSRS. WALKER AT LUDWIGSBURG.

One day I went with CARL WEIGL to Eilgen, a village about ten miles to the South from Stuttgart, where he had recently set up an organ of his own manufacture. It was placed in the loft of a little dilapidated church, such as are so often to be met with in the smaller towns of South Germany. The church, in its situation and peculiar architecture, was exceedingly picturesque. Moss had grown thick and gray on its roof,—not a few stones had fallen from the top of its square tower,—and the ivy, clambering everywhere, strove in vain to conceal the gaping cracks in the wall. The door stood invitingly open, and the sun of a warm summer afternoon lay upon the floor. Within all was silent and desolate. Its rude benches and bare walls contrasted dismally with the showy organ case in the loft. We had captured a vagabond boy in the street, and impressed him into the service of bellows-blowing. Weigl took his seat at the keyboard, and for an hour showed off the qualities of his instrument, while I lolled back in the corner of a high-walled cage of a pew, and gave myself up to the influences of the music and the place.—The organ is too large and pretentious for its position. It did not strike me as a first class instrument, though its maker claims for it such rank. It has twenty-six registers. Its fancy and imitative stops are most excellent. The clarinet and flute, in particular, might readily deceive an unpractised ear. The intonation of all its reed-pipes is faultless. The full organ has, however, a harshness and ferocity not usual with the German instruments. It was by no means comparable to the rich and mellow-toned productions of the Ludwigsburg manufactory. But the organist did his best in the exhibition of it, and showed he possessed, in no small degree, the requisites of a thorough musician. Meanwhile, as he played, groups of ragged children gathered wonderingly about the door. Presently a message was received from the minister, who lived close by, to the effect that the noise disturbed him in his meditations. And so the performance came to an end. Bidding adieu to Carl Weigl, with many thanks for his civil attention, I proceeded on with my companions to Tübingen.

Würtemburg is a region of hill and vallies. It is the most populous of the German States. So, also, it retains more of the quaint and curious customs of the old time. The postillion, in yellow bob-tailed jacket, on his approach to a village, winds you a tune on his mellow horn. The peasants whom you meet are decked in gay costumes. Women are delving by the road side, and cows yoked together are plowing in the fields. You are greeted by no rudeness or incivility from high or low. The influx of travellers has not here, as elsewhere, corrupted the simplicity and natural good breeding of the people.

We journeyed leisurely along this beautiful route, passing through the dingy little town of Waldenbach, where Dannecker, the sculptor, was born, and came in the edge of the evening, to the ancient town of Tübingen, the seat of the University of the kingdom of Würtemburg. Here Melancthon once taught. There are nine hundred students now in the colleges. I went at evening up to the castle of Hohen-Tübingen, once the stronghold of the Pfalzgraves, now conceded by the government to the use of the University. It contains the rare and valuable University Library of 140,000 volumes. I was met at the entrance by the librarian, a venerable, mild-spoken man, who addressed me in Latin. It was a novel experience to be conducted past moats and draw-bridge, through vaulted passages and under a gateway, having a façade of a triumphal arch, to the peaceful abodes of literature and learning. The town is rarely visited, being out of the track of tourists; yet the region around abounds in scenery of surpassing beauty. The view from the hill, just outside the town, is equalled only by that from the summit of the Köningstuhl, near Heidelberg, which is so famous. Being exhausted and ill, I passed the greater part of a day stretched out in the refreshing shade of the vines which embower the hill-side. Through the loopholes of my sylvan retreat I gazed without molestation upon the rare beauty of the landscape. It is a scene to warm the heart of a poet. Below lies Tübingen with the castle above it; and beyond, the castle of Hohenzoller rises against the sky. The Steinbach, a silent stream, is creeping through the valley at the right; to the left glides the silver Neckar. The Ammer, too, twin river of the Neckar, flows southward toward the sea in a valley of its own. Vineyards clothe the hill-sides, and fields of waving grain the plains. The chimes of innumerable bells came up from the villages on all sides, making the air tremulous with sound.

From this point I retraced my steps to Stuttgart, and thence proceeded to Ludwigsburg to visit the famous organ establishment of E. F. WALKER, which Herr Kocher had kindly afforded me facilities for doing.

This establishment is, at present, the most popular perhaps of any in Germany. It resembles, in many points, the famous Chickering manufactory for pianofortes here. The whole business of organ-building has been reduced to a system, and the best system. Every part of the complicated structure is supervised in its mechanism by the Messrs. Walker themselves. First, they are careful to secure the proper elementary materials. None but the best of its kind is accepted. The pipe-metal is obtained from England in its crude state. It is then rolled by massive machinery into plates, preparatory to being fashioned into pipes. By this means a uniform and even sheet of metal is obtained, on the perfection of which process, in great degree, the excellence of the pipe and its resulting tone depends. These were shown me in their various stages of fabrication. In a separate apartment was carefully stowed away an assortment of metallic pipes, some sixteen, others thirty-two feet in length, glowing in their recent state like burnished silver. The stock intended for the wooden pipes is selected with equal care and discrimination. It is first stacked in a proper position out of doors, and suffered to remain for several years. Then it is again passed under examination, and the unfit portions being rejected, the remainder is housed, in a light, dry and airy place, for several years more, till it becomes most thoroughly seasoned. No less care is bestowed on the selection and preparation of the materials which are to compose the case, the wind-chest, the feet of the registers, and all that goes to make up the skeleton of the instrument; for soundness in these points is essential to the perfect result. In these particulars, and in the careful manner in which all the details of the mechanism are carried out, Herr Walker is a conscientious artist. He means his work shall last, and grow only better by time.

At the period I was present, he had in hand a

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colossal instrument destined for the Ulm Cathedral. It was near its completion, and indeed some portions had already been conveyed to Ulm. A fragment of it was still set up in the manufactory, constituting in itself a huge organ, from which I was treated with a taste of its quality. By the contract this instrument was to have been delivered over to the Cathedral in 1851. But a variety of circumstances had delayed its completion. Herr Walker claims for it equality in excellence, at least, with any other on the Continent. By the schedule given below, it will be seen it exceeds in dimensions even the Freyburg giant. It has 104 registers [59 in metal and 45 in wood], 4 manuals, and 2 Pedals, arranged as follows:

First Manual.

		Feet			Feet.
1	Principal	16	15	Rohrfloete	4
2	Fagott	16	16	Floete	4
3	Tibia major	16	17	Clarino	4
4	Viola di Gamba	16	18	Octav	2
5	Manual Untersatz	32	19	Waldfloete	2
6	Octav	8	20	Clarinetto	2
7	Floete	8	21	Cornett, 5fold	10 2-3
8	Gedekt	8	22	Quint	5 1-3
9	Trompete	8	23	Terz	3 1-5
10	Viola di Gamba	8	24	Mixtur, 10fold	4
11	Gemshorn	8	25	Scharff, 5fold	2
12	Salicional	8	26	Sexquialtra, double.	
13	Octav	4	27	Superoctav	1
14	Fugara	4			

Second Manual.

1	Principal	8	12	Traversfloete	4
2	Salicional	16	13	Kl. Gedekt	4
3	Gedekt	16	14	Spitzfloete	4
4	Dolce	8	15	Viola	4
5	Gedekt	8	16	Corno	4
6	Floete	8	17	Octav	2
7	Trompete	8	18	Piccolo	2
8	Fagott & Clarinett	8	19	Quintfloete	5 1-3
9	Quintatoen	8	20	Mixtur, 8fold	2 2 3
10	Octav	4	21	Cymbal, 3fold	1
11	Piffaro	8			

Third Manual.

1	Principal	8	9	Dolce	4
2	Bourdon	16	10	Gemshorn	4
3	Spitzfloete	8	11	Octav	4
4	Harmonica	8	12	Hautboe	4
5	Gedekt	8	13	Flautino	2
6	Piffaro	8	14	Octav	2
7	Phys-harmonica	8	15	Nasard	2 2 3
8	Voxhumana	8	16	Mixtur, 5fold	2

Fourth Manual.

1	Fagott	16	6	Fagott & Clarinett	8
2	Trompete	8	7	Phys-harmonica	8
3	Clarino	4	8	Voxhumana	8
4	Clarinetto	2	9	Hautboe	4
5	Trompete	8			

First Pedal.

1	Principal Bass	32	13	Violoncell	8
2	Principal Bass	16	14	Gamba	8
3	Bombard	32	15	Floeten Bass	8
4	Grand Bourdon	32	16	Octav	4
5	Octav Bass	16	17	Clarine	4
6	Sub Bass	16	18	Corno Basso	4
7	Posaune	16	19	Cornettino	2
8	Fagott	16	20	Quint	10 2-3
9	Violon Bass	16	21	Terz	6 2-5
10	Trompete	8	22	Quint	5 1-3
11	Posaune	8	23	Cornett, 5fold	4
12	Octav Bass	8	24	Pauke, 1 Octav.	

Second Pedal.

1	Violon Bass	16	5	Bassethorn	8
2	Gedekt	16	6	Floete	4
3	Serpent	16	7	Hohlfloete	2
4	Floete	8			

This organ, it will be seen, has several 32 feet pipes in metal and in wood. It stands 96 feet high in its case! The work upon it alone is estimated to cost 40,000 guilders. Connected with its action is a contrivance similar to the pneumatic touch, so called, attached to the recent English organs, without which the labor of playing so enormous an instrument would be indeed Herculean. A colossal instrument from this establishment was also completed for St. Petersburg in 1841. In this organ (I learn from the recent work of J. J. Seidel*) was introduced the novelty of a Bifara Register of purest metal, with ten ranks in the third manual, "of a peculiar soft violin-like intonation," exceedingly beautiful; as also a remarkably fine Dulciana in the second manual (or choir organ), and in the Swell an eight feet Physharmonica (with vibrating tongues), provided with a *crescendo* and *decrescendo*. There is also, even in the manual, a Trombone register eight feet. Herr Walker frequently alluded to the St. Petersburg instrument as one of his most satisfactory efforts; though it is by no means equal in size to that in Ulm. Drawings and minute specifications of both these organs were furnished me by the maker. These I committed, with many injunctions of watchfulness, to the custody of my good-for-nothing courier, who took occasion to forget them at the first stopping-place on our journey afterwards. ——•

* Systematic Hand-Book for Organists and Organ-Builders. Translated from the German of J. J. S. London, 1852.

Auber's New Opera.

(Paris Correspondence of London Musical World.)

What an extraordinary man is Daniel Auber! Here he is fast approaching the term of three score years and ten allotted to man, and he produces a new opera as fresh, gay, lively, and brilliant as though he were in the boyhood of existence, instead of enjoying a green old age. As song flows from Béranger in his age, so issues melody from the greatest of French composers.

But to my task, which is to give your readers some account of the new opera, the conjoint production of Scribe and Auber—a pair intended by nature for each other—which was produced, for the third time, on Saturday last, at the Opéra-Comique, in presence of a most brilliant audience, including the Emperor and Empress, and a host of notabilities. The scene is laid in England, and both author and composer seem to have continually had before them the happy alliance which now knits the two countries together with bonds stronger than steel. Everything, therefore, is painted *couleur de rose*, and the fair character of your countrymen and countrywomen has seldom been displayed in pleasanter colors. The middle of the last century furnishes the time in which the action is laid. The heroine is "Jenny Bell" (Mlle. Caroline Duprez), a young orphan, who, early in life, was kindly placed in a boarding-school for education by the Duke of Greenwich (M. Faure). Her benefactor is called from England to fulfil a diplomatic mission of importance, and while he is busily engaged in discussing protocols and "stumping" the Gortschakoffs and Titoffs of his day with somewhat more adroitness than our diplomatists can now pretend to, Jenny Bell is forgotten and left in poverty and solitude. She adopts the lyric stage as her profession, studies hard, and becomes as celebrated as a future Jenny of the century succeeding. Her name resounds throughout Europe; managers dispute the possession of a prize so great, and kings disdain not to treat for her engagement, as one great power dealing with another.

In the midst of this homage Jenny's benefactor suddenly returns from abroad, presents himself before his *protégée*, and supplicates her to return him his son, Lord Mortimer (M. Delaunay-Ricquier). Jenny, whose virtue is equal to her reputation, declares that she has never seen Lord Mortimer, and cannot restore an affection which she has never possessed. It seems however, that Lord Mortimer has, like the Lord of Burleigh, assumed a disguise wherein to go a wooing, and, under the guise of a poor composer, sought the advice and protection of the fair Jenny, the all-powerful artiste. No sooner is she acquainted with the fact, than, full of gratitude for the favor she has received at the hands of the father, she determines to cure the son of what that father thinks ill-placed affection, and accordingly treats the disguised composer with harshness and scorn. She sneers at his genius, mocks his talents, laughs at his manners and appearance; nay more, she calumniates herself and vilifies her own character to the man who adores her, and whom she secretly loves. So much devotion deserves a recompense. Touched by the despair of Mortimer, who threatens to blow out his brains, or swallow, like Villikins, a cup of "cold pison," and full of esteem for the conduct of Jenny Bell, the Duke of Greenwich renounces the plan of a great matrimonial alliance which he had arranged for his son, and allows him to marry the artiste. All the world is happy, and Jenny for ever quits that stage on which she had made so great and so well-deserved a reputation.

Such is a sketch of the plot which M. Scribe has prepared with his usual happiness and dexterity. Among the many satellites who circle round the musical planet, he has given us a character painted with unusual skill, one M. Jones (M. Sainte-Foy), a rich goldsmith, who is so thoroughly convinced of the power of the metal wherein he deals, that he imagines no artiste can resist his golden gifts, his sparkling diamonds, or his glittering rubies. In speaking of the music, I can but repeat that M. Auber's new opera is as pert, as gay, as charming, and as "young," as those "Crown Diamonds" which many a year ago won the admiration of all Europe. Melody and song are abundant as ever, and the instrumentation is what it ever has been, elegant, graceful, light, and pleasing. Mlle. Caroline Duprez sings a charming ballad in the first act, with accompaniments for flute and clarinet. M. Sainte-Foy has a comic air, full of character and humor, in which he depicts his riches, and the power they confer, and then follows a duet between him and M. Couderc, who represents a young lord, a friend of Mortimer's, ruined by early extravagance, but gay, light-hearted, and devoted to his friend. Then comes a duet between M. Faure and Mlle. Caroline Duprez, which concludes with a mazurka movement, so fascinating and airy, that it took the house completely by storm. The first act concludes with a cavatina for M. Ricquier, a trio for him, M. Couderc, and Mlle. Boulart, and a chorus, accompanied *pianissimo* by the orchestra on which the voices of Mlles. Duprez and Boulart are—so to speak—embroidered.

M. Couderc opens the second act with a romance equally simple and sweet, "Cette vermeille rose," and then we come to the most effective scene in the opera. It is that in which Jenny Bell corrects the music of the poor and youthful composer, delighted at the expressions of his love, which she partakes, but will not avow. None but an Auber, with his inborn delicacy and appreciation of the natural, could do justice to this scene, where the truest and most ardent affection is met by apparent mocking, and affected incredulity. An air, sung by M. Faure, is followed by an amusing quintette, descriptive of the voluminous and gallant correspondence every day addressed to Jenny Bell by her innumerable admirers; a charming aria, very well sung by Mlle. Caroline Duprez, and a *finale*, full of life and movement, constitute the principal pieces of the second act.

The third act is English to the back-bone, and sufficiently national even for Lord Moon and his aldermanic coadjutors, who have not arrived in Paris. Both "God save the Queen" and "Rule Britannia" have been worked up into it, and great applause followed a cavatina sung by M. Ricquier, accompanied by a chorus singing your national anthem *à demi-voix*, in the wings. A charming duet between M. Faure and Mlle. Caroline Duprez leads up to the *finale*, and the curtain fell amidst loud and long-continued applause.

The London Times on "Tannhauser." The overture to *Tannhäuser*—repeated for the advantage of his Royal Highness Prince Albert (instead of the march, which had been announced, from the same opera)—does not improve on closer acquaintance. So much incessant noise, so uninterrupted and singular an exhibition of pure cacophony, was never heard before. And all this is intended to describe the delights and fascinations which lured the unwary to the secret abode of the Goddess of Beauty, in the Thuringian mountains—according to a popular German legend of the Middle Ages. In his music to the *First Walpurgis Night*, Mendelssohn gets up a magnificent

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clamor to describe the diabolical machinations by which the Druids frighten away the Roman soldiers from their place of worship on the 1st of May. But the clamor of Mendelssohn's Druids is nothing to the obstreperous demonstrations of Herr Wagner's Venus. What would Rossini—who, in writing from Paris to Bologna a description, piece by piece, of Bellini's *Puritani*, on arriving at "Suoni la tromba," says "I need tell you nothing of the duet; *you must have heard it*"—what would Rossini have written to his Bolognese friend about this overture? Words would have failed him, and the pen have dropped from his hand. Such a wonderful performance, however, as that of the Philharmonic band last night would, had it been possible, have made even *Tannhäuser* acceptable; but it was not possible, and we sincerely hope that no execution, however superb, will ever make such senseless discord pass, in England, for a manifestation of Art and genius.

THE BOSTON THEATRE.—The experiment of building a theatre in Boston larger than the Academy of Music at Paris, at an expense of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, for a city whose population scarcely reaches one hundred and sixty thousand souls, was a hazardous, but experience has shown that it was not a mistaken enterprise. Its first season has just closed; a season of theatrical depression as great as the country has ever experienced, causing all the theatres south and west of this to close a month before the usual time; yet the Boston Theatre, with a nightly expense nearly double that of any other theatre in the country, has been open through its entire season of forty weeks with receipts as large at the closing as at the opening weeks, though at the latter period it was maintaining three large troupes, viz: a dramatic company, an Italian opera, and the Ravels, numbering in all two hundred and seventy-eight persons, at an expense of $7,400 per week.

The dramatic season of forty weeks was opened on Monday, the 11th of September, with the comedy of the "Rivals" and the "Loan of a Lover," and closed on Friday, June 15, with the "Serious Family" "Paul Pry," and "Bombastes Furioso," for the benefit of Mr. and Mrs. Wood. During the season performances have been given on 233 nights—of which the dramatic numbered 166 nights: English Opera, 34 nights: Italian Opera, (16 Grisi and Mario, and 12 New York Company,) 28 nights; Ravels, 5 nights. During this period upwards of 248,000 persons paid for admission, and the receipts amounted to $177,682. The regular company, comprising actors, musicians, carpenters, &c., all told, number one hundred and five persons.

In thus passing in review the events that have marked the progress of this most memorable year in American theatricals, it will be seen that notwithstanding the hard times, and the theatrical depression, the manager has kept his pledge to the public, by furnishing, during the entire season, every variety of agreeable entertainments; and if, in addition, we state that the Boston Theatre has paid all its expenses, and has besides a handsome surplus, it will be conceded, as we have already stated, that the experiment of building this theatre has been a successful one.

We have been informed that Mr. Barry leaves in the steamer of the 4th of July, and will visit Paris and London to secure novelties for the coming season. We owe too many of our best pleasures during the past season to his skill and liberality as a manager, not to feel more than an ordinary interest in his success in this enterprise. And so every one must feel who remembers how degenerate our stage had become till Mr. Barry regenerated it.—*Transcript, June 26.*

MLLE. JENNY NEY.—The following sketch of this young artist, whose performance in *Il Trovatore*, at Covent Garden, has been so highly praised, is from the *Illustrated News*:

"Mademoiselle Jenny Ney was born in Presburg (Hungary). Her mother, an excellent artist, educated her and her elder sister with great care for the stage, where Mlle. Ney made her debut as a mere child. Her sister, meanwhile, having enjoyed great reputation as a singer, she endeavored to emulate her; and after laborious studies under the sole care of her mother, entered into a favorable engagement with the Imperial Opera at Vienna in 1851, where she remained for three years, becoming every day a more decided favorite of the public. Perhaps she would never have thought of leaving the Austrian capitol, but in 1853 her mother, with whom she had lived till then, died. She felt lonely and miserable amongst all that reminded her of her loss, and resolved to leave Vienna, the scene of her first and greatest sorrow.

Her fame having spread throughout Germany, there was no lack of engagements. She decided upon Dresden, where an engagement was offered to her for seven years on terms so flattering and lucrative as hitherto hardly any German prima donna could boast of in her native country. From Dresden she made her first excursions to Hamburg, Frankfort, Cologne, Brunswick, Berlin, &c. In all these towns she was greeted as the first living singer of the German stage; and on her last return to Dresden, shortly before Mr. Gye engaged her for the present London season, she was honored with the title of *Kammer-Sangerinn* (chamber singer) of the court of Saxony.

The severe and dangerous illness with which Mlle. Ney was seized after her brilliant appearance in the *Trovatore*, at the Royal Italian Opera, interrupted for a time the successful performances of that opera; but they have now been resumed with more éclat than ever. She has been requested to prolong her engagement, now near its close, to the end of the season; but this she is prevented from doing by her duties at Dresden.

ROSSINI IN PARIS.—The anecdotes still multiply. Fact or fiction, they seem characteristic. At all events they make pleasant summer reading, so we shall not hesitate to copy further.—The *Daily Advertiser* translates the following part of a letter in the *Courier des Etats Unis.*

He is, as is well known, far advanced in life, and has been living for several years past in retirement at Florence, where he devoted himself to silence and repose. The old composer has turned his eyes frequently to France, where he was affectionately remembered. He had been invited from all quarters, from Naples, Venice, Lucca. They said to him—"Go to Sorrento, the land of perfumes, your mind needs a new horizon."

One fine morning Rossini got up in good humor and cried "Let us go to Paris, I want to see my old friends; if I must die, let it be so, God keep us." And so the old man started. It took him forty days to go from Florence to Paris, shut up in his carriage. The mere idea of steamboats and railroads made him fall into a swoon.

Within the last twelve years, all the roads which were formerly mail routes, are furrowed with railroads. No more inns, no more relays, no more post-horses in readiness on the way. Rossini trusted to luck. He sometimes waited for two days in a little town, to procure two quadrupeds and a postillion. When he reached Aix, it was impossible to go further; there was a total absence of stables and horses. His friends wished to carry him to a station and show him that he was needlessly alarmed at these winged carriages which flew across space with the swiftness of an arrow. He saw the smoke issuing from the engine and he fainted. This is the story. Finally, after many difficulties he succeeded in starting again in the carriage. It did not take him less than eleven days to come from Lyons to Paris. He is here at last.

To receive him, orchestras should have been placed all along his route, to play to him his chefs d'œuvre; but these ovations might have wounded his susceptibility, and for this reason doubtless no manifestations were made.

We have seen him again with his radiant smile, his eye full of frankness and vivacity, a brilliant converser, benevolent, friendly, and as formerly, his mind is always turned towards the gayest things of life. He suffers from an obstinate disease of the nerves, which prevents his sleeping. We are certain that he would promise, to any one who would relieve him from this suffering a pendant to "William Tell." But if science remains powerless, friendship is on the watch, and who knows if friendship may not conquer Hippocrates.

"Finally," he said to us the other morning while we were walking along the Boulevard, "here I am in the full light of Paris. What do you think, I feel that this motion of the carriages, this continual admiration, and the sight of so many faces relieves me and makes me breathe more at ease. One thing only disturbs me, it is the displacing of the streets, all the houses are changed—I do not recognize any of them." Verdi, his friend, came to embrace him, and the two masters who reign over Italy, poured out their hearts and their secret thoughts to each other. After Verdi came Auber, who is sincerely beloved by Rossini—"Will you believe," said he, "they have been tormenting me for the last fifteen years to write comic operas—have you not got Auber? No one can do it better than he?" He esteems also very highly Prince Poniatowski. He was one of the first who came to do him homage. "This is a privileged family," said he to M. Auber in presence of the prince: "if he and his brothers had not been great lords, they would have had a glorious name in music."

It has often been repeated that Rossini lacked the fibre of sensibility; this is another of the calumnies circulated about him. For more than thirty years, as is well known, our friend Mèry has idolized the author of the Barber and Semiramide, he has written pages on these masterpieces such as he alone can write. But will it be believed, that whenever an occasion presented itself for seeing Rossini and talking with him, he has kept away out of a respectful timidity, which amounts to veneration. Rossini expressed a desire, on arriving, to make the acquaintance of our poetical friend. "Let us go and see the master," said Mèry to me the other day, "but I confess I tremble at the thought of it; I cannot imagine I am going to see a human being." Before entering, Mèry, who had not spoken a word for a quarter of an hour, grew pale and trembled. He stopped at the foot of the staircase, and could not go any farther. It was only by pushing, almost lifting him, so to speak, that I succeeded in getting him into the presence of the master. At sight of Rossini, an immense sigh stifled the voice of Mèry, his eyes overflowed with tears, he began to weep like a child, and sunk fainting upon a sofa. Rossini, who till then had with pain restrained his emotions, was suddenly seized with a sort of nervous attack, and began on his side to give vent, in a gush of tears, to his inexpressible happiness. Madame Rossini, who was in an adjoining room, arrived at this moment, and seeing this affecting scene, could not retain her tears. It was a most moving spectacle. Mèry still remained, he could not find a word to utter. Rossini soon recovered his usual gayety, and in vain entered into his witty style of conversation. Mèry could not recover his self-possession. Only on quitting the master he succeeded in saying, "I have had during my life, two admirations, Virgil and yourself—I have learned by heart the verses of Virgil, and I sing within myself your music, better than Rubini, Sontag, and Malibran." And in this way we parted.

All through the day and evening the house of Rossini is emptied and filled with visitors. The master receives every one with extreme affability, and his wife is near him like a sort of guardian angel, penetrated with the grandeur and dignity of her mission. Madame Rossini is one of those devoted hearts, one of those distinguished minds which suffices to the wants of this splendid genius, whom every one is now surrounding with respect and admiration.

The question is often asked, what will Rossini do? The more he is seen the more he talks, so much the more is every one convinced that he is not lost for music. His ideas have never been more luminous, his head more solid, his heart

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more warm; wait awhile and he may yet surprise us all.

Rather queer, if not fabulous, some of that! Especially those sentimental outpourings with "his friend Verdi, and his friend Auber;" though the latter sounds more probable. The *Advertiser* appends the following reasonable comment:

Rossini was born in 1790, and consequently is now sixty-six years old. The statement of the Paris letter-writer that he is in full possession of his faculties seems somewhat doubtful, after the account he gives of the manner in which the old composer made his journey. He certainly does not seem to be very strong in the matter of travelling, or to have very great command over his feelings on occasions which do not seem, after all, to have been *very* exciting.

New Views of Opera.

[Extracts from Richard Wagner's "Opera and Drama," as translated by the London *Musical World*.]

I.

The working of modern opera, in relation to publicity, has long been a subject of the deepest and most violent repugnance to honor-loving artists; they accused, however, only the corruption of taste and the frivolity of those artists who took advantage of it, without ever suspecting that this corruption was perfectly natural, and, therefore, the frivolity in question a completely necessary consequence. If criticism were what it supposes itself to be, it would long since have solved the riddle of error, and fundamentally have justified the repugnance of the honest artist. Instead of this, however, criticism itself merely experienced the instinct of this repugnance, but groped about after the solution of the riddle, with the same bewilderment as that with which the artist himself moved, within the error, in search of outlets.

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I have, lying before me, the work of an excellent and experienced critic; a long article entitled "Die moderne Oper," in Brockhaus's *Gegenwart*. The author collects all the remarkable apparitions of modern opera, and teaches us, from them, most plainly the whole history of the error and its revelations; he almost points out this error with his finger; nearly reveals it to our eyes, and then feels so incapable of pronouncing with decision his reason, that he is compelled to prefer, when arrived at the point of the necessary decision, to lose himself in the most erroneous representations of the apparition itself, for the purpose of again tarnishing, to a certain degree, the mirror which, up to that time, was continuing to shine more and more clearly for us. He *knows* that opera has no historical (it should be, natural) origin, and that it did not spring from the people but from artistic caprice; he *guesses* the injurious character of this caprice quite correctly, when he points out, as a sad misapprehension on the part of most of the living German and French operatic composers: "that they exert themselves in the path of *musical* characteristic to produce effects which we can only attain by the *sagacious words of dramatic poesy;*" he comes to the well-grounded doubt, whether opera, in itself, is not a completely contradictory and unnatural form of Art; he represents—though, in this instance, almost unconsciously—this unnaturalness as carried in Meyerbeer's works to the most unbecoming pitch; and then, instead of pronouncing roundly, and curtly, the necessary conclusion which is almost already known to every one, suddenly endeavors to assure criticism eternal life, by expressing his regret that Mendelssohn's early death prevented—that is to say, postponed—the *solution* of the riddle! What does the critic express by this regret? At any rate, only the assumption that Mendelssohn, with his refined intelligence and extraordinary musical capabilities, must either have been able to write an opera in which the proven contradictions of this form of Art were brilliantly overcome and reconciled, or, from the fact, in spite of the aforesaid intelligence and capabilities, of his not being able to effect the task, that he would finally and satisfactorily have borne witness to these contradictions, and thus exhibited the form in question as unnatural and void? The critic believed, therefore, that he could only make such a proof dependent upon the will of an especially-gifted—musical—individuality? Was Mozart an inferior musician? Is it possible to find anything more perfect than every piece in his *Don Juan?* But what could Mendelssohn, under the most favorable circumstances, have done more than produce, piece for piece, compositions equal, on the score of perfection, to those of Mozart? Or does the critic want something else—does he want more than Mozart gave us? In truth, he does; *he wants the great, uniform structure of the whole drama—strictly speaking—the drama in its greatest fulness and potency.* On whom, however, does he make this demand? *On the musician!* The whole result of his penetrating survey of the apparitions of opera, the tight knot, of which he had grasped all the threads of perception in his skilful hand—he lets go, and throws everything back once again into the old chaos! He wants a house built, and applies to the sculptor or upholsterer; of the architect, however—who comprises in himself both sculptor and upholsterer, as well as all the other persons whose help is necessary to the erection of the house, because he gives an object and arrangement to their common exertions—the critic never thinks! • • • And yet, although unconsciously, he is on the road to salvation; this is, in reality, the road out of error; in fact, it is even more; it is the end of this path, for it is the destruction of this error, and the name of this destruction is here—*the notorious death of Opera*—a death to which Mendelssohn's guardian angel set his seal, when he closed his favorite's eyes at the right time.

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Is it first necessary to prove the nothingness, in the detection of the error already stated, of the Art-form, opera? Can it possibly be doubted that, in opera, the music is employed really as the end, and the drama merely as the means? The most cursory survey of the historical development of opera gives us an unmistakeable lesson on this head: every one, who troubles himself about the establishment of this development, would involuntarily—by his historical labors alone—detect the truth. Opera did not proceed from the people's plays of the middle ages, in which plays we can trace the naturally combined working of the musical with the dramatic art; but in the luxurious courts of Italy—and it is a remarkable fact, that Italy is the only great country of European civilization, where the drama was never developed in anything like an important degree—certain noble personages, who no longer derived any pleasure from Palestrina's church music, bit upon the idea of having *airs*, that is to say, national melodies deprived of their *naïveté* and truth, sung to them by singers, entrusted with the task of amusing them at festivals; and to these airs were joined, involuntarily, and of necessity with a certain appearance of dramatic connection, texts in verse. This *dramatic cantata*—the tenor of which aimed at everything except drama—is the mother of our modern opera; in fact, it is opera itself. The further it proceeded in its development from this starting point, the more consistently did the form of the air, which was left as yet as the only musical portion, adapt itself to the skill of the singers' throats; the more clear became the task of the *poet*, whose aid was invoked for these musical *divertisements;* and this task consisted in furnishing a poetical outline destined to serve no other purpose on earth than to supply the wants of the singer and the musical form of the air with the necessary words. Metastasio's great reputation arose from his never causing the musician the least embarrassment, his never making any unusual demands upon him, in a dramatic point of view, and in his thus being the most obedient and most useful slave of the said musician. Has this relation of the poet to the musician changed, even as much as a hair's breadth, up to the present day? It has, truly, in what, according to pure musical judgment, is considered dramatic, and certainly differs from the old Italian opera; but not in the least with regard to the characteristic nature of the relation itself. Such is the case, and, at present, just as one hundred and fifty years ago, the poet must receive his inspiration from the composer; observe the caprices of the music; bend to the inclination of the musician, in obedience to whose taste he must choose his subject; model his characters to suit the various kinds of voice of the singers, necessary for the purely musical combinations; provide dramatic foundations for certain musical forms, in which the musician desires to indulge at length—in a word, he must, in his subordinate position to the musician, only construct his piece on the specially musical intentions of the composer—or, if he will not, or cannot, put up with all this, be considered useless as an operatic poet. Is this true or not? I doubt whether the least objection can be raised against this statement.

Musical Correspondence.

Haydn's "Creation" in BETHLEHEM, Pa.

June 29.—For the second time this oratorio of Haydn has been performed by the pupils of the Bethlehem Boarding-School, an institution now flourishing under the auspices of Rev. Mr. Wolle.

The "Creation" by boarding-school girls! A novelty, as well as a wonder! But I can assure you that the thing has not only been done, but well done. We missed the orchestral accompaniment, which on a previous occasion had filled up the beauty of the performance, but this omission was, in some measure, supplied by the piano accompaniment, presided over by a Swiss lady, an instructress of the pupils. With this exception and that of the male voices, the piece was performed exclusively by the young ladies of the institution, numbering upwards of sixty, and selected from among the most suitable in age and voice.

The arias and duet passages having been bestowed upon several of the elder pupils, one or two young ladies from Philadelphia and two from New York, were executed with extreme grace and purity of feeling. Indeed we can conceive no better interpretation of this Haydn music than when proceeding from youthful and newly developed voices, when the life is yet pure and the soul just enters upon its immortal career. There could be no better appropriation of the Haydn music, and I can assure you the present occasion corroborated this sentiment in its full force. It is in some respects a different order of music from that of the strictly artistic or that of the operatic troupes, where perfection often falls into the mechanical, since it drops around us the blossoms of life's early spring, in the shape of all those ethereally harmonious conceptions of Haydn, rendered by the innocent tones of the unsophisticated girl. What a contrast between such a composition and the yellow-covered music of the young misses who are reared in no other musical knowledge than the polka or the love-song! How it chastens and elevates the imagination both of hearer and performer, when such tone-thoughts become the theme of study!

In the immortal Third Part, you particularly feel the adaptation of the maiden voice, the delicate and modest delivery of idyllic sentiment, that constitute the concluding passages of the "Creation" one of the finest melismatic emanations of the human mind. I could make no better suggestion to all such institutions as may be able to vie with that at Bethlehem, than to try this oratorio, or passages from it, if they can do no better, in order to purify and establish the taste of their pupils.

Haydn's "Creation" is ever-enduring, as a work of that pure and sacred tone of thought and emotion which runs throughout our common humanity. Its universality of feeling will make it live forever, even as our simplest English poetry, proceeding from bards of a century ago, never dies. I would say to all institutions or musical clubs or associations, try

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Haydn's "Creation," as your noblest exercise, as your highest vocal aspiration.

In connection with this performance, I have to note the fact that the "Creation" was first introduced in America, as the Bethlehemites claim, by themselves, in the year 1822. About that time Mr. HUFFELDT, being on a visit to that place, was furnished with a copy of the work, and he is said to have given the first performance in Philadelphia. In the year 1823, the amateur citizens themselves produced it, and it was also attempted, with quite good success, the same year, at the village of Nazareth, with the co-operation of the Bethlehem performers. Since that time, the old "Creation," as well as many other kindred oratorios and classical compositions of MOZART, BEETHOVEN, SPOHR, MENDELSSOHN, ROMBERG, and others, has been a standing favorite at this early birth-place of sacred and lyric song in America.*

The same gentleman who personated the Adam of the first "Creation," thirty-two years since, still stands up in all the vigor of three-score, (as I should presume,) and with the youthful warmth of a rejuvenescence, in the closing duettos, those chefs d'œuvre of idyllic melody. This is my old friend, Mr. WEISE, an old esteemed citizen of Bethlehem, whose inner life has ever been within the realms of tone. When he first essayed his Raphael, last evening, I thought that age had been gently at work, and that the voice would no longer do the bidding of its master. But a second, or rather a third effort, dispelled the illusion, and my worthy friend came out from behind the mist, as in the days of yore. When he assumes Adam, he is said to be fully in his element. Maiden after maiden, (through successive generations,) who were his partners in these pastoral passages, have passed from the scene, and some mayhap from that of life itself, yet Weiss still lives on in the glory of that elder stage of manhood which delights in recalling old achievements. I have also to remark upon the very commendable singing of Mr. ROEPPER, whose excellent and correct tenor voice, as well as his versatility in instrumental music, places him in a high position of musical proficiency.

Bethlehem, the time-honored and the historical resort, still stands on the banks of that old Indian Lehigh stream, in all its placid beauty. Some modern forms of innovation have in some measure changed the associations of the place, yet Nature's picture of the Lehigh and her green-clad mountains in the southern background remains the same.—When the old clock from the belfry chimes its quarters and its halves, when the sounds of genuine, classic music emanate from the old walls of that venerable chapel, or when at midnight your hear the footsteps echo on the pavements and the quartets sing "The Chapel," or *Wo Kraft und Muth*, you feel that it is Bethlehem still!

Many artistes of known celebrity have, from time time, directed their steps hitherward and made it their abiding place during the summer months. Not the least of these were the Bavarian HERMANNS, some years since, and at a later period the lamented KNOOP, as also WALDTEUFEL.

A congenial musical atmosphere was not the only attraction, since the general practical inspiration which seems to hang around the spot, draws within its embrace even those who have no regard for the musical art. J. H.

* In connection with this remark upon the "Creation," there is a good story told of a countryman, which happened some years ago. The "Creation," from its frequent performance, had become widely known, and numbers resorted to hear it from neighboring towns. Even the rural population knew it by name (*Schöpfung*, as it used to be sung with German text,)—and a countryman happening to meet one of the Bethlehem virtuosi with his violin, addressed him thus: "*Ich habe so oft von der Schöpfung gehört, spiel mir's ein mal.*" (I have so often heard of that "Creation," let me hear you play it once!)

Musical Chit-Chat.

In Boston the musical season is at length fairly over. Opera placards have ceased from the corners of the streets, and concert puffs and advertisements from the newspapers. Thank Heaven! will the most inveterate concert-goer say, in such days with the thermometer at ninety. The only strains now heard abroad are those of the street organs (*orgues de Barbarie*) and brass bands. A pleasant sight it is to see the crowds upon the Common one of these lovely evenings, standing or stretched upon the grass upon the slopes of the broad amphitheatre, listening to the music of these bands, and often hearty in their applause of the best things. We heard fine playing there the other night by the Germania Serenade Band; fine playing, too, with several really good selections on the evening of the Fourth, by one of the other bands, near which we chanced to stand, (we think it was the Brigade;) and from one of the Circus bands upon the Public Garden, there came wafted to us on a welcome breeze, that sprang up as we crossed the Common at noon day, the rich strains of the *Felsenmühle* overture; it was neatly, tastefully and expressively performed entire, although the instruments were all of brass, (the more's the pity,) as with all our bands. Patriotism seems to have inspired these to do their best upon the Fourth, for among the sounds that reached us through the bedlam of that day we many times remarked strains truly euphonious and musical; less screaming out of tune than usual.

In New York the hot days of the past week seem not to have driven away all music. Some *melting* strains were left. Silvery-voiced LOUISA PYNE has been singing in three operas: to wit, Balfe's "Daughter of St. Mark" (or "Catarina Cornaro"), the "Daughter of the Regiment," and the new comic operetta, written for her, called "The Queen of a Day." Then, too, they have had Negro Minstrelsy, of the real native sort, and in its more aspiring phases, such as Miss GREENFIELD (the Black Swan,) the LUCA family, &c. *Don Giovanni* by the LAGRANGE Troupe, at the Academy, drew two large and enthusiastic houses last week, and now the artistes may seek other, perhaps wholesomer than operatic airs and *breezes* on the sea-shore and the mountains.

The original score of MOZART'S *Don Juan*, (so attested by the representatives of Herr ANDRE, of Offenbach, to whom it was confided for publication, and who purchased all the Mozart manuscripts,) after having been long in the market and offered to many libraries, has found a purchaser in Madame VIARDOT GARCIA. It is described as all but complete, and "full of interesting *indicia* and changes made by the composer's own hand."...... VERDI, it appears, found a new obstacle to the production of his *Vêpres Siciliennes* at the Grand Opera, in the threatened diversion of public interest through the announcement of ALBONI in the *Prophète* for the 29th ult. He wished to withdraw his work; but finally arranged it with the management that it should have twelve performances before Alboni should commence. This is one story. The *Athenæum* says, *Les Vêpres* is again postponed for alterations, and "the next opera in order at that theatre will be the *Santa Chiara* of the Duke of Saxe Coburg, by express imperial command: *quere*, as

"A dainty dish to set before our Queen?"

L'Etoile du Nord is said to be in rehearsal at Covent Garden, MEYERBEER having sent forward the recitatives which are to be substituted for the spoken dialogue in the original libretto....... The German tenor, REICHARDT, now in London, is said by some to stand in the first rank among the tenor singers of the day....... COSTA, the famous conductor, is to produce an oratorio of his own at the Birmingham Festival this summer. The "Messiah," "Elijah" and Beethoven's Ninth Symphony will also be performed.

It is reported that MAX MARETZEK is about to publish the "Experiences of a New York Opera Manager for many Unsuccessful Seasons."...... The citizens of Worcester, Mass., enjoyed last week a musical soirée given to his friends by Mr. CARL SENTZ, previous to his reunion for the summer season with his old comrades, "the Germanians," at at Newport. "Stella," who pleasantly gossips of such matters in the *Palladium* of that rural city, says: "The programme was an excellent one—full of variety and beauty; and the performances were, throughout, highly creditable to those who gave them. The opening piece, a sonata of Beethoven's, for violin and piano, was played by Mr. Sentz, and a young lady pupil, with marked taste and feeling. In this, as in the playing by the same performers, of the lovely Minstrel song and the beautiful Sereande of Schubert's, there was a strict adherence to the ideas of the composer, and a total absence of empty flourish, which, in these days of virtuosity, is truly refreshing. Mr. Sentz proved himself an able interpreter of the various styles of German piano-forte music, in his performance of a Notturno by Schaloff; one of the Songs without Words; Chopin's "Marcia Funebre;" and Beethoven's sonata in C sharp minor, or the Moonlight Sonata, as it is generally called. His playing is characterized by a depth and purity of style which makes one lose sight of the skill of the player in admiration of the work performed. A very pleasing feature of the evening's entertainment was the singing of the *Männerchor*—a club, which, although yet in its infancy, shows the fine training it has received. The members have voices of remarkable freshness and flexibility; and their singing of the glees of Mendelssohn, Marchner, Zollner, &c. was in true German style of animation and expression."

Are not the people of Moravian Bethlehem, of whose performance of the "Creatian" our correspondent writes so pleasantly, mistaken as to their having been the first to bring out that oratorio?

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JULY 7, 1855.

A Beginning, and a Hint.

For the first time, we believe, in the history of our American Universities, has there been a formal academic recognition of Music as legitimately one of "the humanities." The University of New York, at its Commencement, June 27, conferred the degree of "Doctor of Music" upon our distinguished countryman, Mr. LOWELL MASON. We trust it will not be many centuries longer before our Universities shall embrace Musical Professorships in their learned Faculties. Rich would-be benefactors may do as much good to posterity by endowing schools of Art, as by endowing schools of Literature, Theology or Science. Nay, an amply endowed permanent provision of the highest kind of orchestral concerts, oratorios, &c., in a city like New York or Boston, lifting these things far above the fluctuating patronage of half-cultivated publics, and so keeping the standard always classical and high, and ruling out all clap-trap and mere fashion, were as useful and as noble a disposition of a millionaire's abundance, as the bequest of a like fund for any sort of a new professorship at Yale or Harvard. Can Greek or Latin, Algebra or Logic, do more to refine

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and humanize and elevate society, than a deep, intimate love and understanding of the great tone-creations of the inspired masters? Can Homer or Virgil quicken the human soul more than Beethoven? And is it any extravagance of fancy to suggest that Handel's "Messiah" may have done as much good in the world as Dr. Paley's Ethics?

These are hints which we think it behoves the fathers and wise men, the "men of eminent gravity" of our community to consider. Until recently the worth of Music, as one of the great means of intellectual, emotional and social culture, has been little known or dreamed of in this busy land, save by a few isolated enthusiasts, or small groups of such. But now there are thousands who will not hesitate to ascribe much of their best culture, much that is most precious and most soul-supporting in life's feverish and perplexed career, to Music; thousands who feel a debt of gratitude to it as deep as any feel to Plato and the great philosophers and poets, or to all the lights of literature and science; thousands who need not look upon that noble statue of Beethoven in the Athenæum, to feel that there is as great and noble sphere for the devotion of all a man's intellectual and spiritual energies in Music, pursued as an Art, as there can be in any honored occupation. Now if this were as widely and generally believed, as it is unquestionably true, Music would be as liberally and variously endowed in Colleges and Universities, in lyceums and concert halls and lyrical temples and conservatoires in every city and large town, as any of the branches of scholastic culture have been from of old.

There is no lack of schools and colleges. There is no lack of funds, by subscription or bequest, for any needed number of professorships in any old or modern literature, in any branch of Physics or of Metaphysics. There is wealth enough, and the wealthy take a patriotic pride in these things. Whatsoever is expended upon public education is accounted well spent. It is among the glories of the merchants of Boston, as a class, that no subscription for a new observatory or telescope, or for the founding or strengthening of a scientific or a literary professorship, with a live man to fill it, is ever suffered to fall to the ground among them. Whose are the names borne by so many of the best foundations in our Alma Mater? They are the names of public-spirited, far-seeing, prosperous merchants, who saw the value of education to the coming generations, and who felt it a duty which they owed to their children and their country, to open, out of their material abundance, *permanent* fountains of such education in its several branches. Every month brings report of some munificent donation or bequest of this sort. Yet never so far do we hear of anybody in his will bequeathing fifty or even ten thousand dollars for the endowment of any thing musical. And why? Simply because the conviction of the usefulness of such an object has not acquired the sanction of society at large, has not become public opinion. Those having the means and will to benefit posterity, bestow their wealth, as others have done before them, upon certain old-fashioned, respectable, conventional good objects. Few seek out new and equally needed ways of doing good. Here is a wealthy and eccentric old bachelor, who has original notions and refined tastes of his own, among which perhaps a passionate devotion to good music, to indulge which he thinks it little to appear strange and visionary to his neighbors all his life. *He* believes in music; believes in it enthusiastically, extravagantly; cherishes it in his quiet way as the divine fire of his life; yet it is a hundred to one that when he comes to make his will, he will bestow all he has upon some conventional old form of charity, upon a hospital, a Greek professorship, a chapel, or what not, without its once occurring to him, inasmuch as it never *has* been done, that it is quite practicable, and would be an extremely useful thing for him to open a perennial fountain of that divine Art he so loves to those that shall come after him. But wait a few years: let Music become as *widely* prized and honored, as now Greek and Hebrew are, and here and there a dying millionaire will begin to think he has a debt to Music too, among his responsibilities for the true culture of posterity. We do not despair of this. No one who knows and feels the social worth of music, can despair of it. If it have such worth, it must ere long be generally felt, and then subscriptions, donations and bequests will come as naturally for this good object as for any other.

Two ways have occurred as worthy. One is to give St. Cecilia her chair among the fair and venerable "humanities" in our old universities. Another way, and one which would result in even more practical good, would be to endow a large permanent orchestra, under wise and strict conditions, for the frequent public performance in any city of the really great classical compositions of the masters,—or still better a Conservatory, which should embrace this among all the branches of a complete provision for musical instruction and example. We mean to agitate this subject, and from time to time develope these hints, under various aspects.

The London Musical World—Wagner, and Copying without Credit.

The London *Musical World* is translating for its readers the entire book by RICHARD WAGNER, called "Opera and Drama." This is much more to the purpose, than that constant and by no means elegantly rhetorical abuse of him, of which we have quoted a few specimens. This may do something to enlighten the world of those who speak the English tongue about the real spirit, tendency and purpose of the man, and we feel tempted to make extracts largely, thanking the *World* for saving us the trouble of translating. For Wagner is a man of genius and ideas, whatever his shortcomings or extravagances, and his criticism on the Opera, as now and hitherto existing, is one to be considered.

This reminds us that we have been saved the trouble of fighting our own battles lately with the said London *World* upon the score of "copying without credit." The New York *Musical Review*, whose labors have been similarly preyed upon in that quarter, and which moreover has provoked the satire of the *World* by its London correspondent's admiration and defence of Wagner, has gallantly and generously come to our rescue, noticing the *World's* retaliatory charges upon us. The London *World* contained what seemed an editorial of its own about Wagner, which was almost word for word identical with an article by our New York contemporary. On being charged therewith it made virulent reply in its issue of May 12, saying among other things:

> The article of Wagner, alluded to above, was, historically, an abridgement of one which appeared in the columns of our abusive contemporary, who had himself remodelled it from one much longer, and much better, in *Dwight's Journal of Music*, the best Art-paper in America. *These* were "the sources in our possession." The opinions were *our own*—quite opposed to those of the New World, which knows little or nothing of Wagner; and *these* were derived from "personal experience." When we inform our readers, that the editors of transatlantic music-"sheets," (even friend Dwight), have been for years in the habit of borrowing from us wholesale, with or without acknowledgement, they will be inclined to smile at the outcry of our injured contemporary, who has scarcely ever an article worth reading of his own concoction.

To this the *Musical Review* replies, justly and truly, as we think:

> If so, why did not this editor abridge the "much better" article instead of ours? The fact is, there is no resemblance between the two articles, and the writer of that in the *Gazette* (now *Review*) never heard of the existence of the other until the appearance of the present charge. The *Musical World* accuses *Dwight's Journal* of stealing from its columns. Those who know Mr. Dwight have too much respect for his intelligence to believe he would steal from that source, and too much confidence in his integrity to believe he would willfully take any thing without credit.
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> One of the best things in the *Musical World* article, is the remark that, "the English press is so represented that not one living being can honestly cast a stone at any one of its representatives. They may be wrong, even incompetent; but they are upright and honest to a man." Verily! the world must have grown honest since Diogenes' time! However, we all know "there's cheating in all trades *but* ours." If *all* be honest, each individual of that "all" must be. A poor kind of argument, this, to prove one's honesty: but perhaps it is the best the *Musical World* could find.

The London *World* afterwards takes occasion to remark that it is translating Wagner's book "for the benefit of Mr. Dwight of Boston, and other Transatlantic journalists, who, pirates themselves, will not tolerate piracy in others."

This is very smart, to say the least; accusing us (and everybody) of what we for one do not confess, as if the smoke and bluster of such accusation could conceal the awkwardness of the confession on your own part! When you say we borrow from you "with or without acknowledgment," why not state definitely and frankly *which*! Once for all we declare, as a careful comparison of the two papers will confirm, that we have in no instance copied or quoted an article purporting to be original from the London *Musical World*, without giving credit to that source. *With* credit we have copied frequently and largely, as our readers know. Many things also we have copied in the shape of summaries of Foreign News, little scraps of information, floating paragraphs of solid matter, such as we find in every paper, and for which we give no credit, since there is no knowing in such cases whom to credit. This is the universal practice in all journalizing. We may once or twice, too, have failed to state that we found a certain translation, which we published, in the *Musical World;* but it was in the want of evidence that said translation originally emanated from that source and was not a borrowed article as we there found it. We believe there is no established principle of newspaper ethics that condemns this. It is idle therefore for the *World* to try to confound *this* sort of borrowing with its own habit of copying without credit original editorial articles and translations

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made expressly for the American journals, which it would fain include in one unblushing, jolly piratical fraternity with itself. But enough said. We shall still take pleasure in transferring to our columns, when we have room, and *with credit*, any good things, or interesting, which our august and enterprising transatlantic senior may send us.

Music among the Blind.

By invitation of Dr. Howe, the superintendent of the Perkins Institution for the Blind, at South Boston, we had the pleasure last week of witnessing the musical proficiency of the pupils. Music, as all know, enters largely into the system of education pursued in such institutions, and has proved an invaluable resource to those unfortunately cut off from the delights and the refining influences of the sense of sight. '*Heavenly* Music' it must indeed be to them. It was at the closing of the term, and this opportunity was taken to show what had been accomplished, while the school yet numbered many of its older and most advanced pupils, who are not expected to return, but now go out to seek their fortunes in the world, armed with this fine accomplishment to serve them in the otherwise unequal contest. Some of them will be music-teachers, organists, singers in church choirs, &c., and are well fitted for these functions. One, a young lady of fine ability and rare proficiency, advertises in our columns for a situation of this kind, and from what we witnessed the other day, as well as from the report of her teachers, past and present, we do not hesitate to commend her claims.

We were highly gratified by the exhibition, as were a room full of visitors interested in music and in the education of the blind. From forty to fifty pupils, of all ages from six or seven to sixteen, took part in the exercises. They were arranged choir-wise across one end of the pleasant music-hall, in ranks retreating upward to the organ, the youngest children in front. When they sang in full choir, they were divided (more of course with regard to vocal aptitude than to true choral balance) in about these proportions: Soprani, 17; Contralti, 14; Tenors, 6; Basses, 8. Of these some have had instruction only a year or less, others have been pupils in the institution for many years, and under its former faithful teachers, as well as under their present successor, Mr. Ansorge, a gentleman who has been through the whole course of thorough Normal training in Prussia, and who appears to unite benevolence and moral earnestness with true musicianship and faculty for teaching. We could not see but that the youngest members of the chorus took every note as promptly and as surely as the others.

A list was handed us of all the pieces that had been learned during the year, including a dozen grand oratorio choruses; seventeen three and four-part glees; over twenty hymn tunes; eight glees for male voices; twenty-two songs, duets, and trios; besides a number of simpler children's songs; and instrumental pieces, of which hereafter. From these we selected several pieces which were sung without previous warning. The Hallelujah from Beethoven's "Mount of Olives", and the Hallelujah from the "Messiah" were sung correctly, in good tune throughout, and with spirit. It was good honest four-part singing. Every voice was heard and every voice was true. The sopranos, as a body, were clear and musical, if there was no voice of rare beauty. We were particularly struck by the promptness and effectiveness of a row of small boy contralti, who would be an example for any of our oratorio societies. These choruses were finely accompanied on the organ by one of the older pupils, who has a neat touch, which he afterwards exhibited to advantage in an elaborate fantasia piece on the piano. All that seemed wanting in these choruses (besides of course more bass and tenor) was that fineness of expression, that light and shade of sentiment, which it would be too much to expect. Let those who ever preach about the life of the senses as opposed to the spiritual in us, consider that the loss of any sense is the privation of a refining, spiritualizing influence; that, other things being equal, he who has all his senses best developed, is the most refined, most spiritual person. Where the heavenly hints of outward beauty find no entrance, there is naturally less refinement and delicacy of feeling. As a general rule, the voices of the blind are harsh, their manners coarse and awkward. It is much less so in this Institution, where the whole system of education is liberal, kindly, harmonious and pervaded by the æsthetic spirit. Still, one cannot help noticing the drawback; in the singing of these children expression cannot quite keep pace with technical perfection. And yet how much has been accomplished, even in this higher direction, by the Institution for the Blind!

Other pieces sung by all together were the hymn: "Bowen"—sung in a style which it would be edifying to hear in any church; the "Marseilles Hymn," very effective; and the lively chorus glee: "Good Morning," in which the answers were passed about very promptly. The Angel Trio, from "Elijah," was very correctly sung by three young ladies, of naturally good and well-trained voices. Schubert's song: "The Last Greeting," was sung in unison by several sopranos, and in good style. A funny glee: "Johnny, can you count twenty-five," for two tenors and two basses, four on a part, was given with a relish, and no note missed in the sometimes intricate movement.

Of solos we heard only one, the difficult scena from *Der Freyschütz*, which was a creditable aspiration on the part of singer and accompanist, although rather a large undertaking. The list of songs included *Adelaida*, and others of this high class, as well as simple ones; and most of these pieces have been learned by all the voices of the proper compass: i. e. they have been committed to memory, note by note, so that each can sing them with more or less effectiveness.

For instrumental music there was not much time. We heard an organ piece, with short fugue, very clearly and firmly played by a young lady. Another played a Sonata of Haydn, in a way which showed good training, although the piece was marred, in the present instance, by timidity; and another executed the Adagio from one of Beethoven's earlier Sonatas, very nicely. The Fantasia on the *Fille du Regiment*, by one of the boys, and perhaps the best player in the school, has been referred to. Three classes of boys, and three of girls, are taught the piano. A class of six scholars have learned voluntaries, chorus accompaniments, and tunes upon the organ; and eleven boys have made considerable proficiency upon the violin.

Questions in the theory of music were put by the teacher and answered in a manner which left no doubt that most of the scholars have a pretty clear understanding of scales, keys, intervals, chords, resolutions, &c., and several of them showed at the piano a very ready faculty of modulating from one key to others however remote.

Upon the whole we found satisfactory evidence that the pupils of the Perkins Institution have been well taught in music. The teacher, of course, is not a little aided by the whole spirit of culture and good management that pervades the Institution; but his task can be by no means a sinecure, since every pupil must be taught every note by ear. Mr. Ansorge plainly is the right man for such a place, and will carry on the work so well begun by their first teacher, Mr. Keller, and continued by his worthy successors, Mr. Hach and Mr. Werner.

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Translated for this Journal.

An Opus II.

BY ROBERT SCHUMANN. (1831.)

The other day Eusebius stepped softly to my door. You know the ironical, inquiring smile upon that pale face of his. I sat with Florestan at the piano. Florestan, as you know, is one of those singular musical men, who anticipate as it were beforehand all that is future, new, extraordinary. But this time a surprise awaited him. With the words: "Hats off, gentlemen, a genius!", Eusebius unrolled a piece of music. We were not allowed to see the title. I fingered over the leaves in a listless manner; there is something fascinating in this muffled enjoyment of music, without sounds. Besides, it seems to me, every composer has his own peculiar note-forms for the eye: BEETHOVEN *looks* differently upon paper from MOZART, somewhat as JEAN PAUL'S prose looks differently from GOETHE'S. But here I felt as if actually strange eyes, flower eyes, basilisk eyes, peacock's eyes, maidens' eyes, looked marvellously at me. In many places it grew lighter—I thought I saw Mozart's *La ci darem la mano* entwined through a hundred chords; Leporello seemed to leer at me, and Don Juan in white mantle to fly past me.

"Play it," suggested Florestan. Eusebius consented; squeezed into a window niche, we listened. Eusebius played as if inspired, and conjured innumerable shapes of the most living life before us: it seems as if the inspiration of the moment sometimes lifts the fingers above the usual measure of their power. The entire response of Florestan consisted, not to speak of a certain blissful smile, in nothing but the remark, that the Variations might be something by Beethoven or FRANZ SCHUBERT, if you could imagine them to be piano-virtuosos. But when he looked at the title page, and read simply:

"*La ci darem la mano, varié pour le Pianoforte par Frédéric Chopin, Oeuvre 2,*"

and we in our astonishment exclaimed: "An Opus *two!*" and when our faces glowed with uncommon surprise, and besides a few interjections there was little to be distinguished, except: "Yes, this *is* again something rational—CHOPIN—I never heard the name—who can it be? at all events a genius—was it not Zerlina laughing there? or Leporello?"—really there arose a scene, which I cannot describe. Heated with wine and Chopin and much talking, we went off to Master Raro, who laughed a great deal and showed little curiosity about the Opus 2. "I know you of old," said he, "and your new-fangled enthusiasm—but bring the Chopin here some time." We promised to do so the next day. Presently Eusebius bade us quietly good night; I stayed a while with Master Raro.

Florestan, who for some time had had no abiding place, flew through the moonlit streets to my house. About midnight I found him in my chamber, lying on the sofa, and his eyes closed. "Chopin's Variations," he began, as if talking in a dream, "are still going round in my head. Certainly," he continued, "the whole thing is dramatic and sufficiently Chopin-ish; the Introduction, complete as it is in itself—don't you think of Leporello's thirds?—seems to me the least suited to the whole; but the Theme—why has he written it in B flat?—the Variations, the Finale and the Adagio, that is really something—there peeps genius out of every bar. Naturally, dear Julius, Don Juan, Zerlina, Leporello and Masetto are the interlocutors,—Zerlina's answer in the Theme shows her sufficiently in love; the first variation might perhaps be called somewhat *distingué* and coquettish—the Spanish grandee flirting very amiably with the young peasant girl. This is self-evident in the second, which is already much more familiar, comical and disputatious, as if two lovers were spiting one another and laughing more than usual. But how all is changed in the third variation! All now is moonlight and fairy magic; Masetto, to be sure, stands in the distance and curses pretty audibly, but Don Juan does not let that disturb him much. But now for the fourth, what do you think of that?

"Eusebius played it quite purely—does it not leap out boldly and bravely and go right at a man? although the Adagio (it seems to me natural that Chopin repeats the first part) plays in B flat minor, than which nothing could be more appropriate, since in its beginning it warns us as it were morally of Don Juan. It is naughty, indeed, and yet how beautiful, that Leporello listens behind the bushes, laughing and joking, and that oboes and clarinets stream forth with such magical enticement, and that the full blooming B flat major so precisely indicates the first kiss of love. But all that is nothing to the last movement—have you wine still, Julius?—this is the entire Finale in Mozart—leaping champagne corks, ringing glasses, Leporello's voice in the midst of all, then the clutching and pursuing spirits, Don Juan running away—and then the conclusion, which ends in a beautifully tranquilized and real manner."

Never before, so ended Florestan, had he had a similar emotion to that awakened by this close, except in Switzerland. And that was in those beautiful days, when, as the setting sun climbed higher and higher up the highest mountain summits and finally the last ray vanished, there came a moment in which one seemed to see the white Alp giants close their eyes. One only feels that he has had a heavenly vision. "Awake *thou* also to new dreams, my Julius, and sleep!" "Dearest Florestan," replied I, "these private feelings are perhaps praiseworthy, although they are somewhat subjective; but however little of definite design Chopin may have had in these inspirations of his genius, I bow my head likewise to such genius, such effort and such mastery." Whereupon we went to sleep. JULIUS.

New Views of Opera.

[Extracts from RICHARD WAGNER'S "Opera and Drama," as translated by the London *Musical World*.]

II.

The constitution of music has developed itself in two directions in the branch of Art fixed by it, and known as Opera: in a *serious* direction—through all those composers who felt the weight of the responsibility which fell to music, when it assumed for itself alone the aim of the drama—and in a *frivolous* direction, through all those musicians, who, impelled by the instinct of the impossibility of solving an unnatural problem, turned their backs upon it, and, thinking only of enjoying the advantages that opera has gained from uncommonly extended publicity, gave themselves up to an unmixed system of musical experimentalizing. It is necessary for us, in the first place, to contemplate more nearly the former, or *serious*, side of the question.

The musical foundation of Opera was, as we know, nothing more than the *air*, while the latter, again, was the national song introduced by the singer to the aristocratic world, with the words left out and supplied by the production of the poetical artist engaged for the purpose. The development of the national melody into the operatic air was, next, the work of the vocal artist, no longer interested in the rendering of the melody, but in the exhibition of his artistic skill; he determined the resting points necessary for him-

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self; the change from the more lively to the more moderate expressions of song, and the passages where, free from all rhythmical and melodic constraint, he could, to his heart's content, display his skill alone. The composer merely arranged the materials for the virtuosity of the singer, and the poet, again, did the same for the composer.

* * * * * * * * *

We must firmly impress upon our minds these original relations of the artistic factors of the opera to each other, that we may, in what follows, perceive how these distorted relations became more and more confused from all the efforts to set them right.

From the luxurious craving of noble lords after variety in their amusements, the ballet was added to the dramatic cantata. The dances and the dance-melodies, as arbitrarily taken from the national dance-tunes as the operatic air was from the national song, allied themselves, with the coy inability of coalition inherent to everything unnatural, to the influence of the singer; while, by this heaping-up of elements totally destitute of anything like inward connection, there naturally arose for the poet the task of binding together in a combination, brought about anyhow, the display of all the artistic capabilities spread out before him. A connecting dramatic medium, which became more and more evidently a necessity, now joined, with the help of the poet, that which in itself really required no such connecting medium, so that the aim of the drama—impelled by outward necessity—was simply *given*, but by no means *taken up*. Vocal and dance melodies stood, in the coldest and most complete solitude, near each other, for the display of the singer's or dancer's skill, while it was only in what should, at a pinch, connect them, in the musically recited dialogue, that the poet exercised his subordinate influence, and that the drama was at all apparent.

Nor did recitative arise in opera, as a new invention, from a real impulse towards the drama; long before this speaking style of song had been introduced into opera, the Christian Church had employed it for the recitation of Biblical passages. The cadence which, in these recitations, soon became, in obedience to the precepts of the ritual, stationary, and common-place; only apparently, not really, any longer speaking, and rather indifferently melodic than expressively conversational, was next transferred, but also modelled and varied by musical caprice, to opera, so that, with the air, dance-melody, and recitative, the whole apparatus of the musical drama—absolutely, as regards its constitution, unchanged down to the most recent opera—was definitely fixed. The substance, too, of the dramatic plots serving as a foundation for this apparatus, soon became stereotyped; mostly taken from the totally misunderstood Greek mythology and hero-world, they formed a theatrical scaffolding deficient in all capability of exciting warmth and sympathy, but which, on the other hand, possessed the faculty of presenting itself for the use of every composer, to be treated according to his peculiar views, and thus we find that the majority of these texts have been set to music again and again by the most dissimilar musicians.

GLUCK'S revolution, which became so celebrated, and which has been wafted to the ears of many ignorant persons as a complete distortion of the views commonly taken until then of the constitution of opera, really consisted in the mere fact of the composer's revolting against the caprice of the singer. The composer, who, after the singer, had especially attracted the attention of the public, since it was *he* who always provided the singer with fresh materials for the display of his skill, felt himself injured by the singer's influence in exactly the same proportion that he was desirous of fashioning the said materials after his own creative phantasy, so that *his* work, and perhaps *only* his work should, at least, strike the hearer. *Two* roads were open to the ambitious composer, for the attainment of his end; either to develop the purely sensual substance of the air, with the assistance of all the musical means at his command, as well as of all those to be afterwards found, to the highest and most voluptuous fullness; or—and this is the more earnest way, which we have now to pursue—to restrict all caprice in the execution of the air, by an endeavor on the part of the composer to impart to the tune to be executed an expression suitable to the accompanying verbal text. If such texts were, in conformity with their nature, to have the value of the feeling conversation of acting personages, feeling singers and composers must long previously have thought of stamping their virtuosity with the necessary degree of warmth, and Gluck was assuredly not the first composer who wrote passionate airs, nor were his singers the first to sing such airs with expression. But that which makes him the starting point for what is, decidedly, a most complete change in the previous position of the artistic factors of opera to each other, is: that he *enounced with consciousness, and on principle*, the appropriate necessity of having both in air and recitative an expression in keeping with the accompanying text. From this period, the preponderating influence in the arrangement of the opera passes, most certainly, to the composer: the singer becomes *the organ of the composer's intention*, and this intention is, with full consciousness, enounced, in order that the dramatic substance of the accompanying text may be satisfied by being truly expressed. The only thing, in fact, attacked, was the unbecoming and heartless desire of the singer to please; but, in all other respects, everything relating to the completely unnatural organization of opera remained exactly as before. Air, recitative, and dance-music, each completely separate, stand as causelessly by each other in Gluck's operas, as was previously the case, and is so, almost always, even at the present day.

In the position of the *poet* towards the composer, not the slightest change was made; the position of the latter towards him had in fact become rather more dictatorial than before, since, after enouncing the consciousness of his more elevated task—with regard to the vocalist—he carried out, with more naturely weighed zeal, the arrangements in the construction of the opera. The poet never thought of mixing himself up at all in such arrangements. * * *

But it was Gluck's successors who first thought of taking advantage of this position of theirs for enlarging the forms they found ready to their hand. These successors—among whom we must comprise the composers of Italian and French origin, who, shortly before the conclusion of the last, and at the commencement of the present, century, wrote for the operatic theatres of Paris—imparted to their songs, with a more and more complete degree of warmth and truth of immediate expression, a more extended formal foundation. The old established divisions of the air, still retained in their essential characteristics, were fixed upon more varied motives, and even transitions and connecting passages drawn into the domain of expression; the recitative joined involuntarily, and more closely, the air and even entered as a necessary expression into its composition. The air, however, gained an important degree of expansion from the fact that more than *one* person—according to the dramatic exigencies—took part in its execution, and that thus the essentially monological characteristic of the old opera was advantageously lost. It is true that pieces such as duets and trios had been long previously known; but the fact of two or three persons singing together in an air had not fundamentally produced the least change in the character of the air, which, in the melodic plan and maintenance of the thematic tone once adopted—which tone did not exactly refer to individual expression, but to a general specifically musical disposition—remained quite the same, nothing being really changed in it, whether performed as a monologue or as a duet, except what was perfectly material, namely: the fact of the musical phrases being sung alternately by different voices, or by all together, by a simple harmonic contrivance, such as two or three voices, etc. To indicate this specifically musical element, so far that it might become capable of vivaciously alternating individual expression, was the task and work of the above mentioned composers, as is evident in their treatment of the so-called *dramatico-musical ensemble*. The essential element of this *ensemble* always remained in truth simply the air, recitative, and dance music; only, whenever, in the air or recitative, a vocal expression, corresponding to the text-foundation, was once acknowledged as a fitting exigence, the truth of this expression logically and of necessity had to be extended to whatever dramatic connection was contained in the text-foundation. From the honest effort to satisfy this necessary consequence, arose the extension of the older musical forms in opera, as we find them in the serious operas of Cherubini, Méhul, and Spontini. We may say that, in these works, is fulfilled what Gluck wanted, or may have wanted—yes, in them is attained, once for all, whatever natural, that is to say, in the best sense of the expression, consistent qualities could be developed on the primitive foundation of opera.

The youngest of the above three masters, Spontini, was so perfectly convinced of having really reached the utmost limits of operatic style; he had so firm a belief in the impossibility of his productions ever being, in any way, surpassed, that, in all his subsequent artistic efforts, which he published after the works of his great Parisian epoch, he never made even the slightest attempt, in form or meaning, to go beyond the stand he had taken in those works. He obstinately refused to recognize the subsequent, so-called romantic, development of opera as anything but an evident decay of opera; so that, on those, to whom he afterwards communicated his ideas concerning this subject, he necessarily produced the impression of a person prejudiced, to madness, in favor of himself and his own works, while he really only enounced a conviction, which could very easily be founded upon a perfectly sound view of the constitution of opera. On surveying the department of modern opera, Spontini could, with justice ask: "Have you materially developed, in any manner, the musical component parts of opera in any greater degree than what you find in my works? Or have you been able to effect anything intelligible or sound, by really going beyond this form? Is not all that is unpalatable in your productions simply a consequence of stepping out of this form, and have you not been enabled to produce all that is palatable simply within this form? Where, now, does this form exist more grandly, broadly, and comprehensively than in my three great Parisian operas? Who, however, will tell me that he has filled out this form with more glowing, passionate, and energetic substance than I have?"

It would be difficult to reply to these questions of Spontini in a manner that would confuse him, but, in every case, still more difficult to prove to him that *he* was mad, if he held us to be so. Out of Spontini's mouth speaks the honest voice of conviction of the absolute musician, who gives us to understand: "If the musician will, *by himself*, as arranger of the opera, bring about the drama, he cannot, without in addition exposing his utter incapacity, go one step further than I have gone." In this, however, there is involuntarily expressed the demand for something further; "If you desire more, you must apply, not to the musician, but to the *poet*."

But how did this poet stand with regard to Spontini and his contemporaries? With the whole growth of the musical form of opera, with all the development of the capabilities of expression contained in it, the position of the poet was not in the least changed. He always remained the preparer of foundations for the perfectly independent experiments of the composer. If the latter, through successes obtained, felt his power for freer movement within his form increase, he only set the poet the task of serving him with less fear and anxiety in the supply of subjects; he said to him, as it were, "See what I am able to accomplish! Do not trammel yourself; trust in my activity to resolve your most hazarded dramatic combinations, body and bones, into music." Thus was the poet merely carried along by the musician; he must have felt ashamed to bring wooden hobby-horses to his master, when the latter was able to bestride a real steed, for he knew that the rider understood how to handle the

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reins bravely—the musical reins, which were destined to guide the steed hither and thither in the well-levelled operatic riding-school, and without which neither musician nor poet dared to bestride it, for fear it might spring high above the inclosing fence, and run off to its wild, magnificent nature-home.

The poet thus certainly attained, by the side of the composer, increasing importance, but only exactly in the proportion that the musician ascended before him, while he merely followed; the strictly musical possibilities alone, which the composer pointed out to him, were all that the poet thought of, to serve as his standard for arrangement and form, and even for the choice of a subject; he remained, therefore, with all the reputation which *he*, also, was beginning to gain, only the mere skillful person, able to serve the "dramatic" composer so suitably and well. Immediately the composer himself took no other view of the relative position of the poet, than that which he derived from the nature of opera, he could only regard himself as the responsible factor of the opera, and thus, with right and justice, retain the position assumed by Spontini, as being the most suitable, since he could procure himself the satisfaction of producing in that position, all that was possible for a musician, if he wished the opera, as musical drama, to preserve its claim as a valid form of art.

[From Putnam's Magazine.]

ROBERT OF LINCOLN.

BY WM. CULLEN BRYANT.

Merrily swinging on brier and weed,
Near to the nest of his little dame,
Over the mountain-side or mead,
Robert of Lincoln is telling his name,
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Snug and safe is that nest of ours,
Hidden among the summer flowers,
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln is gaily drest,
Wearing a bright black wedding coat;
White are his shoulders and white his crest,
Hear him call in his merry note—
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Look what a nice new coat is mine,
Sure there was never a bird so fine.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife,
Pretty and quiet, with plain brown wings,
Passing at home a patient life,
Broods in the grass while her husband sings
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Brood, kind creature; you need not fear
Thieves and robbers while I am here.
Chee, chee, chee.

Modest and shy as a nun is she;
One weak chirp is her only note.
Braggart and prince of braggarts is he;
Pouring boasts from his little throat—
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink,
Never was I afraid of man;
Catch me, cowardly knaves, if you can.
Chee, chee, chee.

Six white eggs on a bed of hay,
Flecked with purple, a pretty sight!
There as the mother sits all day,
Robert is singing with all his might
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Nice good wife, that never goes out,
Keeping house, while I frolic about.
Chee, chee, chee.

Soon as the little ones chip the shell
Six wide mouths are open for food;
Robert of Lincoln bestirs him well,
Gathering seeds for the hungry brood.
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
This new life is likely to be
Hard for a gay young fellow like me.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln at length is made
Sober with work, and silent with care;
Off is his holiday garment laid,
Half-forgotten that merry air,
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Nobody knows but my mate and I
Where our nest and our nestlings lie.
Chee, chee, chee.

Summer wanes; the children are grown;
Fun and frolic no more he knows;
Robert of Lincoln's a humdrum crone;
Off he flies, and we sing as he goes,
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
When you can pipe that merry old strain,
Robert of Lincoln come back again.
Chee, chee, chee.

Verdi's New Opera.

[Correspondence London Musical World.]

The long-expected, oft-announced, incessantly-rehearsed opera, *Les Vêpres Siciliennes*, has at last been produced at the Grand-Opéra. Its production was attended with considerable success—a success attributable to four causes, which I place in order of merit: 1st, The admirable manner in which the music was interpreted by Mlle. SOPHIE CRUVELLI and most of the other artists; 2d, the *mise-en-scène*, which left nothing to be desired; 3d, the inherent interest of the subject of the libretto; 4th, the music which Sig. VERDI has composed to illustrate that subject. Beginning at the fourth clause, Sig. Verdi, in my opinion, has written no work containing more beauties or greater defects; *Les Vêpres Siciliennes* resembles a mosaic, in which two artists of unequal merit have been employed. A *morceau* of elegant design and elegant execution is interwoven with another, coarse in conception and deficient in finish; want of harmony consequently pervades the whole, and the very beauties themselves mar the perfect success of the work, by bringing more prominently into notice the deficiencies to which they are allied. At times, the music is graceful, elegant, and sweet, suited to the situation it illustrates, dramatic in character, and admirable both in design and execution. But scarcely has the public expressed its approbation, and the hum of applause barely ceased, ere your ears are dinned with some stunning chorus shouted in unison, some air taxing the capabilities of the most stentorian lungs; or your sense of musical and dramatic propriety is outraged by music altogether alien to the situation, and unsuited to the scene. The second act of the *Vêpres Siciliennes* is probably the best which Signor Verdi has yet composed. It is full of beauties, and contains little to criticise. When the curtain fell at its conclusion there was a general shout through the house for the composer, who was led on the stage by Mlle. Cruvelli; where he received the ovation which he had justly merited. *O! si sic omnes!* In the very next act occurs the most important and dramatic situation of the opera. An entry of conspirators, an attempt to assassinate the governor, a separation between two lovers, and a father's preservation by his son, have supplied Signor Verdi with no better inspiration than a worn-out polka worthy of M. Alary, and ludicrously discordant with dramatic exigencies and propriety. Although Signor Verdi has achieved success, he has made no advance in his art, but, on the contrary, has produced a work which as a whole, is unquestionably inferior to *Rigoletto* and *Il Trovatore*. I will now proceed from generalities to details, and, as M. SCRIBE has, in a note at the the head of his "*livret*" declared that "the general massacre known under the name of the 'Sicilian Vespers' never took place"—an assertion leading one to suppose that M. Scribe places historical truth on a level with that of his own fictions—I will give a short account of the Sicilian Vespers which form the subject of the present opera.

It was in the year of grace 1282 that these events occurred, which constitute one of the most tragical episodes in the world's history. Charles of Anjou had delivered the island of Sicily into the keeping of governors, whose cruelty and rapacity were inhuman even in those dark ages. The people were ground down by taxes and imposts, barbarously beaten, deprived of their wives and daughters by the lust of a brutal soldiery, and confined in dungeons such as still exist in the island, for the immurement of those who have offended King Bomba. The nobles were humiliated and disgraced, their daughters deprived of their wealth and confined in convents, when they refused to marry some chosen one among the governor's needy adventurers, while the executioner found constant employment in branding, maiming, torturing, and murdering, those who proved refractory, or revolted against the tyranny to which they were subjected.

The entire population groaned under the yoke imposed on them, and thirsted for vengeance. On the afternoon of Easter Tuesday, the 31st of March, 1282, the people repaired to vespers at the church of the Saint Esprit, about a mile from Palermo, to celebrate the third day of Easter. The church was filled to overflowing, and those who were excluded from its walls formed themselves into groups on the adjacent grass or in the neighboring gardens. "Mirth and youthful jollity" everywhere prevailed, and dancing and singing were the order of the day. A few of the French soldiers constituting the garrison joined the fair dancers, whose lips they pressed and whose waists they encircled in that free and easy manner so natural to the Gauls, but so likely to lead to "explanations" when the owner of the pressed lips or encircled waist revolts against such familiarity. Accordingly a murmur passed through the group of Palermitan bystanders, whereon the soldiers added jeering to insult. Stones were thrown, and, on the troops defending themselves, knives, daggers, and hatchets were soon brought into play. A scene of terrible carnage then commenced, with shouts "Death to the French." The butchery, at once begun, was continued for the space of a whole month, and during that period a number of Frenchmen were put to death, by some historians estimated at 20,000, by one at less than 10,000. John of Procida was among the most active leaders in this revolt, and his name and exploits, forming the theme of many a poem and romance, have now been celebrated by MM. Scribe and Verdi in the opera of *Les Vêpres Siciliennes*.

The curtain rises on a scene representing the great square of Palermo, with French officers and soldiers drinking and singing in chorus. Presently the Duchess Hélène (Mlle. SOPHIE CRUVELLI) sister of the late Duke Frederick of Austria, crosses the stage with her attendants, returning from church. The duchess is detained as a hostage at Palermo, and laments her brother murdered by the Governor. The soldiers demand a song to enliven them; Hélène—like Marcel in the *Huguenots*—at once complies with their request. She accordingly sings a cavatina replete with life, energy, and movement, stirring the blood in the veins of her Sicilian hearers, who with loud shouts repeat the refrain, and draw their daggers to attack the French. There is but one opinion as to the manner in which Mlle. Cruvelli delivered this air, and all critics, whether friendly, hostile or neuter, have united to sound her praises. Just as the fray is about to commence, Guy de Montfort, Governor of Sicily (M. BONNEHEE), appears, and his dreadful presence at once calms the excitement.

No man dares speak, save one, and that man is Henri (M. GUEYMARD,) a young Sicilian, the natural son of the Governor by a native of the island, whom he had seduced and abandoned some twenty years before. This youth is unacquainted with the secret of his birth or the name of his father, and has joined John of Procida (M. OBIN) in his conspiracy against the French domination. He is beloved by Hélène, who is in

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equal ignorance of his paternity. He braves the Governor, who dismisses Hélène and all the bystanders. "Serve in the French camp," says the Governor, who dearly loves his unacknowledged son; "it is your only chance of safety." "I will not." "You refuse; then death must be your fate." "I care not." "Meanwhile, nevermore see Hélène." "I fly to her," says Henri, and the curtain falls on the first act.

The second opens with a charming scene, in a smiling valley near Palermo, with the chapel of Sainte-Rosalie on an eminence in the distance. John of Procida is alone, moody and thoughtful. He expresses his sensations in an air, *O mon pays, tant adoré*, which is interrupted by a chorus of bass voices behind the scenes. They shout, "Death to the French, new life to their country," and, as the voices die away, Procida resumes his interrupted song, which concludes with a *stretta*, quick, rapid, and admirably in keeping with the situation. M. OBIN sang this air to perfection, and fairly divided the applause with the composer. Hélène arrives, recognises Procida, and they unite their voices in hope for the deliverance of their native soil. Procida departs to add fuel to the flame commencing to burn among the people, and Henri is left alone with Hélène. He discloses his love in a charming duet, exquisitely sung by Madlle. Cruvelli, and to which M. Gueymard also did full justice. A passage on the words *Moi! qui simple soldat*, which forms an accompaniment to, and embroidery on the theme sustained by Cruvelli, called down thunders of applause, and the whole duet is graceful, elegant, and charming. But alas! the course of true love never did run smooth; an officer arrives, who forms an unwished for addition to the lovers' *tête-à-tête*, and who bears an invitation for Henri to the Governor's *fête*. He refuses with disdain, and is carried off captive. He bears with him the antidote of love to the bane of imprisonment, for Hélène has promised her hand, if he will avenge on the French the death of her murdered brother.

Procida returns, preceding the conspirators and friends, who have united to celebrate the *fête* of Sainte Rosalie. Sicilian dancers, tarentellas, &c., follow in rapid succession.

The French soldiers ere long espy the happy groups, and, throwing themselves into the midst, carry off the girls best suited to their taste; an outrage they commit in broad daylight, and in presence of their assembled relatives. Stupor, indignation, and rage, succeed each other in rapid order; the people give way to their passions in a chorus well suited to the scene, and when the voices of all, gradually increasing in volume, have arrived at the very climax of indignation, the chorus is interrupted by an *ensemble* of the principal singers on the words, *Ils frémissent enfin, et de honte et de rage*, which produced an admirable effect, and was much applauded. In the midst of these tumultuous cries, comes an air wafted over the waters, "in sounds by distance made more sweet." The enraged populace listens to the song, and presently beholds a boat freighted with gallant Frenchmen, and noble dames, who, escorted by bands of music, are proceeding to the Governor's *fête*. At the sight of their foes the passions of the mob are roused to violence, and, whilst from the boat proceeds a strain of sensuous music, voluptuous and love-inspiring, the stage re-echoes to the rude and impassioned chorus of the angry conspirators. This double chorus is united by the composer with rare skill, and the effect was tremendous. The curtain fell to shouts of applause from all parts of the house, and Signor Verdi—after long resistance to a call which would admit of no denial—was at length led before the curtain by Madlle. Cruvelli, to receive the applause which the beauties of the second act had fairly won for him.

Diary Abroad.—No. 17.

BERLIN, *June 3.*—Again settled in my little room, through the windows of which the notes of a thousand sparrows—are not two sparrows sold for a farthing?—and the air, fragrant from the gardens below, come with their soothing influences! The temptation is strong upon me to throw aside books and papers and wander off in the cool shades and by the still waters of the leafy Thiergarten. There I might hear Nature's music; the sighing of winds in the pines, the gentle rushing of brooks, the clear notes of thrushes, finches, and possibly, nightingales. Oh, it makes me half a hater of Republicanism to visit almost any European city and compare its public grounds, shady with trees, brilliant with flowers, offering each lover of stillness and solitude hidden recesses of thickest foliage, with the patches of ground, which some of our cities have had the conscience to reserve to the public.

But to-day I must write. What quantities of matter have been accumulating during the last weeks! It must be transferred, in part, to paper some time, and what little freshness is left is fast fading. In part—for if all were written out it would go no small way toward filling the new edition of Blank's works in forty volumes, 8vo. But let me go back to—

April 22.—Was it not Judge Marshall, who interrupted the lawyer with, "Brother So-and-so, there are some things which a Chief Justice of the United States may be supposed to know"? So there are some things which the musical reader may be expected to know; among them the remarkable preface to one of his works, which was written by that great German composer, who, learned in all the wisdom of the Italian and French schools of his day, struck out a new path, and waged war against them; Inextinguishable, until they were extinguished. The principles which GLUCK—whose biography has been so mangled by Fétis—announced in the preface to *Alceste*, first triumphed in Vienna, and after the elevation of his pupil, Maria Antoinette, to the throne of France, and Gluck's re-appearance in Paris consequent thereupon, accomplished a more renowned if not a greater triumph there. Of all Gluck's works in the Italian style, we never hear a note. His German works—though written perchance to Italian or French words—are among the highest efforts in music. So it was with MOZART and HANDEL. Their early works are forgotten. Gluck passed away and MOZART, CHERUBINI, BEETHOVEN—great names—WINTER, WEIGL, and others of less note, followed, disciples of the author of *Orpheus*; and the influence of this, the true German school, is traceable in every work, come from where it may, which during this century has been successfully put upon the stage. How direct and vast the influence, which those years passed by the young ROSSINI in Vienna, where he heard the classics of our great Germans, especially Beethoven, exerted upon his style! What a gulf between the *Di tanti palpiti* music of his early works and those grand things on which his fame may safely rest as one of the greatest *geniuses* that have written! The influence of Rossini upon the later Italian school, is another of those things which the musical reader is supposed to know. Thus Italy gave music to Germany,—Germany has returned the gift with noble offerings of gratitude.

Well, Gluck laid down certain principles, which may however be summed up in this: Music in opera is to be employed only as a means of expression to the actor, and of exciting the sensibilities and passions of the audience; it is to be there, not for its own sake, but to heighten the effect of the drama as a whole. Hence when one, who has heard only the modern Italian operas, with their set airs and concerted pieces, their roulades and rhythmical riddles, comes to hear Gluck, the music seems to him a most extraordinary mixture of recitative and melody. The main thing heretofore at the theatre was to hear this or that singer sing this or that famous song; as a drama the opera was little or nothing. Now he is all afloat; recitatives run into melodies, melodies into recitatives. Concerted pieces are few and never written to display the singers. The music does not, somehow, satisfy him, so he at length gives his attention to the dramatic action upon the stage—wanders with Orpheus through Orcus into the Elysian fields; mourns with Iphigenia or shares the wrath of Achilles; becomes more and more interested—finds his sympathies touched in an entirely new manner, and shares as he never shared before in the jubilee of the final joy. Of the dramatist he thinks highly,—of the composer, he confesses his inability to see wherein his greatness lies; he did not think much of the music. By and by a light breaks in—it was the unostentatious, the modest clothing, which the composer had given to the drama, which so powerfully wrought upon him. Now he sees the greatness of Gluck. According to the principles laid down in the *Alceste* preface, the poet, the painter, the decorator, the costumer, the composer, and the ballet master are all equals; each doing his own peculiar work and laboring, all, to the one end and aim of producing a drama, which shall be as real to the grown up and cultivated spectator, which shall command his sympathies and affect his heart, as did the dramatized nursery tale, when a child, he laughed and wept at the Christmas pantomime.

This principle must commend itself to every thinker. If the music be the only thing—if the drama be nothing, as many seem to think,—let us separate them, give the drama to the stage and the music to the concert room. MEYERBEER, a slow and laborious composer, is governed by the same principle, and all the ridicule or argument in the world cannot convince me that he has not had, in his way, a certain degree of success, so long as I feel at "The Huguenots" or "The Prophet" how appropriate and touching are his combinations. He is no Mozart, we all know.

Mozart's perennial fount of melody, from which Rossini and others have drunk so largely, was what probably no other composer [Handel?] ever possessed. And here is just that wondrous something in which Mozart is alone and beyond all other composers for the stage. He never fails of having fully at command both modes of musical expression; the melody is *the* melody for his text, and the harmonic combinations are just as exquisite. Most composers are deficient in the one or the other. Our recent writers of one school give us polka, waltz or galop melodies, with harmony beneath contempt; those of the other school, learned and labored harmonies, which are tedious unto death for the want of the life-giving soul of melody. The difference in the result is that polka dancers sustain the one a few nights, and learned old fogies the other. A season passes away and the operas have disappeared like the leaves of autumn.

BEETHOVEN in his one opera placed himself at a single step with Mozart and Gluck. *Fidelio* is the most wonderful *first* dramatic work ever written. What might we not now have had from his pen, if the Directors of the Opera in Vienna in 1807 had accepted the proposals he made them! Who that knows *Fidelio*, the dramatic music in the "Ruins of Athens," the *Adelaide*, and his two or three scenas, and the *Christus am Oelberg*, must not mourn at the sad mistake made by the powers that were! Had he been called upon to devote the necessary time and study to vocal writing, Gluck and Mozart would not have stood as they now do, like Saul, "from his shoulders and upward higher than any of the people." I think VERDI was intended by nature for a composer, but I am afraid the genius given him,—like girls kissing each other,—is decided waste of the raw material. All this, and ever so much more of the same sort, better or worse, passed through my mind last night at the performance of "Tannhäuser."

[Having written thus far, I went down to hear and see "Don Juan" again. The Anna was Fraulein TIETJENS from Vienna,—a tall, beautiful, noble-looking young woman, a good actress, and endowed with a fine, clear, flexible voice. She has but to Italianize her name into Signora Tidien-ninny, to come over and make as great a sensation in our country as that German girl, Fraulein DEUTSCH did a few years since under the name of TEDESCO; or as Sophie CRUVELL of Bielefeld is now doing in Paris with a *i* at the end of her name. The Zerlina was TUCZEK, now Frau HERRENBURG, excellent except at times oppressed with "wiggle;" but allowance is to made for an increasing weakness of the chest. How grandly this opera is here put upon the stage; it would do OULIBICHEFF's heart good to see it. For instance in the ball room scene, not a note of music comes from the orchestra; some thirty musicians, in three bands, play the minuet upon the stage, and the music grows fast and furious until, at Zerlina's scream behind the scenes, that strangely effective burst of discord from the orchestra depicts stronger than words the confusion and dismay of the dancers. So too in the graveyard scene, the statue of the Commander utters his awful tones to the unearthly sounds of an accompaniment which comes from the tombs—the orchestra is silent; and you must sympathize with the terror of Leporello—it is terrible,

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and so was the entire finale. How true is the instinct of genius! I was admiring again the other evening the fine art of Shakspeare in placing the comic scene, where Lenox and Macduff wake up the porter, just before the discovery of Duncan's murder—what a ghastly contrast! Just this effect is gained by the music in the supper scene, which precedes the entrance of Don Juan's awful guest. I was just mourning that Beethoven wrote no more for the stage; I now mourn that Mozart had none of the fine texts which have been wasted upon—better not call names. Yes, "Don Juan" *is*, musically considered, the greatest work ever put upon the stage.]

To return to *Tannhäuser*. I need waste no words upon a description of this drama, its successive scenes, the story and so forth; all this is on record in Dwight's Journal, better than I can do it,—I shall therefore simply record the impressions left upon the mind after hearing it for the first time, and that unluckily at the close of a day of fellowship and communion with an old and very unmusical acquaintance, 'yclept Sick Headache.

Impression 1. While Mozart, Cherubini, Beethoven and their school adopted Gluck's views, but still made the texts given them—and this lay in great measure in the character of those texts—more subservient to their purposes than did their master—the musician being far greater than the poet—the music therefore far greater than the poetry, oftimes separable from it, most numbers being beautiful musical creations in themselves—WAGNER, on the other hand, is endeavoring to carry out Gluck's principles to their fullest extent. Having made the effects of single chords and musical phrases his special study, he throws overboard all the *impedimenta* of the musician and looks upon himself only in the light of dramatist; but a dramatist, whose verse shall be heightened in its stage effect not merely by the rules as given by Hamlet, but by all the power which lies in musical sounds,—not necessarily *tunes*.

Impression 2. That in *Tannhäuser* he has not fully accomplished this; the march for instance, the choral of the pilgrims, and some other portions being "regularly composed" music.

Impression 3. That one sees clearly by this work, that a drama in which the principle is carried out fully in every line, nay, in every word of the text—as it is said to be in *Lohengrin*—if successfully executed, would be appreciable and of interest even to the common auditor. For after the first feeling of strangeness was worn off, the musical clothing of the words would no more be thought of than the rhetorical inflections in the voice of a good actor, and yet like those inflections stir up the very foundations of the soul; and indeed in a still higher degree.

Impression 4. That, as a drama, *Tannhäuser* is faulty in the want of sufficient rapidity of action, in making too much of mere scenic effects, in the want of a due gradation of increasing interest to a grand culminating point in the finale; and in making the springs of action of too refined and delicate a nature to admit the necessary broad masses of light and shade.

Impression 5. That this may still be regarded as a work full of soul, and a remarkable argument by way of example, in favor of Wagner's theory.

Impression 6. That the author of *Tannhäuser* is not a *very great* dramatic poet, nor a *very great* composer; yet that this opera must rise to a high place in public estimation and become a stock piece on the *German* stage; but that it can never be given in any other language, nor indeed be fully clear to an auditor who cannot to a certain extent feel the force of the words of the text—those words which sprang from the mind of the composer already clothed in musical tones.

Impression 7. That when Dame Nature gives the world a man in whose single brain are lodged the genius of Shakspeare and the genius of Mozart, that man will be able fully to satisfy all the demands of Wagner's Theory, and his works will be the highest efforts of human intellect for the stage. But Opera, Drama,—what will *they* be?

May 2.—Heard this evening as performed by the Breslau Sing Akademie, with the operatic orchestra, FREDERIC SCHNEIDER's *Weltgericht* ("Last Judgment".)

What a bore!

May 5.—Professor STENZLER of the University—a Sanscrit man—is also a fine musician. He told me an anecdote which MENDELSSOHN told him. When the great composer was a boy of twelve years and studying with ZELTER, the latter brought out various works of BACH, or at all events rehearsed them in the Sing Academie (of Berlin). Zelter was one of those all-knowing men, who can improve every thing, correct all sorts of faults, and so on. This he was in the habit of doing by the cantatas of Bach.

"Well, Felix, how did you like the cantata to-day?" Felix expressed himself on the whole not fully satisfied, though the work just sung *was* by Bach. On further questioning, he pointed out certain passages as seeming to him unequal to the rest and injurious to the effects.

"Pshaw! I wrote that myself," said the old egotist.

This afternoon, in the music hall of the University, Mozart's Requiem by the Sing Akademie. What a strange crotchet that was which crept into GOTTFRIED WEBER's head, that this was patched up by Mozart out of youthful works to a certain point and then finished by SUSSMAYER! Who can hear it without feeling it to be the work of Mozart, the dying man!

Musical Chit-Chat.

JULLIEN *il Grande*, of Crystal Palace memory, is expected in New York, with a new monster orchestra of unrivalled artists, early in August. It is said that he brings with him "a live tenor, the greatest in the world of course," and it is even hinted that it will be TAMBERLIK. But we have since learned that the recent conversion of Castle Garden into a depot for emigrants casts a doubt upon Jullien's coming to America.......The management of the Academy of Music, for the next season, has fallen, it is said, into the hands of Mr. ULLMAN, SONTAG's man of business. It is understood that he goes abroad immediately to engage an operatic troupe, and that his plan of operations is very large, and contemplates the furnishing of Boston and Philadelphia with opera simultaneously with New York, and the devotion of two out of five nights each week to German opera, as well as Italian. This plan ought to succeed......We hear rumors of no less than three distinct German opera enterprises in New York this summer; one is already in operation at Wallack's theatre, where a performance of *Fidelio*, with Mlle. LEHMANN, as the heroine, is anticipated.

We had a pleasant visit this week from CARL BERGMANN and Herr ALBRECHT, of the Germania Society; both looking bright and well; the latter happy to his heart's content in his life among M. Cabet's colonists in Nauvoo, whither he intends returning after the summer reunion of the Germanians at Newport. Shall we not send for Bergmann to conduct the Ninth Symphony, when our Beethoven statue is inaugurated? and shall not that occasion be made musically a truly noble one, and give an impulse and a tone to all our musical affairs for the year following?......We understand that another statue of Beethoven is be modelled by our young townsman, WILLIAM W. STORY, now in Europe, whose admirable full length statue of his father, the late Judge STORY, now adorns the anteroom of the Athenæum.

Mr. C. BREUSING, 701 Broadway, New York, has recently made a large importation of Roman Catholic choir music. It consists of easy masses, by Mercadante, father Lambillote, and other composers in modern style, *Ave Marias*, offertories, etc., by various composers.......Bergamo, the birth-place of DONIZETTI, has erected a monument to that composer.......A French paper (so translates the *Evening Gazette*) thus describes the habits and appearance of VERDI, now conducting his new opera, *Les Vêpres Siciliennes*, in Paris: "He goes but little into the world, and lives very privately with a few of the least excitable and most reflecting of his countrymen. He is about forty years of age, resembling in appearance the Germans rather than the Italians, with none of the exuberance and excitability of the latter; on the contrary he is very silent, very much reserved, and rather uncivilized. His stern physiognomy, his light brown hair, his pale face and hollow eyes, his thin lips, all give to him a mysterious aspect, somewhat mitigated by his impassibility of manner. He visits no one, scarcely ever salutes his friends, seldom speaks, and is apparently lost in meditation. He is indeed a strange Italian!"

As a *bonne bouche* for 'Young Italy' we copy the following from a New York paper, which in enumerating the operatic prospects of the summer, concludes with: "And, we believe, there is a 'German silver' sort of an opera somewhere in the city; but he who can fall back upon Dutch gutturals after the celestial music of the birds of Italy, can drink lager beer after a surfeit of sparkling champagne."

HECTOR BERLIOZ, says Willis's *Musical World*, thus merrily comments in the *Journal des Debats* on the engagement of the late queen of the Grand Opera, Mme. STOLZ, at Rio Janeiro: "So Madame Stolz returns to Brazil for 400,000 francs—and insurance against sea sickness—and six servants—and four poets—and eight horses—the gratuitous view of the Bay of Rio, night and day—cloudless sun—real enthusiasm—rivers of diamonds—scarfs embroidered by the hands of Marchionesses—turtle doves and negroes restored to liberty after each performance, without counting the free men who become enslaved!!! How was it possible to resist? But we should resist at least, and not allow our sky to be pillaged, and our *stars* carried off, by those men of the Antipodes, who have their heads upsidedown!"

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JULY 14, 1855.

Popular Amusements.

The recent *Sängerfest*, or Singing Festival of the Germans in New York, carried its moral deeply home to many a thinking, would be *true* American. Especially in these times, when "Americanism" is set up as a sort of politico-religious idol, when we are exhorted to maintain a surly, jealous and exclusive attitude toward all foreigners, and to reject foreign influence, the example of so much faculty of innocent and wholesome self-enjoyment in a vast mass of foreign population, met for no end ostensibly but pleasure, and in the midst of such a feverish work-day world as ours, is one from which we may well take a lesson. We are glad to see that it has led many of the newspapers, of all parties, even the most ultra American, into a tone of reflection, which we trust will not soon be dropped. It can but do us good to think about these things. We have been too thoughtless of them. Divided between money-making and politics on the one hand, and religion without much of "the *beauty* of holiness" on the other—between a barren puritanism of correct deportment and its natural alternative of stupid, bestial indulgence, we have somewhat *as a people* lost the art of free, spontaneous, genial, happy life. We are an unhappy people; none the less so that we are more prosperous than others. Prosperity is the bugbear tyrant whom we serve as anxious bond-slaves, fearing to call one moment of our life our own, fearing to *live*, in our unceasing, feverish pursuit of the mere means of living.

We are an anxious people, uncomfortably demonized and ridden, night-mare-like, by that

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which gives us power. We go ahead faster than others, but it is by a Centaur-like contrivance, by allowing so much of our real vital human Self to be absorbed into the lower animal, or the machine that carries us. Soon we shall cease to be men at all, we shall be so "fast." Your native American "live Yankee" wastes his life in rivalling a steam-engine; he makes himself a mere machine for generating power—power for what? And with what a solemn, pious, lean, hard-favored way he does it! With what a quasi-religious reverence he quotes his business maxims, his rules of principal and interest, and so forth! How he amalgamates unworldly orthodoxy with the most secular showman's cant in the advertising of his wares! How he practically confounds religion with his own selfishness, as generalized into prudential maxims!

Perhaps there are no people who put forth so much of will, so much of multifarious power as we; as there are certainly none who have so much political freedom, so much liberty and even license of opinion. And yet we have perhaps as little real freedom as any other. We are the slaves of our own feverish enterprise, and of a barren theory of life, which would fain make us virtuous to a fault, and substitute negative abstinence for harmonious positive living. We are sadly destitute of the spontaneous element. We are afraid to give ourselves up to the free and happy instincts of our natures. All that is not business, or politics, or study, or religion, we count waste. We have done it so long, that now we are like little children, unfit to be left to ourselves to enjoy ourselves together. Pleasure becomes intemperance with us; amusement, untaught, uninspired by higher sentiments, runs into the gross and sensual.

We lack *geniality;* nor do we as a people understand the meaning of the word. We ought to learn it practically of the Germans. It comes of the same root with the word *genius*. Genius differs from the other ruling principles of life by the fact that its methods are spontaneous. Genius is the spontaneous principle; it is free and happy in its work; it is a practical reconcilement of heartiest pleasure with the highest sense of duty, with the most holy, universal ends and sentiments of life. Genius, as BEETHOVEN gloriously illustrates in his Symphony, finds the key-note and solution of the problem of the highest state in JOY. Now all may not be geniuses, in the sense that we call Shakspeare, Mozart, and Raphael, men of genius. But all should be partakers of this spontaneous, free and happy method of genius; all should live childlike, genial lives, and not wear the marks of their unrelaxing business, or the badge of party and profession in every line and feature of their faces.

This genial, childlike faculty of social enjoyment, this happy Art of Life, is just what our countrymen may learn from these musical festivals of the Germans. There is no element of national character which we so much need; and there is no class of citizens whom we should be so glad to adopt and own as those who set us this example. So far as it is a matter of culture, it is by the artistic element that it is chiefly to be brought about. The Germans have the sentiment of Art, the feeling of the Beautiful in Art, and consequently in Nature, more developed than we have. Above all, Music offers itself as the most available, most popular, most influential, of the Fine Arts: Music, which is the Art and language of the Feelings, the Sentiments, the spiritual Instincts of the soul, and so becomes a universal language, and tends to unite and blend and harmonize all who come within its sphere.

A clergyman in the interior of the state of New York, one of the earnest, devoted, truly pious sort, in a letter expressing his sympathy with our "Journal of Music" enterprise, writes: "I wish we could cultivate Music sufficiently among us, to make it, as it seems to me it might be, a great antagonistic to the baser passions and animal appetites of the people, and even to render unnecessary what we in this State have just begun most seriously to quarrel about, 'a prohibitive liquor law.'" There is the true philosophy of temperance. Privation is not temperance. Prohibition may be even as great an evil as intemperance. It is but the fatal, fruitless, hopeless oscillation from one unnatural extreme to its opposite. The prohibition scheme leaves out the free, spontaneous, genial element of all true social life. You ask for bread, it gives you the bitter stone of a factitious morality. What makes men intemperate is the innate craving for excitement, for joy, for a free, happy feeling of some sort, and the blind rushing to the cheapest means thereof in order to escape the barrenness and tameness of their drudging, sober lives. If you would weaken the temptation to intoxicating drink, you must give the people other, wholesomer excitements. Teach them the art of enjoying themselves, like the Germans. Teach them to love Music. Kindle in them an artistic enthusiasm. Make their lives æsthetic; arm them with resources, not merely of the serious, intellectual and moral, but of the spontaneous and genial sort. Then the good things of this earth, the wine that maketh glad the heart, &c., will not have to be preached and theorized and voted and legislated out of all right to existence, in order that they may cease to be dangerous to natures to whom God has made them really congenial. Then men may drink and may enjoy and be as glad as little children, and yet none the less be men, self-possessed and erect in all the dignity of manhood. They tell great stories of the quantities of *lager-bier* drank at that German festival. Nine thousand dollars' worth, it is said, on the one day of the pic-nic! Yet no disorder, not one person drunk! It was a great sum to consume in that way. It would have gone far, invested in some permanent works or means of Art; it would establish the best kind of concerts in a city for the year round; it would place a noble organ in a Music Hall; it would purchase the finest collection in the world of casts of all that is valuable in the antique sculpture; endow a library, or what not. We say nothing of the economy of the thing. Our citizens would throw away as much any day in some mere formal, pompous political celebration, which means nothing, or burn it away in senseless fire-crackers; any amount do they willingly spend in noise and smoke, only without the joy, without the real heart's good that the German finds in his *lager-bier* and song. For to them the beer is a symbol, as well as the song. There is a sentiment about it. And it were well worth ninety times nine thousand dollars, could we imbue our people with that same kind of genial social feeling.

But we must keep space for the following pertinent remarks about the German festival, which we have saved up from the *Courier and Enquirer* of June 27:

There is not the slightest indication of any utilitarian purpose in the assemblage. It was neither political, nor commercial, nor religious, nor benevolent. Its object was not directly or indirectly to make any man greater, or richer, or better, except so far as man is made either or all of these by the hearty enjoyment of simple and innocent pleasure. Could any thing be more un-American! Here were men from the various towns and cities of the New England and Middle States who had left their business to come on here only to spend three or four days in walking, crowned and garlanded, in procession, in singing and the enjoyment of athletic sports. Men, not boys; hard working, sober men, not idlers and rowdies. What could be more un-American! * * *

And yet Germans as a nation are at least no less thoughtful, no less thrifty than Americans. Boast as we may of our system of education, there are more cultivated men among the merchants and mechanics of Germany than among the corresponding classes in this country; while in general thoughtfulness and devotion to the study of the great social, political, scientific, or literary questions, Germany is very far beyond us. The Germans who come here, always bring more or less money with them, and they are among the most thrifty and prosperous of our population. Yet they find much time—all of them, in fact, the exceptions being very rare—for mere innocent pastime, having for its only objects recreation and pleasure. * * * *

Our joyless aspect has been so long noticed that it has become a national trait by which we are described and recognized. It was well said that if there be less misery in the United States than in other countries, there is also less happiness. We toil to live, and live to toil. All of us do it, rich as well as poor. If a man choose to retire from the world altogether, it is well; he can do so; but, whatever his wealth, if he remain in the active world at all, he feels that he must work as if he were working to keep himself and his family from starvation. He is on the swift tide of affairs, and he must ride upon it and rush on with it, or be overwhelmed and cast upon forgetful shores. We go about with anxious faces; we think of our business as we walk; it is with us when we lie down and when we rise up: it consumes us, body and soul. Great nervous energy—in which we surpass all other nations,—enables us to endure fatigue and accomplish great things; but our physical type has degenerated; we as a nation have less of that beauty which results from vigorous health and finely balanced organization, than any other composed of the higher races; and after our feverish toil or our feverish pleasure is over, we collapse at once into inertia, torpor, a repulsive taciturnity which almost amounts to moroseness. Able to put forth on occasion at least as much physical or mental strength as any other people, and having that persevérant determination which makes us continue our unflagging labor as long as body and soul will hold together, we have yet less elasticity of muscle and of mind than any other nation. We rush fiercely on to a certain end and there drop, successful but exhausted winners of a victory that brings us no joy; unless, indeed, it opens the road to another; when by some mysterious process our exhausted energies are at once recruited, and we plunge again into the struggle with unabated vigor. We have strength and spirits for work, but none for the serene enjoyment of quiet and homely pleasures.

Perhaps it is hopeless for us to attempt to live another life. Inexorable nature may possibly have doomed us to this existence of joyless toil that we may, machine-like, work out her great problem in this age and in this country. But this does not appear. There is no reason for believing that we would achieve less if we looked more like men with a smiling heaven above our heads, and a glad earth beneath our feet. We need not work less if we played more. The constant and sytematic interruption of our toil by innocent recreation—not reading and lecture-hearing, and other "intellectual" employments, but hearty, homely amusement—has actually become to us a great national want. More than any other teaching, we need to be taught to be happy; and could we get a lesson from our German friends, their visit would win them yet a warmer welcome.

Letter from Leipzig.

JUNE 20.—Eight days in Leipzig have gone by like a dream—though the American delegation there is composed, by no means, of a dreamy set of fellows; at all events I have not found them so. They "dig" a good portion of the time, and if after dinner it is

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thought fitting to have a little fun over a cup of coffee—for that is the beverage, whose business is it? And here's to the American delegation at Leipzig!

What strikes me most here is the musical atmosphere in which the musical students live. I cannot say that the professors here surpass everybody else,—for instance I am inclined to place DEHN of Berlin, before HAUPTMANN or RICHTER of Leipzig. as a theorist—but that is not the point. Attention here is kept always upon the business of learning music; the entire musical man is cultivated. KELLY of Providence, and WILSON of Springfield are devoting themselves mainly to composition and the organ; but at the same time acquiring a familiar acquaintance with music in all its branches and in all styles.—PRATT of Boston devotes himself to the cultivation of his fine barytone voice, but when he gets back to Boston he will be found not a mere fine singer, but a man of musical knowledge, and high culture in other departments than singing alone. He will be found unrivalled, I think, in the execution of the deep soul-full songs of SCHUBERT and his school. Once a week the pupils of the Conservatory meet in the hall for music. At those which I attended we had stringed and pianoforte quartets and trios, sonatas, solos on instruments, songs, arias, German, Italian, and indeed from all schools, all executed by the pupils. Sometimes they are called upon to give their own compositions, and thus everything is done that can be done to lay broad, deep and secure a general musical cultivation. For instance; GOETSCHEL, one of the finest singers in Germany, a most beautiful tenor, is vocal professor. I have been particularly pleased at the course he pursues with an American pupil—Miss JENNY BUSK. She is still quite young, not over fifteen or sixteen, and is endowed with one of the finest, clearest, most bird-like voices I have heard, and of a compass beyond anything I ever heard. Three several times she sang clearly and distinctly *four octaves*, the last time ascending the scales, through the whole twenty-nine notes! Here then is an organ of musical expression most rarely found, and one that must be dealt with most gently and carefully, especially just at this period of life. Accordingly the mere practising of vocal exercises is made to be but a small part of her musical education. She is called upon to devote a good portion of her time to the study of Italian, German, &c., a foundation is laid by bringing her into other classes in the Conservatory; so that when the time comes for devoting herself entirely to her vocal studies she will have that culture, that artistic mental development, which will give soul to all that her astonishing voice shall execute. I have great hopes of this young Baltimore lady.

What I rejoice at most when in Leipsic, is to see how, without any special effort to lead the pupils in any one direction, where nothing is said of Italian and German schools,—at any rate, where there is no quarrelling about them, and where they are fully and fairly represented, this general cultivation results in the formation of a taste true to the really great in music as the needle to the pole. It is the fashion of course in Leipsic to praise BACH, and to go into ecstacies over Bach's music. But fashion alone could not call out such audiences and chain their attention so, as one sees there on Saturday afternoons, when the Thomas School boys sing their two motets in the church. These are not always by Bach, by any means, but when they are by him, one sees the unmistakable signs of an approval founded upon appreciation.

Why, says one, a year or two since I thought the half of *Dwight's Journal* the trashy offspring of pretentious prejudice, and the talk about classical music all humbug. Now my highest ambition is to do something, no matter how little, or with how much labor and pains, to make the folks at home capable of sharing the world of musical enjoyment, which is now mine, but of which a year or two since I had no conception.

Another says, he really don't know what he shall do when he gets home. He expects the people will "make a row" if he gives them true organ playing, but he means "to put it through."

There are so many opportunities also to hear the greatest singers and instrumentalists, each in his or her own peculiar music and style, that a pupil of the Conservatory learns involuntarily to feel the true from the false and meretricious. A. W. T.

CORRECTION.—Our attention has been called to two misstatements in the communication week before last, signed "First Division," on the subject of our Military Bands. First, the New York Band and the Boston Brigade Band were spoken of as equal in numbers; whereas the former really numbered 22, and the latter 18 instruments. Secondly, the band which played on the last day of the parade, was *not* the Brigade Band, but some other. We do not suppose the writer meant to injure the reputation of the Brigade, or any other band, but we cheerfully make the corrections.

The above was intended for last week's paper, but crowded out by press of matter. We have since received a pleasant letter from the musical director of the "Boston Brass Band," who informs us that to *that* band belongs the credit of the *Feisenmühle* overture at the circus, as well as of the good playing on the Common on the evening of the Fourth, referred to in our "Chit-Chat." We are glad to hear it; glad to know that we have *two* good bands instead of *one*. We doubt not we have more. We have found no fault with the musicians who compose our bands; we have not said they were not masters of their art; and certainly it is no fault of *theirs* if the fashion of the day demands *all brass*, and if the military economies do not encourage the formation of *large* bands. *Our* quarrel is only with the principle (or rather fashion) of exclusively brass music, (a quarrel in which we doubt not many members of our bands sympathize fully with us); the only end of our remarks has been to arouse attention to the desirableness of bands composed as formerly of both reeds and brass, and numerous enough to be effective in summer evening concerts in the open air.

To this end we suggested, that a large band of this kind might be organized, either by private enterprise, or under the auspices of the city, more particularly for civic celebrations, processions, &c., including music on the Common;—a band for musical, rather than for mere military *ends*. With the military side of the question we have nothing at all to do. Of course, if small companies of fifty will have bands on their parades, they must be limited in number, and it is no fault of the musicians if they band their instruments together "in quantities to suit purchasers." Yet why not train in larger combinations? Why not have one "regimental band" (we think they call it), as in New York, which also would be available for music without muskets? But as to the military requirements in the matter, it is not for us to dictate or suggest; since, from our peace point of view, we really see no reason why the "pomp and circumstance" of war should ever clothe itself in music; the more "calathumpian" the accompaniment, the more in character, it would seem.

Advertisements.

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A Meeting of the HARVARD MUSICAL ASSOCIATION will be held at Cambridge, at the house of Mr. Saunders, (next to Christ Church,) on Commencement Day, at 3 o'clock, P. M. By order of the President,

H. WARE, Recording Secretary.

Boston, July 11, 1855.

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Boston, June 30, 1855. 4t

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From A. B. MARX's "Music of the Nineteenth Century."

If we follow step by step the course of Nature, we find that everywhere man first commences with his senses;—and so too in his music. *I hear!* that is the first germ of music; even the cry, which joy or sorrow rends involuntarily from the breast, first becomes aught to me, when I hear it. I hear—that is as much as to say: I become conscious of hearing, I become aware of that which lets itself be heard. Whether it rest there with the mere fact that I have perceived something, or whether that something becomes beneficial, pleasant or injurious to me, already it has knit relations between me and the outer world; it can awaken desire in my breast, even were it only the desire to perceive a sound again, and consequently to produce the sound myself, in order that I may perceive it.

Here Music, on the lowest step of course, commences its existence. I produce, myself, I render audible the sound for which I craved; I craved simply to hear in general,—or to hear this given sound,—or it may be shifting sounds. In all this there is scarcely anything but sensual appetite; the understanding steps in only with the repetition of the one, or with the alternation of the several sounds, so as to establish a rhythmical observance of time and accent, and make the whole intelligible through some sort of order in the single moments of sound.

Thus far the whole essence of the matter is a purely outward play with sensible objects, (sounds), the individual purport and significance of which for the time being remains wholly unregarded. But the play-ground is a wide one and continually expanding; and the result, the product of the play is a more enlarged possession, a more enlarged power and dominion of Art. I hear, have a pleasure therein and a wish to hear again; produce something hearable by my own act, enjoy at once the sensible phenomenon and my own energy, which approves itself therein. In this mere impulse to excite the sense variously, to avoid wearisome monotony, to enlarge the sonorous arena, sounds of the most different quality were brought together; our varieties of instruments, from drums and tympani, cymbals and triangles, through the wind instruments and harps and viols, are thousands of years old;—the timbrels of Israel, the sistra of ancient Egypt, the flutes and salpinxes and lyres of India and Greece prove this. In obedience to the same impulse to open the widest path to the rhythmical play and alternation of sounds, has the tone-system kept progressively extending; thus the Greeks of old invented ever fuller and more extensive systems, and in our own days our pianos and our orchestras are continually stretching upward and downward into new octaves.

One may naturally ask, in the full feeling of what our Art of Music has become, whether what prevails upon that lowest step is already Art? For our raised apprehension it is not. And yet some important men have been unwilling to recognize in our Art anything but a play of the senses (KANT), or a play of forms (HERBART); LEIBNITZ has resolved it into latent, unconscious calculation; the treatises upon Acoustics (CHLADNI, BINDSEIL) have ascribed its interest to the greater or less simplicity of the tone proportions, just as man delights in the contemplation of regular figures, such as triangles, quadrangles, but "not in sept-angles" (KEPLER.) And how many musicians, from their words and works, may properly be called professors of the same creed, scoffers and deniers of everything deeper!—Rather let us own, that there, already there reigns Art—only not our perfected Art. Is the germ, the seed-vessel, out of which the future tree or living being will have been developed, yet a tree, an animal, a man?—yet these contain already the still veiled, unshaped future.

Yes, the progressive influence of these accredited impulses and strivings must everywhere be recognized, and cannot be ignored.

They have shown their efficacy not only in the region of sounds and in the tone-systems; they have created and disseminated Harmony. If already in the East and with the Greeks harmonic secondary tones occasionally chimed in with the principal tones; if in the Organon of the middle ages the melody was accompanied by a constant succession of Fourths, Fifths, and Octaves, thus laying the foundation of our Harmony; the only appreciable impulse to all that was the pleasure found in an increased sonority, in a tonally organized fulness of sound—I might say, breadth of sound, which at all events was more procurable through these rude harmonies, than through the union of ever so many voices in mere unison or octaves. It is the same thought which has introduced the Mixtures in our organs, and which keeps them there as indispensable. The entire old doctrine of Harmony rests, as its fundamental contrast of consonance and dissonance, as every one of its rules shows, throughout upon the purely sensuous perception and intellectual elaboration of the contrast between "the agreeable and the repulsive." The human mind had there gradually created a world of harmonies, in which their own attractions and tendencies (for instance, the resolutions of the so-called dissonances and dissonant accords) came forward and imperiously asserted their validity, by no means always in harmony with what would fain have shaped itself out of the heart and brain of the artist. To a higher standpoint, to minds "who could do what they would," was reserved the harmony of the artist's spirit with the independent spirit of the tones; while at the same time the shifting play with harmonies, unconcerned about their spiritual design and meaning, went on as before; so it was with the chromatic writers at the turning point of the middle ages; so it has been with thousands up to our very newest romanticists, who—with the any thing but romantic SPOHR at their head—riot in keys and harmonies, like swimmers in the waves, one signifying just as much as the other.

The same play has begotten Counterpoint,—and first through that effected the development of Harmony (as I have before suggested.) If in the Discant of the middle ages the voices strayed away from union with one another into a Second, a Third, a Fourth, and again ran together into unison;—if afterwards the Flemish contrapuntists (and after them the German, English and Italian) placed a melodic motive of three or four tones now in this and now in that voice-part, now held it stationary upon one degree or transplanted it to others, and now inverted it: what governed here was nothing deeper than the need of a tone-play, of change, so as not to become wearied out too soon, and of holding fast, so as not to fall into confusion and distraction. This character predominated in the whole middle age church music down to PALESTRINA—and beyond him. That no deeper meaning lies in all that melodic, polyphonic web of tones, the unbiassed student, in spite of the halo which THIBAULT and other fanciful dilettanti throw around the later comers in this direction, must recognize, if he remarks

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that the same forms and formulas are expended upon the most opposite sentiments and words, and that any intelligent accenting of the word, any significant resounding of the mood or sentiment only appears in brief exceptions, accidentally—that is to say without any motive. And must we not confess the same thing even to-day of all the French popular melodies, of a great part of the German, of the greatest part of all Italian and French opera music, of the instrumental music, of the saloon music for "society" devoid of all deep and abiding interest, and grown *blasé*, tame and shallow?

And yet, in spite of all, this harmless play with tone-forms is a fountain head,—and one that never can be dried up—for our Art and for the well-being of humanity in general. From within outward stirs this play, and its attractive charm, in the very process of our life. The breath draws the vital air into the lungs; the air exhausted of its vitality oppresses, stifles us, and must be discharged to make room for the renovating inspiration. Expiration is deliverance, it is renewal of life's hope; its energy is a becoming aloud, is voice,—all higher life has voice;—voice is the blossoming of the breath, of the inwardly nourished flame of life. In the voice the two poles of life, joy and sorrow, are energetically revealed. In the richness of the voice the rich activity of the internal life process announces itself. In the voice my life announces itself in its many-sidedness and fulness, I feel it and others understand it;—and that is a feeling of self, a satisfaction even in the bitterest shriek of pain. That too is consolation; only hopelessness and absolute despair are dumb like corporeal death; for they are spiritual death. And in the same sense song, or rather "singing," that richest, freest, and most self-determining and limitless play among the sounds of my inner life, may be called the blossoming of the voice. So the tree rears its blossoms to the sunlight, and so shining insects and silken butterflies, belonging to this tree, like detached blossoms flit about those fastened ones, which have for their object to become fruit; just as the breath of life sends forth the voice, which becomes glorified in song. And this "from within outward" is met by the sympathetic sensual charm from without inward.

That is the fountain head of the tone-life in man. It must be inexhaustible, since it is born anew in each new man; it is as old as the human race, and it is eternally new. It, with all the joy that cleaves to it, is immortal as long as there are men, as long as man lives. Hence the suckling sings already in his way, and to his last days the old man; hence one sings (or whistles) when in danger or anxiety; hence the East had its mourning women, and we ourselves have our dirges at the grave.

But herein is the progress to a higher step already indicated and conditioned.

[To be continued.]

Verdi's New Opera.

[Concluded from last week.]

Act third commences in the cabinet of Guy de Montfort, at Palermo. He is informed that Henri, having refused his invitation, has been brought in as a prisoner; and the prisoner is led before him. In a duet of considerable merit, the Governor informs Henri that he is his father, and a phrase in the words

> "Pour moi, quelle ivresse, inconnue,
> De contempler ses traits chéris!"

which was well delivered by BONNEHEE, was much applauded. Henri trembles at seeing before him his enemy, his father and the seducer of his mother united. He rushes from the stage and flies to seek Procida and Hélène, his lover and his friend.

The scene now changes to the palace of Palermo, where the ballet of *Les Quatre Saisons* is represented before the assembled court. Hélène, Henri, and Procida arrive masked; Hélène determined to carry out her scheme of slaying the Governor; Henri, who has not yet informed Hélène of the secret of his birth, resolved to save his father. She raises her arm to strike, but, at the moment the blow is about to fall, she finds her lover's breast between her dagger and the hated tyrant. Henri thence becomes an object of detestation and scorn to the conspirators, whose plans he has frustrated, and to Hélène, whose vengeance he has baulked. She repulses him, declaring that he has lost her love for ever. Henri rushes from group to group, protesting and vowing, but his words are thrown to the winds, for the conspirators, in a chorus written in unison, and sung at the very top of their voices, refuse his explanation, disbelieve his vows, and the curtain falls on Act 3; the *finale* to which forms a most striking contrast to that which preceded it, being an ill-arranged combination of sounds emitted from many voices and many instruments—noise, *et preterea nihil*. Act 3 indeed is a failure. The trio of conspirators; the son trembling for his father's life, and divided between love and duty; the fair Sicilian bent on avenging her brother's death; and the stern patriot resolved on his country's liberation, can find no better means of expressing their feelings than the *air de ballet*, to which the dancers are pirouetting on their arrival. Were it not that Signor VERDI had on previous occasions treated us to similar eccentricities, it would be incredible that the second act, so impassioned, dramatic, and replete with beauties, could have proceeded from the same composer as this common-place, trite, vapid, and trashy third act.

In the fourth act, Montfort has arrested Hélène and Procida, and Henri comes to visit them in prison. He declaims an air intended to be grand, but utterly wanting in idea or inspiration. Hélène issues from the depth of the dungeon, and loads with reproaches the traitor who should have avenged her brother, but who has saved his murderer. Then follows a duet, wherein Henri confides to her the secret of his birth, and Hélène forgives him. This duet, "*Ami, le cœur d'Hélène pardonne au répentir*," is a charming composition, and sung *sotto voce* by Mlle. CRUVELLI and M. GUEYMARD—it was encored with enthusiasm. The tyrant descends into the dungeon, and orders the immediate execution of the conspirators, who take leave of the world in an ensemble: "*Adieu, mon pays, je succombe*." A "*De profundis*," chaunted in a neighboring chapel, comes like the "*miserere*" of the *Trovatore*, to throw its gloomy pall over the situation. The condemned await their death with resignation, when Henri demands their pardon of the Governor. Montfort replies that if Henri will publicly acknowledge him as his father, his request will be granted; but this Hélène positively forbids, preferring to suffer death rather than that the hated tyrant should hear the word "Father" proceed from the lips of the son. She therefore marches resolutely to the scaffold; but the moment the axe is about to fall, Henri cries out "Father, father!" the headsman's hand is stayed, and the pardon is granted.

But Montfort is not content with the pardoning only, and exclaims—

> "Pour réconcilier la Sicile et la France,
> D'Hélène et de mon fils j'ordonne l'alliance."

The duchess refuses; she will never wed the Governor's son. Procida whispers in her ear, recommending compliance. "Never, never!" replies she. "Silence! it is a *ruse*," says Procida, and she gives a feigned consent. The whole of this scene is weak in conception, and puerile in execution, whether as regards the *libretto* or the music. The one is worthy of the other, and both are childish in the extreme.

The fifth act developes the idea that had suggested itself to the Procidan mind, and proves him to be wanting in invention, and commonplace in idea. There is no wedding without bells, thought he, and a bell shall be the signal for the massacre of the hated French. The chapel is prepared, and a chorus of young girls heralds the bride's approach. She arrives, and thanks them in a bolero, "*Merci, mes jeunes amies*," which, owing to the charming execution of Mlle. CRUVELLI, was enthusiastically encored. Henri arrives accompanied by Procida, who then details his plan to Hélène. At the moment the bells announce that Hélène has wedded Henri, the massacre will commence, which is to strike without mercy every Frenchman in Sicily. She refuses to countenance the scheme, and rather than be a party to it, renounces the hand of the man she loves. Her reasoning seems to be—no marriage, no bells: no bells, no vespers; no vespers, no massacre. Henri approaches to lead her to the altar, and is surprised, as well he may be, by her informing him that

> "Cet hymen ne s'accomplira pas."

The lover and conspirator are alike in despair at this determination, which thwarts the love of the one, the revenge of the other. A trio ensues, in which the tenor supplicates, for, says he,

> "Tu veux me ravir mon amour"—

And the bass adjures, for, says he,

> "Tu veux me ravir ma vengeance"—

Hélène is divided between love for her betrothed and devotion to her country; she stands irresolute and perplexed, when Procida gives the fatal signal; the bells toll, a group of men, sword in hand, throw themselves on Montfort and his friends, and the curtain falls as the massacre begins.

In this act the music is altogether foreign to the purpose, and utterly unsuited to the scene. Hélène sings a *bolero*, a *polonaise* profusely adorned with ornament and *fioriture*; she seems to have forgotten her murdered brother, her bleeding country, her feigned marriage, and her unslaked vengeance. Henri too has ceased to remember his mother seduced, his country enslaved, and busies himself with festival and gaiety alone. Who would think, when listening to the sound of these mandolines and castagnets, that a nation is about to assert its nationality, and to take the most fell revenge on its oppressors and its foes? But thus has it pleased M. Scribe and Signor Verdi, and the epithets I have bestowed on the fourth act are equally, or in a stronger degree, applicable to the fifth.

Of the execution, I can speak in terms of unqualified praise. Though the opera was not concluded until one o'clock in the morning, the *artistes* never tired in their zealous efforts to do their utmost for the composer and his music. Mlle. Cruvelli was indefatigable; Signor Verdi owes much to her untiring exertions, and to the wonderful display of genius, talent and art which she combined in her representation of the Duchess Hélène. She sang and acted with passion, soul and energy, and roused the audience to unwonted enthusiasm. Three times was she encored, and over and over again re-called before the curtain. She gave her first *cavatina* with great fire and vigor, murmured the romance *à demi-voix* with exquisite simplicity and grace, and vocalised the *Bolero* in the most brilliant style. Her carriage and deportment as she walked to the scaffold were noble and resigned; the accents of her voice in the scenes with her lover touching and tender beyond description. Her triumph was complete.

M. Gueymard also did his best, and, though always inelegant and ungraceful in his bearing, he subdued his voice and moderated his ardor, so as to escape the extravagance of gesture and singing to which he is too apt to yield. In the duet with his father and that with Hélène, he fairly won and merited the applause he received.

M. Bonnehée has a fine barytone voice, an ex-

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cellent method, and a good style. He made the most of his part, though the idea of a father constantly repulsed is by no means a pleasant one to depict in action. M. OBIN was superb in the part of Procida, and looked a chief conspirator to the life.

[From Punch.]

The Musical Apologist.

We have numerous collections of music in the shape of "Treasuries," "Bouquets," and other forms in which "Music for the Million" is administered; but considering that some of our celebrated vocalists are in the habit of not singing when advertised, almost as often as they do sing when announced to appear, we think that there is room for a new musical publication, to be called the "Musical Apologist." It is all very well to furnish a series of the popular airs of some celebrated tenor, but his unpopular airs are almost as familiar to the public ear, and would form a very voluminous series if they were to be put together in the way we have suggested.

We should be glad to see a work on the pathology of the operatic artist, with an exposition of the diseases to which great singers are subjected. We think it would be discovered that the maladies to which they are liable vary according to the season, and that the *Bronchitis Derbyitis* or the *Influenza Ascotica* will be found at about this time of the year, extremely prevalent. We have known also some very severe cases of a sort of theatrical syncope, attended with pressure on the chest, and a sense of emptiness, which has been observed to come over a singer or actress going up a flight of stairs to the door of the treasury. These and other maladies would fill a volume, if the subject were to be taken up by a professional man of adequate knowledge and experience.

Our object, however, in commencing this article, was to furnish a few musical apologies to be used at Operas and Concerts in the absence of any celebrated artist attacked with sudden indisposition. In order to give a medical certificate a character of fitness to the occasion required, it would be advisable that it should be adapted to the air advertised to have been sung by the absentee, and it should then be confided for execution to some substitute for the missing vocalist. Supposing, for instance, that a *prima donna* were announced to sing *Una voce* at a Concert, and in consequence of the money not being forthcoming, or from some other cause, she were suddenly to be seized with a severe hoarseness, the following air might be given with great effect by the *seconda donna*, who may have taken the place of the indisposed *artiste*.

RECITATIVE.

You know what we artists are,
When on payment we rely:
Disappointment brings catarrh,
Or may to the ankle fly.

AIR.

I'm grieved exceedingly to come before you
For indulgence—I must implore you.
La prima donna—can't get her salary,
And sprained her ankle—in crossing a gallery.
If they don't pay her—why should they use her?
She's indisposed and—she hopes you'll excuse her.

The following specimen would furnish a good musical apology for an operatic tenor—absent we will say from a promised performance of some Italian opera, and having an excuse sung for him to a well-known air in *Fra Diavolo*:—

Upon his couch reclining,
Our tenor you might now behold
With a slight attack of cold—
'Tis his complaint of old.
Last night he went out dining,
And feeling just a cup too low,
Whene'er the bottle round did go,
The wine was let to flow.
Tumblers! While the brown meats they're eating,
Hock and champagne repeating,
Diavolo—diavolo—diavolo.

Although he should be playing
To-night—he doesn't feel inclined
And trusts—he shall the public find
As they are always—kind.
No more I need be saying,
For you the old excuses know,
How a tenor's voice can go,
When he has been so-so!
Trembling caused by the last night's meeting,
His burning head is beating,
Diavolo—diavolo—diavolo.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Music the Exponent of Emotion.

"Every one, as a child, has experienced a pleasure in studying the changeable forms of the Kaleidoscope. Such a Kaleidoscope is Music, although of an incommensurably higher grade. It brings before us, in a constant series of new developments, beautiful forms and colors, now softly blending and now harshly contrasting, yet always full and symmetrical. The difference between the two consists in this, that whereas the tone-kaleidoscope is the immediate emanation of an Art-working mind, the other visible one is but an ingenious mechanical toy. Would we elevate the operation of colors to a level with Music, and try to illustrate that operation by begging of the latter art, we should necessarily fall upon the device of the color-piano or the eye-organ, the invention of which evinces that, as far as relates to form, the two phenomena rest upon a common basis.

"It is an extremely difficult task to describe this independent beauty, or that which is specifically musical in the Art of Tone. Since music is the representative of nothing pre-existing in Nature, and has no tangible contents, any description of it must consist either in dry, technical terms, or poetical imaginings. Her province, in fact, 'is not of this world.' All the fantastic descriptions, characteristics and outward views of a Tone-work are figurative or erroneous. Where another art admits of description, it is here only metaphor. It is time that Music should be imbibed, *as* Music, since its proper comprehension, as well as its true enjoyment, must proceed from itself."—*Dr. E. Hanslick, vom Musikalisch Schönen.*

The author from whom we extract the above remarks, in a treatise on the "Musically Beautiful," comes forward into the arena of musical æsthetics with the assumption that music, although it be the exponent of feeling, cannot justly lay claim to all that has been attributed to it in that department. We think that, in coming into conflict with those old and established claims, he has advanced some new ideas, and that he will find a school of thought ready to give him a hearing, and follow in his footsteps. The necessity we always feel of connecting thoughts of an orchestral nature with outward forms, leads to the constant alliance between musical imagery and some counterpart sought for in nature.

We profess to describe feeling by the thousand combinations of tones, that constitute the works of musical invention, but we have never, as yet, produced tangible names for these tone-emotions. If we adopt the analogy of colors, we can make some nearer approach to a representation or detail of feeling; yet, even with this aid, we can fall upon no effective language.

If each distinct musical idea, as we are wont to term it, were a language, it should be adapted to but one set of emotions, and should belong to them alone. It would not dare to depart over into any other province of emotion, but would represent a word-language in a musical sense, by remaining the exponent of emotion in one sphere only, and extending to no other. Such are the usages of written language, every grade of thought having its distinctive phraseology and forms of expression, so that no intellectual idea can spring up, without having its special representation in written speech. The pretensions of Music, on this score, are vague, doubtful and assuming.

Where the same forms of melody are adapted to similar or congenial emotions, we have no reason to doubt the claims of the Tone-Art; but where we find the same forms of composition, or what is usually termed musical ideas, used to express opposite subjects or contrasting feelings, we may reasonably conclude that Music appears before us with entirely false pretensions. The poet is able, through his ornamental structure of word-forms, to give us a subjective picture of Niagara Falls; but when OLE BULL attempted the same thing before a credulous amateur audience, he could do no more than work their imaginations up into a false belief of what they could not actually realize. His gentle chromatic rising and falling of stringed sounds, expressive of a rising and descent of emotion, the sudden burst of bass notes and chords, intimating, perhaps, an entrance into the sublime, may do, no doubt, for the occasion represented; yet the identical combinations of tone, grouped in almost the same position, have been used to describe scenes at total variance with Niagara Falls, and acting with opposite influences to those of this great natural wonder. The noted "Crambambuli," the drinking-song and jovial accompaniment of the German students' carousals, is adapted to sacred melody by our American psalmodists, a circumstance that would tend to show, if music were a language in the common acceptation, that there is but a shade of difference between the incitements of piety and those of the bacchanalian bowl.

This we may say in regard to the identity of tone-language to express opposite emotions; but the more difficult problem is involved in the question of the manner in which an outward scene can become the subject of a tone-composition. We are willing to admit that an outward action of Nature can give rise to a successful imitation of sounds, and thus produce an entertaining piece, the harmonious combination of the master improving upon the monotonous operations of external nature; but when instrumental music attempts to exhibit the subjective workings of the same scene, it departs, invariably, into the province of vague theory.

Before Music can become a language of emotion, in a strictly analogous sense, she must, necessarily, adapt all her tone-structures to specific purposes, allowing no one to act in the place of the other, but each to preserve its appropriate and definite class of emotional thoughts. What the exact state of the soul may be, while dwelling with mysterious and delighted gaze upon some great natural wonder, neither poet nor tone-painter has ever succeeded in revealing, let his work have been ever so loftily conceived, or his combinations ever so grandly brought together. Yet the right to that bold task can more justly be claimed by the musical composer than by any other, since the most highly wrought species of mental inspiration proceeds from the influence of modulated sounds, and the state into which they elevate the imagination is, necessarily, akin to that produced by Nature's expressive silence.

We can, however, give another construction to the term language, which would not altogether exclude it from the domain of Music, and that is when it addresses the mind by association.

When the *Ranz des Vaches* is heard in distant

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lands by the Swiss mountaineer, it recalls the memories of the past. It does ineffably more than this, by raising up before the mind's eye the whole picture of native scenery, outwardly grand and beautiful, renewing the forgotten tales of life, and recounting long-buried emotions. In effecting all this, Music is a language, addressing not only the sense, by the pictures of tangible Nature, but appealing to the soul by a power of tone-thought which nothing else could supply. In so far it is language, but becomes so only by association.

To describe a scene never beheld by the auditor of the piece, through intricate tone-combinations, is one of those erroneous assumptions alluded to by the philosophical writer, from whom we have made the foregoing extracts. Music can describe only that which the hearer has seen, and in doing this, association furnishes the key to the comprehension of the object of description. But even here it is indispensable that the hearer should have wandered amid the scenes and localities described by the tone-master, and enjoyed there with him each specific feeling. He must needs have seen the outward object as he felt the inward movement, which was intended to be fitted to that peculiar situation. This is all that descriptive music, subjectively designed, is able to perform. To attempt local description, therefore, except by the powers of association, to lead the imagination into an evening study, a woody shade, a twilight musing, is a fiction, and should be expelled from the theory of musical invention and romance. If we view it in the degree or intensity of feeling it shows forth, the analogy to language becomes more striking. Here, although the precise situation of the soul is not exhibited, yet the degree of its elevation is so nearly reached, as to become description, in a musical sense, and for which we have no expressions in a written terminology. To display this elevation, as well as a corresponding depression, is the aim and destiny of the Tone-Art. These antipodes of human emotion have no adequate psychometer in any form of practical word-language, and it has never belonged to the attributes of Music to record the intensity of feeling by the instrumentality of a harmonious mechanism; the interpreter, if not the language, of the soul's experience.

If we inquire into the reason why the musical composer selects a visible picture in order to give a name to his composition, we can find no other explanation than in the fact that the soul's perceptions have no nomenclature. By referring the imagination of the hearer to a visible scene, a common emotion is at once called into activity; hence musings by twilight are, in some measure, identical; and if a certain theme becomes associated with this occasion, it exercises the part of language. All word description must, necessarily, be confined within the limits of sense, expressing that which is tangible and felt, only in as far as it is seen.

Upon this ground also we find the mere popularity of music to rest, in the same manner that a popular literature proceeds from the actual events of life, the descriptions of noted scenes and *genre* details.

The pictorial art places before us all the outward scenes of life and nature, but how deeply the soul felt in the study of those scenes it has never yet revealed. This attribute belongs to the Art of Tone, and in denying its claims to do all it pretends to, we refer more to the phraseology of description than the intensity of effect which lies in music.

What it describes it does musically, and its nature can be comprehended only musically, and by those initiated into the whole sphere of musical thought, as we are obliged to term it. When the pictorial art resigns this species of internal description to the Tone Art, the latter may be said to begin where the former leaves off, but that both can move within the same sphere, is impossible.

To the painter emotion is a sustenance which is visible in the emanations of his pencil and breathes throughout his works. Yet the emotions conceived by him and giving character to his finest touches of lines and colors, lights and shades and proportions are described in the language of the pictorial art, which approaches the nearer to a language the more visible it becomes. The tone artist, treading upon ground which the painter cannot reach, or where he forbears to step, we think is somewhat justified in laying claims to a higher destiny than the other arts are admitted to. In the history of emotion itself we might find a clue to enable us to decide upon this disputed problem.* Every one's own experience tells him the relative degrees of emotion proceeding from the study of the fraternal arts, and this degree of emotion is the true criterion by which to weigh the real worth and moral influence of Art. In judging of his own favorite branch of art each one decides according to the intensity of his feelings in its pursuit, and hence we should judge its whole value depended upon the sustenance derived from emotional influences.

It is a remarkable truth that the world of sense often leads us into the world of Tone. The most romantic localities are full of musical inspiration, and where the soul cannot discharge itself by the language of the pencil it resorts to music to express its joy. This fact has doubtless given rise to many pleasant fictions in the shape of outward scenes claimed to be represented by musical compositions. The music might have been written *at* the place attempted to be described, but it could not have been written *of* it. It exemplifies, however, very forcibly the necessity of the cultivation of the Euterpean art, leading us a step higher than the platform of Nature into the etherial region which we term harmony of tone.

If, as we have already assumed, the composer begins where the artist ceases, if the limits of imitative art form the starting point of musical feeling, we can perceive the wide range left for its enjoyment. This lies extended over the whole world of abstraction, and the inventions of a musical fancy having no counterpart in Nature, no reality of substance to copy, but proceeding from the combinations of pure thought itself, always destroying its own harmonies in order to be able to reproduce them, and soaring far beyond the world of sense, its illimitable nature can, in some measure, be appreciated.

As this branch of human development extends we shall always be adding to our fund of musical thought, for which we have as yet but feeble expressions, and these derived from the analogies of a language which are but an indifferent substitute for that which we really need. Our nomenclature of musical thought must become more exclusively musical, before it can lay open its real meaning and designs to the mind and imagination. Every combination of tones, every group of symphonious representations, all the swells and cadences of rhythmical compositions, all those dashes of discord, which in BEETHOVEN, precede the beautiful ascents into harmony, and to which we could give no better name than the Beethovenism of tone-thought; all these and a thousand other forms should have a ready vocabulary, to render the science we are but entering upon, complete and open to the understandings of all.

J. H.

[From the Una.]

NIGHT.

I.

O calmly, lovingly, Night vast and deep,
Bend round the breathing world! Thou cool-browed wife
Of fiery Day—he, stirrer of old strife—
Thou, soother, mother, in whose heart we keep
A hiding-place to dream, to hope, to weep!—
Who still exhalest in the purple sky
The old star-bloom of Immortality,—
Wreathing our momentariness and sleep
With dignity so sweet and sovereign!
Happy the Earth to kiss thy broidered hem!
Her weak and flagging aspirations take
New pinions in thy shadows; thou dost make
Love deeper bliss, and even care and pain
Are great and worthy since thou touchest them.

II.

Thou seem'st to solve the Eternal Unity
That holds us all. How far, and dim, and deep,
Bathed in the separate sanctity of sleep—
Lost in thy wide forgetting, do we lie!
Oh lest that dim abyss, where Memory
Beats her disabled wing and Hope is not,
Point to yet wilder deeps, unearth our thought
In thy far glances! Through the serene sky,
When day from the impurpled hills furls up,
And heaven's white limits fall, the Infinite,
Long crushed within, breathes forth its mystic pain:
From vast of height, and depth, and silence, stoop,
And lift with mystic faith its brow again,—
Call unto Peace the eternal child, dear Night!

III.

Darkness surrounds me with its phantom hosts,
Till silence is enchanted speech. I feel
Those half-spent airs that through the laurel reel,
And Night's loud heart-beats in the tropic coasts,—
And, soaring amid everlasting frosts,
To super-sensual rest, as it might outweigh
A whole world's strife, o'er me gaunt Himaleh
Droops his broad wing of calm.—Those peaks, like ghosts
Outstaring Time, through darkness glimmering!
No rush of pinion there—nor bubbling low—
But death and silence, past imagining,—
Only day in and out, with endless swing
Their aged shadows move, and picture slow
One on another's unrelenting snow.

IV.

Oh high-born souls, such as God sends to mould
His ages in—and you too, who have known
The pang of strife, and are at last at one
With Nature so—yes, all who have made bold
Our timid dreams, and proffered to the bold
A certain joy—come mingle in life's cope
Star-fields of verity and stable hope
With these swift meteors and illusions old.
I sent this summons through the deeps of June,
When Life surged up so warm and affluent,
It wrapt the very whiteness of the moon;—
No wonder many came—they came and went—
And thou, who sleep'st half sad and wak'st with pain,
Thou camest too, and dost alone remain.

V.

So reed-like fragile, in the world's whirl caught,
Beggared in earthly hope, alone and bare,—
Heart pierced, wings clipped, feet bound, but grandly there,
Ay, and with odds 'gainst Fate, thou standest, fraught
With courage to know all!—Thus is thy lot
Worlds deep beneath thee.—Lov'st thou that keen air?
Thou ask'st not hope, nor may the falsely fair
Approach thy clear integrity of thought.
Such power, what shall we call it? For this time
Not love, nor yet faith—but eternity
Dilating the mean day. The spirit, free
And self-reliant, from its purer clime,
O'erruling earth, by spirit-law sublime—
Goes cleaving *for* thee, the remorseless sea.

A. W.

Improved Piano-Fortes.

DRIGGS'S CONCERT.—A crowded and pleasant Concert was given last evening at Dodworth's Rooms to introduce to the public an improved Piano of singularly sweet and mellow intonation. To those who prefer softness of sound to power this new piano will be most welcome. Some of the tones stole as softly and subduingly over the sense as the melting melody of Mario, but it would be heard with far more advantage in the private room than in a large concert room. Our countrymen, who have carried invention into almost all other regions, have yet penetrated little into the world of sound. We welcome therefore these improvements in an instrument which exercises so sweet an influence in the household, and is now so charming a necessity to refined social life.

The improvements, which we understand are the invention of Messrs. Driggs and Schoonmaker, citizens of one of our Western States, consist of a "Linguine" or "Sweet-Voiced Attachment," to which we were indebted for such soft, subduing sound. It is quite simple—being merely a series of metallic tongues firmly fastened to a metallic plate attached to the sounding-board, from which they draw tone. They cannot get out of tune—no mean consideration in the country—and are in fact a tuning-fork for each string. The touch and style are precisely that of the piano.

To this are added a new mode of tuning the piano with a horizontal screw and a new scale called the octave scale, which are claimed as important improvements, but which are more interesting to the few professional pianists than to the multitude who love delicious harmony without inquiring how or whence it comes.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

HUGHES AND DENMAN'S PATENT PIANOFORTE.—This newly-invented instrument was exhibited on Saturday evening at the Polytechnic Institution by Mr. Reynolds, the organist of St. Bride's, who explained its nature and performed several pieces upon it. The novelty consists in the arrangement of the keys, which certainly affords the player some remarkable advantages, by facilitating the execution of difficult passages, and enabling him to produce effects otherwise quite impracticable. It would require the aid of a diagram of the key-board, and of musical notes, to make this invention clearly intelligible. The natural scale, arranged on the common pianoforte in one row of white keys, is here arranged in two rows; the first row being in thirds—c, e, g, b, &c., while the row behind it contains the intermediate notes, likewise in thirds—d, f, a, c, &c.; and there is a third row of black keys as on the ordinary instrument. Consequently the key-board is only one-half the ordinary length, and twice the number of notes are brought under the same stretch of the hand, without any diminution of the width of the keys. It is evident that this arrangement must have many advantages, particularly in the execution of arpeggio passages, and in the production of much fuller and more extended harmony than is practicable on the common pianoforte. But there are also disadvantages, and the greatest is the entire change in the method of fingering, to which performers taught in the ordinary method will be unwilling to submit. Scale passages, easily played on one row of keys, must necessarily be increased in difficulty by being played on two rows; and other objections of a similar kind may perhaps be made. But at the same time we must observe that Mr. Reynolds seemed to have conquered any difficulties which the new mode of fingering may present; for he played Mendelssohn's Wedding March, a fantasia "The Standard Bearer," and the Overture to *Zampa* with apparent facility, producing very striking and remarkable effects.—*London News.*

Musical Chit-Chat.

RICHARD WAGNER has got through with the Philharmonic Concerts at London, and left there on the 28th of June for Switzerland. The *Musical World* gives him a parting kick, for which it seems to have summoned up all its energy. Its editorial is in the main a vigorous one, and contains more real reasoning than some of its former ones of which we have given specimens; but its temper is savage to the last degree; it frets and scolds itself away at last in sentences like these: "The musicians of young Germany are maggots, that quicken from corruption." "There is as much difference between *Guillaume Tell* and *Lohengrin* as between the Sun and *ashes*." We read all sides and wait. Meanwhile the opinions of *all* London are not represented by the said *World*, the *Athenæum* and the *Times*; the critic of the *News*, whose judgment is perhaps worth as much as that of any of them, writes thus of the last concert:

"The two great symphonies of Spohr and Beethoven, which formed the principal features of the concert, were played in a style which reflected the highest honor, both on the conductor and the orchestra. The time of every movement was taken with perfect judgment; where it differed—as in the introductory adagio, and in the finale of Beethoven's symphony—from the mode in which we have been accustomed at these concerts, the difference was justified by the excellence of the effect...... At the end of the concert, Herr Wagner was greeted, before leaving the orchestra, with loud and general applause, which was most justly his due. Whatever differences of opinion may exist among our critics, as to the peculiarities of his style as a composer, there can be no question as to his genius and attainments, or as to his high position among the musicians of the age."

Speaking of Wagner, we fear the extracts we have been making from his book: 'Opera and Drama,' have been found rather hard reading. We are somewhat puzzled as to the policy of continuing them. We had hoped, by a judicious series of extracts, to give in moderate space, and by little and little, a tolerably fair outline of the whole unfolding of Wagner's thought. But the work spreads before us too long and in too close connection. Moreover the style, involved and difficult enough in itself, seems to have become even more so in the translation from which we have been borrowing. The London translator (*Musical World*) seems to have chosen to preserve the baldest and harshest literalness, and in the rendering of certain words to have laid down a uniform rule for himself which does not always work well. Thus how absurd to settle the ambiguity of the word *Erscheinung*, which may mean appearance, phenomenon, manifestation, vision, apparition, &c., &c., by Englishing it always "*apparition*," and instead of saying: "Every manifestation, or appearance in the world of Art," to say "every *apparition*"! Yet there are too many rich things in the book to forego entirely, and we have concluded to copy striking passages from time to time, without regard to the unity of the whole.

We forgot last week to make one or two corrections in our account of the musical instruction at the Institution for the Blind. In one sentence we may have given the impression that the list of pieces from which we heard the pupils sing had been entirely learned during the year past; whereas most of the pieces had been practised by many of the scholars during several years, and under the former teacher; yet they were of this year's acquirement with the younger portion. Again, we stated the ages of the pupils too low; instead of from six to sixteen, we should have said they ranged from eight or nine to from sixteen (the limit by the rules) to twenty, of which age there were three or four remaining in the school...... By the way we learn that Mr. GEORGE F. ROOT, the accomplished teacher for some time of the Institution for the Blind in New York, organist and director at the Mercer St. Church, and principal of the Normal Musical Institute for teachers, has been obliged to give up his professional engagements in New York, so numerous are the calls made upon his services in conducting musical Conventions and gatherings throughout the country.

A wonderful ophicleide virtuoso has made his appearance in Paris, by the name of Signor COLOSANTI:—any relation to the "Colossus of Rhodes"? Speaking of this colossal instrument we are reminded of a band of sisters, Amazon players of brass instruments, who are giving concerts in Ohio, under the title of the THAYER FAMILY...... Promenaders on the Common these warm evenings must have been highly edified by strains proceeding from the Public Garden, where an Anaconda and we know not what other monsters are exhibited:—a solitary, forlorn, but noisy enough brass instrument of the valve genus, tooting an air with variations to the droning accompaniment of a single hoarse bass, like a serpent,—perhaps his very Snake-ship who is under exhibition.

Pleasant accounts are those which our "Diarist" and German correspondent (whom we welcome back to our columns after an interval made necessary by over-work and illness,) writes of the progress and truly high artistic tone of our young American musical students at Leipzig. GEORGE W. PRATT, whose fine singing of the songs of SCHUBERT, &c., has produced so good an impression, is a Boston boy, the son of Col. Jabez Pratt. He is a graduate of Brown University, and has been a teacher of music in our public schools. We find a notice of him in the Leipzig *Signale's* account of the annual examination of the Conservatory, on the 7th of June, in the hall of the Gewandhaus, as follows: "Air from Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, sung by Herr George Pratt of Boston. The enormous heat of the room must have been somewhat unfavorable to the fine baritone voice of Herr Pratt; for the rest he delivered the Aria in an intelligent and praiseworthy manner." A Gewandhaus audience is a severe ordeal to pass. Mr. Pratt has since gone to London, where he will remain sometime with GARCIA, the teacher of JENNY LIND...... Mrs. EASTCOTT, the American prima donna from Italy, is singing in opera at Drury Lane, London...... Mr. HENRY SQUIRES, the tenor, is still studying at Naples, where he has made a successful appearance in *Il Trovatore*, and has refused tempting offers, it is said, from London. "L'Aboyeur," the correspondent of the *Evening Gazette*, has heard him frequently and writes in exalted terms of the beauty of his voice and singing.

The newly started rumor, which re-appears annually, of LISZT's intended visit to this country, is now contradicted by authority in the *Neue Berliner Musik-Zeitung*........ A German letter-writer, speaking of AUBER's "Jenny Bell," says much of its success is due to SCRIBE, who still remains "the first librettist of our time; he knows his AUBER, his MEYERBEER, his HALEVY, his ADAM by heart, and in his store-house each of these composers has his several alcove."........ THALBERG's new opera, *Christina di Svezia*, has met with a complete *fiasco* in Vienna. It is the third new opera which has met the same fate in that capital this season; VERDI's *La Traviata*, and somebody's *Marco di Visconti* being the other two.

Where did we read—or can it be that we dreamed it?—that at the late meeting of the *Société des Musiciens*, in Paris, a memorial was addressed to the Institute, or to the Academy, upon the serious mischief done to music by the prolific inventions of M. SAX, his horns and tubas, of all shapes and sizes, having driven out nearly all the gentler instruments from the orchestra? If any friend can send us a copy of said memorial, we shall be infinitely obliged. —And this brings us back to our bands. That we have material enough for the largest and best sort of band in Boston, on the old plan, is evident from the

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skilful playing which we hear from so many of our brass bands. On the Common, recently, we have listened more or less to the "Boston Brass Band," "Bond's Cornet Band," the "Brigade," and the "Germania Serenade Band," and all played in good tune, with good blending and shading of the harmony, and often in pieces which displayed great skill and delicacy of execution. The fault, as we have said, is not in the musicians, but in the fashion. It is a musical *fall*, in which we have "sinned all," and which we must trace back, we suppose, to the ingenious inventions of the arch-tempter, Sax.

Miss HENSLER has had a successful concert in Springfield, Mass., her old home before she came to Boston. We quote from the *Republican*:

"It was a triumph. Miss Hensler, though affected to agitation by the circumstances of her appearance, fulfilled to the utmost the reputation she brings home with her. She sang with marvellous richness and power, and added to genius the rare accompaniment of persevering cultivation. The first greeting of the audience was almost wild in enthusiasm. Applause followed applause, and it fairly rained flowers. At every appearance, a like warmth of feeling manifested itself, encouraged, as it was, by the distinguished merit of her performances. The stage and the retiring room fairly blossomed with flowers. The younger Hensler, Miss Louise, received only less warm greetings, and won largely upon the respect and affection of her hearers, as well by her charming appearance as by the purity, simplicity, sweetness and richness of her vocalization. She has a hardly less distinguished future than that now opening upon her sister."

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JULY 21, 1855.

Music at Harvard College.

So our venerable Alma Mater at Cambridge has at length taken a first step in the direction we have so long urged, of recognizing and installing Music in her circle of the arts and sciences! The office of musical instructor and organist to the University has been created, and our young townsman, Mr. L. P. HOMER, who has spent many years of earnest study with the best musical masters in Germany, and who is one of our most thoroughly taught musicians, as well as a man of general intelligence and a gentleman, has been appointed to the place. We doubt not his good influence will soon be felt among the students, and that ere long a high authority in favor of Music will go forth with a power of example from Old Harvard. It is but a small beginning, it is true. The office, as we understand it, is pretty much limited to the conducting of the Chapel music upon Sundays, and the training of the choir therefor. It is very far short of anything in the nature of a musical professorship. But it is a beginning; it is the entering wedge, and we may well rejoice in it.

The next step will be for Alma Mater to institute some official, tasteful oversight over the music of her Academic festivals, her exhibitions, class days and Commencements. Something a little more classical than has been customary there on such occasions, would sound more in harmony with academic shades, calm intellectual studies, black gowns, and slow, pensive steps. Verily the obstreperous, echoing din of M. Sax's brazen family is enough to put to flight all the Muses. The Brigade Band played very well on Wednesday at Commencement, as do many of our brass bands always. But such "harmony music," as the French technically term that of the modern bands, sounds strangely unharmonious in a church; and as the loud martial strains rang out across the plain, during the dinner procession, one who heard it in the distance must have had difficulty in conceiving of a train of meek and gowned professors keeping step behind such whooping and defiant blasts. (If they were Luthers, going before Emperor and Council, at the risk of burning, it might do; and in that case the tunes might be selected from *Il Trovatore*.)

When the University shall be prepared to take this one step further, when Music as an Art, vocal and instrumental, shall be formally encouraged, taught, provided for among the students,—giving simple, elementary instruction as far as may be to all, and offering furthermore to those who have a talent and a calling for it, to conduct them just as deeply into the Cecilian mysteries as they will go,—then it will not be impracticable to add to college festivals the inspiring element of truly refined and classical music furnished wholly or in part by the students themselves. Or even in the want of such resources, the leader or leaders of that branch of culture in the College, would see to it that the music procured from without for such occasions should be something characteristic and distinct from that which is associated with all military musters, firemen's parades, circuses, and what not; would exercise invention in the matter, and be responsible for something really good and fitting;—not leaving it as an indifferent affair to the city fashions, as we leave the cut of our garments to our tailors, whose motive is not taste or beauty.

It was well in the University to begin with its religious music. There is where the true tone can be best set; there, where the occasion excludes triviality, and where *attention* to whatever may be worthy is secured, as it is nowhere else. With a good teacher and presiding mind in that department, it can but naturally follow that some inspiring musical influence shall flow down through all the other musical channels of college life. And then the good of it will be so felt, that one day we may hope to see, not merely practical class teachers of music, but a musical professor, in the University, who shall lecture on the history and literature of Music, the principles of taste, the philosophy and progress of the Art, its various schools, and so forth; a chair, from which, filled by a live man, shall emanate new light and impulse to the cause of musical high Art throughout our land. Then will be realized the wish long cherished by the more music-loving sons of Harvard; the end for which, however far it might seem in the future, the "Harvard Musical Association" was organized, and has already formed by slow accumulations during its twenty years' existence, the modest nucleus of a fund for this very purpose, hoping, as such an object becomes more appreciated, to inspire others to do more. In taking leave of the subject for the present, let us lay before our readers the following suggestion of the New York *Musical Review* for last week:

Dwight's *Journal of Music*, in noticing the degree of "Doctor of Music," recently conferred upon Mr. LOWELL MASON, improves the opportunity to urge the establishment of musical professorships in our Universities. We agree heartily with the editor in his recommendations upon this head, and offer a suggestion. We propose that the three flourishing societies of Boston unite in calling together a Grand Musical Festival for the coming autumn, to which leading musicians shall be invited from all parts of the country, and at which some of the master-works shall be performed. Let the proceeds make a nucleus for a musical professorship at time-honored Harvard; the sum thus collected, however small, would, we doubt not, be sufficiently swelled by the "solid men of Boston," and the example set would find imitators in behalf of other institutions.

SONNETS TO NIGHT.—Have there been any finer sonnets written in this country than the five which we have copied, on another page, from the last number of *The Una*, the paper so ably and gracefully devoted to "the elevation of Woman?" Read them slowly—you must, for their movement is slow; and ponder well each line and phrase, for they will bear it; in each the image is precise, original, complete. The whole five sonnets are marked by weight, nobility and grandeur of thought, and depth of feeling, and the poetry sustains itself at the height of its great theme, with which the whole tone of expression is in harmony. The only point in which they seem not "equal to themselves" is in the want of a more sonorous rhythm. How such thoughts would have sounded in a Milton's diction! Yet they are not less rhythmical than Wordsworth often is, and the third sonnet even in this respect leaves little to be wished. We understand that they were written by a Massachusetts lady, whose "Hymn to the Sea," as published in "Thalatta", has been much admired.

Musical Correspondence.

From NEW YORK.

JULY 14.—I have been reading in your Journal of to-day the account given by your "Diarist" (whom, by the way, I am glad to welcome back to your columns after so long a pause) of *Don Giovanni*, as performed in Berlin. "I, too, was in Arcadia"—I too have "sunny memories" of the exquisite *mise-en-scene* of this opera on the Berlin and Dresden stages, but also in strong contrast with these, a more recent one of a representation thereof in our own city. I cannot refrain from sending you some comments upon it, which you should have had sooner but for my absence from town in the interval.

The opera was given by the LAGRANGE troupe, and well enough performed too not to spoil one's pleasure in the music. I shall not, of course, at this late day, criticize the vocal and dramatic rendering, (though I must say that MORELLI sang the *Fin ch'an dal vino* as only an Italian can, and better than I have ever heard it sung)—my object is merely to show how miserably scenic effects are still managed here, even at the Academy of Music.

In the first place an absurd and tasteless ballet was inserted in the finale of the first act, interrupting the action, breaking the harmonic connection of the music, and wearying all who come to *hear* as well as see. This over, the orchestra took up Mozart again where they had left him, and to the triple dance movement which followed, a few couples from the chorus danced—a quadrille! I must mention *en passant* that of the three masks only one, Don Ottavio, made his appearance in black—the ladies were concealed respectively beneath a sky-blue and a bright domino,—which of course divested the thrilling scene in which they appear, of all solemnity. The statue was dust-color, with flesh-hued face, and, if I remember rightly, smaller than the Don. And in the banquet scene the musicians made their appearance only when the orchestra was already half through the music intended to be played by them.

Thus far my deep enjoyment of the music had prevented my being much disturbed by these outward deficiencies, but the last scene was tame enough to cool down the most enthusiastic listener. After pronouncing the the dread sentence, the Commander vanished beneath the stage, upon which a few flashes of pink light issued from beneath the side scenes, Don Juan staggered about the stage for a while, and then walked off as coolly as possible, as

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if he were making his exit from a drawing room. And all this while those mighty final chords were sounding an accompaniment, to nothing but the rising and withdrawing of the audience. I cannot describe the effect produced upon me by this quiet manner of proceeding. I care as little as any one for éclat and tumult upon the stage, but in a case like this, where the music and the scenic effect are so indissolubly connected, where they complete each other, such a milk and watery arrangement is unpardonable. Even the chorus of demons was omitted, and the music thus being rendered incomplete, no one, who did not know the plot, could dream that or how the *dissoluto was punito*.

I have since found, in the *Monatsheft* for July, a notice which may account for the altered finale of *Don Juan*, and clothe it in English dress for your readers.

"An Irish traveller, who has just returned from Spain, relates the following interesting fact: 'In the Caridad, (a church in Sevilla) lie the remains of Don Juan, widely celebrated through Mozart's opera of the same name. He is not only no mythical personage, but performed, in reality, more wild feats than could be gathered into an opera. He died a repentant sinner, and, in his will, requested to be buried on the road leading to the church, so that all the pious souls who visited the sanctuary, might tread upon his grave. In consideration, however, of this pious wish, and his final penitence, the monks have received him into the interior of the church and permitted him to be buried there.'" X.

From LEIPZIG.

June 21.—In my letter yesterday I spoke of the general artistic influences brought to bear upon the musical student in the Conservatory here. It would be natural enough to suppose that mere execution would be forgotten in the striving after the higher qualities. This is not at all the case; a large proportion of the young men already distinguished owe their dexterity to the excellent instruction here. Mendelssohn himself employed the highest *virtuosity* only as a means—but much of his music demands that means. His principles still rule in Leipzig.

While sitting around a little table, with a glass of beer before us, in German style, Professor Plaidy told us a story of pianoforte execution: When August Gockel, (who I believe is somewhere in America "at this present,") was a pupil in the Conservatorium, he was a great favorite of Mendelssohn's, who appointed him on a certain occasion to play the pianoforte part of the Fantasia for piano and orchestra. The piece which preceded this on the programme was played, and all was ready for the fantasia, when Mendelssohn who was conducting, looked round, but no Gockel. "Where's Gockel? Where's Gockel?" said he to Plaidy.

"I don't know; he was here just now." Professor P. hurried out of the room and found his man in the passage below, walking up and down, whether overcome with the heat, or bashful, or frightened, deponent knoweth not.

"Why, Gockel, they are all waiting for you!" The young pianist rushed up stairs, down through the orchestra, popped into his seat as if shot, and began the fantasia without a look or word to anybody. He took it up at lightning speed, and Mendelssohn's hair, said he, stood right up!

Luckily the piano begins some sixteen bars before the orchestra, so that there was time for some preparation on their part. Gockel went through it just at that lightning speed, to Mendelssohn's utter astonishment, nor did he drop a note.

One forenoon we spent at an organ "Prufung" or examination. I have mislaid my list of the pieces, and only remember that some nine or ten young men played in the presence of the professors and such of the pupils as chose to go to the cold church. Among the pieces were an organ sonata by Mendelssohn, a composition by Richter (I think); something by Schumann, and of course fugues by Bach. Wilson, of Springfield, played one of these very creditably.

My last day in Leipzig was perhaps the pleasantest. It was ascension day, and at the Catholic church an *Ave Maria*, by Liszt, some ten minutes long, was sung, he being there in person to direct. The piece was generally liked, but was not thought to betray any remarkable creative power on the part of the composer. It was interesting however and amusing to see that tall, straight, world renowned character, with monstrous long hands in white gloves, protruded "about a feet" beyond his coat sleeves, waving out the time and expression of his music to his choir of Conservatory singers. The usual portraits give a good idea of his face, though his thick hair begins to shew the effects of time in whiteliness here and there, and his features have acquired a sort of hardness, if one may so speak.

After the *Ave Maria* the "American colony," with one or two visitors like myself, and two or three Germans, all adjourned to Kelly's room. Who is that handsome little fellow, with light hair? That is Hensel, from Chemnitz, of whom we have told you so much. He left the Conservatory not long ago; and left it because the professors could find nothing to give him to study. One of the best things Plaidy gave him was a set of *Etudes* by Thalberg, of immense difficulty, and he was to bring one of them at the next lesson. He brought them all, perfect! He had the most astonishing memory, I don't know anything he can't play by rote. Once get him at it, he will play all day, he likes it so.

We had not been long in K.'s room before Hensel was with one accord called to the grand piano, and after some discussion it was agreed that he should play Beethoven's *Sonata Appassionata*.

"Do you want the music?"

"No! I can play better without."

So, twisting his cigar in the corner of his mouth, he began the *Appassionata*. It does me good now to think of it. Then the majority called for a piece to show his execution, and as a recent number of *Dwight* had had an account of some one's playing Mendelssohn's Wedding March, as translated by Liszt, this was decided upon. With lightning speed he gave it us, with not a note before him, and without losing a note. Third, a *Triller*, by Schulhoff, in which the fellows said he rivalled that famous player on his own domain. Fourth, *Träumeswirrung*, by Schumann. Fifth, *Etude Symphonique*, Schumann. Sixth, at my request for something graver, Chopin's *Marcia Funebre*, most splendidly executed. Seventh, for the sake of comparison, the March from Beethoven's Sonata, op. 25, (this played from notes.)—Eighth, *Polonaise*, Chopin. Ninth, Sonata by himself, in A minor, ending in A major, unanimously liked. Tenth, a very beautiful and of course immensely difficult *Etude* by Rubenstein. Eleventh, Mazurka, *Souvenir de Varsovie*, Schulhoff. Twelfth, Mazurka, by Kuehr. Thirteenth, *Etude*, Chopin. Fourteenth, *Lied ohne worte, (Spinnerlied)* Mendelssohn. Fifteenth, another *Lied*, No. 1, Heft VI. Sixteenth, the accompaniment (by note) to Schubert's *Wanderer*, which Pratt sang gloriously. And, finally, Seventeenth, the first movement of that great E minor Sonata of Beethoven, op. 111.

For two and a half hours Hensel played to us, only twice referring to the music, in one of these pieces only because he was playing an accompaniment, and then left us, as it was time for him to keep an engagement.

The next day I was again at Berlin, almost envying those who can pursue such studies under such auspices. A. W. T.

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Translated for this Journal.

The Life of Music.

From A. B. Marx's "Music of the Nineteenth Century."

[Continued from p 122.]

In that harmless play of the tone-life which we have described, man is a mere creature; each is simply one of these millions of human beings, following the general, indiscriminate destiny of the race. But I, but every man, leads a peculiar, individual life, and would fain feel himself an individual, a unique, independent and legitimate existence, with his own relations, inclinations, ends, and dispositions; nay, every moment of our life renews this claim for itself, and transforms it as occasion prompts. I am not content with simply hearing whatsoever, I would apprehend what corresponds to *me*, to my own mood in all its changes and alternations; I will not merely shout out that I am: all that is in me, every chord that is stretched and attuned in my soul would fain sound for itself, and seeks in sympathizing breasts an echo from without, or else returns back into my own ear, to announce me to myself, to give me back my joy, my grief made beautiful and mild by such reverberation.

This is the second step in the tone-life, the inner life of the soul's moods and feelings, which sympathetically transmits itself through sound and the Art of sound. Here Music is the "Art of the Soul,"—the soul which feels itself and listens to the faithful echo of its every stirring. Here sympathy reigns from within outward, and from without inward. It commences in deep twilight. Already in inanimate Nature it is well known that a sounding body by the power of its vibrations will awake the echo of its own tone in every neighboring body tuned to the same pitch; when you raise the dampers of a piano-forte, a tone strongly sung or otherwise produced, will set the corresponding strings to vibrating; and not only the strings tuned to the same pitch, but also the next related tones—(thus if you sound C, you you will hear c, g, c, e, g, b♭, and then, though not perceptible to every ear, the c and d besides)—a type of the mutual understanding that prevails throughout inanimate Nature.

In men we find the first trace of this sympathy, anticipating all clearer consciousness, in the capacity to sing after given tones, ("by ear," as we say,) or to imitate the sound of strange voices and sonorous instruments. How do I set about it to sing over after another this precise C which I have been allowed to hear? How is it that even the two or three years' old child succeeds in it? Who taught the three years' old MOZART to find out Thirds upon the key-board and feel so happy in their chiming? In all this there is already discrimination; else instead of the given tones one would sing other tones; else Mozart would have occasionally struck Seconds; here is discrimination, and consequently here is knowledge, understanding;—only it is veiled and dream-like, rather an instinct of the true, which reaches just so far toward clear consciousness, as the individual with his present need and present mood can go.

This is the stand-point, upon which musicians commonly are wont to recognize each other and each other's talent; this is what they claim as the peculiar domain of their Art. And with right too, even if the summit and the limits of the Art are not to be found here. To tones thus attuned (*Tonbestimmung*), to this material tune (*Stimmung*), the physical organ of music,—to the tuneful voices (*Stimmen*) both of song and orchestra, corresponds the tune or humor (*Stimmung*) of the mind, this general inclination, not yet strained up to any determinate pitch of thought or will, and the increasing or relaxing tension of the inclination. The mood or humor may concentrate and point itself to some determinate thought, to some precise word, it may become will or act, may ultimate itself in that, or it may persist and work on as an exhaustless and perpetual fund of soul; always it is this "*Freudvoll und leidvoll*,"* this "*Hangen und bangen*," this "*Himmelhoch jauchzen, zum Tode betrübt*," this vague fluctuation and tossing of the soul, this hot desire so shyly shrinking from its object, this sorrow full of sweet consolation, this joy so soon suffused by films of sadness, this warmly colored (as ever CORREGGIO dreamed,) *chiaro-oscuro* of the soul. This is a realm of Music, where it reigns before all arts; a realm of which the painter gives you only glimpses from afar, and which the poet can only indicate by paraphrase, and never in a palpable, exhaustive manner; he must (as KLEIST expresses it with such fine feeling in his *Käthchen*) "dissolve himself into the world," before he can experience what moves the soul "more charmingly than the sound of harps, more persuasively than the holy psalter of David."

If we cast a look back here upon the first life-circle of our Art, we find that the distinctive progress to the second lies in this: that it is no longer the general, indeterminate, pure creature impulse, moulded by the understanding purely from without, which manifests itself in tones, awakens sympathy or answers to the tones that reach it, but it is an individual, inward, fluctuating direction of the vital energy, of the soul conscious of itself and of its casual needs and inclinations. The higher circle does not exclude but include the lower, as the leafy crown does not deny the trunk and root from which it budded forth. The greatest part of the German people's songs, and with them of the Swiss and Flemish, Scandinavian, Scotch, Irish, English, many of the South Russian, Polish, Basquish and old French songs, many which lent a voice to the renewed life of the People in the first French revolution,—the greatest part of all the German opera and church music, and of the French operettas which attach themselves to the German, as well as the preceding and accompanying operas of CIMAROSA, PAISIELLO and others,—the instrumental music, as especially developed through HAYDN and MOZART, and as continued in the earlier works of BEETHOVEN and the most of his contemporaries and followers, are entirely peculiar to this step. Many works of their predecessors, particularly BACH, belong to it, while others are but "tone-crystallizations" out of the first life-step, and others reach out far above the fluctuating play of moods into higher regions.

It is important to understand, that in the world of life and spirit it is not possible to draw sharp, abstract limits. Every state, every sphere of intellectual activity has its forerunners and successors; the series of them must not be conceived of as so many sections of a line, but rather as so many circles, whose circumferences intersect; one part of the middle circle overlaps on that which goes before, and another upon that which follows;—and yet every part refers to its own centre. Thus already in the middle age the spiritual tendency and feeling of the following time appears, but more in the form of a presentiment, almost entirely as the undesigned, unconscious consequence of the prevailing contrapuntal and harmonic impetus. Thus Bach continues the counterpoint of the ancients, but with him it has become (in the way of allusion and as it were groping even in his earlier works,) entirely ano-

* From Clärchen's Song in Goethe's "Egmont."

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ther thing; before the ardor of the new Pygmalion the stone begins to warm out and to clothe itself with a shimmer of life color. So in Haydn and Mozart the idea of the future, whose power was already lent to the evangelist Bach, announces itself in clearest glances; so Beethoven stands for half his life upon their standpoint, moulds according to their forms—and still what he moulds is different from the model and grows toward the future. It is not the beginning and end, but the centres which determine each of the intersecting spheres.

Who can estimate, how many and how various the moods whose sound has swelled and died away here in this sphere of music; what eager interests have here been excited, what painful ones dispelled or mitigated; how many pangs of existence, how many torments of thought have been soothed; how much rudeness and harshness of mind softened here at this holy shrine of sympathetic Art! Here every age has sounded out its inmost, every artist has confided to us what his listening ear has caught of the pulsations of his time and what he has felt sympathetically vibrating in his own soul. For this very reason our own life and heart's desire can never quite be satisfied with the old strains, that have been attuned before us, because every life is one peculiar in its new sufferings and joys. To Humanity, to a soul that overlooks them from the height of ages, they are the eternally old; to us, to each one who now lives them, they are new, entirely peculiar to him, they are moulded to his circumstances and have grown to them like the skin to the body. All that is particular here is transitory, and can only operate as a memorial upon one who may be able for a moment to recall the past in which it arose. HILLER felt himself authorized and pledged to compose over anew the arias of HANDEL (and he it was, who re-introduced his great predecessor to his fatherland); but Hiller's songs and musical plays, once so admired and famous, are such music as we now could scarcely bear to hear. Thus do these trusty interpreters of the heart and its most hidden mysteries rise up like constellations in the shining heavens, into the zenith of the peoples upon whom they shed their balsam, and then sink, disappear in the deep lap of night, unforgotten only by him, who counts the weary and the glad hours of Humanity. Each passes by, a moment in the existence of the race. But ever among men lingers the deep longing for the comfort of this soul's Art, and ever mounts the sympathizing voice anew out of the heart's beat, to descend into the heart that craves it.

If it was the problem of the first step, to build up the musical Art out of the rude beginnings of Harmony into all the Gothic ornamentation and scholastic subtleties of the most artificial Counterpoint: for the second step this strict, hard architectural science could suffice no longer. Already BACH's most fortunate son, EMANUEL, was constrained to renounce the lofty, strict style of the father; the age of prophecy and holy consecration was past; man established himself upon earth in a more earthly and humanly comfortable manner, and could no longer bear the heavy yoke of Jeremiah, nor soar upon the eagle wings of John in the might of steadfast, inspired faith. Art grew more comfortable and more personal, it was made more mild and pliable,—it became so tame that at the tomb of the old Bach one almost shuddered at his "hardness", called his deep dialectic expositions of the inmost tone-life "mere reflection" and "cold calculation", and found his church music not sufficiently "church-like". But all the fresh joy of the people and of youth, all that natural tenderness and heartiness of earth's children which so enticed the soul in the tones of a Haydn or a Mozart,—all that was now softened and adorned by Art with the most delicate and lovely charm and with the most nimble and elastic motion. The Cantilenas became more flexible, the voices subordinated themselves more willingly to one ruling voice, the harmony became more flowing; the Rondo and Sonata forms developed themselves in playful freedom, and stretched their limbs like light coursers to bear away their master; in the Opera, Mozart with his light and variously shaped arias, duets, terzets and finales broke through the restraints of the uniform Italian opera, and knew how to adapt it to his fine sense of tones, to his delicately strung soul, and—so far as could comport with that—to the moods and characters upon the stage. The inspiration and freedom with which he walked in that path, can only be appreciated when we compare his forms with those of his followers, which became so much broader, heavier, and at the same time poorer and more uniform, without producing anything deeper or any thing—to the mind—really new. This we may observe in WINTER, PAER, RIGHINI, BOIELDIEU, down to SPOHR, ROSSINI and still later writers.

(To be continued.)

New Views of Opera.

(Extracts from RICHARD WAGNER's "Opera and Drama," as translated by the London *Musical World*.)

III. NAIVE DIRECTION—MOZART.

If, in the development of opera, we designate as *reflecting* the direction in which this most noble property of music was raised *on principle*, by GLUCK and his successors, to the rank of arranger of the drama, we must call the other direction, in which—especially on the boards of Italian opera houses—the said property, in the case of happily gifted musicians, was manifested unconsciously, and entirely of itself, the *naive* direction. It is characteristic of the former, that it was developed, as an important production, in Paris, before a public that, naturally unmusical, rather acknowledges and inclines to a well-ordered, dazzling mode of speech, than to the feeling substance of the speech itself; while the latter, the *naive* direction, has especially remained the property of the sons of the native land of modern music—Italy.

Although it was a German who displayed this tendency in its greatest brilliancy, his high mission was only assigned him from the fact, that his artistic nature was similar to the undisturbed and spotless clearness of a bright expanse of water, over which the peculiar and most beautiful blossoms of Italian music bent, in order—as in a mirror—to perceive, recognize, and love themselves. But this glass was simply the surface of a deep, endless sea of yearning and longing, which, from the immeasurable fulness of his being, stretched out to the surface, as the utterance of what was below, in order, from the love-like greeting of the beautiful objects bent over it, as though thirsting for the recognition of their own being, to gain figure, form and beauty.

Whoever thinks he recognizes in MOZART the experimentalizing musician, passing from one attempt to another, in order, for instance, to solve the problem of opera, can only place beside this error to counterbalance it, another;—the attributing *naiveté* to MENDELSSOHN, for instance, when the latter, distrustful of his own strength, hesitatingly and slowly approached opera only gradually from the greatest distance. The *naive* and really inspired artist throws himself with enthusiastic recklessness into his work of Art; and it is not until that is finished, and stands before him in its reality, that he obtains, from his experience, the true power of reflection, which protects him, generally, from mistakes, but which, in a particular case, and, therefore, when he feels impelled anew by inspiration to artistic creation, completely loses again all its power over him. Nothing is more characteristic of Mozart, with reference to his career as an operatic composer, than the careless absence of choice with which he began his works; he thought so little of reflecting on the fundamental æsthetic scruples of opera, that it was rather with the greatest ingenuousness he set about composing music to every opera text proposed, actually indifferent as to whether the text was or was not a thankful one to him, as a pure musician. If we take all his æsthetical observations and remarks, preserved in one place and another, we shall find that all his reflection does not certainly rise higher than his celebrated definition of his nose. He was so completely and perfectly a musician, and nothing but a musician, that it is from him we can, most evidently and convincingly, comprehend the only true and right position of the musician to the poet. It was exactly in opera that he produced this most important and decisive result for music—in opera, on whose form he never conceived the idea of working with, as it were, absolute poetic sovereignty, but in which he produced what he could by his purely musical capability, while on the other hand, by the truest, most untroubled adoption of the poetic intention—wherever and however this was to be met with—he developed this purely musical capability of his to such a pitch of fulness, that we do not find in any of his absolutely musical compositions, especially in any of his instrumental works, the art of music so extensively and richly developed as in his operas. The grand, noble and sensible simplicity of his purely musical instinct, that is to say, the involuntary possession of the essence of his art, rendered it actually impossible for him to produce, as a composer, ravishing and intoxicating effects to places where the poem was flat and insignificant. How little did this most richly gifted of all musicians understand our modern music-makers' trick of raising towers of music, glittering like gold, upon a shallow and unworthy foundation, and of playing the enraptured and inspired where all the poetic work is hollow and empty, for the purpose of thus most clearly proving that the musician is really the principal personage, who can do everything, and can even create something out of nothing—exactly like the Almighty himself. Oh! how fervently do I love, and how highly do I respect Mozart, that it was *not* possible *for him* to compose for *Titus* music like *Don Juan*, or for *Così fan tutte*, like that of *Figaro*,—how ignominiously would this have disgraced music! Mozart always composed music, but he could never write *beautiful* music, except when inspired. Although this inspiration necessarily proceeded from his inward and peculiar powers, it only appeared bright and brilliant when fired from without, when the lovely object, which, ardently oblivious of himself, he could embrace, was displayed before the genius of the most divine love within him. Thus it would have been exactly the most absolute of all musicians, Mozart, who would long since have most satisfactorily solved for us the operatic problem; who would, namely, have assisted in producing the truest, most beautiful, and most perfect *drama*, had he but met with the *poet*, whom he, as a musician, would only have been obliged to assist. He did not, however, meet with the poet: at one time, a mere tiresome, pedantic, or, at another, a frivolous, sprightly manufacturer of operatic texts supplied him with his airs, duets and concerted pieces, for composition, to which pieces, in proportion to the warmth they awoke in him, he wrote such music, that they always gained the most suitable expression, whereof, according to their natures, they were in any way capable.

Thus, Mozart only demonstrated the inexhaustible power of music to satisfy every demand of the poet on its capabilities of expression, in the most incredible fulness; and, in this altogether

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unreflecting course of proceeding, this magnificent musician also discovered, in truth of dramatic expression, and in the most endless variety of his causation, this power of music in a far greater degree than Gluck and all his successors. But anything founded on principle was so little apparent in his whole mode of proceeding, that the mighty pinions of his genius really left the *formal* scaffolding of opera untouched; he merely cast into the forms of opera the fiery stream of his music, but the forms themselves were too weak to contain this stream, which flowed out of them to where it could, in continually more free and less restrictive limits, expand, in a manner agreeable to its natural yearning, until we again meet with it swollen out to the proportions of a mighty ocean in the symphonies of BEETHOVEN. While, in purely instrumental compositions, the most peculiar capability of music was developed to the most immeasurable power, the forms of opera, like stone walls gutted by fire, remained standing, naked and cold, in their old shape, awaiting the next guest who should fix his temporary home within them. Mozart is of great importance only generally for the history of music, but in no way, especially, for the history of Opera, as a separate branch of Art. Opera, which in its unnatural existence was bound to no laws really necessary for its life, might fall, as an opportune prey, to the share of the first musical adventurer that presented himself.

We can here altogether pass by, unnoticed, the unedifying sight offered by the artistic creations of the so-called successors of Mozart. A considerable number of composers imagined that Mozart's operatic style was something to be imitated in its form, thus naturally losing sight of the fact that the form was of itself nothing, but Mozart's musical genius exactly everything; no one, however, has ever succeeded in imitating the creations of the mind by mere pedantic arrangements.

IV. THE ARIA—ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS—ROSSINI.

One thing alone remained to be enunciated in these forms—if Mozart developed, with the most unclouded *naïveté*, their purely musical value to the highest perfection, the real foundation of the whole system of opera was still, agreeably to the source from which it sprang, to be made known in the most unmysterious and naked publicity in the same forms; the world was still to be informed, plainly and frankly, to what aspirations and what demands upon Art, opera was indebted for its origin and existence; and that these aspirations were not in any way directed to real drama, but to a kind of enjoyment—seasoned by the apparatus of the theatre—in no wise seizing and inwardly vivifying, but merely intoxicating and superficially amusing. In Italy, where operas arose from such an aspiration—as yet unconsciously—it was destined, also, to be finally satisfied with full consciousness.

We must here examine more closely the constitution of the air (*aria*).

As long as "airs" continue to be composed, the fundamental characteristic of this form of Art will always have to prove itself an absolutely musical one. The national song sprang from a close and simultaneous working of the art of poetry and the art of music, which had grown up together in intimate alliance—from an art, which, in opposition to the purposely plastic art of civilization, almost the only one understood by us, we scarcely feel inclined to call an art, but which we might, perhaps, designate as the involuntary exposition of national feeling by artistic means. In this case, verbal and musical poetry are one and the same thing. The people never think of singing their songs without a text; without verbal verse no melody could exist for them. If, in process of time, and from modifications of the parent race the melody varies, the verbal verse varies in just the same manner; for the people, a separation, no matter of what description, is unintelligible; the two form together one whole, appertaining to itself, like man and wife. The creature of luxury heard this national song only from a distance; from his lordly palace he listened to the passing reapers, and the sole portion of that song that penetrated into his glittering halls was the melody, while the words died away, as far as he was concerned, below. If the melody was the entrancing *odor* of the flower, and the verse its body, with all its delicate organs of generation, the man brought up in luxury, and merely wishing to enjoy partially with his olfactory nerves, without at the same time enjoying with his eye as well, extracted this odor from the flower, and artificially distilled from it the perfume, which he drew off into phials, in order that he might carry it about with him, as he liked, and moisten with it himself and his magnificent apparel, whenever it suited his fancy to do so. Again, in order to gratify himself with a *sight* of the flower, he would have been obliged to go nearer; to descend from his palace into the glade; to force his way through branches, twigs and leaves; and for this the noble and comfort loving individual in question did not feel the least inclination. With the fragrant substratum he now sprinkled, also, the dreary wearisomeness of his life, and the hollowness and nullity of the sensations of his heart, the artificial plant that sprang from this unnatural impregnation being nought else than the *operatic air*. However varied and arbitrary the combinations into which it might be forced, it remained constantly unfruitful and always itself alone; what it was and could not avoid being:—a mere musical substratum. The entire aërial body of the air evaporated into the melody, which was sung, and, at last, fiddled and blown, without the least notice being taken of the fact that a verbal verse, or even a verbal sense, existed beneath it. The more the odor, however, was subjected, in order to supply it with materials for corporal adherence, to all kinds of experiments, the most pompous of which was the serious pretence of the drama, the more did people feel it was weakened by all this mixing with what was hard, and foreign to it, and even that it lost a portion of its voluptuous strength and loveliness. The individual who restored to this odor, unnatural as it was, a body, which, though an imitation, imitated as deceptively as possible the natural one that once poured forth, from its natural abundance, into the air, the said odor, as the spirit of its being; the wonderfully skilful manufacturer of *artificial* flowers, which he formed of velvet and silk, and painted with deceptive colors, moistening their dry calices with the said substratum of perfume, so that odor began to exhale from them almost as from a real flower—this great artist was JOACHIMO ROSSINI.

In the case of Mozart, the melodic odor of which we have been speaking had found so nourishing a soil in a noble, healthy, artistic example of humanity, perfectly consonant to itself, that it forced out again the beautiful flower of true Art, which carries us away in the most fervent rapture of the soul. But, even in the case of Mozart, it found this nourishment only when what was allied to him, what was healthy and purely human, presented itself as poetry to be wedded with his completely musical nature; and it was almost a mere fortunate chance that this circumstance repeatedly fell to his lot. When Mozart was abandoned by this fructifying god, the artificial element of the odor could only succeed in maintaining itself, and that artificially, with great exertion, and without true and necessary life. The melody, at whatever expense it might be cherished, sickened of the cold, lifeless spirit of formality, the only inheritance that this victim of an early death could leave his heirs, since precisely what he took with him in death was—his life.

What Rossini, in the first blush of his luxuriant youth beheld around him, was the harvest of death. If he looked upon the serious French, so-called, dramatic opera, he recognized with the penetrating glance of the zest for life inherent to youth, a tricked-out corpse, which even SPONTINI, striding forward in magnificent solitude, was no longer able to animate, because—as if for his own glorification—he was already embalming himself alive. Impelled by a bold instinct for life, Rossini tore the mask from the face of this pompous corpse, as if to discover the ground of its future life; through all the magnificence of the garments which proudly enveloped it, he discovered, this—the true ground of the life even in the case of this personage that carried itself so highly—*melody*. If he cast a glance on native Italian opera, and the work of Mozart's heirs, he again beheld nothing but death—death in empty forms—when *melody* rose up before him as their life—downright melody, without any pretence of character, which would have appeared in his eyes altogether hypocritical, when he looked on all the unfinished, violent and half things that had sprung from himself.

But Rossini wanted to *live*, and perceived very clearly that, in order to do so, he must live with those who possessed ears to hear him. Absolute melody had struck him as the sole vital principle in opera; he had only, therefore, to observe carefully what kind of melody he must adopt in order to be heard. Completely passing over all the rubbish in the shape of scores, he directed his powers of listening to where the people sang without notes, and what he heard there was what, in the whole range of opera, the ear retained in a more involuntary manner than any thing else; *the naked, ear-pleasing, absolute melodic melody*, that is to say:—melody which is precisely melody and nothing more; which glides into our ears, we know not wherefore; which we repeat, we know not wherefore; which we adopt to-day instead of that of yesterday, and which we forget again to-morrow, without, again, knowing wherefore; which has a melancholy sound when we are merry, and a merry one when we are out of sorts, and which, notwithstanding, we continue to hum over to ourselves, we once more do not exactly know wherefore.

Rossini struck up this melody, and—lo and behold—the secret of Opera was manifest. All that reflection and æsthetic speculation had built up, Rossini's opera-melodies pulled down, so that it was swept away like some unsubstantial figment of the brain. The lot of dramatic opera was no other than that of science with those problems, which are, in truth, based upon a false hypothesis, and which when minutely examined, become more and more confused and incapable of solution, until, at last, Alexander's sword does its work, and cleaves the leathern knot through the middle, so that the thousand ends of the thongs fall apart in all directions. This sword is precisely the naked deed, and such a deed did Rossini perform, when he made every operatic audience in the world witnesses of the perfectly decided fact, that people merely desired to hear "pretty melodies," where mistaken artists had taken it into their heads to convey, by musical expression, the substance and aim of a drama.

Every one raised his voice in shouts of joy to praise Rossini, who so well understood how to make a separate art of the employment of these melodies. He did not devote the slightest attention to the organizing of the form; he took the simplest, driest, and most flimsy which he found ready to his hand, but then he filled it, most logically, with the only substance it had always needed: narcotic, intoxicating melody. Completely indifferent as to the form, precisely because he left it altogether untouched, he employed his genius in the most amusing feats of joggling, which he caused to be executed within the limits of the form in question. To the singers, who had previously been obliged to study for the purpose of obtaining dramatic expression from a wearisome, meaningless verbal text, he said:—"Do whatever you like with the words; only, above all things, do not fail to get lustily applauded for lively flights and melodious *entrechats*." Who obeyed him more willingly than the singers? To the instrumentalists, who had previously been drilled to accompany, as intelligently as possible, pathetic vocal phrases with corresponding and simultaneous execution, he said:—"Take it easy, but, above all things, do not fail to get properly applauded for your respective and particular skill, in the passages where I give you an opportunity of so doing." Who thanked him more ardently than the instrumentalists? To the author of the operatic text, who had previously sweated blood, under the obstinately prejudiced arrangements of the dramatic composer, he said:—"My friend, do what you like, I do not need

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you any more!" Who was more obliged to him than the operatic poet, for this release from an unthankful and difficult task?

But who idolized Rossini more, for these benefits, than all the members of the whole civilized world, so far as operatic theatres could contain them? And who had more reason for doing so than they? Who was, with so much power, so perfectly obliging towards them as Rossini? If he heard that the public of a particular city was fond of having runs executed by the fair singers, while the public of another town preferred a languishing style, he gave his fair singers of the first place only runs, and those of the second only languishing strains. If he found that people *here* liked the big drum in the orchestra, he commenced his overture to a rustic opera with the big drum;* if he was informed that the audience *there* was passionately fond of crescendos in *ensemble* movements, he put his opera in the form of a continually recurring crescendo. *Once* only did he have cause to repent his obliging readiness. He was advised to be careful when composing for Naples; his more sterlingly written opera did not take, and Rossini determined never again in his life to work with care, even if advised to do so.

When Rossini surveyed the prodigious results of his treatment of opera, he cannot be accused of the least vanity or arrogant pride for laughingly telling people to their face that he had discovered the true secret of opera, after which all his predecessors had groped about in vain. When he affirmed it would be an easy task for him to cause the operas of his greatest predecessors, even including Mozart's *Don Juan*, to be forgotten, simply by again setting the subjects to music after *his own* fashion, there was not the slightest arrogance in his assertion, but simply the certain instinct of *what* the public really required from opera. In truth, our musical religionists would have had to view the appearance of a *Don Juan* by Rossini with the greatest disgrace to themselves; for we must, most assuredly, conclude that Mozart's *Don Juan* would have been compelled to give way to Rossini's—if not for ever, at least for a very long period.

The following is the real influence exercised by Rossini on the question of opera:—he appealed, with might and main, from the opera to the *public;* he made this public, with its wishes and its likings, the actual factor of the opera.

Had the operatic public possessed, in the slightest degree, the character and the importance of the *people*, Rossini would appear in our eyes the most fundamental *revolutionist* in the domain of Art. In the eyes of one portion of society—but a portion which, in its social superfluity and even harm, is simply an unnatural excrescence from the people, and only to be regarded as a cluster of caterpillars, gnawing away the healthy, nutritious leaves of the national tree, from which they derive, at most, but sufficient strength to flutter through an ephemeral and luxurious existence as so many airy and dazzling butterflies—in the eyes of such a cutting from the people, a cutting that, upon a sediment sunk down to filthy coarseness, could only raise itself to vicious elegance, but never to true, beautiful human culture; in fact—to use the right term—in the eyes of our *operatic public*, Rossini was simply a *reactionary*, while we are to look upon Gluck and his successors as methodical, conscious, and, as regards their material success, powerless *revolutionaries*. In the name of the luxurious, but, in fact, sole actual substance of opera, and the consistent development of the same, Joachimo Rossini exercised a reactionary influence against the *doctrinaire* revolutionary maxims of Gluck, as successfully as Prince Metternich, his great patron, in the name of the inhuman, but, in fact, sole actual substance of the system of European government, and the consistent maintenance of the same, exercised a reactionary influence against the *doctrinaire* maxims of the liberal revolutionists, who, *within* this system of government, desired, without completely suspending its unnatural essence, to restore the principles of humanity and reason, in the same form that expressed the essence in question. As Metternich, with perfect justice, could not conceive the *State* otherwise than under *absolute monarchy*, so, with no less consistency, Rossini only conceived opera under *absolute melody*. Both said, "Do you want state and opera; here are state and opera for you—there are none other!"

With Rossini ends the real *history of Opera*. It came to an end when the unconscious germ of its being had developed itself to its most naked, conscious fulness; when the musician was recognized as the absolute factor, endowed with unlimited and sovereign power, of this work of Art, and the taste of the theatrical public as the only standard of restraint. It came to an end when the pretence of drama, to its very first principles, was practically set on one side; the employment of the most unrestricted vocal virtuosity, most pleasing to the ear, recognized as the only object of the vocalists, and the demands which, in consequence of this, they made on the composer, acknowledged as their inalienable right. It came to an end, when the great musical public could only conceive the substance of the music under the perfectly characterless melody, the structure of musical form in the slipshod connection of the operatic pieces, and the constitution of music, according to the impression it produced, in the narcotic, intoxicating effects of an operatic evening. It came to an end on the day that Rossini, idolized by Europe, and smiling in the voluptuous lap of luxury, thought fit to pay a visit of ceremony to the secluded, morose Beethoven, wrapt up in himself, and accounted half mad—a visit which the latter did not return. What did the longingly rolling, dark eye of the voluptuous son of Italy perceive, as it involuntarily fell upon the savage brilliancy of his incomprehensible adversary's glance, broken down with pain, sick with aspiration, and yet braving death? Did the fearfully wild locks of the Medusa-head, that no one looked upon without dying, shake themselves at him?—So much is certain, Opera died with Rossini.

* La Gazza Ladra.

Auber.

From the Paris correspondence of the Leipzig *Signale*, *apropos* of the new opera, "Jenny Bell", we translate the following:

"AUBER has been for forty-two years a composer of French operas. His first attempt: *Le Séjour militaire*, as well as his second: *Les testaments et les billets doux*, were failures. *La Bergère Châtelaine*, which was produced in the first months of the year 1820, opened the long series of his musical successes.

"It may not be uninteresting to recall the names at least of this master's works. There have been produced by him: *Le Séjour militaire*, 1813; *Les billets doux*, 1819; *La Bergère Châtelaine*, 1820; *Emma*, 1821; *Leicester*, 1822; *La Neige*, 1823; *Léocadie*, 1824; *Le Maçon*, *Le Concert à la Cour*, 1825; *La Timide*, *Fiorella*, 1826; *La Muette de Portici*, 1827; *La Fiancée*, 1828; *Fra Diavolo*, *Le Dieu et la Bayadère*, 1830; *Le Philtre*, 1831; *Le Serment*, 1832; *Gustace*, 1833; *Lestocq*, *Les Chaperons blancs*, 1834; *Le Cheval de Bronze*, 1835; *Actéon*, *L'Ambassadrice* (alluding to Mme. SONTAG), 1836; *Le Domino noir*, 1837; *Le Lac des Fées*, 1838; *Zanetta*, 1839; *Les Diamants de la Couronne*, 1840; *Le Duc d'Olonne*, 1841; *La Part du Diable*, 1842; *La Sirène*, 1844; *La Barcarolle*, 1845; *Haydée*, 1847; *L'Enfant prodigue*, 1850; *La Corbeille d'Oranges*, 1851; *Marco Spada*, 1852; *Jenny Bell*, 1855.

"Auber began as a dilettante and thought he could fulfil his calling as a musician by a school-boy imitation of MOZART; it was not until his third opera, when a reverse of fortune compelled him to look to music for his daily bread, that he drew from his own inspiration, and the first throw proved successful. "Emma", and afterwards "Leicester", "The Snow", "Leocadia", "Fiorella", "Masaniello" (*La Muette*), &c., placed him in the list of important musicians and made him a director of the Conservatoire.

"It is worth remarking with regard to Auber, that since his fifth opera, "Leicester," he has had no *collaborateur* but SCRIBE. This fidelity is somewhat touching, but it was also a shrewd calculation; for Scribe knows so accurately the peculiarities of Auber, he has studied his virtues and his failings so well, that he helps him in a libretto very much as our theatre poets in the writing of their dramas keep before their eyes the excellencies and defects of the actors. * * *

"Auber wants for a complete genius the heart of BOIELDIEU. He has *esprit* enough for three Frenchmen and melodies worthy of the richest Italians. He is elegant as an Athenian, and as full of imagination as a Southerner; but deep passion he is as little capable of feeling as expressing; he distinguishes himself from MEYERBEER in this regard, merely by the fact that he does not *try* to express any. He often lacks in unity and grandeur of song, but he supplies this want by elegance and richness. Auber is an individuality, a French individuality, and even in his orchestration he has the precision, the clearness, the sparkling, many-colored quality of the French mind, but at the same time its superficiality and limitation. As a Spring breeze merely stirs the surface of the lake to gentle ripples, so the music of Auber merely moves the surface of our sensibility.

"Auber is morever full of knowledge, and it is a mere humor *du grand Seigneur*, if he loves to hide his science under flowers and gives himself out for a musical ignoramus. A like whim is it, if he, like ROSSINI, affects a contempt for music, such as the creator of *his* works could not possibly entertain at heart.

"From the overture to the last bar the new opera of Auber is distinguished by all the brilliancies and shades of the composer. It is a flower wreath of lovely melodies, a piece of musical fire-works, full of sparkling inventions and original turns. To celebrate the alliance with England, "Rule Brittania" and "God save the King" are woven into the third act with tolerably good effect."

THE THREE FISHERMEN.

BY CHARLES KINGSLEY.

Three fishers went sailing out into the West,
  Out into the West as the sun went down;
Each thought of the woman who loved him the best,
  And the children stood watching them out of the town.
For men must work, and women must weep,
  And there's little to earn, and many to keep,
    Though the harbor bar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the light-house tower,
  And trimmed the lamps as the sun went down,
And they looked at the squall, and they looked at the shower,
  And the rack it came rolling up ragged and brown!
But men must work, and women must weep,
Though storms be sudden, and waters deep,
    And the harbor-bar be moaning.

Three corpses lay out on the shining sands
  In the morning gleam as the tide went down,
And the women are watching and wringing their hands,
  For those who will never come back to the town;
For men must work, and women must weep,
And the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep,
  And good-by to the bar and its moaning.

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SONG.

BY CHARLES KINGSLEY.

There sits a bird on every tree,
With a heigh-ho!
There sits a bird on every tree,
Sings to his love as I to thee;
With a heigh-ho, and a heigh-ho!
Young maids must marry.

There blooms a flower on every bough,
With a heigh-ho!
There blooms a flower on every bough,
Its gay leaves kiss—I'll show you how:
With a heigh-ho, and a heigh-ho!
Young maids must marry.

The sun's a groom, the earth's a bride,
With a heigh-ho!
The sun's a groom, the earth's a bride,
The earth shall pass—but love abide,
With a heigh-ho and a heigh-ho!
Young maids must marry.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Music an Exponent of Emotion.

I have carefully read the article of "J. H." in the last Journal, twice, and am not yet certain that I know what his opinions are. Let my remarks, therefore, be considered neither antagonistic nor in confirmation of his views, but simply as supplementary.

Theories are valuable only when they can be put to a test by some practical example. If it be claimed that Music can paint outward nature, let descriptive Music be played to those ignorant of its design and see how nearly they will agree in interpreting it. If it be claimed that Music can express definite shades of emotion, let Music designed to express such emotion be played to those ignorant of the design, and see how nearly they will agree in their analysis. If it be objected that the expression comes through the similarity of pieces with which associations of ideas are connected, let the experiment be tried upon those who have no musical memory whatever and see whether their analysis agrees with that of other persons.

I have been for twelve years in the habit of trying such experiments, taking every precaution against sources of error, and have come to the following conclusions, oot doubtfully, but with all the fulness of conviction that I feel upon questions of science.

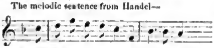
First; that Music is capable of expressing definite shades of emotion with precision and certainty, but it is not capable of painting scenes, except by the association of such scenes with such emotions. The expression of joyous exhilaration and a sense of freedom would, for instance, naturally suggest mountain scenery, but the music would not describe the mountains, it would only express the joyous exhilaration and freedom; and that to another person might suggest other circumstances. As "J. H." justly says, "the music might be written *at* the scene, but not *of* it."

Secondly; the expression lies principally in the melodic phrase, and only secondarily in the harmony, or in the *tempo*.

I will not trespass further on the time and space of the Editor of the Journal, as my proof of these two propositions would not consist in fine spun reasoning, but in a detail of hundreds of carefully devised, carefully tried experiments upon various individuals of my acquaintance.

Let me only add, that when an American or English Psalmodist adapts a secular melody to sacred words, he does not, as "J. H." seems to imply, change the expression of the air. *Batti, batti,* and "Smyrna" have the same expression, and there's no religious element in it. On giving "Smyrna" to an unprejudiced person, susceptible to musical impression, but who had never heard of *Batti, batti,* he said: "That is not fit for a sacred melody, it is the billing and cooing of a young married couple."

The melodic sentence from Handel—



expresses the feeling of triumph, with a slight mingling of scorn, and will express nothing else, even if you should sing it to the words:

My genial spirits droop, my hopes are fled.

T. H.

From the New York Tribune.

Ristori, the Italian Actress.

[Our foreign correspondents have occasionally referred to the great success which Madame Ristori, with a company of Italian actors, has lately achieved at Paris.—The following criticism upon her performance is taken from the Paris correspondence of the *Grenzboten* of Leipzig, and as giving the judgment of a cultivated and intelligent German, will be interesting.]

We have learned to recognize in RISTORI one of the first actresses of the present time, an artist worthy of reproducing the masterpieces of every literature. Shakspeare could ask for no lovelier Juliet, no tenderer daughter, no Desdemona with more artless passion; Goethe for no more charmingly self-sacrificing Klärchen, no more womanly-loving Gretchen, than this Ristori. She unites peculiarities which are found together only in the most highly gifted nature—in the most magnificent talent. The political condition of Italy, like that of Germany, has this beneficent influence, that it does not encourage on the boards capacity in one direction only, however great it may be. The Italian cities have not, like Paris, twenty theatres, every one of which fosters some morbid speciality—perhaps as geese are fattened with particular reference to their livers. In Italy, as in Germany, an actress who has become a favorite of the public must essay all departments. We cannot therefore wonder that Ristori has had occasion to develop all her present capabilities in beautiful symmetry.

Up to this time she has played three great parts—in Silvio Pellico's Francesca di Rimini, in Alfieri's Mirrha and Orestes. We have only seen the two first.

Everybody knows the daring attempt of the prisoner of Spielberg to stretch out Dante's tragic catastrophe over five acts. In spite of the fine verse that distinguishes Pellico's muse, in spite of the poetic fervor which the echo of Dante's great creation awakens in the heart of the modern singer, the action, feeble, lifeless, and empty, limps on from scene to scene, till the decisive moment which Dante has painted so touchingly, so simply and so grandly in a single verse:

Quel giorno più non vi leggemmo avante.

The artist represented this soft passion, this resigned love, up to its last outburst of fiery passion, with so much simplicity, grace, purity and natural warmth, that we forgot for the time all the faults of the drama. Entranced by the wonderful tones of this musical voice—enraptured by this grace of feature—we followed with delight every lineament of this poetic creation as Ristori interpreted it to us. It is impossible to represent with greater truth this love battling under the veil of a pretended aversion—this sting of conscience, which awakens when passion rises into consciousness—the holy outflow, the irresistible longing, which transports to the fatal kiss,

La bocca mi baciò tutto tremante.

A great artist must she be called indeed who can introduce such innumerable shades, such a rich variety, into this tedious, uniform melancholy. But still greater astonishment does the actress excite in the part of Alfieri's Mirrha. Who does not remember the horrible fable in Ovid's Metamorphoses? Mirrha, the daughter of the King of Cyprus, loves her father Cyniras. * * * * * * * Herein lies her great triumph. This impossible part which the poet sought to shield from our abhorrence by all the arts of timorous concealment, she has unfolded to us without prejudice to that sympathy which the struggle of this noble and, in her rendering, chaste soul must awaken in us. Ristori revealed herself to us in another form. If she had a subdued, soft, womanly fondness as Francesca, as Mirrha she knew how to bring out the womanhood of her heart in terrible dualism with the frenzy of excited passion. The spectator cannot for a moment forget that he beholds a fearful struggle between the most beautiful human purity and the most abominable love. If there is anything in this rendering which we have to censure, it is the lack of moderation which occasionally leads to overacting. But this fault is outweighed by the many excellencies which are displayed in other respects. Ristori can be a tenderly-loving, grateful daughter, a self-sacrificing friend, and a monster of passion urged on by the furies, and seldom is it that mien and gait and bearing follow the ever changing expressions of the tongue with such thorough truth as here.

Compared with Rachel, Ristori has the preeminence which versatility and completeness of talent must always have. Ristori is a woman, she has all the aid of the heart; hers is an artless nature, and in all her artistic representations she is animated by *human* passion. In comparison with her, Rachel is a statue with a fine voice. How great the difference is between the two actresses is seen in comedy. Ristori is coquettish, delightful, captivating—all the while artless and womanly, and all her characters breathe a spirit of decorum. Her form is noble, her features attractive; and to be called beautiful, she lacks only youth, but not youthfulness, which she possesses in its truest sense.

STANZAS.

We cannot bid our strength remain,
Our cheeks continue round;
We cannot say to an aged back,
Stoop not towards the ground.

We cannot bid our dim eyes see
Things as bright as ever,
Nor tell our friends, though friends from youth,
That they'll forsake us never.

But we can say, I never will,
False world, be false for thee;
And oh, Sound Truth and Old Regard,
Nothing shall part us three.

Household Words.

Musical Chit-Chat.

We always long for music in summer and in pleasant places, just when we cannot have it. How a Beethoven symphony would sound into the innermost chambers of the soul, heard in the stillness of the woods, or by the lake or river side, instead of in close, crowded concert rooms, by dazzling gas-lights, amid fluttering fans and fashions! The seasons and the places which make this curious "harp of many strings," the human soul and nerves, most sensitively alive to music, are just those in which we have to be content with nature's and the soul's unwritten melodies. Doubtless it is all as it should be. Yet artistic music, of the finest, only not on the grand scale, may be enjoyed sometimes in the choicest haunts of summer leisure, and with the cool breeze of the sea shore. How pleasant, for instance, in these dog-day evenings, for the languid prisoner of the hot city to slip down to Nahant, and listen to a concert by our sweet singer, ELISE HENSLER, such as she announces for this very evening! She will be assisted by her younger sister LOUISE, and by Mr. FRANK HOWARD, who will sing some tenor songs, and Mr. BAUMBACH as pianist. Miss Elise herself will sing the cavatina from *Linda*, a song by Curschmann, Cherubini's *Ave Maria*, and Rode's Variations; also in a duet with her sister by Campana, and the trio from *Don Giovanni*. Are you not tempted?

It is pleasant to find the following about an artist ever dear to Americans, (and yet who since her return

to Europe has been the theme of so much ill-natured, small newspaper letter-writing,) in the *Hampshire* (Northampton, Ms.) *Gazette* of July 24th:—"We have been shown a letter from Madame JENNY LIND GOLDSCHMIDT, addressed to a gentleman in this town, dated 'Ems (Nassau) 2d July, 1855.' Private in its character, the seal of confidence must not be broken and the public may not see it. Breathing noble and lofty sentiments, pure as the soul of their gifted authoress, inculcating a truly Christian spirit, and so child-like and unstudied in the sweet simplicity of its utterance, that letter is one which the recipient may cherish forever. The slanders sometime since in circulation relative to difficulties between herself and husband, are most satisfactorily refuted by the true and womanly affection which marks all her allusions to him in the letter. They or rather her husband has been carrying out her plans for the establishment of Schools in Sweden. Walter, her first born, claims the loving eulogy of a mother, at once touching for its beauty of expression and depth of sentiment. Mr. and Mrs. Goldschmidt from a residence in this town of some months, are both remembered by our citizens with warm interest. They will spend the winter in Rome."

Scarcely had we got our remarks last week about the brass bands into type, when, walking across the Common, towards evening, our ears were greeted by unwonted sounds, fraught with the memory of good old times, when bands were not all brass.—Verily we caught the sound of reeds, of clarinets, and on closer observation we even recognized the mellow blending influence of French horns! It was a battalion parade of Col. CHICKERING's regiment, and for the occasion BOND's excellent Cornet Band had been strengthened by extra instruments to the number in all of forty-two. There were not far from a dozen reeds, and we will venture to say, what no one within hearing that time will dispute, that never for years has our city heard such satisfactory music in the open air. We speak of course only of the sound, the euphony, the blended musical quality, richness and power of tone; and not of the pieces played, which of course were chosen with a military view. It was very good, and might be still better. This looks as if our agitation of the question of reeds *versus* brass had not been quite in vain. And now will it be deemed impracticable to organize and support prosperously that "Civic Band", for festivals and processions *not* military, and for concerts on the Common, of which we have often hinted? It might draft its members more or less from all the smaller bands, and be a sort of central, model band. It would find employment, principally, as above suggested, while a military use for it was also illustrated in the parade of Friday of last week.

A Musical Convention is be held at Williamstown in this State, for the three days commencing August 7, under the charge of Dr. LOWELL MASON and Mr. LASAR of New York. The exercises will consist of Class practice and lectures on Church Music, Choir and Congregational Singing, elementary teaching, &c., and will close with a concert.... Mr. LASAR is to succeed Mr. ROOT as organist and director at the Church in Mercer street, also as professor of Music at the Rutger's Female Institute. ......The approaching Convention in Boston, under the charge of Mr. A. N. JOHNSON, will give as an opportunity, we learn, to hear some of the orchestral and operatic compositions of our townsman, Mr. L. H. SOUTHARD. An efficient orchestra, of at least thirty-six instruments, and perhaps larger, will be organized for the purpose of bringing out two concert overtures, which he has been composing. Also some portions of his unfinished opera: "The Scarlet Letter" will be tried with the aid of some of our best singers, since Mr. S., a new writer, is naturally anxious to learn what may be learned by testing the effect of what he has been shaping from his own ideal. It will add not a little interest to an otherwise interesting musical week......There is rumor of a plan in furtherance for next winter for the production of Handel's "Messiah" by our three Choral societies combined, making a chorus of at least 500 voices. This suggestion has been often made and urged, and we hope that nothing any longer stands in the way of its being realized.

The seekers of cool comfort in Newport, this season, have a full share of musical material. Besides BERGMANN and the Germanians, they have OTTO DRESEL and TREXKTE, from this city, besides Italian opera singers and artists of all kinds. Surely there is opportunity for some of the most classical feasts of music, as well as for "hops" and polkas. ......ALFRED JAELL is still busily concertizing in Germany. Leaving Paris in the middle of April, in company with SIVORI, the violinist, he played at Nancy and Strasbourg, and then went to Frankfort-on-the-Main, where and in the surrounding cities, Mayence, Hanau, Offenbach, &c., he gave concerts, after the American fashion, almost daily. In the first weeks of July he was to play at Bad Nauheim, at Bad-Homburg, at Weisbaden, Baden-Baden, and all the Bads and Badens. Next he proposes a concert tour in Switzerland and Italy, and then to pass the winter in Vienna, Hungary, &c. When he gets weary, we hope he will seek rest once more in America......There is a story of Mme. GEORGE SAND having presented to ROSSINI, now in Paris, the libretto for a new opera. Few persons have a better understanding of the requirements of the lyric drama than George Sand, if we may judge from one of her most interesting Art novels, *Le Chateau de Desert*, as well as from *Consuelo*, which are full of the true philosophy of lyric Art. And no one living can compose such operatic music as the veteran author of "the Barber" and of "William Tell"—if he only *would!*

The Princess MARCELINE CZARTORYSKA lately proposed a concert in England in aid of the funds of the Polish Association. The Princess belongs to the distinguished family of Radzivill. Her house has long been a centre of Art and Music in Paris, where she studied under the Polish composer and pianist, CHOPIN, and became his most distinguished pupil. The Marquis of Breadalbane, president of the Polish Association, hearing of her proposal, immediately placed his mansion in Park lane at her disposal, and the concert was to take place on the 15th of July.

The programme for the Birmingham Festival is issued. The committee have engaged Mesdames GRISI, CASTELLAN, BOSIO, and RUDERSDORFF as principal *soprani*. The tenors are to be Sig. MARIO and Mr. SIMS REEVES, Sig. GARDONI, and Herr REICHARDT; the *mezzo-soprano*, Miss DOLBY. The basses will be Signor LABLACHE, Mr. WEISS, and Herr FORMES. On the first morning "Elijah" will be performed; on the second, Sig. COSTA's new Oratorio, "Eli"; on the third, "The Messiah"; on the fourth, "The Mount of Olives", MOZART's "Requiem," and a selection from "Israel in Egypt". The three Evening Concerts will be chiefly miscellaneous music, including Mr. MACFARREN's Cantata, "Lenora."......The *Athenæum* learns on tolerable authority that a young lady of the KEMBLE family may presently attempt to continue the long career of service done to Art by those of her name, as a singer.......The sixth and last concert of the New Philharmonic Society, in London, took place on the 4th, HECTOR BERLIOZ being conductor. The programme included Berlioz's *Harold* symphony, which the *Times* praises; MENDELSSOHN's first symphony, (in C minor), written when he was a boy; the overture to *Fidelio*, and that to *Abelino*, by PRAEGER, which the *Times* does *not* praise; a piano Concerto by HENSELT, played by KLINDWORTH; Mr. HOWARD GLOVER's setting of "Tam O'Shanter", a Cantata, which seems to have been admired; and vocal solos, sung by Mdlle. FALCONI and Mme. AMADEI.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JULY 28, 1855.

Our Music Table.

If all other music goes to sleep in these breezeless, sultry dog-days, there is one branch of musical activity which never sleeps nor rests. The ceaseless writing, arranging, compiling, publishing, re-publishing, advertising, puffing, selling, still goes on. An examination of the pile of new publications that accumulates upon a musical reviewer's table in any month's time, shows pretty clearly how the case stands with us as to musical taste, among the many and the few. It illustrates our musical history for the season past; exhibits the complexion and materials of our various concert, choir, and private musical enjoyments. For that is published, and that only, which has excited interest in the performance, or which the army of hack composers think to be sufficiently in the vein and style and tendency that is just now appreciated. Above all, that is published, which the greatest number can and will sing or play; at the same time not a few things which demand the rarest powers of execution. Well, in the absence of more pressing topics, let us again turn over what we find upon our music table; we will snatch up one work after another at a venture, sitting in judgment as the curate and the housekeeper did upon the library of the renowned knight of La Mancha, and at least read their titles before they go to the flames, for we may find something valuable and worth preserving. But much of this will get itself forgotten fast enough without the trouble of burning, and is too weak and innocent a kind of stuff to endanger the wits of any imaginative gentleman. To begin, then:

1. What has Mr. Ditson sent us here? The "Overture to *Tannhäuser*, arranged for the Piano, by RICHARD WAGNER." This *is* romantic, and might have had a place among the good knight's chivalry books. What shall we say of this? Of the overture itself, in its original form for orchestra, we have often enough had our say. The London critics to the contrary, it is the most original, bold, rich, imaginative and interesting overture that has appeared since those by Weber and Mendelssohn, and is sure to captivate an unbiassed audience. If Wagner is as bad a composer as they say, *this* composition does him more than justice. But arranged for the piano! Those crowded harmonies, those cunning, rapid, figurative passages, those contrasted masses of instrumental coloring, how are they to be got under the control of two hands? how even indicated—the form only, without color—by any hands but Liszt's? Nevertheless every pianist, or even amateur, who has heard the orchestra and is interested in new music, will find it a convenient form for reference. It is as clever a reduction as perhaps could be made, by the late THEODORE UHLIG, Wagner's friend, and it suggests, recalls the whole. It speaks to the eye, and so to the mind, even if it defy the fingers, which it does not in some parts, as the noble opening pilgrim's chant. It is well worth the small price, then, to have such a reminder of all the essential ideas and features of so remarkable a work.

2. Here again comes Mr. Ditson's "Harp of

Italy." It has got some new strings, since we last sounded it. In the first place the quartet: *A te o cara*, of GRISI and MARIO memory, from *I Puritani*, and the loveliest piece of writing that we know in all BELLINI's works. Then: *L' usato ardir*, the solemn trio from the last scene of ROSSINI's *Semiramide*. A sextet (*La sacrilega parola*) from DONIZETTI's "Martyrs"—not too much harping on that string, we pray! —*S' appressan gl' istanti*; Quintet from *Nabucco*,—a good specimen of VERDI's concerted music. *Vicino a chi s' adora*, the fine quartet for soprano, two tenors and bass, from MERCADANTE's *Il Giuramento*. Verily a string for each of the leading masters of Italian opera!

3. The one really good thing from *Rigoletto*, the quartet: *Bella figlia dell' amore*, forming No. 11 of Ditson's "Beauties" of that opera. It is perhaps VERDI's most ingenious piece of part-writing, worked up with great effect, and has contrasted, characteristic melodies: a pure, fond, maidenly, betrayed soprano; a laughing contralto; a seductive tenor; and a revengeful bass.

4. What next?—A whole batch of waltzes, polkas, redowas, mazurkas, by all sorts of writers, and from all sorts of publishers. Also sentimental songs and ballads, for lisping boarding-school misses, who are perhaps among the best patrons of the music-trade. "Sad news from home," and "Glad news from home," with full length portrait of the author, &c. &c. Out of the window with them all! quoth the housekeeper; Amen! quoth the curate. Nay,—says the niece, save a pile of them, to look them over at more leisure; some of them may do for me, to dance by. Here's a pretty mazurka now; *Son premier regard*, "Her first Look," charming title, *dediée aux dames*, by PIERRE BERTHOUD, one of the most sparkling and clever of the tribe. Ditson has it.

5. G. P. Reed & Co. continue their "Selections from *Il Trovatore*, by VERDI." Selected and transposed by Sig. A. BENDELARI; translated by C. J. SPRAGUE. Here we have No. 3, *Ah si, ben mio*, an adagio for tenor, a mixture of cantabile and those declamatory *forzando* passages of high notes, of which Verdi is so fond. No. 5. Another adagio for soprano: *D'amor sull'ali rosee*; rather a wild and touching melody, with very florid cadence. No. 8. Terzettino, the little trio in the prison scene between Leonora, Azucena and Manrico, representing one of the most harrowing moments of the play. The *Trovatore* has not yet fully had its run; its admirers are for the time being many. Whether they will admire the music as much, when they come to try it at their own pianos, the present publications will test. Were we to send them all out of the window, to burn with the other rubbish, they might go to the tune of the first one: *Stride la vampa*, which, we have already noticed.

6. From the same publishers we have "Fifty Studies for the Piano-Forte, by CARL CZERNY," issued in six Books. The two first books, now before us, contain sixteen studies, of two or three pages each in length, each enforcing attention to some one particular feature of the *Art of fingering with facility*, the whole forming a sequel to the author's *Etude de la Velocité*. The pieces are gracefully conceived, serve their special mechanical object well, and are not uninteresting.

7. From the same, two compositions by the brilliant and accomplished young pianist, GUSTAV SATTER. The first is an *Etude de Concert*, called *Rêve*, or "Dream". It is a whirling tarantella movement, time *prestissimo*, quite ingenious and graceful, and must be effective when played with facility and spirit. The other is a Nocturne: *Minuit*, or "Midnight", of a pensive, sentimental cast, also very pleasing.

8. "Sleep in sweet Repose", a Cradle Song, by W. TAUBERT, with German and English words. (G. P. Reed & Co) Both words and melody are charming. Whatever our friend, the "Diarist", and others may think of Taubert's heavier compositions, no man has written such exquisitely sweet and funny songs for children. He has composed a whole Mother Goose library of such, which are among the quaintest, prettiest and most natural things that ever blossomed in the fields of song.

9. "From grave to gay, from lively to severe." Here we find quite other food for contemplation—or for fire. "The American Harp, a collection of new and original Church Music, by CHARLES ZEUNER;" reprinted from the original edition by O. Ditson. What! another of the everlasting tile-shaped books of psalmody! Will men never have done multiplying, by thorough-bass square and rule, their monotonous variations of this short old homely pattern? Away with it out of the window! Hold there! says the curate, this Zeuner has done the church and choir some service in his day. This is an *old* book, although it looks so new, twenty years old at least, and one that did much to refresh the lovers of good psalmody at that day and since. It is well worthy to be reprinted; for no man recently has shown so much original invention in composing within the short span of a psalm-tune, as Zeuner, or has embodied so much sound musicianship in forms so plain and humble. His harmonies smack of the rich German raciness and variety, without being artificial and affected; his four parts move together with a clear individuality; his rhythmical forms are often bold and novel, in keeping with the words and spirit of the several hymns, and this was the charm which first seized upon our singers, in such tunes as "Missionary Chant", "Luther's Chant", "Cenchrea Chant", "Calvin", "Melancthon", &c. Present examination satisfies us that even better tunes than these have lain latent in the book. The Anthems and Motets, too, are of the best in vogue. Without therefore changing our conviction that it would be better for the cause of Sacred Music, if this great, multifarious mass of thousands upon thousands of psalm tunes could be winnowed down to the solid and enduring grain of a few hundreds of the best, the oldest, most familiar, venerable tunes, and if the energies expended in multiplying variations of this plain type could go into larger forms of composition, we are really glad to see revived this notable production of Charles Zeuner.

10. *O Salutaris Hostia*, solo for tenor voice, with accompaniment for the organ or piano, by HARRISON MILLARD, (published by Nathan Richardson, Musical Exchange.) This is an offertory piece which the author himself has sung with great acceptance in the Catholic Cathedral in Franklin street.—It is in a flowing, melodious style, showing the traces of the influence of some of Haydn's easier masses, though perhaps more in the Italian vein, in the spirit of Bellini or Donizetti. It has melody and expression and must be useful in the Catholic service.

Here we pause for the present. We have not come across anything particularly classical this time, no Beethoven Sonatas or Mendelssohn *Lieder*, or Chopin Etudes and Preludes. But these did not require to be rescued. They are all safely laid up on our best shelves for permanence, and could not possibly come in question, as to the feeding of our La Mancha bonfire. Let us remind our readers, however—it may do some of them a service—that Ditson has completed his edition of the SONATAS of BEETHOVEN, and offers them all bound up (the whole thirty-six or more of them) in two volumes at the low price of $7,50 a volume.

OUR SELECTIONS.—Our first pages this week are loaded with pretty solid matter, which we willingly allow to offset the editorial lightness in this hot weather. The translations from WAGNER and from MARX may be found hard reading; they have an unforbidding exterior, couched in long German sentences, bristling like fields of bearded grain. But grind them, there is wheat in them.

A Suggestion.

MR. EDITOR:—I wish very much to obtain a fine bust of BEETHOVEN, and should like to ask if it would be possible to have one modelled from CRAWFORD's statue. If no copies have already been made, and the plan is *practicable*, would it not be well for some resident of Boston to open subscription papers for this purpose? I fancy many of those who intend being present at the inauguration of this statue in the Music Hall, next autumn, will be very glad to take to their distant homes a more substantial souvenir of the day than its simple memory, vivid as that will probably be; and by such, an opportunity of procuring a fine bust of the "great master" would be joyfully greeted.

——, *Mass.* MARCELLA.

MISS HENSLER's CONCERT.—We understand an extra boat will leave Liverpool Wharf for Nahant at *half past seven*, this evening, and return at *eleven*.

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Translated for this Journal.

The Life of Music,

From A. B. MARX's "Music of the Nineteenth Century."

[Continued from p 130]

In the completion of the life-circle just described we see again the necessity of a higher progress.

In the sense of tune (or sound modulated to the play of our own moods) the soul becomes conscious of its own tendency and of its relation to the outer world, but as yet vaguely and as it were encompassed by deep twilight, in an uncertain, wavering state, like the rudderless skiff abandoned to the play of waves and winds. Very justly, years since, has NAEGELI (in his too soon forgotten lectures upon Music) maintained that Music does not give, does not determine feelings, it dissolves them; he was right as regards the music of mere moods, the only music that he knew. For this indeed excites moods and thereby calls up definite feelings and conceptions; but it shifts and alternates, as it is the nature of moods, according to the degree of tension and direction, and its last result is that *chiaro-oscuro* again, which leaves all in question. In the same way HEGEL justly maintains: "The tone-realm has indeed a relation to the mind and a correspondence with its spiritual emotions; but it never really gets beyond a more and more vague sympathy." He too has had no conception of any other Tone-Art, than this which weaves continually amid moods.

Every observer must by his own reflection have gone farther, even if Art had not already made the necessary progress.

In this wavering twilight state the soul of man cannot find ultimate satisfaction; he must have turned from an Art that could not lead him farther. For all growth of consciousness is a pressing onward out of darkness and uncertainty into light and distinctness; the infant at first distinguishes only light and darkness, then it recognizes forms as a whole; first it grasps with eager little hands whatever is presented to it, then it finds some things desirable, and despises other things. The mood is the general expression of the moment; the same mood persisted in becomes a fixed desire, and rises to a passion; the return of the same mood marks a determinate state of mind, becomes a trait of character. Describe the course of your moods fully and naturally to one who understands men, and you give him a conception of your state and nature,—he will unriddle you. And upon this way, which his insight finds into your heart, the single moment itself, which at first seemed only a vague, wavering mood or vibration of the soul's chords, will gain a sharper, perhaps an entirely distinct significance.

Let us pause here upon this first point. Its traces appear early in the history of Art.

If the Oriental nations for thousands of years held firmly to their five-toned scale (f, g, a, c, d), while at the same time they knew the intermediate tones and used them in another connection (g, a, b (b♭), d, e);—if the old Church scales or Modes (see my "Theory of Composition") drew around themselves such strict limits: what could have been the ground of this striking abstinence (which was not the humor of an individual, but the tendency of the whole age and of all the nations) unless it were the internal conviction, that precisely this circle of tones was the accurate expression of the enduring popular feeling, or of one of its predominant and oft-recurring moods, —in a word that its expression was characteristic? And this recognition was so certain, that even now, upon our present height of freest and all-sided command in the realm of tones, the power of that expression is preserved and frequently appears undesignedly. The Chorales of that age are still effective in their predetermined character; BEETHOVEN's Lydian song of thanksgiving (op. 132) found its peculiar expression in that scale; I too, in my hymns for six male voices, was led into the Mixo-Lydian and Phrygian Church Mode, and in the first aria of "Moses" quite unconsciously (for the historical precedent at that time was not entirely clear to me) into the primitive tone-sequence of the East; the middle age harmonies, too, in their mystical, now vanishing and now reappearing connection and strangeness have floated about LISZT's imagination in several of his *Harmonies Religieuses*.

If all this may be called mere echo of past times, we have, quite externally, and therefore all the more distinctly, a firm trace of progress even in those first works of Beethoven, in which he still moves in the path of his predecessors, HAYDN and MOZART. Compare such works, for instance, as the C major, the D major, the B flat major, the F major Symphony, the Sonatas op. 10, 53, 106, with the like works of his predecessors: you find two deviations which cannot escape the most superficial observation. In the first place, the melodies with Beethoven have become larger; outwardly regarded, they are longer, and pursue more steadfastly one subject and direction; accordingly there are fewer of them than with Mozart especially, who is fond (as in his *Figaro* overture, the first sentences in his Symphony in C, and his Sonata in F in the first set) of stringing together two or three different sentences. And in the second place, the working up of the motives and the sentences is richer and at the same time more persistent; from which it follows naturally enough, that Beethoven in his finales (as it seems to me) frequently arrives too late at the conclusion. Whether this last remark be right or wrong, how much is said in all this? That Beethoven lingers longer with his passages; which is as much as to say, that he continues longer in the same mood; that this mood, which is so changeable with Mozart, has become with Beethoven a fixed, determined feeling. Haydn in this stands nearer to Beethoven than to Mozart, only that his subject-matter, especially in his symphonies, is by far more uniform,—the same childlike joy, jubilant and resounding like the people's song,—the same pleasant, lively satisfaction even in his tranquil moments, like an uninterrupted thanksgiving in a life so smooth and cheerful.

Here we must resume the thread of our investigation.

So soon as our Art has passed from the sphere of fluctuating moods into that higher sphere, where moods are firmly held and psychologically unfolded into true types of life and character, then has there dawned for it the day of higher truth and higher existence, the day of creation. For truth presupposes some determined course or tenor, which we would pursue and keep; each existence must separate itself from the universal and round itself off into an individual selfhood; creating is shaping, definite shaping, and not vague outpouring. The Middle Age with its ORLANDO LASSO, PALESTRINA, ALLEGRI, down to past the time of ALESSANDRO SCARLATTI into the old Italian opera, was only able to shape in respect to form; its counterpoints ran on as they were obliged to; its harmonies joined themselves to one another like crystal vessels merely to contain the consecrated word of divine service and hold it up before the congregation, like a pyx of silver sounds. Individual life, life of any peculiar and persistent tenor, only appeared in rare, brief moments,—for instance somewhat in that

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Benedictus of GABRIELI, cited in my "Theory of Composition". Beyond the expressioo of single moods or moments the old Italian Opera and its twin-brother, the Oratorio, with its echoes in England (PURCELL) and in Germany (HASSE, GRAUN, NAUMANN) never go; nor does the German national lyric drama of REINHARDT and KEYSER, nor the French opera: HANDEL is the first who gives us more fixed types of character; and even he oscillates back quite frequently into the vague, into mere musico-crystallic formalism, where tone springs after tone and motives are spun out without any deeper necessity or meaning than to give freer, wider play to tones and voices.

No sooner does the thought become definite and characteristic, than the composer has revealed to him what there is characteristic in the musical intervals. It had existed naturally from forever, indeed it often presented itself in the most naive and striking manner in the people's songs; we meet it in the lays of the Minnesingers, in the German and Scandinavian national melodies, in the Church tunes, as that Phrygian one: *Aus tiefer Noth*, in *Ein fester Burg*, &c. Scattered everywhere, but nowhere more frequently than in those primitive Gaelic people's songs (which we owe to England) we find the tuneful vitality of the East, in which a whole family of nations have poured out their inmost experience, full of strife, of love, of sorrow and adventure. More conscious and more powerful is the striking significance of the intervals in Handel's songs, in those arias from "Semele" and "Saul", in the grand moments of his choruses, although the master in the tempest of his crowded life and in the hurry in which he composed his oratorios, often had to surrender himself to the traditional play of tones, to a conventional even if it were a grand manner. But no one, either before or since, has equalled SEBASTIAN BACH in the deep aod truest apprehension of the characteristic. In the recitatives of his Matthew "Passion" there is absolutely not a tone set otherwise than in a pure and perfect truthfulness, according to the most precise and characteristic meaning of the intervals; we can almost say as much of many airs, of the Matthew choruses and of many others of his works; even in a portion of his piano and organ works we may trace this quality of truthfulness and significance, although here for the most part it is sometimes mere mood and sometimes mere tone-play that predominated.

It was under the control of this deep insight into the tone-life, it was in this master, that Harmony in all its rationality was developed in such richness, such logical consistency, and such significance as it has been the task of the theory of composition to make understood. Whatever has been discovered or created by later musicians, has necessarily—so far as it was not chance suggestion without consequences—conformed itself to that trait of profound truth and rationality, which was revealed and vouchsafed to the old master for his service to the Holy Scripture.

When the art of representing character had acquired power, it could now set up different characters, person against person, and illustrate the type of one through the countertype of another. The Middle Age had wrought in Counterpoint, because it had to do so; even PALESTRINA was unable to introduce dialogue into his lofty song otherwise than by two antiphonal choirs; nay even in secular and stage representations, instead of the acting individuals, choruses responded to one another from behind the scenes; even HEINRICH SCHUETZ required a full chorus of voices for the words of Christ, who speaks to Paul in person as an individual man (or as the departed spirit of an individual). What was here a necessity of undeveloped Art, could now shape itself into real polyphony, into the placing of one voice against another, each of peculiar character and tenor.

We freely confess, that our Art is not capable of bringing a character, an object so distinctly and perfectly before the eye, as poetry and sculpture. But by way of compensation it has the advantage over the latter of the power of progressive developmeot, and over the former of making several different and opposite characters speak at the same time. It may not name or divine who you are; but it brings before us all the stirrings of your soul, and makes them audible, and from them we feel and can divine who and how you are. And it places you among your equals and your adversaries, and brings you all before us, as you live and breathe and sound, so that we perceive the being and the nature of the one in that of the other in its fulness. It is a progressive monologue, full of colloquial, dialectic matter, two or more-sided, like the dialogues of Plato, but artistically treated with the advantage of really dramatic contrasts and antagonisms.

[To be continued.]

New Views of Opera.

[Extracts from RICHARD WAGNER'S "Opera and Drama," as translated by the London *Musical World*.]

V. "EMANCIPATION OF THE MASSES"—THE CHORUS.

Let us now consider in what the influence of the *national* element upon melody, and through the latter, upon opera, consisted.

The *popular* element has always been the fructifying source of all Art, as long as—free from all reflection—in its natural growth, it could raise itself to a work of Art. In society, as in Art, we have only been living on the people, without knowing it. When, at the greatest distance from the people, we held the fruit on which we existed, to be manna, falling just as it pleased Heaven, into the chops of us privileged persons, the elect of God, men of wealth, and geniuses. When we had, however, squandered away the manna, we cast a hungry look at the fruit trees upon earth, and, as robbers by the grace of God, with bold, robber-like consciousness, despoiled them of their fruit, perfectly indifferent as to whether we had planted or tended them; nay, more—we pulled up the trees themselves to the very roots, in order to see whether we could not render even the latter palatable, or, at any rate, fit to be swallowed. In this manner did we pillage the entire natural wood of the people, until we, at last, now stand, *like them*, naked, hungry beggars.

Thus, then, has operatic music, also, when it became conscious of its complete incapability of procreation, and the drying-up of all its genius, flung itself upon the people's song, which it has sucked dry to the very roots, the fibrous remains of which it now throws to the people as their wretched unhealthy food. But even operatic melody itself has no prospect of fresh nourishment; it has swallowed up every thing it could swallow up; without the possibility of fresh fructification, it is dying unfruitful; it is now gnawing itself with the agony of a ravenous person at the point of death, while German Art-critics call this repulsive self-devouring "a striving after higher characteristic," having previously baptized the act of overthrowing the pillaged fruit-trees the "Emancipation of the Masses"!

The operatic composer was unable to comprehend the true popular element; in order to be able to do this, it would have been necessary for him to have created in the spirit and according to the peculiar views of the people; that is, to have himself formed part of the people. He could only comprehend the *especial* element, in which the peculiarity of the popular element manifests itself, and this is the *national* element. The coloring of nationality, already completely obliterated among the higher classes, only existed in *those* portions of the people who, bound to the soil of the field, the river bank, or the valley, were restrained from all fructifying interchanges of their peculiarities. It was, therefore, only something that had become stiff and stereotyped that fell into the hands of the plunderers before mentioned. As every peculiarity, no matter of what kind, in the fashion of the various foreign national costumes, previously unnoticed, was employed in unnatural finery, so in opera, a number of separate traits, in melody and rhythm, detached from the life of obscure nationalities, were placed upon the piebald framework of worn-out, empty forms.

This mode of proceeding, however, necessarily exercised upon the bearing of this kind of opera an influence which we have now to consider more closely, an influence which consists in the change of the relative positions of the factors of the opera, and which, as we have already said, was received as the "*Emancipation of the Masses.*"

Every artistic tendency approaches more nearly perfection in exactly the same degree that it gains the power of more solid, clearer and surer form. The people, who, in the beginning, utter their astonishment at the wide-working wonders of nature, in exclamations of lyrical feeling, poetically raise, in order to master the object that thus excites their astonishment, the wide-branching natural phenomenon into a god, and then the god into a hero. In this hero, as their own image, they recognize themselves, and celebrate his deeds in epic poetry, while they actually represent them in the drama. Stepping from out the chorus, the tragic hero of the Greeks looked back and said to it: "See, thus does a man really Act; what you celebrate in opinions and maxims, I place before you as indisputably true and necessary." Greek tragedy comprehended, in the chorus and the hero, the public and the work of Art; the latter was directly presented in tragedy, with the opinion on itself—as the poetical view of the matter—to the people, and the drama ripened as a work of Art exactly in the same proportion that the explanatory judgment of the chorus was so irrefutably expressed in the actions of the heroes themselves, that the chorus would step completely off the stage among the people themselves, and assist as vivifying and realizing participators of the action—as such. Shakspeare's tragedy most undoubtedly stands so far above that of the Greeks, inasmuch as it has completely overcome the necessity of the chorus to the artistic technical details. In Shakspeare, the chorus is merged in individuals participating in the action, and behaving as entirely in obedience to the same individual necessity of opinion and position as the principal hero himself, while even their apparent subordination within the artistic outline is only evident from their further points of contact with the principal hero, but not at all from any fundamental technical contempt for the secondary personages; for, in every case, the most subordinate character has to take part in the principal action, and expresses himself completely in accordance with his own characteristic, free mode of thinking.

That Shakspeare's decided and well defined characters have in the subsequent course of modern dramatic Art continued to lose more and more of their plastic individuality, and sunk to mere fixed dramatic masks without any individuality at all, is to be attributed to the influence of a State system arranging everything according to a settled order of rank, and oppressing more and more the right of free individuality with fatal violence. The phantasmagoria of such character-masks as these—inwardly hollow, and destitute of all individuality—was the dramatic basis of opera. The more unsubstantial the personages behind these masks, the better adapted were they considered for singing the operatic air. "Prince and

Princess"—such is the whole dramatic axis round which opera turned, and—when viewed in the light—still turns. Anything like an element of individuality could only be bestowed upon such operatic masks by outward touches, and, finally, it became necessary for the peculiar locality of the scene of action to supply the place of that which they had once for all inwardly lost. When composers had completely exhausted the productivity of their art, and been obliged to borrow local melody from the people, they ended by clutching at the entire locality itself: scenery, dresses, and that which had to fill them out, the accessories capable of movement—the *operatic chorus* became, at last, the principal thing—the opera itself, which was compelled to cast, from all sides, its flickering light upon "Prince and Princess" in order to preserve the unfortunate beings in their painted vocal existence.

Thus was the revolution of the drama fulfilled to its deadly disgrace; the individual characters to which the chorus of the people once raised itself by the aid of poetry, were hurried away in a stream of chequered, mass-like accessories, without a centre. We regard as such accessories the whole prodigious scenic apparatus, which cries to us, through machinery, painted linen and motley attire, as the voice of the chorus: "I am myself, and there is no opera without me!"

It is true that noble-minded artists had previously availed themselves of the national element as an ornament; but with them it could only exercise a sweet and charming spell in those cases where it was added as appropriate and requisite for a dramatic subject animated by characteristic action, and where it was introduced without any ostentation. How admirably could Mozart give a national coloring to his "Osmin," and his "Figaro," without seeking for it in Turkey or Spain, or even in books. But "Osmin" and "Figaro" were actual, individual characters, happily conceived by the poet; endowed by the musician with true expression, and not to be missed by any performer of sound feeling. The national additions of our modern operatic composers, however, are not employed upon such individualities, but intended to impart, in the first place, to something of itself completely without distinctive character a foundation in some way characteristic, for the purpose of animating and justifying an existence naturally indifferent and colorless. The point to which all sound popular element tends, the *purely human* characterizing principle, is, in our operas, altogether wasted, as a colorless insignificant mask for singers of airs, and this mask is only to be artificially animated by the reflection of the surrounding color, for which reason the color of the accessories is daubed on in the most glaring and conspicuous manner.

In order to animate the desolate stage around the singers of airs, the *people*, after having been robbed of their melody, were, at last, brought on the stage itself; of course, however, it could not be that people which discovered the melody in question, but the docile, well schooled *mass*, that marched up and down to the time of the operatic air. *That* people was not required, but the *mass*, that is to say, the material remains of the people, whose living spirit had been sucked dry. The mass-like chorus of our modern opera is nothing more than the scenery and machinery of the theatre endowed with the power of walking and singing—the dumb splendor of the *coulisses* changed into moving noise. The "Prince and Princess," with the best will in the world, had not anything else to say for themselves than their flourishing airs which had been heard a thousand times; at last, an attempt was made to vary the theme by causing the whole theatre, from the *coulisses* to the chorus, that had been increased a hundred fold, to sing the sad air with them, and that, too—the greater the effect to be produced—no longer in several parts, but in really tumultuous consonance. In the "Unison," at present become so celebrated, the true pith of the reason for the employment of masses is most evidently manifested, and, *in the operatic sense*, we hear most assuredly the masses "emancipated," when, in the most celebrated passages of the most celebrated operas, we hear them execute the old worn-out air in hundred-voiced unisonance.—Thus it is, too, that our present system of State has emancipated the masses, when it makes them, in military uniform, march in batallions, wheel to the left and to the right, and shoulder and present arms; when Meyerbeer's *Huguenots* rise to the greatest height, we *hear* in it what we *see* in a batallion of the Prussian Guard. German writers call this—as we have already said—the emancipation of the masses.

Memoirs of Field.

John Field was born in England, about the year 1780, and had the good fortune to become a Piano-forte pupil of the great Clementi, whom he accompanied at various times to Paris, where his first performance as a solo player so delighted all the musical judges who were present, that they did not hesitate to indulge the hope of soon seeing him the first piano-forte player in the world. After Field had by incessant practice brought his mechanical powers to the highest degree of perfection, and had published in London several of his shorter compositions for the piano-forte, he accompanied his beloved master on the grand tour which the latter made in the year 1802, through France, Germany, and Russia. It was on Field's third visit to Paris, in company with Clementi, that his playing excited the most extraordinary attention; the perfect and incomparable manner in which he performed the celebrated Fugues of John Sebastian Bach, "and which in more recent times has delighted the best judges who have heard him," excited in an especial manner the astonishment of the Parisians. He himself was accustomed to maintain, that to play one of these pieces as it ought to be played, it was necessary to study it thoroughly one month, and to devote another to the practice of it. On their arrival at Vienna, where Field's performance was also exceedingly admired, Clementi advised his pupil to place himself under the celebrated Albrechtsberger, in order that he might become better acquainted with the contrapuntal branch of his art. Field readily consented; but when the time for Clementi's departure from Vienna, arrived, Field could not make up his mind to the separation, and prayed, with tears in his eyes, to be taken with him to St. Petersburg. His request was granted, and on their arrival in the golden city of the North, Clementi introduced his pupil to all his innumerable friends, whose astonishment at his admirable performance was unbounded. On Clementi's departure for the South, Field remained at St. Petersburg, where he was found on his master's return to that city, in somewhat less than a year afterwards, so honored and so esteemed, that he might very properly have been named the ideal of musical perfection of the Russians, and he enjoyed this distinction not unjustly. All unprejudiced musicians who heard him at that period, are unanimous in the opinion that he stood quite alone and unrivalled, and that his touch and tone were the most perfect that it is possible to conceive. His mode of holding his hands on the instrument was worthy of imitation; his fingers alone played, without any unnecessary movement of the hand and arm, each finger striking the key with such mechanical power and nicety, that he was enabled to produce the loudest as well as the softest tones, the shortest as well as the longest notes, in equal perfection, without the slightest visible effort. As he never sought to excite the astonishment of the uninitiated by apparent difficulties and unparalleled rapidity of execution, it may readily be conceived that he did not like to play upon instruments whose touch was so easy that their keys would move as it were with a breath. It is true there are those who maintain that it is necessary to make use of such instruments in bravura playing: this was not Field's style; yet so charming and so successful was he in the execution of the minutest passages, that even Hummel, in his best days, could only be pronounced second to him.

It can afford little satisfaction to learn that there have been those who have idly carped at his performance; this much, however, is certain, that all who have heard him, not excepting perhaps these hypercritics, have been improved by it. But it requires perseverance, and more power than many will believe, to play in that elevated style which he has chosen—a style of which many give their opinion without in the slightest degree comprehending it. It is, therefore, not to be wondered at if his compositions do not answer the expectations of all,—at least of all piano-forte players; for his wonderful and in some degree most lovely and dream-like trifles, require throughout a perfect and beautiful touch, a singing tone, and that delicate, decided, and often piquant expression so peculiar to the composer. His style of piano-forte playing has been compared to Catalani's style of singing; those who made the comparison, adjudging to Field the advantage of a still superior taste.

Under all the circumstances we have stated, one cannot be surprised to find that instruction by him was eagerly sought and most liberally rewarded. So little, however, did he contrive to become a rich man, that he is said on the contrary to have occasionally experienced the inconveniences resulting from an opposite condition of affairs. He was always a good-tempered, and somewhat child-like man, whom, notwithstanding, it would be great injustice to accuse of any deficiency of mind. But a certain, and far from common, personal indifference, was, however, peculiar to him, which though we may pardon it in so great an artist, occasioned him many annoyances.

In the year 1822, Field determined, on what grounds has never yet been rightly ascertained, to quit St. Petersburg, and take up his residence at Moscow. He is said to have alleged as a reason for doing so, that his art was more extensively patronized in the latter city, than it was at St. Petersburg. Whether it were so or not, to Moscow he went in 1822, and by his first public concert there, netted no less a sum than 6000 rubles; while his accession of pupils of both sexes was incredibly great. It became the fashion to be a scholar of Field's; and the consequence was, that parents brought their children to him from the most remote parts of the empire, that they might have it said of them, they had been taught by Field. Until at length he gave his lessons occasionally, while lying in his bed in an adjoining chamber.* From Moscow, Field took several journeys into Courland and Livonia, occasionally residing for some time in one or other of those countries. Journeys of greater extent he did not very readily undertake. He seemed quite unwilling to visit Germany, the very land of harmony. He knew his own weakness in this branch of music. While the natural fondness which we feel to the habits which we have contracted, and his enjoyment of the social life of Moscow, which had given him a slight fondness for the wine cup, are the causes chiefly to be blamed for his keeping himself so long secluded in the regions of the North.

At length, in the year 1829, he resolved to take a trip by water to London, a resolution which he, however, did not carry into effect until the year 1832. From London he proceeded to Paris, when some disappointment was expressed that his playing was no longer distinguished by the same power and beauty, for which it had formerly been so remarkable. In 1833, we find him in the south of France, on a grand professional tour, wandering from Toulouse towards the East, gathering fresh laurels in every city that he visited. In 1834 he left Geneva for Italy, where little was heard of him except at Milan. On his arrival at Naples, he was seized with a dangerous illness, which compelled him to remain there until the summer of 1835, during which time there is reason to fear he labored under many privations. He is said to have left Naples for Russia in the company of a Russian family.

Field was married some years in Russia to a French lady, from whom, however, he had long been separated. Like her husband, she too was a piano-forte player, and exhibited publicly at Kiew, with, it is said, very indifferent success.

* Chopin is said to have been his pupil at this time, but there must be some mistake in this statement, as Chopin, ardently as he desired it, had neither seen nor heard Field up to the year 1828 or 1829.

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The following are regarded as the principal of Field's compositions: Three Sonatas for the piano-forte, dedicated to his master, Muzio Clementi. These were followed by some Rondos and Romances for that instrument; 'Deux airs en Rouleaux'; 'Variat. sur un air Russe, pour piano à 4 mains;' a waltz for four hands, which may also be styled a Rondo; 'Air du bon Roi Henry IV. avec accomp. de piano, varié;' (the text added to this piece contains the words with which the Emperor Alexander was greeted at the grand Opera, on the first taking of Paris, and also the text with which he was received in the Theatre at Russia on his return.) 'Chanson Russe, varié,' (seven variations in D minor.) His most celebrated works are, however, his 'Notturnos,' of which the first three appeared in 1816, the fourth and fifth shortly afterwards, and the last, after a long interval, in 1835. He has likewise written several concertos, of which the six first were played by him in 1820, and prepared for the press. The commencement of the seventh was likewise played by him at Moscow, in 1822, although it was only published for the first time in 1835.

[The above was written during the life-time of Field. He died in Russia, January 11th, 1837. Ed.]

A DEAD ROSE.

BY ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

O rose! who dares to name thee?
No longer roseate now, nor soft nor sweet;
But pale, and hard, and dry as stubble-wheat,
Kept seven years in a drawer—thy title shame thee!

The breeze that used to blow thee,
Between the hedge-row thorns, and take away
An odor up the lane to last all day,—
If breathing now,—unsweetened would forego thee.

The sun that used to smite thee,
And mix his glory in thy gorgeous urn,
Till beam appeared to bloom, and flowers to burn,
If shining now,—with not a hue would light thee.

The dew that used to wet thee,
And, white first, grew incarnadined, because
It lay upon thee where the crimson was,—
If dropping now,—would darken where it met thee.

The fly that lit upon thee,
To stretch the tendrils of its tiny feet,
Along thy leaf's pure edges, after heat,—
If lighting now,—would coldly overrun thee.

The bee that once did suck thee,
And build thy perfumed ambers up his hive,
And swoon in thee for joy, till scarce alive,—
If passing now,—would blindly overlook thee.

The heart doth recognize thee,
Alone, alone! The heart doth smell thee sweet,
Doth view thee fair, doth judge thee most complete—
Though seeing now those changes that disguise thee.

Yes, and the heart doth owe thee
More love, dead rose! than to such roses bold
As Julia wears at dances, smiling cold!—
Lie still upon this heart,—which breaks below thee.

Everything in a Great Name.

BY F. LISZT.

When I was very young, I often amused myself with playing school-boy tricks, of which my auditors never failed to become the dupes. I would play the same piece, at one time as of Beethoven; at another as of Czerny; and lastly as my own. The occasion on which I passed myself off for the author, I received both protection and encouragement: "it really was not bad for my age." The day I played it under the name of Czerny, I was not listened to: but when I played it as being the composition of Beethoven, I made dead certain of the "bravos" of the whole assembly. The name of Beethoven brings to my recollection another incident, which confirms my notions of the artistical capacity of the dilettanti. You know that for several years, the band of the Conservatorio have undertaken to present the public with his symphonies. Now his glory is consecrated: the most ignorant among the ignorant, shelter themselves behind his colossal name; and even envy herself, in her impotence, avails herself of it, as with a club, to crush all contemporary writers who appear to elevate themselves above their fellows. Wishing to carry out the idea of the Conservatorio, (very imperfectly, for sufficient time was not allowed me,) I this winter devoted several musical performances almost exclusively to the bringing forward duets, trios, and quintets of Beethoven. I made sure of being wearisome; but I was also sure that no one dare say so. There were really brilliant displays of enthusiasm; one might have easily been deceived, and thought that the crowd were subjugated by the power of genius; but at one of the last performances, an inversion in the order of the programme completely put an end to this error. Without any explanation, a trio of Pixis was played in the place of one by Beethoven. The "bravos" were more numerous, more brilliant than ever; and when the trio of Beethoven took the place assigned to that of Pixis, it was found to be cold, mediocre, and even tiresome; so much so, indeed, that many made their escape, pronouncing that it was a piece of impertinence in Monsieur Pixis to presume to be listened to by an audience that had assembled to admire the master-pieces of the great man. I am far from inferring by what I have just related, that they were wrong in applauding Pixis' trio; but even he himself could not but have received with a smile of pity the applause of a public capable of confounding two compositions and two styles so totally different; for, most assuredly, the persons who could fall into such a mistake, are wholly unfit to appreciate the real beauties in his works.

BERLIOZ'S "HAROLD" SYMPHONY.—Of this composition, on the occasion of its recent performance at the last concert of the New Philharmonic Society, Berlioz himself conducting, the London *Times* speaks as follows:

The symphony of M. Berlioz, which has already been heard at the concerts of the Philharmonic Society, and at those of M. Jullien, in Drury-lane Theatre, is, with all its inequalities, one of the best works of its composer, and, in spite of some occasionally over-fantastic instrumentation, a fine musical poem, full of variety and feeling, and throughout highly imaginative. The opening of the first movement, the March of Pilgrims, and the serenade of the Abruzzian Mountaineer, are replete with exquisite fancies, and decked out (the last two especially) with a richness and delicacy of orchestral coloring that alone would render them fascinating, had they no other attractions. The *finale*, in which the wandering Harold (Byron's hero) recalls the scenes supposed to be illustrated in the preceding movements, contains much that is striking and picturesque, although it may be suggested that the brigands and their obstreperous revels are brought forward somewhat too obtrusively in the foreground of the picture. The symphony was, on the whole, magnificently played. The character of Harold—which, as is well known, is musically represented by an *obligato* viola standing out prominently from the rest of the orchestra in every movement—is admirably conceived. On the present occasion it devolved upon Herr Ernst, who not only showed himself as great a master of the viola as of the violin, but gave to every passage an expression so poetical that the design of M. Berlioz was rendered as clear as in the hands of a less gifted executant it might have been left obscure. The loudest applause was bestowed upon every part of the work by the audience, who listened to it with profound attention from beginning to end.

ORIGIN OF GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE.—I have before alluded to the strange and vain supposition, that the original conception of Gothic architecture had been derived from vegetation—from the symmetry of avenues, and the interlacing of branches. It is a supposition which never could have existed for a moment in the mind of any person acquainted with early Gothic; but, however idle as a theory, it is most valuable as a testimony to the character of the perfected style. It is precisely because the reverse of this theory is the fact, because the Gothic did not arise out of, but developed itself into, a semblance to vegetation, that this resemblance is so instructive as an indication of the temper of the builders. It was no chance suggestion of the form of an arch from the bending of a bough, but a gradual and continual discovery of a beauty in natural forms which could be more and more perfectly transferred into those of stone, that influenced at once the heart of the people, and the form of the edifice. The Gothic architecture arose in massy and mountainous strength, axe-hewn, and iron-bound, block heaved upon block, by the monk's enthusiasm and the soldier's force; and cramped and stanchioned into such weight of grisly wall, as might bury the anchoret in darkness, and beat back the utmost storm of battle, suffering but by the same narrow crosslet the passing of the sunbeam, or of the arrow. Gradually, as that monkish enthusiasm became more thoughtful, and as the sound of war became more and more intermittent beyond the gates of the convent or the keep, the stony pillar grew slender, and the vaulted roof grew light, till they had wreathed themselves into the semblance of the summer wood at their fairest; and of the dead field flowers, long trodden down in blood, sweet monumental statues were set to bloom for ever beneath the porch of the temple, or the canopy of the tomb.—*Stones of Venice.*

Music Abroad.

Paris.

JULY 1.—*Les Vêpres Siciliennes* has been performed seven times, and great is the enthusiasm about—CRUVELLI. ROGER, the best French tenor, has been re-engaged and is to take part in the new opera, *Santa Chiara*, by the Duke of Saxe-Coburg Gotha (Prince Albert's brother), which will be published towards the end of August. ROSSINI's "William Tell" is in rehearsal at the Grand Opera, in which M. CHARLES WICARD will make his *debut*. No means probably will be spared to make the revival of this masterpiece worthy of the Academy and of the jolly veteran composer, who may be seen sunning himself on the Boulevards every pleasant afternoon. At the Théâtre Lyrique, ADAM's *Sirène* has been brought out, with three new performers:—Mlle. PANNETRAT, M. DULAURENS and M. PHILLEUX. All the theatres and operas are overflowing nightly during the World's Exposition and under favor of fine weather. M. BERLIOZ has hastened home from London to be one of the judges of the musical instruments. The Conservatoire has been performing the *Armida* of GLUCK; the choruses electrified the public. We extract the following from the Paris correspondence of the Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin*:

Next to the military, or rather as part of them, the military bands deserve notice. At least two of them play every evening, in the garden of the Palais Royal, or the Tuileries, or the Place Vendome, before the superb Napoleon column made of the guns taken in his victories. There is always an audience of several thousands, among whom the most perfect order is observed, and every one tries to hear the music without disturbing his neighbor. Those bands that I have heard, number about fifty men each; one was entirely of brass instruments, while in the other was a proper proportion of wood.—The drums are generally in the hands of boys. The tunes are chiefly selections from popular operas, and as every Frenchman is familiar with and interested in the last new opera brought out at the Imperial Opera or Opera Comique, you are almost sure to hear extracts from Meyerbeer's or Auber's or Verdi's latest work played by the military bands.

It has required some exercise of courage to go to the theatre during the hot weather that has prevailed, but I have ventured once to the Opera Comique and twice to the Grand Opera. At the first I heard Meyerbeer's *Etoile du Nord*, on its 118th representation—a fine work, but rather heavy for a comic opera, and striking me as even more labored than its predecessors. It was admirably sung and acted by Mme. UGALDE, M. BATTAILLE, M. MOCKER and others, and the *ensemble*, as in all French theatres, was excellent. At the Grand Opera I have heard Verdi's first French opera, *Les Vêpres Siciliennes*, a single hearing of which impressed me favorably, and leads me to think it the best written, though perhaps not

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the most interesting, of its writer's compositions. Mlle. CRUVELLI was the prima donna, a young, fine looking woman, with a fresh, exuberant voice, which she uses with great skill, but not always with equal care, depending for effect on occasional *tours de force*, and then relapsing into an indifference of manner in singing as well as acting. M. GUEYMARD was the tenor, and the other singers I have forgotten, but they were not so good as we have often heard in America. The *Prophète* has been brought out at the same theatre, for the re-appearance of Mlle. ALBONI, and I heard her sing the music of Fides in an incomparably beautiful style. She is as lazy and *insouciante* as ever in her appearance, and, if possible, fatter. M. ROGER played the part of John of Leyden, and as it was written for him, and he has done it a couple of hundred times, he did it well. He is a handsome little fellow, with a strong and good tenor voice, but not equal to either MARIO or SALVI, though the French regard him as the best of living tenors. The perfection of the scenic effects at the Grand Opera has often been spoken of, and certainly nothing could surpass the style in which the *Vêpres Siciliennes* and the *Prophète* were brought out. The orchestra numbered about seventy, the chorus and supernumeraries over one hundred, and the corps de ballet as many as fifty at least. All of them, too, were admirable in every respect. The theatre is neither so large nor so magnificent as the New York opera house, but the performances in it are much finer.

London.

WAGNER AND BERLIOZ having departed, and Philharmonic Concerts, New and Old, being at an end, the lion of the day is MEYERBEER, who is superintending the rehearsals of his *Etoile du Nord*, with the coöperation of COSTA, at the Royal Italian Theatre. It is said the *mise en scène* will be on a scale of magnificence to rival that of CHARLES KEAN'S "Henry VIII." at the Princess's Theatre. Mme. BOSIO (who is reported to have separated from her Greek husband) is to be Catharine, the heroine of the piece; FORMES will be Peter; and GARDONI, LABLACHE, LUCHESI and Mme. MARAI fill the other parts. Meyerbeer is delighted with the zeal of them all; and the *Musical World* boasts that when he comes to hear the orchestra he will say there is no need for forty rehearsals, however it may be in Paris; for "our fiddlers are better readers at sight than their *confreres* on the other side of the channel, and have better instruments."

The operas performed at the Royal Italian during the first week of July, were *La Favorita*, *Les Huguenots*, *Lucrezia Borgia* and one act of *Il Barbiere* (without MARIO), *Don Pasquale* and *La Vivandiera*. The *Trovatore* was withdrawn the week before, when Mlle. JENNY NEY made her last appearance.

Mrs. LUCY EASTCOTT recently appeared at Drury Lane in Rossini's *Donna del Lago*. The *Daily News* thus notices the debut:

Mrs. Lucy Eastcott, who performed the part of Elena, is an American lady whose recent successes at several of the principal theatres in Italy have been much spoken of. Her appearance is youthful and pleasing. Her figure is small and somewhat slight, but very elegant; her features are very delicate and feminine, and her voice, a high soprano, is remarkably clear and flexible, with that vibrating quality which conduces greatly to expression. Her intonation is beautifully true, and her execution and style are those of a highly accomplished artist. The manner in which she sang her first air, *O mattutini albori*, charmed the audience at once; and her whole performance, full of refinement, spirit and sensibility, was a continued triumph.

CONCERTS. Mrs. ANDERSON, pianist to Her Majesty, gave a concert at the Royal Italian Opera, assisted by the whole vocal and instrumental force of the establishment, including GRISI and MARIO, CLARA NOVELLO, BOSIO, VIARDOT, TAMBERLIK, LABLACHE, &c. &c.; BERLIOZ conducting. Mr. ALFRED MELLON'S Orchestral Union gave their third and last concert, assisted by Mlle. KRALL, and Signor BIANCHI, vocalists; M. ALEXANDER BILLET, pianist, SAINTON, violinist, and BOTTESINI. Symphonies by Haydn and Mendelssohn, and a concerto by Mozart, were among the selections. Two youthful prodigies, pianists, have been giving concerts, namely, Master WERNER, and Master ARTHUR NAPOLEON, styled "the celebrated Portuguese pianist." Both were much admired. The latter played Mendelssohn's *Andante* and *Rondo Capriccioso*, Thalberg's *Mosè* fantasia, Beethoven's Pastoral Sonata, Schulhoff's "Carnival," and other difficult pieces.

The one hundred and thirty-second meeting of the three choirs of Hereford, Gloucester, and Worcester, for the benefit of the Widows and Orphans of Clergymen in the three dioceses, will be held in Hereford, on Tuesday, August the 21st.

The principal vocal performers are to be Madame Grisi, Madame Clara Novello, Mrs. Weiss, Miss Dolby, Miss Moss, Mr. Sims Reeves, Signor Mario, Mr. Montem Smith, Mr H Barnby, and Mr. Weiss.

The solo instrumentalists are Mr. Amott (organ), Mr. Done and Master Napoleon (pianoforte), and Mr. H Blagrove (concertina) Mr. Townshend Smith, as usual, at Hereford is to be the conductor. A numerous orchestra has been provided, and the chorus has been selected from the three cathedral choirs and from the choral societies of Hereford, Gloucester, Worcester, and Liverpool.

The Festival begins as usual with full musical service in the cathedral, including Spohr's overture to *The Last Judgment*, followed by *Preces*, *Responses* and Chant to "Venite," by Tallis, and Psalms by Mr. Townsend Smith. The Dettingen "Te Deum" of Handel will then be sung, as well as a "Jubilate," composed for this festival by Mr. G. Townsend Smith. Haydn's chorus, "The Heavens are telling," is to follow the third collect. Before the sermon, Mendelssohn's 98th Psalm, for eight voices, and after it, Beethoven's "Hallelujah Chorus," from *The Mount of Olives*.

The morning of Wednesday is devoted to Mendelssohn's *Elijah*. On Thursday, the same composer's *Hymn of Praise* will form the first part, and the second part consist of an overture by the Rev Sir F. A. Gore Ouseley, Bart., *The Christian's Prayer* of Spohr, Luther's Hymn, sung by Mme. Clara Novello and Chorus, Handel's air, "Sound an alarm" (*Judas Maccabeus*), by Mr. Sims Reeves and Chorus, and Mozart's *Twelfth Mass*. On Friday, *The Messiah*, in accordance with ancient conventionality.

Every evening, as usual, a miscellaneous concert is to take place at the Shire Hall; and after the concert on Wednesday evening, there will be a ball, which will no doubt add considerably to the funds.

UNIVERSITY OF DUBLIN CHORAL SOCIETY.—On Saturday, the 30th June, a performance of sacred music was given by this association, in order to celebrate the completion of the new Bell Tower, which has been erected at the cost of £5,000 by the Primate of Ireland Notices and sketches of this edifice have appeared in the *Builder* and *Illustrated London News*, it is of granite and Portland stone, and is about ninety feet in height. The first part of the concert consisted of various selections, some having reference to the bell and its offices, in summoning to prayer or study, or tolling the knell of the dead. The second part consisted of a cantata written by J. F. Waller, Doctor of Laws in the College, and set to music by Dr Steward, the conductor of the Society; this, which occupied forty minutes in performance, is a composition of considerable pretension, including tenors, solos, with chorus, symphonies for instruments, a soprano solo, and two choral fugues, one of which, that at the conclusion, is very elaborately wrought and effective. At one part of the cantata, at the lines—

"To Jehovah's praise,
Be the first notes rung,
From its iron tongue."

The bell was tolled eight times; the communication between the new tower and the hall where the music was performed being effected through the agency of an electric apparatus placed in the orchestra, and connected with wires of some hundred yards in length, which were carried across two of the quadrangles, the windows of the hall being opened to admit of the sounds being heard The whole performance was most satisfactory, and the poet and composer of the cantata were complimented by the persons of distinction connected with the College.

Musical Chit-Chat.

We trust the interesting sketch of the life of JOHN FIELD, the pianist and composer, which we have copied this week, will lead some of our students of the piano to seek acquaintance with his six beautiful *Nocturnes*, of which Mr. RICHARDSON, at his Musical Exchange, has recently published a very neat edition. When it is known that these first set the model of that form of composition, afterwards followed by CHOPIN, KALKBRENNER and others of the new pianists, they will be studied with peculiar interest. ROBERT SCHUMANN speaks of the *Nocturnes* of Field and Chopin as "Ideals of their kind;" and in noticing the appearance of the three last of the six here referred to, says: "One feels as if, after an adventurous tour through the world, and after a thousand perils by sea and land, he had at last got back to the ancestral house, everything looks so safe and in the old spot, and the tears might almost start into one's eyes." In another place, speaking of Field's seventh Concerto, he writes: "I am all full of him, and know of nothing rational to say of him, except infinite praise."

We see it stated that Mr. G. A. MACFARREN has been engaged by the Birmingham Festival Committee, to write, in the *Birmingham Journal*, analyses of the chief classical works to be performed, "with the purpose of strengthening the idea, in all intelligent minds, of the great artistic, moral and national value of this very important musical occasion." Such analyses by competent persons, we should think, would add much to the interest and efficacy of all occasions at which great musical compositions are preformed........Another novelty promised for the Birmingham Festival is a *finale*, composed by PRINCE ALBERT, called, '*L' Invocazione dell' Armonia*. The Prince Consort figured as a composer at the same festival in 1852.

The *Musical World* seems to be made as happy by the presence of MEYERBEER in London, as it was cross by that of WAGNER. For instance: "Judging from the manner in which he is fêted and received in all quarters, the composer of the *Huguenots* will not find cause to regret his visit to the metropolis of Great Britain, after an interval of three and-twenty years. In all places, high and low, wherever music is loved, Meyerbeer is honored and fêted. From the palaces of Princes, Ministers, and Ambassadors, to the concert rooms of Exeter and St. Martin's Halls, there is a general demand for his society. He must eat everyone's dinner, and hear everyone's concert. So that, what with his daily occupations at the theatre during rehearsals, and his numerous engagements, morning and evening, Meyerbeer must have his hands full, and very few minutes to spare. Nevertheless, at 7 A.M., day after day—those who get up soon enough, and have the wish, may see the celebrated musician taking his "constitutional" walk in Hyde Park, some hours before breakfast. It is at this early period of the day that he *composes*—like Auber, on horseback, in the Champs-Elysées, and Spohr, in his garden, at Hesse Cassel."

Miss ELISE HENSLER'S concert at Nahant, last Saturday evening, is said to have been eminently successful. All the summer residents were present, as well as a large representation from the city, filling the large dining hall of Mr. Stevens's hotel. Every body was delighted with the singing of the two sisters, and there seems to have been quite a rivalry of opinions between the finished art of the older and the freshness of the younger voice. Much is said of the beauty of the steamer trip by moonlight, though to our grosser apprehension *here* an east wind fog and even rain prevailed. Perhaps those who had faith and went, saw otherwise; Diana deigned to smile on them; and if not Diana, at all events the Muse of Song rewarded them.......Mr. HARRISON MILLARD gave a Matinée of vocal and instrumental music at Newport, on Tuesday, assisted by OTTO DRESEL, and Mr TRENKLE, pianists, and by Messrs. BERGMANN and MEISEL, of the Germanians. All the artists were warmly applauded. Among the listeners were Mme. LAGRANGE, Signor MORELLI, AMODIO, &c.

Our Worcester friends have had another treat in the shape of a Soirée of choice and classical music, by their townsman Mr. B. D. ALLEN. The programme included Beethoven's overture to *Egmont*, for four hands, played by Miss BACON and Mr ALLEN; "If with all your hearts," from "Elijah," sung by Mr STOCKING; Beethoven's Sonata in C, op. 2, by Miss Bacon; Duet: *La ci darem*, Miss FISKE and Mr. Stocking; Andante and Variations by Schumann, for two pianos, Miss Bacon and Mr Allen; "I know that my Redeemer liveth," Miss Fiske; a string of piano solos, namely, a prelude and waltz by Chopin, and song without words by Mendelssohn, played by Mr Allen; and finally selections from Haydn's "Creation;" *On mighty pens*, and, *On thee each living soul*, sung by Miss Fiske, and Messrs. Stocking and A. S. Allen. A very admirable pro-

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gramme that for the "rural districts!" They deserve praise who inculcate such lessons of sound musical taste in "the heart of our old Commonwealth." We are told, too, upon good authority, that the performances were worthy of the high character of the music.

Amid the triumphs of our HENSLER and our other native *prime donne* and *tenori*, who have been studying in Italy, we have wondered (as have many of our readers, doubtless) at the silence of the press about our fair Boston contralto, ADELAIDE PHILLIPS. It is a long time since we have heard even of her whereabouts. In Milan for some time she had to contend against intrigues of rivals and the clamorous Verdi passion of "young Italy," demanding everywhere *high* voices. This interfered with prosperous engagements; yet wherever she was heard, her voice, style and dramatic talent won decided favor. We have just received from a friend some cuttings from Italian newspapers, which show that she is still winning laurels in that land of song, despite the tyranny of new fashions. The first is dated Rovereto, May 4, and tells how a large audience in spite of bad weather, attended "the benefit of the *primo contralto assoluto*, Signorina A. Phillips." She introduced into her part in the first act of *Il Crociato*, "which was executed throughout with the greatest precision," the scena and cavatina of Arsace from *Semiramide*, and in the last act of *Romeo and Giulietta*, some variations on the theme: *La Biondina in gondoletta*. "The perfect intonation, the robustness and extent of voice, united to a rare sweetness, with which she executed these pieces, leave all encomium behind, and the reiterated plaudits and callings before the curtain, from the beginning to the end of the play, were a serious proof of the ample satisfaction of the public." The same article expresses great hopes of her performance in *Il Giuramento*, in which she was to appear with Signora DONATI. The same paper, *La Fama*, of June 4, alludes again to the benefit as the most successful night of the season, and speaks of the flowers and poetic tributes thrown to her; among the latter was the following sonnet in her praise, which we will not attempt to translate, but offer in the original for those who read the Italian:

ALL' ESIMIA CANTANTE, ADELAIDE PHILLIPS, PRIMA DONNA CONTRALTO AL TEATRO SOCIALE DI ROVERETO, NELLA SUA SERATA DI BENEFICIO.

Sonetto.

Adelaide, tu canti!—E i mesti detti,
Che l' angoscia d' amor strappa a Elmireno,
Eco destan gentile in ogni seno,
Ricordo forse dei perduti affetti.
Adelaide, deh canta!—Benedetti
Sono i soavi tuoi concenti... Meno
Non verrà bella fama, e ognor sereno
Tu a te stessa così avvenir prometti.
Canta, Adelaide!—Chè un' ebbrezza pia
La grazia dell' accento al cor apprende...
E son gemelle, il sai, beltà e armonia.
Canta!—Chè il canto più sentiti rende
Gioia, amore, dolor, malinconia
In chi del canto la virtù comprende.

La Presidenza del Teatro.

OULIBICHEFF, the Russian biographer of Mozart, whose admirable writings about that master and about music generally were first introduced to English readers through our columns, is about to publish a work entitled "Beethoven and his Commentators". He was too completely swallowed up in Mozart, when he wrote of him, to be able to appreciate the Symphonies and Quartets of Beethoven. But no one who has read the former work can doubt the deeply appreciative musical nature of the man; and now that he has been concentrating his attention upon Beethoven, we shall be much disappointed if he does not show some signs of progress and do more justice to the great modern master.

Miss LOUISA PYNE is still warbling to delighted crowds at Niblo's Garden. *Fra Diavolo* was among the last operas announced...... It is rumored that BALFE, the English, or rather Irish opera composer, is to preside over a series of operas at the Academy in October.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, AUG. 4, 1855.

Our Music Table.

There still remains a fearful pile of new or recent musical publications before us, to be disposed of. To *review* them all, in any true sense of the word, were quite impossible; and so they grow and grow, a frowning night-mare wall about the poor reviewer, if he own the obligation to speak either well or ill of every thing that he has sent to him. Verily it was not a bad device, into which we were forced by sheer necessity last week, for extricating ourselves from such a quandary. The gentlest animal, when fairly cornered, turns upon his pursuers and shows fight. So we, dropping the apologistic, assume the opposite tone. Instead of offering excuses to the publishers for not helping to immortalize their works, we think it wiser to assume, (what there can be no reasonable doubt of), that the main mass of musical publications in this country is as surely doomed to oblivion, as was Don Quixote's library to the flames, and it is enough for us, as for the curate and the barber then, to call upon each, as it goes out of the window, to show cause, if it can, why it should be saved. We generously interpose this our net or sieve to catch whatever pearls there may be, lest they run through with the sand.—But dropping metaphor, let us to our task again for an hour or two and see what we can rescue.

1. Here, at the outset, we have something really worthy of the attention of our amateur pianists: "25 *Etudes, introductory to the art of Phrasing, by* STEPHEN HELLER. Op. 45. (G. P. Reed & Co., publishers). The first Book, or half of these is now before us. The two Books form the third number in the "Complete Series of Studies by Stephen Heller," to be issued by the same publishers, classed in the order of their difficulty, as follows: No. 1, Op. 47. "25 Studies for improving the sense of Rhythm and Expression;" No. 2, Op. 46. "30 Progressive Studies;" No. 4, "The Art of Phrasing." The fourteen little pieces now before us are marked by the elegance, geniality, poetic feeling, and clearness of form, characteristic of all Heller's compositions. They are less difficult than the generality of his "Preludes," which we have noticed during the year past. Each is a complete expression of a simple musical thought, in which the idea and form, the melody and harmony seem to have had birth at once, in one act of inspiration. There is great variety among them, while the same quiet, delicate artistic spirit pervades them all. Some of them fasten themselves upon the memory like "Songs without Words."

2. From the same publishers we have a third Book of the "*Fifty Studies*, by CARL CZERNY," mentioned in our last. These are technical, working *studies*, in the literal sense of the word, and not tone-*poems*, like the above by Heller. Yet, as we said before, they are by no means uninteresting. There is some beauty in the drill. This set affords exercises in "Rapid minor sales"; in "crossing hands, quietly and softly"; in "extensions"; in "double octaves", in "equal movement of both hands"; in "the Trill"; in "light touch with the fingers of the left hand"; and in placing "the thumb on the black keys with a perfectly quiet position of the hand."

3. "*Tone-Blossoms*", six characteristic pieces for the piano, by F. SPINDLER. Op. 43. (G. P. Reed & Co.) We have here No. 2. "Forget me Not", and No. 3, "Nosegay of Violets", both very pleasing, naïve little pieces, graceful in form and refined in sentiment, and not at all difficult.

4. "*Musical Flowers—Six Rondos and Variations upon favorite themes*, by C. T. BRUNNER, Op. 70. If the last-named "blossoms" were wild-flowers (which we dare not affirm), these are flowers transplanted and artificially developed. They are themes from operas, treated after the conventional pattern, with introductions and variations; but very simple of their kind. We have before us No. 2, from *Lucrezia Borgia*, and No. 4, from *Belisario*. The variations are clever and afford good finger exercise.

5. "*The Vocalist's Companion*", *by* EDWARD B. OLIVER; pp. 17. (Oliver Ditson). Here are "exercises for developing, strengthening and equalizing the voice, designed as introductory to and to be used in connection with the solfeggio exercises of Panseron, Crivelli, Lablache and others." The author or editor has shown his intelligent comprehension of a music-teacher's task in a little book, to which we sometime since called attention: "The Practical Text-Book for the Piano." The exercises and instructions here bear the same marks of thoughtful experience and sound judgment.

6. Here we have a gay pictorial crew; the colored vignettes on the outside are so dazzling that it is enough to look at *them*, without examining the music. These are pieces (says the curate) got up for the glorification of publishers and of the glorious system of "reduced prices," which has been trying to make such a stir in the newspapers, and not for any really musical end. Here for instance is the "*Sparkling Polka*," by THOMAS BAKER; sparkling enough, no doubt, for he is a clever musician; but the main thing about it is the splendid view upon the title page of the interior of the publisher's great piano and music establishment, (Horace Waters, New York), where you can see all the fashionable butterfly dresses of Broadway eagerly swarming around the polished squares and grands, and waited on by the politest clerks. Here is another, that counts upon large sales by flattering political party feelings. It is a song called "*Sam*," and the likeness of the individual meets you in the frontpiece; a dashing, fancy boy, with curling hair and smooth, aristocratic face who looks as if he never did any work, but made it a business to sit there looking fiercely patriotic, with a very *Noli me tangere* expression about the eyes, more in harmony with the stripes and stars and guns above his head, than with his own soft rosy face and dandy air. It matters little what the music is, since "Sam" is anything but musical; yet if he would follow the advice of *Putnam's Magazine*, and, learning a lesson from the German Song Unions, resolve his numerous clubs and lodges into singing societies, he might possibly be the source of some good to his country. Here is another of the same sort, called "*Our Boys*," a Ballad, for solo and chorus; and

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"*Our Girls*" is promised. Away with such trash to the ——— Know-Nothings! "Or rather," interposes the barber, "let me have them for the pictures; they will do well to ornament my shop, where they will both entertain my customers and advertise and glorify the publishers."

7. But here are more sober and substantial looking things from the same house, (Horace Waters, 333 Broadway). 1. "*Gems of Sacred Song*", selected and arranged by T. BAKER, including in numbers: "Come unto me", by DAVIS; "Angels ever bright and fair", by HANDEL, &c., &c. 2. A clever ballad by J. L. HATTON who always writes cleverly: "*Good bye, sweet heart.* 3. "*Le Sourire*" (The Smile), a graceful, flowing, placid *Reverie* for the piano, by CHARLES VOSS, one of the cleverer *Dii minores* of modern German pianism. 4. "*Etude Mazurke*", by TALEXY, a pretty enough Mazurka, with *prestissimo* introduction, and wrought up with considerable *bravura*. These can do no harm. But BALFE's woful ballad: "*The Heart bowed down*" (as if everybody did not know it well enough already to their cost!) belongs plainly to the mechanical-sentimental school:—one of those melodies, which always seem as if they had been ground out of a hand organ in the first instance. And as for "*Let us alone*", a ballad by H. C. WATSON, shall we not take it at its word? (We forgot to say that Messrs. Fetridge & Co. are agents in this city for the numerous cheap publications of Horace Waters). Here endeth the second lesson.

Schumann and Rubinstein—Alfred Jaell in Frankfort.

From the Journal of Frankfort we translate the following account of one of JAELL's concerts in that city. From the comparison it draws between the compositions of SCHUMANN and the new virtuoso RUBINSTEIN, it should interest those who watch the tendencies of modern German music, while their interpreter on that occasion has many friends here who will be pleased to read all that is said of his performance.

"The Concert began with ROBERT SCHUMANN's great D minor Sonata (op. 121) for violin and piano. We do not belong to the especial admirers of this composer. From the most of his works there speaks more or less a sickliness or unnaturalness, which is not quickening, since it runs decidedly counter to the chief end of all true music, which is to elevate, to make glad the soul. Nevertheless Schumann is a great talent, a highly cultivated musician, and could not fail to achieve something excellent in his way. This excellence we have to seek, to be sure, less in the total effect of his pieces, than in their details; for his works, especially his larger ones, are wanting above all things in internal harmony (?). And so it is too with this Sonata, of which the first and last movements sound partly tedious, partly ungracious, whereas almost the entire Andante and the Scherzo are not only very interesting, but very pleasing. A frequent and unbiassed listener to such music, finds more and more in it that is valuable; there are in fact no readily digestible common-places. If any one has the power to make the most of Schumann's piano works, it is Herr JAELL, with the fullness of his artistic means; and their genial application in this instance left nothing to be desired. Herr ELIASON (violin) seconded him with fervor and with taste.

"Let us turn now from the alpha to the omega of the Concert: to the G minor Trio, for piano, violin and violoncello (op. 15), by RUBINSTEIN. Schumann and Rubinstein follow pretty much the same direction: both seek out new paths; and yet their music is as different as their ages. Schumann is ripe, Rubinstein is yet budding. With Schumann there is more of gloom and misery, with Rubinstein more of vivacity and cheerfulness; with the one it is a deep, dull glow, with the other a bright fire; with the one a sickly excitement, with the other a gushing over-fulness of health; the former paints in autumnal grey, the latter in fresh spring green. But enough of such always lame comparison! In this Trio the young virtuoso and composer shows himself in a very advantageous light. Talent and knowledge go hand in hand. To be sure the full cup foams over here and there; but the new, fermenting fire-wine will at length grow clear and quiet and refresh even those who have been partial to the moss of centuries. The brilliant work is grandly laid out and carried through ingeniously; only too much is sacrificed to effect. The first movement, as the most important, ought to stand at the end; the Andante is graceful and original; the Scherzo a perfect master piece, so full of life and inspiration, as if it came at one gush, that it takes both artists and laiety by storm. The work reaped rich applause, but unfortunately it can only become familiar in a few places, since the very predominating piano-forte part can only be mastered by a pianist of the first ability. Yet JAELL rose above its gigantic difficulties, and presented his part as calmly and clearly as if it had been a Sonata of Mozart. Herr ELIASON and Herr SIEDENTOPF also made themselves easily at home in the strange style.

"Among the *ensemble* pieces we may mention an Andante and Variations, for two pianos, by Schumann, which are distinguished by a beautiful principle theme. Messrs. ROSENHAIN and JAELL played with excellent mutual understanding on two fine Mozart *flügels*. Fräulein ELISE SCHMITT shone in the singing of Schubert's "Wanderer" and Lindblad's *Auf dem Berge*, tastefully accompanied by Jaell.

"All the rest were solo pieces for the piano, in which Herr Jaell found opportunity to show his eminent virtuosity on all sides, especially in his extremely clever and brilliantly wrought paraphrase on themes from *Lohengrin* and *Tannhäuser*, which was followed by applause and callings out, as if they would have no end, which moved him to volunteer a transcription of his own upon an English ballad. If the audience were carried away by the grandeur of his *bravura* in the paraphrase, they were quite as much so this time by his unsurpassable trill, which hovered for ten minutes long, in every possible shading, without interruption, over the whole charming piece. Quite original seemed the coupling of a very worthy Prelude of Chopin with Bach's precious C minor Fugue. The rendering was as noble as the effect was satisfactory. Great applause also followed his transcription of 'Lohengrin's reproof to Elsa,' and his 'Italian Serenade,' which breathes a southern charm and glow."

The piece ends quite rhapsodically, pronouncing Jaell's execution above all praise. Does it not recall many a scene in our own concert rooms?

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Translated for this Journal.

The Life of Music.

From A. B. MARX's "Music of the Nineteenth Century."

[Continued from p. [illegible]]

From this point musical Art develops its dramatic nature and energy. Those two old heroes head the column: HANDEL, in whose choruses each part, according to its range and distribution of tones, unfolds a peculiar character; BACH, in whose choruses the dramatic genius wakes with the power of his subject, and every voice with and beside all the others or contrasted with them is full of most striking expression, such as was alone vouchsafed to him out of the fulness of the Holy Scripture quickened to new life within him. You must have before your mind his 'Passion' according to St. Matthew, his "Come, Jesus, come", his "Be not afraid", his *Incarnatus, Crucifixus, Resurrexit* in his high Mass—why need I name them all!—you must strive to enter into the spirit of these works, if you would (in times so full of hypocritical Christianity in words and works and ways as ours, and in view of the dissolute and sickly autocracy and Voltaire-ism of the century in which Bach lived) hold any firm conception of the mighty inspiration of faith, which here, like a voice from the tombs of prophets and apostles and revivalists, called out to a world too narrow and beset with care to apprehend and cherish what was high.

This same dramatic quality—which differs from the tone-intricacies of mere Counterpoint, as the life of conscious creatures differs from coral structures or from that "frozen music" to which SCHLEGEL likens architecture,—we often meet in Bach in his accompaniments to the voices, and often in his pure instrumental passages. * * * The same thing appears in Handel, and, on quite another field, in their immediate successor, the dramatic composer, GLUCK.

Contrapuntal art and power do not appear in this more intellectual than purely musical great man; compared with his great predecessors and followers, one might boldly say of him, he was not capable, or rather was not willing (such a mind can do what it wills, and wills what is suited to its nature and its mission) to write a duet or a trio. Before his mind there stood another goal, and he has reached it. Out of the play of tones and phrases and the old wooden operatic forms, all based on that, the Genius of the Drama rose before him; impatiently he flung the trumpery aside; he had dragged his weary weight about with it long enough; truth of expression, character, the dramatic moment, these only would he serve, these should reign supreme. Turn to the work, in which his idea is pronounced most strongly, to his "Iphigenia in Aulis"; we find that understanding of the tone-relations—so far as the livelier scenic movement as contrasted with the repose and depth of Bach allowed it—applied to the most faithful expression of the words. (Of course we must go back to the language of the original, the French). To the most striking cadence he adds such rich, elastic strength of rhythm, as we find in no one except Æschylus, whose rhythmical power was certainly not known to Gluck. How readily upon the instant anapæsts spring up to him, as if for a lively war dance! How thoughtfully he measures time and quantity in every sound! How truly and strikingly, according to measure and cadence, he declaims every word even in the arias and choruses, and how musical, how melodious the declamation! The songs of Agamemnon: *Brillant auteur*, of Clytemnestra: *Que j'aime* and *Armez vous*, of Iphigenia: *Les vœux*, the choruses: *C'est trop faire* and *Non jamais*,—and who knows how much more—may be played with satisfaction as pure music pieces; and then you may sing them acceptably, before you become aware, that through and through, syllable for syllable, they are moulded to the weight and meaning of the words, nay, to the spoken sound, wherever it is significant, just as the body is moulded to the spirit that created it and uses it, or the bride in fidelity and tenderness to the chosen of her heart, as Hafiz-Goethe beautifully has it:

> Let the Word be called the bride,
> The bridegroom is the Soul!

If his great predecessors had already melted words and tones into a most intimate union, more significant and more taking than either by itself; so in Gluck also the poetic form of speech, or verse, was married in its highest power to the language of tones; and this he accomplished in the in itself utterly unrhythmical French language, since in his Fatherland, at those rude or un-German and stiff princely courts, which alone could afford it, he found neither understanding nor the room to work. It is proverbial in Germany, that mediocrity finds favor, while the great get but a beggarly pittance; so it was with HAYDN, with MOZART, with BEETHOVEN, SCHILLER, and how many more! * * *

The picture of the great man, and of what Music has gained through him, would remain too incomplete, were we to leave unmentioned how much he has done for the delineation of characters and situations; only we must honestly confess, that he saw his Greeks in an old French light;—a different stand-point was hardly possible after Racine and during his whole time. His Achilles is a French chivalric prince; his Iphigenia is a *princesse* somewhat after the idolized pattern of Marie Antoinette, the patroness of Gluck; they are character-masks inherited from Corneille and Racine, which the French only outgrew when the nation was regenerated by the Revolution. But, that admitted, it is impossible to exchange a song of Iphigenia for one of Clytemnestra, or of a chorus leader; each has its rights respected in its own way. Indeed the characters do not stand, they unfold; the two first arias of Agamemnon, the four of Clytemnestra are, scenically and psychologically, real progressions. Finally, we have to mention that with Gluck the orchestra frequently comes forward in the most striking manner for the completion of the sketch of character.

But here—in this participation of the orchestra in the spiritual purport of the tone-poem, already noticeable in Bach and Handel—we have that further stage of progress which was destined to complete itself in BEETHOVEN. The persons of the drama are partly men, partly personified beings,—as the genius of hatred in *Armida*, the ghost in *Don Juan*. Still other wholly different beings hover round the fancy of the composer, incomprehensible, formless voices of Nature, sounds from higher regions. These are the voices of the orchestra. To the mere musician they are sonorous tools, lifeless machinery, one for this use and another for that. But to the tone-poet there is revealed in each of them a peculiar nature, filled with its own life and characteristic tendency. "To the Vandals they are stone"; to us they are alive, mysterious, many-sided, not easily described children of the wide realm of sound—and yet full of individual meaning. They entice us, they let us summon them and banish them, they serve us, each in its own way. If we love them and understand them (as no one has

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done better than the divine musician HAYDN), they offer us a loving service. We may also without love force them to what is alien and abhorrent, we may abuse them; then they torment in turn, as they have been tormented, or they sink away exhausted and powerless. It is a peculiar world, born out of our own spirit, but governed by its own unalterable laws.

This progress into the realm of the most unfettered fancy was pre-indicated with firm hand. So soon as the tone-play gains significance and intellectually determined tenor, it cannot remain indifferent who takes up the word in it. As surely as the human voices—the young, rejoicing Discant and the stern Bass, the mild Alto and the fiery Tenor—announce a character of their own: just so surely must the mind, directed to what is characteristic, recognize differently organized beings in violins and flutes, in horns and trumpets, and choose among them according to each momentary impulse. But these beings are present to the inner sense. Henceforth wherever the element of sound stirs, they step up to you, and, like the pre-appointed spirits, offer you their service as their right, whisper and breathe to you what they specifically may and can do, attach themselves like shadows to the human voice, to strengthen it or veil it, relieve it when exhausted, carry it on, step into the place of it—and anon like sprites and cobolds in the fairy tales they read you the strange riddle of Nature, entice you and bear you away into another world full of strange but seemingly familiar beings.

Long ago pre-indications of this other side of life were visible. But the lord and master before all was "Father HAYDN". He had from youth up as a musician practised instruments; he had served them, until both natures had become spiritually blended as it were in long marriage, and they now served *him* and did what he desired, because he never did desire what they could not and might not do. How many merry games have they enjoyed with him! It is a fact full of meaning, that his first larger tone-picture was "the Chaos", the shapeless shaped, the anxious waiting for the Let there be! for Light! It was a day of creation; the world of extra-human voices had received life, life of its own. In Beethoven's symphonies, in the Heroic, the Pastoral, the fifth, the seventh, the ninth symphony, that life expanded into lyric, epic breadth; who would not long ago have felt and recognized it? Who of those ignorant of the language could resist the written testimony: that at least to the poet this shaped world, which he had created and to which he had partly given names, had stood really and bodily before his mind's eye? And is not the series of these creations continued in his Quartets and piano pieces, in that C♯ minor and F minor Sonata, in "*Les Adieux*", in the works marked 110 and 111, in the Trio in D major, in the romance-like andante of the great C major Quatuor, in so many other works of the same and other composers? Is it not mainly this life-crowded world of instruments, to which C. M. von WEBER and, following his pattern, MEYERBEER and WAGNER owe those local tones, which lend to their dramatic pictures a coloring so specific, so suited to nothing else but just this precise moment?

(Conclusion next week.)

[From Novello's Musical Times.]

The Charity Children's Anniversary at St. Paul's Cathedral.

(Translated from HECTOR BERLIOZ's "Soirées de l'orchestre.")

I was in London at the beginning of June 1851, when a piece of newspaper, which fell by accident into my hands, informed me that the anniversary meeting of the charity children would take place in St. Paul's Church. I immediately sought for a ticket, which, after many letters and applications, I at length obtained through the kindness of Mr. Goss, principal organist of this cathedral. At 10 o'clock in the morning, the aisles of the church were filled by crowds, which I traversed with some difficulty. On arriving at the organ loft destined for the choir, men and boys numbering 70, I was given a bass-part, which I was begged to sing with them, and also a surplice, which I had to don in order not to destroy, by my black coat, the harmony of white costume worn by the whole choir. Thus disguised as a churchman, I awaited that which I was to hear with a certain vague emotion, excited by what I saw. Nine nearly vertical amphitheatres, each containing 16 stages, were raised in the centre of the edifice, beneath the cupola, and under the eastern aisle before the organ, to receive the children. The six beneath the cupola formed a kind of hexagon circle, open only at east and west; from the last opening, commenced an inclined plane, ending above the principal door of entrance, and already crowded by an immense audience, who from these benches, even the most distant, could see and hear everything with ease. To the left of the tribune before the organ, occupied by ourselves, a platform held seven or eight trumpet and drum players. On this platform a large mirror was placed, so as to reflect, for the musicians, the movements of the choir-master, beating time in the distance, in an angle beneath the cupola, and directing the choral mass; this mirror also served to guide the organist, who turned his back towards the chorus. The sixth stage of the vast amphitheatre reached nearly to the capitols of the colonnade; and banners planted all around, indicated the places occupied by different schools, and displayed the name of their parish, or the part of London to which they belonged. At the entrance of groups of children, the compartments of the amphitheatres, successively peopled from above, formed a singular spectacle, recalling that offered by the phenomenon of crystallization microscopically viewed. The points of this crystallization of human molecules, constantly directed from the circumference towards the centre, was bi-colored—the dark blue of the little boys' coats on the upper stages, and the white of the little girls' frocks and caps occupying the lower ranks. Besides this, as the boys wore either a polished brass badge or silver medal, their movements caused the light reflected by these metal ornaments to flash and produce the effect of a thousand sparks kindling and dying out every minute upon the sombre background of the picture. The aspect of the platforms crowded by the girls was still more curious; the green and pink ribbons which adorned the heads and necks of these white little virgins, caused this part of the amphitheatres exactly to resemble a mountain covered with snow, through which peep here and there sprigs of grass and flowers. Add to this, the varied hues which lost themselves in the half-light of the inclined plane occupied by spectators—the scarlet-covered pulpit of the Archbishop of Canterbury—the richly ornamented seats of the Lord Mayor and English aristocracy, placed beneath the cupola—and, on the other side, and above all the gilded pipes of the grand organ; imagine to yourselves the magnificent church of St. Paul's, the largest in the world, after St. Peter's, as a framework to the whole,—and even then, you will have but a faint sketch of this incomparable spectacle: and, throughout, such order—a collectedness, a serenity, which doubles its magic.

No theatrical decorations, however admirable we suppose them, could ever approach this reality, which, even at the present moment, I seem to have beheld in a dream. Gradually, and while the children, dressed in their new clothes, took their places with a serious joy, exempt from turbulence, but tinged with some pride, I heard my English neighbors say to each other: "What a scene—what a scene;" and my emotion was profound when *the six thousand five hundred* little singers being at length seated, the ceremony commenced. After a chord from the organ, arose in gigantic unison the first Psalm chanted by this wonderful chorus—"All people that on Earth do dwell." It is useless to endeavor to give you an idea of such an effect in music. It was, as compared to the power and beauty of the most excellent vocal masses you may have heard, as St. Paul's of London is to a village church—and a hundred times beyond that difference. I should add that this chorale, of weighty notes and grand character, is sustained by superb harmonies, with which the organ surrounds it, without overwhelming it. I was agreeably surprised to learn that the music of this Psalm, for a length of time attributed to Luther, is by Claude Goudimel, chapel master at Lyons in the 16th century. Notwithstanding the oppression and tremor I felt, I mastered myself sufficiently to take a part in chaunting the Psalms, which the chorus of musicians next executed. The *Te Deum* of Boyce (written in 1760), a composition without character, sung by the same, completely restored my calmness. At the Coronation Anthem, when the children joined the small chorus and organ at times, but only to utter solemn exclamations, such as, God save the King! Long live the King! May the King live for ever! Amen! Hallelujah!—the electrical feeling recommenced. I began to count a great many rests, notwithstanding the cares of my neighbor, who, every moment, shewed me on his copy whereabouts we were, thinking that I had lost my place. But during the Psalm in triple time, by J. Gauthaumy, an ancient English composer (1774), sung by all the voices, with trumpets, drums, and the organ,—during this overwhelming explosion of a hymn, truly ardent with inspiration of grandiose harmony, of an expression as noble as touching, Nature claimed her right to be weak, and I was obliged to use my copy of music, as Agamemnon did his toga, to veil my face.

After this sublime piece, and while the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury pronounced his sermon, which distance rendered inaudible to me, one of the masters of the ceremonies came to fetch me, and conducted me, thus "all tears," to different parts of the church, where I might contemplate, under all its aspects, a spectacle which the eye could not, from one point, comprehend in its complete grandeur. He ultimately left me below, near the pulpit, among the fashionable world—that is to say, in the lowest crater of the vocal volcano; and when, for the last Psalm, the eruption recommenced, I was forced to own, that for the auditors thus placed, its power was doubly discernable. In going out, I met the venerable Cramer, who, in his ecstasy, forgetting that he spoke French perfectly, began calling out to me in Italian—"*Cosa stupenda! stupenda! la gloria dell' Inghilterra.*" Then Duprez—ah! the great artiste who, during his brilliant career, affected so many persons—received on that day the payment of his long credits, and these debts of France were paid by English children. I have never seen Duprez in such a state; he stammered, he wept, he wandered—at the same time that the Turkish Ambassador and a handsome young Indian passed near us, as unmoved and melancholy as if they had just come from hearing their dancing dervishes howl in a mosque. Oh! sons of the East, one sense is wanting in you; will you ever acquire it?—Now for some technical details.

This institution of Charity Children was founded in 1764, by King George III. It is supported by voluntary donations or subscriptions, which are furnished by the rich or middle classes of the metropolis. The products of the annual meeting in St. Paul's, tickets for which are sold at half-a-crown and half-a-guinea, are also given to it. Although all the places reserved for the public on this occasion are purchased long beforehand, the space occupied by the children, and the necessary

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sacrifice of a great part of the church for the admirable dispositions I have mentioned, naturally detract much from the pecuniary result of the ceremony. The expenses also are very great. Thus, the placing of the nine amphitheatres and inclined plane costs alone £450. The receipts usually amount to £800; so there remains but £350, at most, for the 6,500 poor little creatures who give this splendid festival of their City-mother;—but voluntary donations always form a considerable sum. The children are not acquainted with music, and have never seen a note in all their lives. It is necessary to din into their ears, on a violin, and for three whole months, the hymns and anthems they will have to sing at the meeting. They thus learn them by heart, and therefore bring to church neither book nor anything else to guide them during the performance; for this reason, they merely sing unison. Their voices are beautiful, but of small compass; in general, they are required to sing but phrases contained within an interval of an eleventh, from B below to the E fourth space (key of G). All these notes, which are equally common to soprano, mezzo-soprano, and contralto, and are therefore found in all voices, possess a wonderful sonorousness. It is doubtful whether they could have been trained to sing in different parts. Notwithstanding the extreme simplicity and breadth of the melodies entrusted to them, there is not, to the ear of a musician, an irreproachable simultaneousness in the entry of voices after silence. This occurs because the children do not know the duration of bars, and do not think of counting them. Besides this, their only director, raised much above the chorus, can only be easily seen by the higher rows of the three amphitheatres opposite to him, and only indicates the commencement of each piece, as the majority of the singers cannot see him, and the rest seldom deign to look at him. The prodigious effect of this unison may be attributed, in my opinion, to two causes; firstly, to the quality and enormous number of voices—secondly, to the disposition of the singers in greatly raised amphitheatres. The production and reflection of tone stand in good relative proportion—the atmosphere of the church, attacked at once from so many points, at its surface and depth, is entirely set into vibration, and its resonance acquires a majesty and force of action on human organization, which the most scientific efforts of musical art, under usual circumstances, have not been able even faintly to produce.

I will add, but only as a matter of conjecture, that, on an exceptional occasion like the present, many inexplicable phenomena must occur, which are governed by the mysterious laws of electricity.

I now ask myself, if the notable difference which exists between the voices of children brought up by charity in London, and of our poor children in Paris, may not be caused by the nourishment, good and abundant for the former, and insufficient and of bad quality for the latter. This is very probable. These English children are strong and muscular, and bear none of the suffering and weakly aspect presented by the Parisian youthful working population, exhausted by a bad alimentary system—by toil and privation. It is quite natural that the vocal organs of our children should participate in the debility of general health, and that even their intellect should suffer. At any rate, it is not merely voices which are wanting at the present time in Paris, to reveal, in such wondrous wise, the sublimity of *monumental music*. The first requirement would be a cathedral of gigantic proportions (the church of Notre Dame itself would not be adapted for such performances); then, alas! is wanting faith in Art—a direct and ardent tendency towards it—calmness, patience, subordination of pupils and artistes—a strong will, if not of Government, at least of the rich classes, to attain the end, after having appreciated its beauty—and consequently and lastly, money would be wanting, and the enterprise would fall to ruins from its foundations. We have but to recall—to compare a small to an immense thing—the melancholy end of Choron, who, with slight resources, had already obtained such important results in his Institution for Choral music, and who died of grief when, *out of economy*, the Government of July suppressed the establishment. And yet, by means of three or four societies, which it would be easy for us to form, what should prevent us, in a certain number of years, from giving, in Paris, a small but perfected sample of the English musical festival? We have no St. Paul's Church, it is true; but we have the Pantheon, which offers, if not dimensions, at least interior capabilities of a similar nature. The number of performers and hearers would be less colossal; but, the edifice also being less vast, the effect might still be extraordinary. With French resources only, this festival might be possible in about 10 years; Paris has only to desire. In the meantime, with the aid of the first rudiments of music, the English desire and obtain. A great people who possess the instinct of great things!!! The soul of Shakespeare is in them!

The day I was present, for the first time, at this ceremony, on leaving St. Paul's, in a state of semi-inebriation, which you may now conceive, I caused myself (without knowing wherefore) to be rowed in a Thames boat, and received, during twenty minutes, a drenching rain. Returning on foot, and wet through, from Chelsea, where I had nothing to do, I had the presumption to intend to sleep; but nights which follow such days are not for sleep. I heard unceasingly rumbling through my head the harmonious clamor, "All people that on earth do dwell;" and I saw the church of St. Paul's spinning round. I fond myself within its precincts; it was, by a strange transformation, changed to a pandemonium—it was the decoration of Martin's celebrated picture;—instead of the Archbishop in his pulpit, I saw Satan on his throne—instead of thousands of believers and children grouped around him, nations of demons and condemned souls darted their flaming glances from out the visible darkness, and the iron amphitheatre on which these millions were seated, vibrated throughout in a terrible maner, producing direful harmonies. At length, wearied with the recurrence of such hallucinations, I resolved, although it was scarcely day, to go out and walk towards the Palace of the Exhibition, where my duties of juryman would call me in some hours. London was still asleep;—none of the Sarahs, Mary's, or Kates, who daily wash the thresholds, had yet appeared, mop in hand. An old *be-ginned* Irish woman sat smoking her pipe, huddled up all alone, in a corner of Manchester Square. Indifferent-looking cows ruminated as they lay on the thick grass of Hyde Park. A little three-masted plaything of a navigating nation, floated drowsily on the river Serpentine. Already some luminous gleams appeared on the highest glass panes of the palace opened to "all people that on earth do dwell." The guard who watches the barriers of this Louvre, accustomed to see me at all sorts of undue hours, let me pass, and I entered. Here again was an original spectacle of grandeur, presented by the deserted interior of the Exhibition Palace at 7 o'clock in the morning; the vast solitude—the silence—the softened lights falling through the transparent roof—all the dry fountains—the dumb organs—the motionless trees—the harmonious display of rich produce brought thither from all corners of the world by a hundred rival nations. The ingenious inventors, born of peace—the destructive instruments, recalling war, —all these causes of movement and noise seemed then to converse mysteriously with each other, during the absence of man, in that unknown language which may be heard by the *mental ear*. I prepared myself to listen to their secret dialogue, thinking myself alone in the palace; but we were three—a Chinese, a sparrow, and myself. The long eyes of the Asiatic had opened before the proper hour, it appeared—or perhaps, like mine, they had never closed. By means of a little feather broom, he dusted carefully his splendid porcelain vases—his hideous images—his lackered and silken goods. Then I saw him take a watering-pot, fetch water from the basin of the glass fountain, and tenderly water a poor flower, doubtless from China, which was fading in an ignoble European vase. After which, he sat down, near his stall, looked at the tamtams which hung from it, made a movement as though he would strike them,—but, remembering that he had neither brothers nor friends to arouse, he dropped his hand, which already held the gong-hammer, and sighed. *Dulces reminiscitur Argos*, I said to myself. Then, putting on my most gracious mien, I approached him, and, supposing him to understand English, addressed him with a "Good morning, sir,"—full of benevolent interest not to be misinterpreted. For all answer, my man gets up, turns his back, goes and opens a cupboard, and takes out some sandwiches, which he begins to eat, without looking towards me, and with an air somewhat contemptuous for this food of Barbarians. Then he sighed again,—he is evidently thinking of those succulent shark-fins, fried in castor-oil, which he feasted on in his own country—of the soup of swallow-nests—and of the famous wood-louse jam, which they make so well in Canton. Ugh! the reveries of this impolite gastronomer gives me the nausea, and I hasten away.

A noise, like that produced by rain, spread throughout the spacious galeries;—it was the fountains and jets d'eau, which had just been set in motion by the keepers. Crystal castles, and artificial rocks, trembled under the rushing of liquid pearls; the policemen—those good gendarmes without arms, whom every one respects with justice—took their stations; the young apprentice of Mr. Ducroquet approached his master's organ, meditating the new polka with which he intended to regale us; the ingenious manufacturers of Lyons came to finish their admirable displays; diamonds, prudently hidden during nighttime, re-appeared dazzling beneath their glass cases; the large Irish bell, in *D* flat *minor*, which commands the eastern gallery, obstinately struck 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8 blows, quite proud not to resemble its fellow in Albany Street, which gives out a resounding *major* third. Silence had kept me awake—these noises made me drowsy; desire for sleep became irresistible—I came and sat down before Erard's grand piano, the musical wonder of the Exhibition—I leant against its rich cover, and was falling asleep, when Thalberg, tapping me on the shoulder, said, "Ah! brother colleague! the jury are assembling. *Allons!* rouse yourself. We have to examine 32 musical snuff-boxes, 24 accordions, and 13 bombardons to-day."

New Views of Opera.

[Extracts from RICHARD WAGNER'S "Opera and Drama," as translated by the London *Musical World*.]

VI. MEYERBEER.

If the poet, in the case of *La Muette* and *Tell*, still retained the reins, because neither WEBER nor ROSSINI thought of anything but making themselves very musically-comfortable and melodiously-easy in the splendid operatic coach—quite indifferent as to how or whither the coachman drove them—MEYERBEER, who was not possessed of such voluptuous melodic ease, felt impelled to snatch the reins from the coachman's hands, in order, by the zig-zag direction in which he drove, to create the necessary sensation, that he could not succeed in directing towards himself as long as he sat in the carriage with his own musical person alone.

It is only from detached anecdotes that we have learned what a painfully tormenting influence Meyerbeer exercised upon his poet, SCRIBE, when the latter was plotting out operatic subjects for him. If we were not to pay any attention to these anecdotes, and knew nothing of the secrets of the operatic consultations between Scribe and Meyerbeer, we yet could not avoid clearly seeing, from the poems produced, what burdensome and embarrassing constraint must have pressed on Scribe, generally so quick, and light, and working so skilfully, when he botched up the bombastic, *baroque* texts for Meyerbeer. While Scribe continued to write, for other operatic composers, lightly-flowing dramatic poems, frequently conceived in an interesting manner, and, at any rate, carried out with a great deal of natural skill, besides, at least, always possessing a decided action at the bottom, and containing easily intelligible situations suited to it—this selfsame uncommonly experienced poet manufactured for Meyerbeer

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the most unhealthy bombast, the most stunted nonsense—separate acts without combined action, most absurdly confused situations, and most laughably grotesque characters. This could not occur in the natural order of things; a sober understanding, like Scribe's, does not lend itself so easily to the experiments of madness. Scribe must first have been rendered crazy himself before he could have produced a *Robert le Diable*; he must have been robbed of all healthy feeling for dramatic action before he exhibited himself, in *Les Huguenots*, as a mere compiler of scenic shades and contrasts; he must have been initiated into the mysteries of historical roguery before he could have been prevailed on to produce a *Prophète* of swindlers.

We here recognize a determining influence of the composer upon the poet, like that exercised by Weber on the poetess of his *Euryanthe*, but from what fundamentally different motives! Weber wanted to produce a drama that could, in all instances, be resolved, with every shade of scenic effect, into his noble, deeply-feeling melody:—Meyerbeer on the contrary, wanted to have a monstrous, motley, historico-romantic, diabolico-religious, bigoted-voluptuous, frivolous-sacred, mysterious-brazen, sentimental-swindling, dramatic hodge-podge, in order to obtain matter for the invention of a monstrously clever style of music—but he could never succeed in really carrying out this wish, on account of the invincible stupidity of his peculiar musical nature. He felt that something never accomplished before was to be done with all the stores of the means of musical effect which he had hoarded up, supposing they were collected from every hole and corner, heaped up in irretrievable confusion, mixed with stage powder and colophony, and then blown into the air with a tremendous explosion. What he, therefore, required of his poet was, to a certain extent, the *mise-en-scène* of Berlioz's orchestra, only—we must particularly remember—with its most humiliating abasement to the shallow basis of Rossini's vocal shakes and general stops—for the sake of the "dramatic" opera. The idea of working up, through the drama, all the musical elements of effect to anything like harmonic unity, must have struck him as being most faulty for his purpose, for Meyerbeer was no ideal enthusiast, but a man who regarded the modern operatic public with a practical eye, and saw that he would not have gained a single person to his cause by harmonic unity, while, by a loose hodge-podge he could not avoid pleasing all; each, namely, in his own peculiar way. Nothing, therefore, struck him as so important as a confused motley, and motley confusion; and the merry Scribe was compelled to sweat blood, and, with the most profound calculation, put together the dramatic jumble, before which the musician stood with cold-blooded care, turning over in his mind on what piece of unnaturalness some shred or other from his musical store-room might be fitted as glaringly and conspicuously as possible, in order to appear completely unusual—and, therefore, "characteristic."

It was thus that he developed to the eyes of our art-critics the capability of music for *historical characteristic*, and brought things to such a pitch, that it was said, as the most delicate flattery which could be paid him, that the texts of his operas were wretched and pitiable, "*but then what did his music make of the wretched stuff!*"—Thus was the greatest triumph of music attained; the composer had completely ruined the poet, and the *musician* was crowned as the actually *real poet* upon the ruins of operatic poetry!

Hummel and Field.

[We extract the following interesting anecdote of Hummel's visit to Field, at Moscow, pretending to be an amateur requiring instruction, from a work entitled "Gallery of Living Composers."]

In the year 1823, Hummel visited St. Petersburg, whither his reputation had already preceded him, and gave several concerts there, which were very numerously attended. In the course of these entertainments, he composed extemporary variations upon themes suggested to him by his audience in which he displayed such talent and readiness of invention, as to waken up a perfect enthusiasm among his hearers. From St. Petersburg he proceeded to Moscow, where Field was at that time residing. These two great artists had never seen each other, and were only known to one another by their works and reputation.

On the morning after his arrival, Hummel, whose apppearance was somewhat heavy and somewhat slovenly, paid Field a visit, at the hotel *garni* which that artist then inhabited. He found him in his dressing-gown, smoking and giving instruction to a pupil.

"I wish to speak with Mr. Field," said Hummel.

"I am he," said Field, "What is your pleasure?"

"I was anxious to make your acquaintance; I am a great lover of music; but I see you are engaged, so don't let me disturb you. I can wait."

Field begged him to sit down, without any ceremony, merely asking him whether the smell of tobacco was offensive to him. "Not at all," said Hummel, "I smoke too!"

The presence of a stranger so disconcerted Field's pupil, that he very speedily took his departure. During this time, Field had been scrutinizing his visitor, whose general bearing struck him as being something remarkable; at length he asked him, "What is your business in Moscow?"

Hummel said he had visited Moscow in a mercantile capacity, and that being a devoted lover of music, and having long heard of Field's extraordinary talents, he could not think of leaving the city without having heard him.

Field was civil enough to gratify the wish of his visitor. And although he perhaps considered him as little better than a Midas, he sat down to the piano, and played one of his Capricci in his own surprising manner. Hummel thanked him repeatedly for his kindness, and assured him that he had never heard the piano played with so much lightness and precision.

Field answered in a sportive tone, "Since you are so very fond of music, you certainly must play something yourself?"

Hummel made some excuses, saying that when at home it was true he played the organ occasionally, but that it was impossible to touch the piano after Field.

"That is all very well," said Field, "but such an amateur as you are, always knows something to play," and he smiled in anticipation of the performance he was doomed to listen to.

Without farther parley, Hummel now sat down to the piano, and taking the very theme which Field had just played, he began to vary it extemporaneously, in a manner worthy of his genius, and as if inspired by the occasion, and, indeed, altogether in a style so powerful and overwhelming, that Field stood transfixed with astonishment. Dropping his pipe from his mouth, and drying his tears, he seized Hummel, exclaiming, "You are Hummel, you are Hummel! There is nobody but Hummel in the whole world who is capable of such inspiration!" and it was with no little difficulty that Hummel released himself from the powerful grasp of his admirer.

Songs.

From Alfred Tennyson's "Maud".

I.

Go not, happy day,
From the shining fields,
Go not, happy day,
Till the maiden yields.
Rosy is the West,
Rosy is the South,
Roses are her cheeks,
And a rose her mouth.
When the happy Yes
Falters from her lips,
Pass and blush the news
O'er the blowing ships.
Over blowing seas,
Over seas at rest,
Pass the happy news,
Blush it thro' the West;
Till the red man dance
By his red cedar tree,
And the red man's babe
Leap, beyond the sea.
Blush from West to East,
Blush from East to West,
Till the West is East,
Blush it thro' the West.
Rosy is the West,
Rosy is the South,
Roses are her cheeks,
And a rose her mouth.

II.

Come into the garden, Maud,
For the black bat, night, has flown,
Come into the garden, Maud,
I am here at the gate alone;
And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad,
And the musk of the roses blown.

For a breeze of morning moves,
And the planet of Love is on high,
Beginning to faint in the light that she loves
On a bed of daffodil sky,
To faint in the light of the sun she loves,
To faint in his light, and to die.

All night have the roses heard
The flute, violin, bassoon;
All night has the casement jessamine stirr'd
To the dancers dancing in tune;
Till a silence fell with the waking bird,
And a hush with the setting moon.

I said to the lily, "There is but one
With whom she has heart to be gay.
When will the dancers leave her alone?
She is weary of dance and play".
Now half to the setting moon are gone,
And half to the rising day;
Low on the sand and loud on the stone
The last wheel echoes away.

I said to the rose, "The brief night goes
In babble and revel and wine.
O young lord-lover, what sighs are those,
For one that will never be thine?
But mine, but mine", so I sware to the rose,
"For ever and ever mine".

And the soul of the rose went into my blood,
As the music clashed in the hall;
And long by the garden lake I stood,
For I heard your rivulet fall
From the lake to the meadow and on to the wood,
Our wood, that is dearer than all;

From the meadow your walks have left so sweet
That whenever a March-wind sighs
He sets the jewel-print of your feet
In violets blue as your eyes,
To the woody hollows in which we meet,
And the valleys of Paradise.

The slender acacia would not shake
One long milk-bloom on the tree;
The white lake blossom fell into the lake,
As the pimpernel dozed on the lea;
But the rose was awake all night for your sake,
Knowing your promise to me;
The lilies and roses were all awake,
They sighed for the dawn and thee.

Queen rose of the rose-bud garden of girls,
Come hither, the dances are done,
In gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls,
Queen lily and rose in one;
Shine out, little head, sunning over with curls,
To the flowers, and be their sun.

There has fallen a splendid tear
From the passion flower at the gate,
She is coming, my dove, my dear;
She is coming, my life, my fate;

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The red rose cries, "She is near, she is near";
  The white rose weeps, "She is late;"
The larkspur listens, "I hear, I hear";
  And the lily whispers, "I wait".

She is coming, my own, my sweet;
  Were it ever so airy a tread,
My heart would hear her and beat,
  Were it earth in an earthy bed;
My dust would hear her and beat,
  Had I lain for a century dead;
Would start and tremble under her feet,
  And blossom in purple and red.

Cinderella at Niblo's.

[From the N. Y. Tribune, August 7.]

The sweetest of fairy legends is Cinderella. With what complete hold does it seize upon the youthful imagination! How the young bosom swells with indignation at the injustice and cruelty of the heartless old father and unnatural sisters! How tenderly it sympathizes with the gentle and forgiving, if not uncomplaining, victim of oppression! How it glories in the power of the fairy to reward and punish in accordance with the strictest requirements of poetical justice; and with what infinite delight it contemplates the exercise of that power in the transformation of the rats, and mice, and pumpkin, and lizards, and of the heroine herself; and her final triumph through the possession of that most lady-like attribute, the tiniest little foot in all the world! Cinderella without the fairy and her works is Hamlet without Hamlet. Yet such is the Italian story as it appears in the opera of *Cenerentola*, where human agencies accomplish everything; and hence that opera, beautiful as it is, and comprising some of ROSSINI'S best inspirations, has never been a remarkable favorite with English or American audiences.

The cleverest Englishman that ever translated and adapted foreign operas to our language is ROPHINO LACY. A poet and musician combined, he possesses the rare gift of knowing how to choose the most melodious words and how to put them in their proper places "so that they will sing;" a task of infinite difficulty, considering the abounding consonants and monosyllabic nouns of the English language, but one which Lacy proves can be accomplished. Perceiving that a translation of Rossini's work would not be acceptable to our taste, Lacy has reconstructed the plot according to the accepted English story, and retaining most of the music of *Cenerentola* has added some brilliant and beautiful pieces from the same composer's *Armida*, *Maometto Secondo* and *Guillaume Tell*, and has thus produced the charming *pasticcio*, Cinderella, which has proved more successful than any other opera ever presented in England or America.

Lacy's version of Cinderella was first performed in America by Mrs. AUSTIN, a charming singer and beautiful woman, at the Park Theatre in 1830—when New York was a village in comparison with its present limits—and even then had a run of sixty nights. In subsequent seasons Mrs. WOOD, Madame CARADORI, Miss SHERIFF and many other English vocalists have so often appeared in it that the total number of its representations in this City has probably reached five hundred. About the time Cinderella was produced in New-York, *Robert le Diable* was first presented at the Grand Opera in Paris. No work was ever more successful there or up to this time oftener played; yet the number of representations of *Robert le Diable* in Paris has not equalled that of Cinderella in New-York; a fact which speaks volumes of the desire and ability of the people here to support opera presented in the language they understand. * * * * * *

Nearly the whole weight of the performance last night fell upon Miss LOUISA PYNE, who gave the brilliant, sparkling music of the part of Cinderella most exquisitely, and acted too with much spirit. In the duet, "Whence this soft and pleasing flame," she displayed her wonderful facility of execution, and was generously applauded. Her sister, Miss PYNE, acted and sang the part of Clorinda very acceptably, and Mrs. HOLMAN was a fair Thisbe. Mr. HARRISON began well, and through the first act sang in tune; but subsequently, and especially in the song—we believe from Gustavus—which he introduced in the third act, his intonation was painfully false. Of the other characters, we can only say that Mr. HORNCASTLE acted the Baron with becoming pomposity, and sang the music as conscientiously as his limited vocal powers would allow. Compared with others who have usually appeared in the part, he was quite up to the average, but a great singer would make of Pompolino a great part. We like neither Mr. BORRANI'S mouthing method nor his vulgar style. Mr. HOLLAND as Pedro was exceedingly amusing. The extensive array of names of scene painters, costumers, carpenters, etc., on the play-bills claimed special consideration for Cinderella as a show piece, but the promise was greater than the performance. * * *

But notwithstanding the incomplete manner in which Cinderella was presented last night—probably for the five-hundredth time in New-York—it drew an overflowing house, some hundreds being obliged to stand; and will continue for a time to attract large audiences. What, then, might we not predict for the success of new operas presented with the ablest singers in all the principal parts, and with the splendor and force of the great lyrical theatres of Europe? English Opera has never yet been so represented in this City, and the manager, with intelligence and capital adequate to the business, who would undertake the organization of an English company, equal in every respect to the best Italian, would be sure of a success which no manager of Italian opera can hope for.

Music Abroad.

London.

ITALIAN OPERA.—M. MEYERBEER'S long-expected opera, *L'Etoile du Nord*, was represented last night, for the first time at this theatre, and for the first time in the Italian language, with a highly effective cast, and a magnificence of scenery, costume, and detail never surpassed in London, much less in any other city. The dialogue, spoken at the Opera Comique, has been turned by the composer into accompanied recitative, which thus gives to the new work the style and proportions of what is technically denominated "grand opera," and fits it for the exigencies of the Italian stage. A more brilliant success could not have been achieved. Nor was ever success more amply merited. The general execution was admirable—marvellous, indeed, when it is considered that this was the first performance of one of the most difficult operas ever written,—an opera which took the Parisians, so much more experienced than ourselves in the production of entertainments on a vast scale, upwards of six months to prepare. Long as was the performance (and it was nearly a quarter to 1 before it terminated), we never remember to have seen a densely crowded audience more thoroughly delighted. To say nothing of the well-deserved compliments paid to Mme. Bosio, Herr FORMES, Sig. LABLACHE, and the other principal singers, M. Meyerbeer was twice brought before the curtain at the end of the second act, amid enthusiastic cheering, and again at the conclusion of the opera, when he came on with all the performers, and the stage was literally covered with wreaths and boquets. Another call—and one as richly deserved as that awarded to the celebrated composer himself—was for Mr. COSTA, whose exertions in getting up the opera so quickly, and at the same time so efficiently, must have been unparalleled. Notwithstanding the varied and elaborate choruses, the unusual number of supernumeraries, the complicated stage accessories, and the highly wrought concerted music, in which the *Etoile du Nord* abounds, there was scarcely a weak point in the whole performance. The orchestra of the Royal Italian Opera has accustomed the public to such *tours de force*; but on the present occasion the chorus, and, indeed, everything else, was just as perfect as the orchestra. Besides the singers we have mentioned, Mlle. MARAI, Mlle. JENNY BAUER, Mme. RUDERSDORFF, Signori GARDONI, LUCCHESI, TAGLIAFICO, ZELGER, POLONINI, &c., had parts in the opera; and a more earnest desire on all hands to give every possible effect to a great work has seldom been exhibited in a public theatre.—*Times, July 20.*

THE PRINCESS CZARTORYSKA'S MATINEE.—A morning performance of vocal and instrumental music was given yesterday, at the residence of the Marquis and Marchioness of Breadalbane, under the name and auspices of her Highness the Princess MARCELLINE CZARTORYSKA, in aid of the benevolent fund of the Literary Association of the Friends of Poland. The Princess was assisted in her undertaking by many distinguished members of the aristocracy, who, as 'ladies patronesses,' actively exerted themselves in advancing the object for which the concert was projected. The performances took place in the magnificent ballroom, which, in spite of the unprecedentedly high price of tickets (2*l*.), was filled by a numerous audience. As the entertainment was got up for a charitable purpose, and as several of the performers were amateurs, we are not called upon to offer a detailed criticism. At the same time we are happy to afford our tribute of sincere admiration to the Princess Czartoryska, one of the most accomplished pianists we have heard. To judge from her choice of pieces, moreover,—including, among others, Beethoven's early trio in C minor, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, and Mozart's sonata in A for piano and violin (one of the best), she may be regarded not merely as a clever amateur, but as a connoisseur, whose predilections are in favor of really good music. Her most artistic performance was in the sonata of Mozart, where close and correct execution and style pure and legitimate are indispensable, and to which her light and feminine touch, added to a quality of tone always delightful when not forced, and a remarkable fluency of execution, gave especial charm. In both compositions the Princess Czartoryska was applauded with the utmost warmth; but that which produced the most favorable impression on ourselves was the last. In the trio and sonata Herr LOUIS ELLER took the violin, the violoncello part in the former being supported by the admirable talent of Signor PIATTI. Herr Eller also introduced three solos of his own: *Minuet Sentimentale*, *Valse Diabolique* (!), and *Corrente*—his execution of which showed him to be a violinist of the very first order. More genuine "fiddling"—to employ a vulgar but appropriate term—has not been heard for many years from a new aspirant to fame. It was Herr Eller's début in this country, and we are greatly mistaken if he has not already sown the seeds of his future reputation. The *Nocturne* and *Mazurka* of Chopin—which the Princess Czartoryska selected from among the large catalogue of pianoforte pieces composed by that very original virtuoso, of whom we believe she was a favorite pupil—were played in the true spirit, with much of the dreamy quaintness and capricious *rubato* that characterized Chopin's own manner as a performer. The audience were so enchanted that they called for another; when the Princess, who seemed to delight in her task, returned to the instrument and played an unpublished work, understood to be the last effort of the celebrated Polish musician. Between the parts M. LEVASSOR gave two of his lyrico-dramatic burlesques (*Bon Homme* and *Robert le Diable*), with the humor and vivacity for which he is renowned. A solo on the violoncello by Sig. Piatti, and a number of vocal *morceaux* by Mme. RUDERSDORFF, Mme. AMICHINI, Mlle. MARIA DE VILLAR (amateur), Sigs. CIABATTA and BELLETTI, the Hon. W. ASHLEY and Sir JOHN HARINGTON (amateurs,) completed the programme, which gave unqualified satisfaction. Mr. LINDSAY SLOPER presided at the pianoforte, as accompanist.—*Times, 14th.*

JULLIEN'S CONCERTS AT THE SURREY ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.—Last night M. Jullien gave the first of another series of grand concerts previous to his departure for America; this time on the borders of the lake fronting the impregnable fortress of Sebastopol—in Manor-place. M. Jullien received a most hearty welcome. The orchestre, which is a very numerous one, includes several artistes of distinction; among them M. Guerin (of the French Guides), M. Leloup (of the Belgian Guides), Herr Reichart (of the Conservatoire of Brussels), Herr Nabich (of the Royal Chapel of the King of Saxony), Sig Martini (of Milan), and Herr Koenig. The repertory of music contained several of M. Jullien's well-known compositions, of which the "Zouaves Pas de Course," "La Rose et la Violette," and "The Allied Armies Quadrille," received much applause. The entertainment concluded with the siege of Sebastopol, which, at the date of our departure, was "progressing satisfactorily."—*News, July 18.*

NEW PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—The following are among the most important works which have been performed this season:—

SYMPHONIES.

In A, No 7, Beethoven. Choral, Beethoven. In C minor, No 5, Beethoven. In B flat, No 4, Beethoven. In G minor, Mozart. In C minor, Mendelssohn.

OVERTURES.

Coriolanus, Beethoven. Medea, Cherubini. Midsummer Night's Dream, Mendelssohn. Melusine, Mendelssohn. Ruy Blas, Mendelssohn. Egmont, Beethoven. Euryanthe, Weber. Freyschütz, Weber. Zauberflöte, Mozart.

CONCERTOS.

In E flat, Beethoven. In D minor, Mendelssohn. In G minor, Mendelssohn. Rondo, B minor, Mendelssohn.

A Selection from the Ruins of Athens, Beethoven. Ditto, from Lorely, Mendelssohn. Grand Mass in C (first time in this country), Cherubini.

COMPOSITIONS BY LIVING COMPOSERS.

Symphony, Romeo and Juliet, Berlioz. Childe Harold, Berlioz. Cantata, Tam o'Shanter (first time), Glover. Selection from Comus, Horsley. Overture, Templars, Leslie. Selection from Paradise Lost, Wylde. Overture, Abellino, Praeger. Concerto, Pianoforte (first time in England), Henselt.

Italy.

The theatres are rapidly closing their doors in most of the principal towns of Italy, at least the larger houses, leaving a chance to the minor places of amusement. At Florence, a new opera by Sig. EMILIO CIANCHI, entitled *Salvator Rosa*, was produced on the 16th of June, with considerable success, at the Pagliano. The composer is

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a young man, and the musical journals are unanimous in his praise, and attribute to him the rare merit of original and striking conceptions united to a thorough knowledge of orchestral and scenic effects. The opera was executed by Mad. Gianfredi, and Signori Pardini and Bencich, who, as well as the composer, were recalled several times during the evening. At Parma, the new opera by Sig. Rossi, *Giovanna Giscola*, has also been successful, the principal parts by Mad. Angelini, and Signori Ronconi, Pagnoni, and Contedini. At Naples, *La Sonnambula* has been played at the Fondo for the first appearance of Mad. Parepa, who turned out almost a failure. Her method is described as being indifferent, and her phrasing too much of the *ad libitum* school. A new Mass by Sig. Beutpats was executed on the 13th of June, at the church of St. Lorenzo Maggiore. This work is described as being too theatrical.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, AUG. 11, 1855.

MUSICAL CONVENTIONS.—The season for these annual gatherings, at this the cradle and head-quarters of the institution, has come round again. That is, it has come round to the said cradle and starting place in Boston. For in one part or another of the country we read of musical Conventions going on continually. Since the original Convention, twenty years ago or more, was held in Boston under Messrs. MASON and WEBB, it has become a business with various teachers, hailing from Boston or New York, to travel through the country holding everywhere these musical three or four days' meetings; each makes the circuit of his diocese, during a whole Spring or Autumn, rekindling the sacred flame in county after county, reconfirming his own influence among his followers, and forestalling, it may be, the market for his last new Psalm book, each of which, even if there be ten of them, is sure to be "*the* book of the season". These country gatherings are secondary vortices of psalmodic excitement sent whirling off in all directions from the parent vortex, which, as we have said, is a genuine twenty-year old "Boston *notion*". The fathers of the movement seem for some years to have left it to go on of itself in the old spot, under the management of younger men, full of enterprise and—rivalry; for we have often two or three Conventions whirling side by side, with centres absolutely distinct, although the outer circumferences sometimes touch and coincide for a space, so that the same individual atoms take part more or less in either movement; the same volunteer singers swell both choirs. Dr. LOWELL MASON, who first galvanized the whole system into such reproductive life, seems to have ceased to preside over it here; yet, veteran as he is, we hear of him ceaselessly traversing the length and breadth of the land, lecturing and holding Conventions to the great joy of "much people". He is too wise, we believe, to assume the title of "Professor", which every greenhorn, who has taught a country singing school a season or two, does not scruple to adopt, till we have in music more "Professors" probably, than all the literatures and sciences in all the Universities can muster. Of the propriety and good taste thereof we will not stop to speak at present.

We have often enough expressed our views both of the good and of the evil of these Conventions; but we see no cause to change our conviction that the balance is on the side of the good. There is a great deal of crudity, of the mere *ad captandum*, of charlatanism, of flattering of low and idle tastes, mixed up in the simmering cauldron. Yet the interest which it excites in music, modified by so many minds and influences, becomes its own corrective. The tone and character of the thing rises year by year; artistic stimulus also is imparted, artistic aspirations are carried home. The interchange of ideas about modes of teaching, styles and methods, enforced by daily lessons and illustrations from the more experienced; the chances offered to people from the country to *hear* such music as they cannot hear at home; the chances also to participate in the performance on a grand scale of some of the noblest works, as Handel's choruses:—all cannot be without their influence. And we rejoice that while the hackneied ears of the city opera-and-concert-goers, are at the sea-shore listening to old Ocean for a tonic, the choirs and singing classes of the country make a pilgrimage to town to learn a higher sense of Music.

Next week there will commence two Conventions. Of the particulars of one we are not informed. The other under the direction of A. N. JOHNSON, and other able teachers, will begin on Wednesday, at the Tremont Temple, and puts forth a formidable programme of operations, the principal features of which are announced below. The mornings (for nine days) will be spent in practical lectures on Thorough Bass and Harmony; on the mode of teaching the "Elementary Principles" of Music; on the culture of the Voice; and on the practice of Church Music, the members of the Convention forming a choir to illustrate. The afternoons will be devoted to the practice of Glees, Opera and Oratorio choruses, and other music of a high character. An hour also is set apart to the lovers of *old* church music, meaning old *New England* psalmody, preparatory to one of those *rococo* notions, an "Old Folk's Concert". The evenings will be occupied with concerts, in which various choirs, societies, organists, professional singers, and (once at least) an orchestra will be employed. We notice with pleasure symptoms of the realization of two ideas which we have long hoped would grow out of these Conventions.

The first is the creating of opportunities to hear good Organ-playing, of which the mass of us are doomed to hear so very little. It will be seen that one half of the two first concerts is set apart to the organ. Mr. MORGAN is said to be one of the thoroughly trained English organists, who has a wonderful command of the pedals. The skill and taste of Mr. WILLCOX are well known. The organ, that *chef-d'œuvre* of the Messrs. HOOK, will give ample sphere for all their powers. In Mozart's 12th Mass, too, the organ accompaniment will be not the least interesting element.

The other hopeful symptom we find in the announcement that Saturday evening is to be given to the bringing out of portions of Mr. SOUTHARD'S new opera, and his two overtures. We have had occasion heretofore to speak of the right and the wrong times and places for bringing out new works. We think these Conventions offer decidedly one of the right occasions. And we hope they will get into the way of offering annually, like the Conservatoires abroad, opportunities for the first trial of the efforts of our young composers.

We could wish further, since an orchestra will be assembled, that some good classical Symphonies might also be produced. Doubtless the Convention will attract some persons who have never heard one of Beethoven's symphonies.

Our Music Table.

A te, o Cara, from *I Puritani*, transcribed for the Piano by G. A. OSBORNE, pp. 7. (G. P. Reed & Co.

We have here another transcription of the beautiful Quartet, Bellini's best concerted piece. It is a reprint from a London copy, and the arrangement is very much less difficult than that by Thalberg, which we lately noticed as forming a number of his *Art du Chant*. Mr. Osborne's is in the main clear and satisfactory. The only objection we find to it is, that it does not preserve the original distinction of the voices, but commences the melody in the treble, instead of in the tenor. The other plan, however, would have involved some of the Thalbergian difficulties.

Il Trovatore, by VERDI, arranged for piano by ADOLPH BAUMBACH. No. 1. *Coro di Zingari*, &c. No. 2. *Tacea la notte*, &c. (G. P. Reed & Co.)

Our readers know we are not partial to the *Trovatore*. But some things, detached from the whole, which *as* a lyric whole is morbid, manneristic, forced, unpleasing, and taking their places among miscellaneous, clever *bagatelles*, (as Beethoven called things of his own which had enough meat in them for modern "Songs without Words"), show ingenuity and are not without a certain charm. A pretty conceit enough in its way is that *Coro di Zingari*, or "Anvil Chorus," (which so far is only issued separately, without the other pieces promised to fill out No. 1.) To be sure it is dragged in neck and shoulders into the opera, in defiance of historic probability and without much regard to dramatic development or unity, upon the Meyerbeer principle of introducing independent situations for *effect*, so well described by Wagner in another column. But in itself it is a pretty invention, composed of several happy melodic ideas, which succeed each other naturally. The way in which the livelier opening movement swings off into the graver measured unisons accompanied by clink of anvils (real anvils !), is quite felicitous. Altogether it is a taking thing with the many. Have we not heard it at a brass band evening concert on the Common, anvils and all, and did not "young America" show vast delight? This piece, however, being an episode that stands by itself, needs the scenic effect, the mountains and the gipsey groups. In other instances, we like better the selections "done into" instrumental pieces, than the same things in the lurid coloring of the entire opera.

No. 2 we have complete. It contains, nicely arranged and strung into a whole by simple modulations and transitions by Mr. Baumbach, the opening song of Leonora *Tacea la notte;* the dream song of the Gipsey, remembering her youth: *Fra il Sonno;* the wild and terror-fraught: *Di quella pira;* the famous *Miserere* and prison scene; and an Allegro finale.

Diary Abroad.—No. 18.

"The day is far spent, the evening is nigh."

BERLIN, *June* 18.—I love music not alone for its own sake, but because it is such a bond of union with others. To it I am indebted for many of my warmest friendships both at home and abroad. Nay, more. I have an affectionate remembrance even of the faces of persons with whom I never spoke, just because I have seen in them, in that pandemonium, a New York Philharmonic rehearsal, the evidence of feeling and appreciation. A casual remark, a flitting expression in the features, relating to, or caused by music, is sometimes sufficient—at least it *seems* so—to prove that that stranger has soul and heart, and you feel drawn to him by an instinctive attraction, the strength of which surprises you.

Just at the close of August, two years since, I took refuge from the chilliness of the fresh, cool evening air of Lake Superior, in the parlor of Atwood's Inn, at Eagle Harbor. Some half a dozen persons, tired

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with their day's walk through those grand forests, were sitting around the huge box stove; a couple of gentlemen, three or four young women, perhaps some others. I cannot recall how, but a conversation sprang up between me and a young lady from Illinois, which turned upon music. I cannot say that the musical knowledge and taste of my partner in the talk was very impressive, but I *was* struck by the interest exhibited in the subject by a tall, elegant girl, with a noble head, very intellectual face and a pair of glorious black eyes full of soul, who sat in the shade on the other side of the stove. The conversation grew general and partook of the hearty freedom of the West and of the woods. She was there with her father and sister. They had come up from the dust and heat and enervating air of Detroit to refresh themselves on the cool waters, in the ever-lasting forests and the life-giving atmosphere of that magnificent region. They had formerly lived in Boston; she had been a pupil of Rosa Garcia.—We had many mutual friends, and on parting with them for the night, the acquaintance with the Rev. Mr. C. and daughters seemed already like one of long standing.

The next day was Sunday and there was preaching in the long dining room of the other hotel. Be the cause what it may, I have always found in my journeys at the West that a sermon on the Sabbath is sure to draw a respectful and attentive audience. People of all opinions and confessions come together, and I am never more impressed with the feeling of the sincerity of worshippers than on such occasions.

Here were representatives from most of our Northern states; and voices which had formerly joined in the hymn in the New England village choir, or had sung the verses of Wesley in the dissenting chapels of the Cornish miners, mingled in the sweet strains of "Arlington" or old "York". I think I shall never lose my love for our good old Psalm tunes. They are too intimately interwoven with all the recollections of my childhood and youth. A mere sentiment doubtless, but the gorgeous ritual of the Romish cathedral always fills me, for the moment, with a deep longing—*eine solche Sehnsucht*—for the simplicity and sincerity, the peace and quietness of a "meeting" where the chant of the priests is exchanged for the earnest extemporaneous prayer; the overpowering music of Haydn's or Mozart's masses for the simple tune which my mother taught me, or which years ago I heard or sang in the village church.

But I am wandering.

We and many others had met at Eagle Harbor to take the Baltimore on her return trip below. The place to ripen an acquaintance into intimacy and friendship is a steamboat on the Great Lakes. The purity of the air acts upon one like a tonic draught, the mind is clear as the sparkling waters beneath us, and the grandeur of nature in those sublime solitudes offers ever new topics of mutual interest. Nearly five days were spent in reaching Detroit. How well I remember the evening at the Mission at the Sault Ste. Marie; the ramble at Mackinaw, and the walk at the place where we were forced to stop by the thick fog on the St. Clair Flats! But who could recall the volumes that were spoken upon music?

I spent the Sabbath in Detroit. In the absence of the organist Miss C. officiated, and her simple, unaffected style was as pleasant to hear as it was creditable to her former teacher. And so I returned to the East with new cause of gratitude to the divine Art for having introduced me into that pleasant and true-hearted family circle.

A year ago to-day I was once more in Detroit.—I had come thus far the day before, returning from the great Expedition to the Falls of St. Anthony, and would spend the Sabbath again there. Of course the acquaintance of the year before was renewed. The conversation turned at one time upon the expressiveness of Music and the communications of H. T. in Dwight's Journal were discussed. An old copy of the Handel and Haydn Collection was hunted up and the fine arrangements from Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn and others, the credit of which I believe Mr. Mason has recently given to William Gardner, were played and sung. Before the afternoon service we had gone over many of these again. One piece, whether an original psalm tune or an arrangement I do not know, made a remarkable impression upon Miss C. It is called "Hamilton," and the text is this:

> "The day is far spent, the evening is nigh
> When we must lay down this body—and die.
> Great God! we surrender our dust to thy care,
> But oh, for the summons our spirits prepare!"

I have always thought the adaptation exquisite. Sad and solemn and pleading in its expression, to my mind, the music is penetrated with the very spirit which gave utterance to the poetry. She played it over and over again; and as the organ was again in her charge she made this plaintive expression of resignation and entreaty the subject of her opening voluntary in the afternoon. How sweetly it flowed from the soft stops of the instrument. Was there a presentiment, or was it only a coincidence? Though I took tea with the family, I do not recollect that we had music. My last remembrance of her at an instrument, save in accompanying the hymns, is as she lingered upon her voluntary, as if unwilling to close, her fine intellectual features lighted up and varying in their expression with each change in her treatment of the theme.

I returned to New York. A month later I sailed for Europe; and before I sailed, *her* summons had come!

Again, was it presentiment or only coincidence that made her so dwell upon that theme? Was there any shadow fore-cast of the evening that was so nigh?

"Blessed are the pure in heart."

JULY 17.—Half a century ago yesterday, two brothers, still boys, joined the Berlin Sing Academie, as altos. Their names were MEYER and HANS BEER. Meyer studied music with ZELTER, and Sept. 7, 1807, an eight-voiced psalm, (Ps. 23) "The Lord is my Shepherd," by him, was sung by the Academy. This afternoon I was invited to attend the regular weekly meeting of the Academy. About eighty members were in the seats, and perhaps a hundred persons were there as auditors. After a Choral, partly plain, partly figured, by Zelter, which occupied some ten minutes, Mr. GRELL, the Conductor, rose and stated the above facts, and spoke of the fame one of those boys has gained under the name of MEYERBEER. Although just now the sea divides him from us, he added in effect, we will commemorate his first appearance in our Society as a member, by singing the psalm above mentioned, and the two pieces which were sung upon that day. They are a *Gloria*, by JOSEPH HAYDN, arranged for eight voices by Zelter, and the Utrecht *Te Deum*, by HANDEL.

The psalm, besides the historic, had a good deal of artistic merit. It is constructed after the old models, just as Zelter would teach, but some of the chorus and concerted music was very pleasing. The fugues smelt most of the lamp. But *was* it not an interesting thing to hear, and upon an interesting occasion? Differ as we may as to the real value of that boy-alto's later works, he has gained a conspicuous place in the history of music, and one of his is among the three operas, which have been performed more times in twenty-five years than any other—and now after so long—an age generally in musical matters, "Robert the Devil" (though I never liked it,) is as popular as ever.

Haydn's *Gloria* sung *alla capella* with double choir, sounded just so fresh and clear as does all his music. How much old Zelter's arrangement *improved* it, I am unable to decide.

Glorious old Handel! He is the greatest of them all, after all! I have never heard either of his *Te Deum* before, and the style, so true to the style of the church, and so very different from his Dramatic Oratorio music, took me by surprise. He is certainly the most majestic of composers. MOZART may have been the greater *musician*, Handel was altogether the greater man. No wonder that both Mozart and BEETHOVEN studied Handel with such delight, and bore such decided testimony to his power. When will the time come that these things may be heard at home!

MORE SEA-SHORE MUSIC.—We have already alluded to Miss HENSLER's Concert at Nahant and Mr. MILLARD's Matinee at Newport. Mr. SATTER followed in a piano concert at Nahant.

Next Monday evening the sisters HENSLER are to sing at Newport; and on Saturday evening the 25th inst., our charming singer, MRS. J. H. LONG, will give a Concert at Nahant, assisted by Messrs. ARTHURSON and SOUTHARD.

DONNA VALERY GOMEZ.—We have barely room to ask attention to the concert of this Spanish *prima donna*, late of Maretzek's troupe, to be given at the Messrs. Chickering's Saloon, on Monday evening. We have not heard her, but have seen her described as a sure, conscientious, tasteful singer of the PERSIANI school, and even compared to Mme. Bosio.

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There will be a Concert, Part 1st consisting of organ pieces played by Mr. Morgan, and Part 2d of Rossini's Stabat Mater, sung by the Choir of Park St. Church.

On Thursday Evening, August 16,

A concert, Part 1st consisting of a Grand Organ Concert, and Part 2d of the first part of Neukomm's Oratorio of David, sung by a select choir of 120 voices.

On Friday Afternoon, August 17,

Commencing at 3 1-2 o'clock, a Concert, Part 1st consisting of Mozart's Twelfth Mass, sung by a select choir of 50 voices, and Part 2d of organ pieces, played upon the Great Temple Organ, by Mr. Morgan.

On Saturday Evening, August 18,

A concert, Part 1st consisting of two scenes from an opera, and two overtures, composed by L. H. Southard, and performed with full orchestral accompaniments, under the direction of the composer. Part 2d will consist of Choruses sung by several hundreds of voices, accompanied by orchestra and organ combined.

The remaining concerts will be announced next week.

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Translated for this Journal.

The Life of Music.

From A. B. MARX's "Music of the Nineteenth Century."

(Concluded from p. 1[illegible])

In the preceding I have simply sought with a few hurried lines and indicative points to sketch the elementary or sensual, the abstract or intellecual, and the soul-ful or inspired phase of the tone-life, without requiring or aiming at completeness. If the moments, names and works referred to are significant, my object is achieved and the omitting to mention other names and work is of no consequence. Still less may historical completeness and consecutiveness be demanded of these sketches; they aim simply to portray that spiritual life, which we call Music, and to remind us of its richness and its many-sidedness.

On the one side we have found this life so deeply absorbed in the elementary sensual, that one might doubt whether the spirit of Art reigned here at all as yet. On the other side this tone-life has become blended with speech, with the Drama, has become refined and elevated into a body for free and pure ideas and trains of thought,—has ventured, in the deeply thoughtful developments which it has entrusted to the piano, to surrender a portion of its own fulness of life, of its own warmth and inspiration, to remain a mere shadow of itself and thus essay spiritual tasks for which the full use of its powers seemed scarce sufficient. For the piano is but the shadow of that warm life of the instrumental world, which murmurs and exults around us; it has only the shadow of a truly living, flowing melody, only the dim outline of that vocal dialogue full of inexhaustible variety and wrestling energy; it is monotonous in its tone-color and deathly pale in contrast with the sonorous richness of the full instrumental choir.

On this side also has the domain of Art been called in question. And not without reason. Can then music, with the outlay of all its means and appliances, ever reproduce an outward object, a situation in which we are, and which operates upon our feeling and our resolution? can it render merely our conceptions and desires completely cognizable? When it softly soothes, I may feel perhaps that it is warmed by tenderness; is this tenderness love? and of what nature? When it grows vehement, is the excitement merely inward, subjective, or has it reference to something without? When BEETHOVEN in the Pastoral Symphony conceives the "Scene by the Brook", or "the Adieux" in that Sonata, what is it precisely that is going on? who is taking leave, and how? If no one can help imagining in the last A flat major Sonata (Op. 110), and in the A major Symphony something more than a mere interweaving of tones and moods, something like definite conceptions, how can I unriddle these with certainty? Am I, in listening to that chivalric (heroic?) symphony, with the Moorish romance, which has so much to complain of to us and so much to tell out of a breast welling over with sighs,—am I, with one of the more recent interpreters, to think of the heavy-heeled merriment of boors? Is not the striking contradiction of these interpreters in itself proof enough, that Music oversteps its bounds, so soon as it goes beyond the vague and general mood into the regions of more definite conceptions?

* * * * The question is mainly one of more or less. Some degree of capacity for definite representations, is certainly recognized by every one,—at least by every musician; every one must have found this piece of music cheerful and that one sad; the smallest composer would feel insulted, if one were to find his dirge merry, or have his drinking song or love song sung at a funeral. But the slightest admission opens the path on which we find ourselves; the only question is how far it can lead us, or how far we are capable and willing to go in it. That on the other hand Music is not capable of representing forms and thoughts as sharply and distinctly as Poetry and Sculpture, has already been admitted. It has to do with sympathies, with more obscure and evanescent mutual relations; out of a thousand such connections and emotions it weaves a psychological enigma; it gives us the internal becoming (*Werden*), so that we may divine what will proceed from it, what will become thereof. So Sculpture on the other hand gives us the outward thing that *has become*, not for its own sake, but that through it we may discern the inner sense and impulse.

To ask for the most perfect distinctness in a work of Art, and value it in the degree that it has that, is to set up a claim of extremely doubtful justice. Why, if it comes to that, do they not paint statues in flesh colors and give them moveable eyes? Why has not Beethoven in his Pastoral Symphony employed the well-known theatrical machines, to depict thunder and lightning, the murmuring and whispering of streams and thickets in a right palpable and drastic manner? Why does not BACH in the Cantata: "Dearest God, when shall I die", cause a real death bell to be sounded, instead of in that extremely mystical and "indeed unnatural" manner "boring its marrow-consuming tinkle into our nerves upon the flute"? The reason is, because allusion, allegory, enigmatical twilight stand nearer to the poet, whether in tones, words or forms; since he *has not* the thing he would represent; it but grows, *becomes* to him; he enters into its life and awaits with it the crisis of its being. The reason is, that allusion and allegory serve him and avail him more; for they draw the listener or spectator into kindred life with them in their own circle, excite him to cooperation and to living sympathy, make him a party with them, whereas full reality and certainty would soon satiate and make him weary. Thou must dream with the poet, must doubt and err, must hope and hesitate with him: that is the way to live over and enjoy his work with him.

The decisive point for us lies not in the *how far*, but in the fact: that Music is continually struggling upward from the sensual into the domain of the spirit, where the main matter is not the pleasure of the senses but the spiritual purpose rising out of that. This corresponds with the inward necessity of man's nature, which first manifests itself as submerged in the corporeal, and finally as a spiritual entirely predominating over the corporeal. Every Art takes the same way and arrives at a point, where you find its limits, and the overstepping of its limits; even the clearest and most definite of the Arts, the Art of Poetry must reach this questionable point:—DANTE's "Divine Comedy", GOETHE's "Faust" in the second part are obvious examples. Here too it is, where Art fitly and justly requires certain allowances and presuppositions. The most Art-appreciative Greek would not have comprehended RAPHAEL's "Transfiguration" or MICHEL ANGELO's "Last Judgment", since he would have been ignorant of the Christian tradition. * * * *

In the preceding disquisition I have not sought to exhibit the fulness and breadth of the whole life of Art,—that is the problem of the history and literature of Art,—but simply to recall the essential vital moments, in which Music has gained new development, new paths, in order thereby to

give a complete and tangible view of the essential nature of Music. * * * * * * * * *

A different point of view has been maintained by one of the most distinguished artists of recent times, MENDELSSOHN,—if I may trust the report given by the author of the *Fliegende Blätter*. The conversation turned upon the assertion often made by our young Art contemporaries, that here or there "a new path has been entered." Mendelssohn exclaimed:

What is the real meaning of this phrase? To open a way that no one has ever trod before you? In the first place, it is indispensable that this new way should conduct to much more beautiful and charming regions of Art than those with which we are already acquainted. Everyone is capable of simply cutting out a new road, provided he can handle a shovel and use his legs. But, in every higher acceptation of the phrase, I deny point blank that there are any new paths, because there are no more new provinces of Art. They were all discovered long since. New paths! What a mischievous demon is this notion for every artist who delivers himself up to it! No artist has ever really entered upon a new path. At the very best, he only did his work an almost imperceptible shade better than his predecessor. Who is to open these new paths? Only the greatest geniuses, I suppose! But tell me, now—did Beethoven open a new road totally different from that followed by Mozart? Do Beethoven's symphonies pursue completely new paths? I say that they do not. I can't perceive between Beethoven's first symphony and Mozart's last any superiority in the way of unusual artistic worth or extraordinary effect. The former pleases me, and the latter pleases me. If I hear Beethoven's in D major to-day, I feel happy; and if, to-morrow I hear that of Mozart in C major, with the fugue at the end, I feel happy too. I do not think of any new path, when I hear Beethoven, nor does he remind me of one. What an opera is *Fidelio!* I do not pretend that every thought in it pleases me completely, but I should like to know what other opera can produce a deeper effect or more charming artistic enjoyment. Can you find a single piece in it with which Beethoven struck out a new path? I cannot. I see in the score, and hear everywhere in the performance, Cherubini's dramatic style of melody. It is true Beethoven did not copy it servilely, but it was always floating before him as his most favorite model.

"And Beethoven's last period," I inquired, "his last quartets—his ninth symphony—his mass? Here there can be no comparison either between him and Mozart, or any other artist, before or after?"

"That may be true in a certain sense," continued Mendelssohn, warmly. "His *forms* are *broader*, his *style* is more polyphonous and artificial, the thoughts, as a rule, more gloomy and melancholy, even when intended to be merry, the instrumentation more full—*he has gone a little further on the old road, but he has not opened a new one.* Now let us be frank—whither has he conducted us?—to really *more beautiful* regions? Do we, *as artists*, experience delight of an absolutely *higher* order, on hearing the ninth symphony, than on hearing most of his others? As far as I am concerned, I frankly say: I do not! If I hear it, I pass a happy hour, but the symphony in C minor affords me quite as great delight—my pleasure at hearing the former being, perhaps, really not quite so undisturbed and pure as it is when listening to the latter."

If it were not the convenient wont of many to give in their adhesion to the word of a distinguished man without more ado, this dictum and its repetition might be left at rest. And if in Art it all depended on an everlastingly vague "being pleased", or "enjoying oneself", or "feeling happy", on a progress to "more beautiful and charming regions" (what *is* beautiful, and what more beautiful?): why then we should have to agree with Mendelssohn. In the indefinite regions of enjoyment, taste, pleasure, of happy feelings, of the charming and the — without deeper definition so-called beautiful, there is no progress, but only enjoyment, reveling and rioting from one charm to another, where, as chance, inclination, habit or excitement prompts, now this and now another wins the preference; nay where the deeper thought, through its estranging influence, or it may be through the awkwardness and constraint of the first steps on an unwonted path, to those who seek enjoyment in habitual and level paths, offers possibly a less undisturbed and easy course, than the more travelled one. No one can deny the violences done to the voice parts in the Ninth Symphony and in the last Mass, to name no other instances. But high over all the details soars the new and deep idea, which has excited and compelled the artist to such conflict with the otherwise more mildly managed elements of his Art. Not in the details,—be they failures or successes, confused or clear—but in the whole and its idea lies the decision! Not enjoyment or feeling happy, but knowledge is the warrant for that progress, which is an everlasting condition in all the higher interests of the soul.

New Views of Opera.

[Extracts from RICHARD WAGNER'S "Opera and Drama," as translated by the London *Musical World*.]

VII. MEYERBEER.

The secret of MEYERBEER'S operatic music is —*effect.** * * To convey more exactly the meaning we affix to the word, we must translate "effect" by "*result without a motive.*"

Meyerbeer's music does, in fact, produce on those who are able to enjoy it a result without a motive. This [illegible] was only possible for the most external kind of music, that is to say, for a power of expression which (in opera) has, from the earliest period, been endeavoring to render itself more and more independent of anything worthy of expression, and proved that it had fully attained this independence by debasing the subject of the expression, which subject alone imparted to the latter being, proportion and justification, to such a depth of moral as well as artistic nothingness, that the subject itself could only obtain being, proportion and justification from an act of musical caprice, which act had thus itself become denuded of all real expression. The act itself could again only be realized in connection with other moments producing absolute results. In the most extreme specimens of instrumental music an appeal was made to the justifying power of the imagination, which found matter for outward musical support in a programme, or even only a title: in opera, however, this matter for support ought to be realized, that is to say, the imagination should be spared every laborious effort. What, in the former case, was introduced programmatically from the phenomena of natural or human life, should, in the latter, be actually represented with most material reality, so as to produce a phantastic result without the least co-operation of the phantasy itself. The composer now borrowed this matter for material support from scenic mechanism itself, inasmuch as he took the results, which the latter was able to produce, purely for themselves, that is to say, he separated them from the subject, which, beyond the limits of mechanism, and standing upon the ground of life-representing poetry, would have been able to fix and justify them. We will make ourselves perfectly intelligible by an instance which characterizes Meyerbeer's art generally in the most exhaustive manner.

Let us assume a poet to be inspired by a hero, a combatant for light and freedom, in whose breast there burns a powerful feeling of Love for his dishonored brethren, insulted in their most sacred rights. The poet wants to represent this hero at the height of his career, and in the midst of active glory. For this purpose, he selects the following decisive moment of history. Accompanied by the multitude who, leaving house and home, wife and child, have followed his inspiriting summons, in order to conquer or to die in the struggle with powerful oppressors, the hero has arrived before a fortified city, which the crowd, inexperienced in war, must carry by storm, if the work of delivery is to progress victoriously. From previous misfortunes, a feeling of dejection has arisen; bad passions, dissension and confusion rage in the host; all is lost if all is not won this very day. Such a position is one in which heroes attain their fullest height. The poet makes the hero, who has just consulted, in nightly solitude, the god within him, the spirit of the purest love of man, and sanctified himself by his breath, appear, in the grey morning-light, among the crowd, who are already divided among themselves as to whether they shall be cowardly brutes or god-like heroes. The people assemble at his mighty voice, which penetrates into their very heart's core; and now, become aware of the god within them, they feel elevated and ennobled, while their enthusiasm raises the hero still higher —from enthusiasm he pushes on to action. He seizes the flag and waves it high against the terrible walls of the city, the bulwark of the foe, who, as long as they remain safe behind their ramparts, render a better future impossible for mankind. "Up, then! death or victory! The city must be ours!" The poet has now exhausted himself; he wants, at present, to see expressed upon the stage the one moment when the highly excited state of mind of every person concerned shall appear before us with the most convincing reality; the stage must become the theatre of the world; nature [illegible] herself as allied with our own elevated sentiments; she must no longer surround us with coldness and indifference. Behold! sacred necessity irresistibly impels the poet: he dissipates the morning mist, and, at his command, the rising sun darts its illuminating rays over the city, which is now consecrated to the victory of the enthusiasts.

Here we have the triumph of almighty Art, and such miracles can dramatic Art alone perform.

But such a miracle—that can only spring from the enthusiasm of the dramatic poet, and only be rendered possible by a lovely occurrence borrowed from life itself—is not desired by the operatic composer: he wants the *result* and not the *motive*, simply because it does not lie in his power. In a principal scene of Meyerbeer's *Prophète*, which *externally* resembles the one just described; we obtain, for the ear, the purely sensual result of a hymn-like melody, stolen from the people's song, and carried to a degree of intoxicating fulness; and, for the eye, that of a sun in which all we recognize is absolutely nought but a masterpiece of mechanism. The object that should merely be warmed by the melody and illuminated by the sun—the *highly inspired hero*,* who ought to pour out his soul, with the most fervid rapture, into the music, and who, in obedience to the bidding of the pressing necessity of his situa-

* Herr Wagner here uses the word "Effect," as opposed to "Wirkung." Both, however, are generally employed for the English *effect*, so that the difference Herr Wagner makes in German is somewhat difficult of translation. We think, however, we have overcome it by rendering "Effect" *effect*, and "Wirkung" *result*.
TRANSLATOR.

* Some persons may answer me: "We did not want your glorious popular hero, who, by the way, is merely a later product of your own private revolutionary imagination. On the contrary, we wished to represent an unfortunate young man, who, embittered by sad experience and seduced by treacherous demagogues, allows himself to be spurred on to commit crimes, which he subsequently expiates by sincere repentance." I now inquire the meaning of the effect of sunlight, and shall perhaps receive the following reply: "That is in strict accordance with nature; why should not the sun rise early in the morning?" This would certainly be a very practical excuse for an involuntary sunrise, but still I should feel compelled to maintain: "This sun would not have struck you so unexpectedly, if a situation, like that which I have sketched out above, had not really floated before your mind; the situation itself did not please you, but you certainly intended to produce a result from it."

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tion, called forth the appearance of the sun—the justifying, conditional kernel of all the luscious dramatic fruit—*is not present at all*; in his place we have a tenor singer, characteristically dressed, whom Meyerbeer has charged, through his poetical private secretary, Scribe, to sing as well as he can, and, at the same time, to adopt something of a communistic bearing, so that people should, also, have something piquant to reflect on. The hero, of whom we previously spoke, is a poor devil, who has undertaken from weakness the part of an impostor, and, finally, in the most pitiable manner, repents—not any error, or fanatical infatuation, for which a sun might have arisen in case of necessity, but—his weakness and lying conduct.

We will not here investigate what considerations could have co-operated to bring forth such an unworthy object under the title of a "Prophet;" let a contemplation of the result, which is really instructive, suffice us. In the first place, we see, in this example, the complete moral and artistic degradation of the poet; whoever is best intentioned towards the composer must no longer see the slightest good quality in the poet; in other words—the poetic intention must not attract us, in the least, any more; on the contrary, it must disgust us. The performer must not interest us as anything more than a singer in costume, and this he can only do, in the scene mentioned, by singing the above melody, which, accordingly, entirely of itself—as melody—produces a result. In the same manner and for the same reason, the sun must work for itself alone, namely, as an imitation of the true sun realized upon the stage: the reason of the result it effects is referable, consequently, not to the drama, but to pure mechanism, which, at the moment the sun appears, alone furnishes matter for thought; how alarmed the composer would be, if people were to look upon its appearance as in any way intended to represent the transfiguration of the hero as the champion of mankind! On the contrary, both for him and his public, the main thing must be to direct all attention from such ideas entirely to the masterpiece of mechanism. Thus, in this single scene, so applauded by the public, all Art is resolved into its component parts; the externalities of Art are made its essence, and as this essence we acknowledge—*effect*, absolute effect, that is to say, the charm of artificially producing amorous tickling, without the activity of real amorous enjoyment.

It is not my intention to write a criticism of Meyerbeer's operas, but simply to represent in them the constitution of modern opera in connection with this entire branch of Art generally. Although obliged, by the nature of the subject, frequently to give my statement an historical character, I could not allow myself to be so far led away as to deliver myself up to a system of historical details properly so speaking. Had I especially to characterize Meyerbeer's capability and vocation for dramatic composition, I should, out of regard for truth, which I exert myself completely to discover, bring forward most prominently a remarkable circumstance in his works. There is such frightful hollowness, shallowness, and nullity, displayed in Meyerbeer's music, that we feel inclined to set down his specifically musical competency at zero—especially in comparison with that of far the greater majority of contemporary composers. The fact that, in spite of this, he has achieved such great success with the operatic public of Europe, must not fill us with astonishment, for this marvel is very easily explained by a glance at the said public, but purely artistic observation shall enchain and teach us. We observe that, with the most palpable incapability of giving the least sign of artistic life, from his own musical powers, the celebrated composer rises, nevertheless, in some passages of his operatic music, to the pinnacle of the most undeniable and greatest artistic power. Such passages are the creations of real inspiration, and, on looking more nearly, we see, also, by what this inspiration was produced — namely, by really poetic situation. Wherever the poet forgets his constrained consideration for the musician; wherever, in his course of dramatic compilation, he involuntarily comes upon a moment, when he can breath in and again send forth the free, refreshing, human air of life—he suddenly wafts it as a source of inspiration to the musician as well, and the latter, who, after exhausting all the musical riches of his predecessors, cannot give a single gasp more of real invention, is now enabled, all at once, to discover the richest, most noble, and most soul-moving musical expression. I would especially call the reader's attention to several detached passages in the well-known and painful love-scene in the fourth act of the *Huguenots*, and above all, to the invention of the wonderful and moving melody in G flat major, with which, springing as it does, like a fragrant blossom from a situation that seizes on every fibre of the human heart with delicious pain, only very few, and only the most perfect portions of musical works can be compared. I mention this with the most sincere joy and real enthusiasm, because in this very fact the true constitution of Art is displayed so clearly and irrefutably, that we cannot help perceiving, with rapture, that the capability of true artistic creation must fall to the lot even of the most corrupt maker of music immediately he enters the sphere of a necessity stronger than his own selfish caprice, and suddenly effects his own salvation by turning his perverse endeavors into the true path of real Art.

But the fact of our being able to notice only detached passages, and not one entire great passage—not, for instance, the whole love-scene to which I referred, but only separate moments in it, compels us, above all things, to reflect upon the horrible nature of the madness, that nips in the bud the development of the musician's noblest qualities, and stamps his muse with the insipid smile of a repulsive desire to please, or the distorted simper of an insane rage for command. This madness is the anxiety of the musician to defray, himself and out of his own property, that which neither he nor his property can defray, and in the common production of which he can only *participate*, when it is presented him from out of the particular property of another. Through this unnatural anxiety, by which the musician wished to satisfy his vanity—namely, to represent his capability in the light of boundless power, he has reduced the said power, which is, in truth, most rich, to the most beggarly poverty, in which Meyerbeer's operatic music now appears to us. In the selfish endeavor to force its narrow forms, as the only valid ones, upon the drama, this operatic music has proved, until it was insupportable, the poverty-stricken, oppressive stiffness and unprofitableness of the forms in question. In the mania for appearing rich and varied, it has sunk, as a musical Art, to a state of the most complete mental want, and been compelled to borrow of the most material mechanism. In the egotistical pretence of exhausting dramatic characteristic by mere musical means, it has, lastly, lost all natural power of expression, and degraded itself to the level of the most grotesque buffoonery.

PLAYING PEOPLE OUT.—At the Panopticon, in Leicester Square, is one of the finest organs in the world. But, from a correspondence which has been published, it would appear, that whatever stops the instrument may have, the *vox humana* of the proprietary emits very objectionable noises. Mr. Best, who had been acting as organist, and who has certainly made the organ discourse most eloquent music, complains of having been treated, by those who engaged his services, as an artist ought not to be treated; and, the first time the owners of the instrument send their bellows to mend, they had better send their manners to undergo a similar reparatory operation. Not satisfied with Mr. Best's scholarly exhibition of the varied powers of the grand organ, by the performance of a series of compositions to visitors who listen, the directors of the establishment call upon a gentleman and a musician to "play the people out." He is to accompany the shuffling of feet, the racing down stairs, the calls of parties "to keep together," the requests "not to shove," the squabble for canes, parasols, and umbrellas, and the recitative in which cabs are summoned to the door. And when the last lounger is out, the gentleman and musician may leave off. But this is not all. The direction is good enough to select a composition fit to be applied to this noble Art-purpose—and they select Mendelssohn's "Bridal March," which, as every body knows, is just the thing to be trampled to pieces by a crowd of wearied sight-seers, anxious to escape. If the directors could get a Raphael, they would, in the same spirit, lay it down as a door-mat, for the greater luxury of their departing patrons. Mr. Best, having in vain remonstrated against the vulgarity, very properly resigns. He will not desecrate Mendelssohn, and "play the people out." If the Panopticon people conduct all their arrangements in this fashion, and without regard to what is due to Art, the public, which soon comprehends such things, will discover it, and then the next organists will have a very much harder task to attempt than "playing people out," namely that of "playing them in." The directors have got a *Novum Organum*, and a noble one, but they need not therefore behave like fat Bacons.

Punch.

TOUCH: AS APPLIED TO THE INSTRUMENT AND THE FINGER.—The term "Touch" is applied as well to the instrument as to the performer. When it is said that a pianoforte has "a good touch," it is intended to express that each key replies with ease to every degree of lightness or power with which the finger presses or strikes it; that it possesses the just amount of resistance to the touch of the finger; that its slow or rapid reiteration produces tones of equal value respectively, and that in these various particulars there exists no perceptible inequality throughout the entire range of the instrument. By the "touch" of the performer we mean the action of the finger on the key. By the majority of pianists, professional as well as amateur, this quality is not sufficiently cultivated; and now that we fortunately possess actions so perfect in their mechanism as to enable us to draw from the string any amount, and almost any quality of tone we may desire, we must attribute a hard *unvocal* tone, if I may be allowed the expression, to a want of musical feeling on the part of the performer. I would counsel all students of the pianoforte closely to imitate the voice; and, by frequent experiments, strive to produce from the point of the finger every gradation of tone of which the voice is capable. Between forte and fortissimo, piano and pianissimo, there are gradations of tones to be drawn forth, analagous, in the sister art of painting, to the middle tints of a picture; by the production of which, an expression is given to music which excites, both in the player and the auditor, emotions, almost as varied as our sensibilities. An attention to pianos and fortes, just time, and a firm clear articulation, are considered, by pianists in general, sufficient requisites to constitute a "good player." We have myriads of "good" players; but of "great" players, how few! The aim of manufacturers, besides producing a greater volume of tone, a more sustained quality, and a more equal touch has been to bring, by means of the most perfect mechanism, the peculiar sensitiveness of the finger into a more immediate association with the string, so that every variety of touch shall produce a corresponding variety of tone from the instrument. Dr. Lardner, in his "Handbook of Philosophy" instances the mechanism which in the pianoforte connects the key with the hammer as a "beautiful example of complex leverage." He says "the object of it is to convey, from the point where the finger acts upon the key, to that at which the hammer acts upon the string, all the delicacy of action of the finger; so that the piano may participate to a certain extent in the sensibility of touch which is observable in the harp; and which is the consequence of the finger acting immediately on the string in that instrument without the intervention of any other mechanism." The whole range of mechanical art, I believe, does not furnish a more astonishing result; and, when the distance from the keys to the wires is considered, I think it will be conceded that to produce, through the medium of wood and leather, that marvellous sympathy which exists between

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the finger and the strings, a great triumph of mechanical skill has been achieved. We are of late, however, so accustomed to perfection in the numerous inventions of art that it not only ceases to excite our wonder, but is not even appreciated.

Charles Salaman's Fourth Lecture.

[The following beautiful little poem from TENNYSON's new volume—"Maud, and other poems"—(in press by Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, Boston), is said to be a true passage from the poet's own experience.]

THE LETTERS.

Still on the tower stood the vane,
  A black yew gloom'd the stagnant air.
I peer'd athwart the chancel pane
  And saw the altar cold and bare.
A clog of lead was round my feet,
  A band of pain across my brow;
'Cold altar, heaven and earth shall meet
  Before you hear my marriage vow.'

I turn'd and humm'd a bitter song
  That mock'd the wholesome human heart,
And then we met in wrath and wrong,
  We met, but only meant to part.
Full cold my greeting was and dry;
  She faintly smiled, she hardly moved;
I saw with half unconscious eye
  She wore the colors I approved.

She took the little ivory chest,
  With half a sigh she turned the key,
And raised her head with lips comprest,
  And gave my letters back to me.
And gave the trinkets and the rings,
  My gifts when gifts of mine could please;
As looks the father on the things
  Of his dead son, I looked on these.

She told me all her friends had said;
  I raged against the public liar;
She talked as if her love were dead,
  But in my words were seeds of fire.
'No more of love; your sex is known;
  I never will be twice deceived,
Henceforth I trust the man alone,
  The woman cannot be believed.

Thro' slander, meanest spawn of hell
  (And woman's slander is the worst),
And you, whom once I loved so well,
  Thro' you, my life will be accurst.'
I spoke with heart, and heat and force,
  I shook her breast with vague alarms;
Like torrents from a mountain's source
  We rushed into each other's arms.

We parted: sweetly gleamed the stars,
  And sweet the vapor-braided blue,
Low breezes fann'd the belfry bars,
  As homeward by the church I drew.
The very graves appear'd to smile,
  So fresh they rose in shadow'd swells;
'Dark porch,' I said, 'and silent aisle,
  There comes a sound of marriage bells.'

SOUND DOCTRINE.—In a sermon, delivered by Rev. Dr. Bellows, of New York, before the Western Unitarian Conference, is the following paragraph:

"For my own part, I say it in all solemnity, I have lived to become sincerely suspicious of the piety of those who do not love pleasure in any form. I cannot trust the man that never laughs; that is always sedate; that has no apparent outlets for those natural springs of sportiveness and gayety that are perennial in the human soul. I know that nature takes her revenge on such violence. I expect to find secret vices, malignant sins, or horrid crimes springing up in this hot-bed of confined air and imprisoned space; and, therefore, it gives me a sincere moral gratification anywhere, and in any community, to see innocent pleasures and popular amusements resisting the religious bigotry that frowns so unwisely upon them. Anything is better than dark, dead, unhappy social life—a prey to ennui and morbid excitement, which results from unmitigated puritanism, whose second crop is usually unbridled license and infamous folly."

Music Abroad.

Germany.

MUNICH.—A correspondent of the Philadelphia *Bulletin* writes:

The opera at Munich is one of the best in Germany, and I was glad of the opportunity of hearing a true German opera performed in a German theatre. KREUTZER's *Nachtlager in Granada* was announced—an opera with the music of which I was familiar, although it has never been played in America. The theatre is a large and very handsome one, with five tiers of boxes and a very spacious comfortable parquet. The performance commenced at half past 6 o'clock, and a little before that, on entering, I found a large audience assembled. There were no famous artists among the singers, but all were respectable, and the barytone, Herr KINDERMANN, is the best I have heard in Europe, but not equal to BADIALI, whose equal I have not seen either in Paris or London. Madame DIETZ was the prima donna—she has a good voice and method and acts quite well, but is neither young nor pretty. The orchestra numbered over sixty first rate performers, and I observed that the harpist was a woman. They played most admirably, and the capital overture to the opera could scarcely have been better performed. The *Nachtlager in Granada*, though somewhat deficient in dramatic interest, is very well written. Its melodies are graceful, without being strikingly original, and some of the concerted music is most admirable. The burden of the work rests upon the soprano and the first barytone; the tenor has not a great deal to do.—Herr Kindermann delighted me by his acting and singing, especially in a scene where he is shut up and goes to rest in a ruined apartment of the Alhambra, and is disturbed by a band of outlaws, with whom he has a conflict, in which, of course, he is victorious. The soprano has a good duet with the tenor, a better with the barytone, and sings in a very fine trio with both at the close of the opera. A quintet—soprano, four barytones and bases, was also very effective. The chorus numbered between sixty and seventy singers, and they did their part extremely well. The scenery, too, was extremely beautiful, and every scene was painted expressly for its special purpose, so that there were no violations of propriety and none of the absurd anachronisms that are constantly to be seen on the American stage. For one of the best seats in the theatre, secured in advance, to see such an excellent performance as this, I had to pay only a single florin. The audience seemed to enjoy the opera exceedingly, were very attentive, and liberal, but not boisterous or undiscriminating in their applause. The whole performance was over a quarter before 9 o'clock, so that a valuable part of the evening remained for private entertainments or for visits to the gardens, where there is music every evening. All must agree that this is much more rational that staying till midnight, as they do at Paris or London, to hear one of MEYERBEER's enormous works, or parts of two or three of other composers.

KÖNIGSBERG.—Mdlle. Johanna Wagner has appeared with great success in *Iphigenia in Aulis* and *Euryanthe*. The operatic company will shortly proceed to Elbing, to give a series of eight representations. Mdlle. Johanne Wagner will accompany them.

BERLIN.—The season at the Royal Opera house was brought to a close with M. Auber's *Lac des Fées*. Owing to the fine weather and the various attractions out of doors, the house was very thinly attended. It will remain closed for a month. The concert given by the bands of the various regiments, for the benefit of the Fund for Military Musicians, their Wives, and Children, went off, last week, with great *éclat*.

STETTIN.—Madlle. Johanna Wagner has appeared in *Tannhäuser* and *I Montecchi e Capuletti* with success. A new romantic comic opera, entitled *Das Wirthshaus am Kyffhäuser*, has been produced, and tolerably well received. The music is by a young composer of the name of Ludwig Hoffmann, chorus master at the theatre.

LEIPSIC.—At the re-opening of the theatre, in the beginning of September, Herr A. Riccius, who has, for many years, directed the "Euterpe" concerts, will fulfil the duties of conductor.

GENEVA.—Two concerts are given every week on the Lake. The orchestra, consisting entirely of Germans, is placed in a large barque, which the audience follow about in small boats.

VIENNA.—The Italian operatic season was brought to a close on the 30th ult., with selections from the following operas:—*Rigoletto*, *Lucrezia Borgia*, *La Cenerentola*, *Il Trovatore*, and *Norma*.

Paris.

GRAND OPERA.—(*Correspondence London Musical World, July 21.*)

ROGER and ALBONI appeared ten days ago in the *Prophète*, Roger filling the part of Jean of Leyden, Alboni representing his much-tried and afflicted mother. To those who are not familiar with the simple, dignified, and touching conception of MARIO, or with the more impassioned, vigorous, and manly representation of TAMBERLIK, Roger may pass for a good representative of the peasant-prophet-king. To my taste he overacts the part, and, in his constant desire to be doing something, misses the effect produced by the calm dignity of Mario, or the quiet but resolute bearing of Tamberlik. * * * * * * *
But, although Roger has yet to learn the *ars celare artem*, he is an accomplished singer with a fine voice and good style, a thorough musician and a conscientious artist. What can I say of Alboni which has not been repeated a thousand times? To what purpose should I speak of that marvellous voice, limpid, sonorous, of unprecedented compass, ever fresh, ever charming, ever touching? * * * * Her conception of the part is admirable, her execution of the music perfectly marvellous. With her, Fides is a poor peasant woman, whose whole soul is absorbed in one overpowering sensation—love for her son. She is no enthusiast, no high-souled matron; she is a loving, trusting, tender-hearted, devoted mother, ready to yield up her life for her child, but resolutely refusing to sanction an impostor; willing to forget the past and forgive the present, if her son will but return to his humble house, and remain with that mother who is so fondly devoted to him. This conception seems to be more true than that which makes of Fides an austere devotee, cursing the impiety committed by the Prophet, and bowed down by the weight of his wickedness and profanity. Alboni has evidently studied her part with the greatest care and attention, and nothing could exceed the manner in which from beginning to end she portrayed in action the conception she had formed. Her first air, *Ah! mon fils, sois béni*," was sung with a tenderness, grace, and amplitude, of which words can afford no idea; and the exquisite tones of her most lovely voice produced an instantaneous thrill of pleasure through the whole house. She was called for again and again both during and after the opera and the performance was one continued triumph. Mlle. POINSOT makes a pleasing Bertha, and the orchestra and chorus, though inferior to those of Covent Garden, are yet deserving of praise for the manner in which they acquitted themselves.

Here, then, is the Grand-Opéra well provided until the close of the season. *Les Vêpres Siciliennes* promises its career of success, and Mlle CRUVELLI has won all hearts in her last and one of her most effective impersonations. Such *receipts* have rarely been known in the history of the establishment as those of *Les Vêpres Siciliennes*, and the capabilities of the house would be taxed were there even accommodation for twice the number it now contains. The Duke of Saxe Coburg's opera, *Santa Chiara*, is in constant rehearsal, in order that it may be produced to do honor to your Queen's visit in August; and, at the end of this year, alas! Mlle. Cruvelli bids farewell to the stage for ever.

The OPERA COMIQUE is full to the roof each night, and gives alternate representations of *L' Etoile du Nord* and *Jenny Bell*. The Théâtre-Lyrique is closed until September, when it opens with Marie Cabel in *Jaguarita, l' Indienne*.

The Exhibition has been a source of enormous profit to the operas and theatres, for the weather has been so uncertain that the balls and concerts *al fresco*—for which Paris is so famous—have been comparatively deserted, while the theatres and operas overflowed. The receipts during the month of June amounted to no less a sum than 1,309,307 francs being, I believe, the largest receipt on record, and 377,085 francs more than in the corresponding month last year.

Musical Chit-Chat.

Concerts at the sea-shore are quite the fashion. Miss HENSLER's at Newport, on Monday evening, is glowingly reported. She was assisted by her sister LOUISE, by Sig. BRIGNOLI, the tenor, and Messrs. DRESEL, SCHULTZE, &c. On the previous Monday, Mme. LA GRANGE, Sig. BRIGNOLI, Baron DE TROBRIAND, Miss VAN ZANDT and Mrs. RIGGS, (the last three amateurs) sang at a "religious concert" given at the church of the "Lady of Our Isle", to raise funds for the purchase of an organ for the church. The selections were principally from Verdi, Bellini and Rossini—pretty well for a "religious" concert! But as the letter-writer well says: Everything in Newport is governed by fashion." We see it also stated that the concert was opened by a blind pupil of the South Boston Institute, "who executed Rossini's *Stabat Mater* on the piano (!) with wonderful accuracy." It is farther stated that: "The performance lasted nearly two hours, and it was the most fashionable gathering I have seen this season. Thus far, it has been *the* event. For more than an

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hour before the appointed time, carriages were rolling down the hill and through the various thoroughfares to the church; and after the concert was over, the streets on three sides of the church were filled for some distance with a line of vehicles on each side. The sun was still an hour and a half high and as there was ample time, the greater number started for the beach, to drive on the hard sand at low tide." Mr. MILLARD gives another matinée next Monday.

The concert at Nahant a week hence by Mrs. J. H. LONG, one of the very best of our native *cantatrici*, must not be forgotten. Mr. ARTHURSON, tenor, and Mr. L. H. SOUTHARD, as pianist, will lend valuable aid. By notice in another column it will be seen that the steamer will make an extra trip to Nahant in season for the concert and return when it is over.

Mlle. VESTVALI has made an engagement with the manager of the opera in Mexico, and will leave the States on the first of September. She will pass the interim at Niagara Falls, Saratoga and Newport. ....STRAKOSCH and PARODI have been concertizing as far as Galena on the Mississippi....PAUL JULLIEN is in Canada; CAMILLE URSO in New York, with no engagement, and "really in want," according to the *Review*....GOTTSCHALK, the Pianist, has gone South, in "a very precarious state of health."

The Philharmonic Society in Munich has enrolled among its honorary members a young female composer, Fräuleim EMILIE MAYER, in recognition of her high musical aspirations and excellent achievements in the Art. A Trio of her composition was performed in the hall of the society on the 17th of June, before an overflowing audience....The authorities of the Evangelical Churches in Berlin are threatening to forbid any further musical performances in the churches, lest the dignity of the church should suffer thereby.

The *Musical Review* circulates the following:

"All GERMAN MUSICAL SOCIETIES, in their own land or abroad, are requested by the editor of the *Neue Berliner Musik-Zeitung* to assist in the collection of materials for a forthcoming musical statistical work, by forwarding information in regard to the conductor of their societies, the numbers, time of formation, whether they are state or private institutions, or any thing of interest in regard to them, to the *Neue Berliner Musik-Zeitung*, Berlin, Prussia, as soon as possible. German singing-societies are very numerous in America, and it is hoped that accurate information in regard to them will be forwarded to Berlin. German papers in America will do a service by giving the above notice a place in their columns."

It is now stated that there is no probability that BALFE, author of the "Bohemian Girl," &c., will come to New York to direct Italian Opera at the Academy. He was willing to conduct three performances of a new opera of his own for the modest sum of $5,000 and expenses to and fro; the copyright to remain his own. . Sig. FREDERICO BADIALI, brother of the popular baritone, and manager here of Sig. Marti's Havana opera troupes, died last week in New York.

The great pianist, THALBERG, since the failure of his opera at Vienna, is reported to have left for Brazil....The *Home Journal* gives the "census" of Madame ALBONI, (whose recent Parisian triumphs may be read under our head of Music Abroad) thus:

"The gradual wax of this great moon among the operatic stars, is regularly chronicled by the French critics. The census of her increase of pounds latterly is startling—but we forbear to particularize. The last paragraph on the subject thus concludes:—

Madame Alboni is the same as to voice and talent, but she has increased, out of all personal acquaintance, in size. It is appalling. What will contain her, at this rate of progress? New characters will be necessary in operas—heroines borne in palanquins or on sledges—or she must sing from a cloud, as a Juno, or from the side-scenes, as a concealed object of adoration. Happily, as yet, Nature persists in leaving her voice unobstructed. It pervades, as yet, the entire globe which she inhabits."

At the court theatre in Vienna, a Hungarian opera, *Hunyady Laszlo*, by ERKEL, was among the next things to be produced; it has produced a great sensation at the national theatre in Pesth....ROSSINI has left the noise of Paris for the sea-shore. Some of his worshippers improvised a little concert in his dwelling, at which Mme. UCCELLI, and Signori NERI-BARALDI and ZUCCHELLI sang some numbers of his *Soirées Musicales* and two of the romances of GORDIGIANI....VERDI has received the order of the Legion of Honor from Louis Napoleon.

We are glad to see that Novello is about to give us in English, as the next number of his valuable "Library for the Diffusion of Musical Knowledge," the famous treatise by HECTOR BERLIOZ on "Instrumentation."

Italian papers speak in raptures of the playing of the English pianist, Miss ARABELLA GODDARD, who has been concertizing in Florence....A glance back over the *repertoire* of the Royal Opera in Berlin for the season past, from September 1854 to the end of June 1855, shows, that out of 152 representations 77 have been devoted to the works of German composers. C. M. von WEBER has the majority in 17 performances; his Oberon was given 11 times, his *Freyschütz* 4, his *Euryanthe* twice. Next to him came GLUCK and MOZART, each with 10 performances. Gluck's *Orpheus* was newly studied and given 6 times, his *Ifigenia in Tauris* and *in Aulis* twice each. Of Mozart the *Don Juan* appeared 6 times, the *Nozze di Figaro* 4 times. BEETHOVEN was represented 3 times by *Fidelio*, SPOHR once by *Jessonda*. Of the modern Germans, MEYERBEER has figured oftenest, 6 times in the *Huguenots* and 5 times in the *Prophète*; after him comes FLOTOW with 4 repetitions of *Stradella* and 3 of *Martha*; then LORTZING, whose *Czar and Zimmermann* was given 4 times and his *Wildschütz* twice. DORN with his *Niebelungen* figures 6 times. GLASER'S *Adler's Horst* appears 5 times, KREUTZER'S *Nachtlager* once. Of not German masters, CHERUBINI in his *Wasserträger* came 3 times on the stage; BOIELDIEU 8 times, (*La Dame Blanche* 4, "John of Paris" 4); AUBER'S *Masaniello* was given 10 times, his *Lac des Fees* 10 times, *Fra Diavolo* 5, *Le Macon* 3, "Crown Diamonds" 1. HALEVY'S *Juive* appeared 3 times; ROSSINI'S *Tancredi* 7 times and "Siege of Corinth" 3 times; DONIZETTI'S *Lucrezia Borgia* 4 times, *Fille du Regiment* 2, *Lucia* 2 and *Favorita* once; BELLINI'S *Capuletti* 4 times and *Sonnambula* once. Of smaller operas were given MEHUL'S *Je toller, je besser* twice, ISOUARD'S *Rendezvous* twice, and GRISAR'S *Bon soir M. Pantalon* 4 times. When will Boston and New York "Academies" tell such a story as that!

VIEUXTEMPS, (whom all artists and cultivated dilettanti regard as the first of violinists, unless JOACHIM may compete with him, and who in his visit to this country in the days of our musical infancy was overshadowed by the showy qualities of OLE BULL), has been passing the summer (says the *Signale*) in his charming villa at Dreieichenhain, near Frankfort, a place famous for the yet remaining ruins of a hunting castle of the Emperor Charles the Great. Vieuxtemps' estate borders immediately upon these ruins, and by its romantic situation and wild prospect is well calculated to inspire the artist to new compositions, to which his retirement is continually devoted.

THE GERMAN FESTIVAL.—Several societies of the "Turnverein" of different New England cities arrived in the city during the day yesterday and were received by the "Turnverein" of Boston. Others from Rhode Island, Connecticut and Western Massachusetts arrived in the late night trains. During the evening the German Glee Club met at Pfaff's hotel, and under the direction of AUG. KREISSMAN sung several German national songs and glees in preparation for the festivities at Florence Grove to-day.—*Advertiser*.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, AUG. 18, 1855.

The Musical Conventions.

The Boston Music Hall and Tremont Temple are now swarming at all hours, since Wednesday morning, with rival crowds of music teachers, choristers and singers from the country, far and wide, besides multitudes of resident musicians, critics, amateurs, &c., who are curious to see and hear what is going on. We have not found time to be present at any of the regular sessions of the Conventions proper; but we are told that the numbers in attendance upon both corps of teachers are quite large. The event of the opening day (Wednesday) was the "Organ Concert" given in the evening at the Tremont Temple, where a large audience thronged eager to hear the renowned organ-playing of Mr. GEORGE W. MORGAN, on the largest and in many respects the finest organ in this country. This we did attend and felt rewarded.

Much has been said (during the week) of Mr. Morgan, as one of the most distinguished of the younger organists in London, and of his extraordinary skill in pedal-playing. For the year past he has resided in New York, very quietly it would seem, and without much blowing of the trumpet in the high ways. The programme was certainly inviting, especially the first part, which embraced purely classical and solid pieces, three of them of the kind which can strictly be called *organ music*. The first was a Prelude and Fugue (in C Minor) by MENDELSSOHN, a very elaborate and beautiful work, and was rendered with the utmost clearness and effectiveness throughout. The long and interesting theme of the Fugue was kept perfectly distinct through all the answers, involutions and inversions. Next he played the Andante from BEETHOVEN'S C minor symphony. Organ versions of orchestral music must of course, however happy, leave much to be desired. The great organ with its fifty or more stops, its five keyboards, and means of coupling and mixing qualities of tone *ad libitum*, is to be sure a sort of orchestra. But its many instruments in one must lack the individual vitality which each has in the orchestra of many men, and the distracting work of constantly recombining or isolating the stops must involve some dallying with time, some humoring of the movement of the composition. Yet we confess we were astonished to hear so much of the orchestral character and coloring of that lovely work reproduced under the player's hands—and feet. The stops were blended with rare tact, so as to imitate (more than we had thought possible), the contrasted tone colors of the original. It was a performance of great skill and beauty.

The next piece was BACH'S famous St. Ann's Fugue, with the three subjects. This was from the deepest, purest springs of real organ music. It was played in a simple, solid, clear, masterly manner, so that the thought, the essential music of the work, lay clearly and simply before the mind. It was not musical *effect*, but musical

essence; the rich full organ tone seemed the music's voice, not something added from without, and the player gave it conscientiously free course. Our only doubt was, whether the rapidity of the movement was not a little too great for the most distinct and telling effect of all parts of an instrument so vast and so distributed over wide space. The Fugue and Chorus from HANDEL'S "Israel in Egypt," was another solid, satisfying "fill" of glorious music.

Here, in the higher view of an Art feast, one would gladly have left off. Here one could have gone home and slept, as if among the mountains or by the sea-shore, at peace with all the world. Other fine things, pleasing things, curious and wonderful things followed, but they were lighter things, distracting by their promiscuity, and fatiguing to the mind both by their promiscuity and length. It is only the comment one is forced to make upon nine out of ten of *all* concerts, by whomsoever given: too heterogeneous and *too much*. But here were fresh and eager auditors from the country, who do not hear these things every day, and the wish was natural to crowd as much as possible into their week. We proceed then to

Part II. Selections from ROSSINI'S *Stabat Mater*. This was given under the direction of Mr. A. N. JOHNSON, the head and father of the Convention, by the Choir of Park Street Church, numbering from fifty to sixty voices, with the quartet of solo singers: Miss S. E. WHITEHOUSE, soprano; Miss H. BRIGGS, second soprano; Mr. E. H. FROST, tenor; Mr. W. GARRETT, basso. Mr. WILLCOX supplied accompaniments from the organ, adapting its various stops (among which he is lovingly at home) with graceful and expressive tact. The choruses (in the opening movement and the *Inflammatus*) were sung with a purity and well blended, musical quality of voice, which we have supposed very rare in large church choirs, also with a careful regard to points of expression, to light and shade, *pianissimo*, &c., as well as to correct Italian pronunciation of the Latin words, which showed patient, conscientious drill. The swelling *fortissimos* were quite grand. One fault however was the carrying of a mechanical virtue to excess; that sharp, short cutting off of the last note of a phrase, while better than the drawling, straggling wont of many choirs, gave the feeling of mechanical precision more than of expression. Some of the solos also showed too much of the bran-new edge of the same drill. The quartets: *Sancta mater*, and *Quando corpus* suffered from the indisposition of the tenor, for whom indulgence had to be asked beforehand. These were ambitious efforts, especially the latter, so chromatic, and naked as it is without the least accompaniment. Even the Italians, (who always sing us this *Stabat Mater* and nothing else, when they give "sacred" concerts), generally contrive to have a violin or two near by, *sotto-voce*, by which they may feel their pitch from time to time; but these young persons sang it and kept mainly true without such aid, making allowance, of course, for the disabled tenor. The soprano of Miss Whitehouse is singularly pure, fresh, even, flexible and telling; in execution and in style she must take place among the foremost of our young native singers. The contralto was true and of pleasing quality, though hardly powerful enough. Mr. Garrett has a rich, well-developed voice, and sings conscientiously; only in some passages of his solo, as the opening of *Pro peccatis*, the voice had a dry and constrained sound, which gave way when the singer seemed to feel more free. On the whole it was a highly creditable performance; though something less hacknied than that music, something in which we have not heard *all* the great *prime donne* &c., who have ever visited our city, would, we think, have been a better subject for such ambitious effort.

Part III. was composed again of organ pieces, of a lighter and more fantastical character—show pieces, less in the range of strictly legitimate organ music. These were: 1, the overture to *Der Freyschütz*, which of course we call a show piece only as transferred to the organ, and which was played very skilfully and effectively, especially in the more spirited passages, towards the end; it was less so in the opening, where we suppose the contrast of the horn quartet with the *tremolo* of strings admits in any case of but faint imitation on the organ. 2, "Auld Robin Grey," with introduction and variations, fantasia-like, *quasi* impromptu, in which he produced a great many wonderfully curious and sometimes beautiful effects. 3. Lastly "God save the Queen," as played by Mr. Morgan before their Majesties in the Crystal Palace, London. Another piece of marvellously florid and fantastic variation-work, showing an unlimited command of that sort of thing, and bringing out the separate and blended beauties of the many organ stops to great advantage. Skilful as it all was, we must confess it wearisome; we had wandered too long in those wilfully perplexed mazes of melody to receive any definite and lasting impression. One's ears had got too full, with listening to so much, and hence had grown indifferent to all they heard. Perhaps a good honest Bach fugue or Handel chorus might have proved a restorative, like the cool of evening and sea-shore after a roving, idle, hot, distracting day.

On Thursday evening was the second concert, consisting of two parts of organ music again by Mr. Morgan,—one part classical, the other light and popular, and a third part of selections sung from NEUKOMM'S hacknied oratorio of "David." We had only time to hear a portion of the first, which was undoubtedly the best. The organist seemed this time to exert himself particularly in the field of great and true organ music, playing fugue after fugue, in admirable style, and stimulated and encouraged, we were happy to see, by the rapturous applause of the entire promiscuous audience. Do not say, then, that the organ must be made a play-thing, that Bach and Mendelssohn must be avoided, in order to interest the people in the music of that noble instrument. Mr. Morgan is certainly by far the ablest organist who has yet been heard in Boston. His command of the pedals is even amusingly complete; how grandly he made the sub-bass roll and toss in that billowy chorus from "Israel in Egypt." Every thing is artistically finished, with no break of melodious connection anywhere, in his wandering over all those banks of keys; he uses the swell to perfection, and in changing the stops (which is like the painter's mixing his colors on his pallet, only that the organist must do it while his picture goes on, losing not a breath of time), he has the happiest way of a humoring the stream of improvisation during the transition from one combination of tone-colors to another, so that it seems all perfectly natural and in the intention of the piece; the interest is not suspended. He seems as much at home with that Tremont Temple organ, to have grown as sympathetically to it, as if there, and there only, at that precise organ, he had wooed music from the first. In tasteful skill we have not known his equal; whether there be so much of the poetry of the Art, so much depth of sentiment, of the religion of Music in his playing, as we read of in some of the great German organists, we cannot say.

Yesterday afternoon the Convention continued its series of daily concerts with a performance of MOZART'S Twelfth Mass, and organ pieces as before. This evening they bring a full orchestra into the field, for the first public trial of two MSS. overtures by Mr. L. H. SOUTHARD, and of two scenes from his unfinished opera, "The Scarlet Letter", in which the principal parts will be sustained by Mrs. J. H. LONG, Mr. ARTHURSON and Mr. MOZART; to be followed by Grand Choruses by the whole Convention. This will be an occasion of peculiar interest.

There is a very large class also in attendance at the Convention in the Boston Music Hall, under the direction of Mr. B. F. BAKER, who has had some fourteen years' experience in these matters. This assemblage styles itself "THE BOSTON MUSICAL CONVENTION AND PHILHARMONIC INSTITUTE". The hourly exercises, lessons, chorus practice, &c., are essentially of the same character as those at the Temple. Mr. Baker has the able assistance of Prof. H. S. MAY, from London, and Messrs. ADAMS, BALL, CUTLER, WHEATON and WERNER, of this city.—Their first public demonstration is announced for to-morrow (Sunday evening) when HAYDN'S "Creation" will be performed with orchestral accompaniment, and Mr. CUTLER at the organ. With such solo singers as Miss BOTHAMLY, Miss TWICHELL, Mr. BALL, Mr. MOZART, and the others named, it cannot fail to please.

Our Music Table.

Song from Milton's Comus, by OTTO DRESEL. (Published by Nathan Richardson.)

Here we have something refreshingly pure and true in the way of song. The composition is worthy of its subject, which is the invocation of the Lady to "Sweet Echo, sweetest nymph, that liv'st unseen", &c. The musician has caught the tone and spirit of the poem; that crystal purity and spirituality of Milton's Comus is found in the chaste and un-common-place melody, the delicately sympathetic accompaniment, and even in the happy choice of key, C ♯ minor. The song is for a mezzo-soprano voice, and not mechanically difficult, but must be sung with soul and feeling. The "resounding grace" of the music to the last two lines, so truly Miltonic and sonorous, ought to inspire a singer who has any soul. And the whole is true to the character of the Lady, a song of virgin innocence in danger and distress calling with the trust of a pure soul upon the good unseen powers to help her. "Sure something holy lodges in that breast." The composion, we understand, was occasional. It was made to help out a parlor performance of the "Mask" by some young people in one of our cultivated families.

Judith: Beneath the ramparts of Bethesda.—Scene and air written by BELANGER; music by J. CONCONE. Translated and adapted by T. B. B. Pp. 9; price 50 cts. (O. Ditson).

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This is a very musical and effective dramatic oratorio scene, by the author, we suppose, of the well-known vocal exercises, who is certainly a master of the best style of Italian melody. Everything is clear, melodious and singable. Both recitative and melody are expressive, the compass for the most part moderate, and we should think it must become a favorite in concert-rooms and parlors.

Souvenir de Vienne, by JULES SCHULHOFF, pp. 7. (Oliver Ditson).

This is a long-flowing, rather ornate and difficult *Nocturne* for the piano, which, though it has neither the simplicity and purity of Field, nor the delicious reverie and spirituality of Chopin, being a much more artificial kind of product, is yet not without interest and beauty.

The Evening Rose, (La Rosée du Soir), Pensée Musicale pour Piano, par G. A. OSBORNE. pp. 9. (Oliver Ditson).

A short harp-like prelude is followed by a gentle, limpid little melody, which flows gracefully along, running into variations (arpeggio, chromatic triplets, &c., sometimes in the air, sometimes in the bass), making quite a pleasing and by no means a very easy little fantasia. But why is the French title: *La Rosée du Soir*, or the Dew of Evening, translated into "The Evening *Rose*"?

Diary Abroad.—No. 19.

BERLIN, *July* 19.—In the church out at Charlottenburg, MOZART'S *Requiem!* CHERUBINI'S makes one tremble, Mozart's makes one cry.

Salva me fons pietatis!

JULY 21.—Our LIEBIG is a glorious fellow. Last Spring he gave us the four *Leonore* and *Fidelio* overtures at one concert in the order of their composition—to-night this is the programme out at Hennig's:

Part I. Three overtures to *Faust*, SCHULZ, LINDPAINTNER, SPOHR.
Part II. Overture, *Abencerragen*..........CHERUBINI.
Symphony It, (No. 10)..................HAYDN.
Part III. Symphony F, (No. 8)............ BEETHOVEN.

This will make up for his having inflicted SPOHR'S "weight" of Tones upon us three times lately. Not upon me though, for I was one of a large number who stayed away after the first time. Still the *Weihe der Töne* has a large class of admirers. I find that the members of the orchestra like to play it greatly. I know no piece of music of such pretensions, and played so much, which I detest so heartily.

In 1842 a sort of charity foundation was established at Dresden called the "Tiedge Stiftung", in honor of the author of the Urania, the object of which seems to be the encouragement of sacred poetry. From the recent report of the treasurer we learn that HELMINE VON CHEZY, authoress of the text to WEBER'S *Euryanthe*, is living in Switzerland still, now very old, very poor, and blind, and that the committee of the "Stiftung" has granted her a pension of 60 Thaler (about $48) for life. The income of the foundation is about $250 per annum, and that of the year past was expended, besides the pension to Frau v. Chezy, in a prize of 200 Thaler to Dr. JULIUS HAMMER, for a collection of religious poetry which has just reached its 11th edition. Hammer, who is one of the committee, has refused the money, and it is to be expended in purchasing and adorning a piece of land on the exquisitely beautiful banks of the Elbe, near the Bastei, in the so-called Saxon Switzerland, to be called by Tiedge's name.

Madame VIARDOT GARCIA has recently purchased of Streicher, son-in-law of André, Mozart's original autograph score of 'Don Juan' for £160. Another lot of Mozart autographs, which belonged to the younger of the André's, is for sale. They have however so little value other than as mere autographs, that they have been refused two or three times at the Royal Library in Berlin when offered there.

The King of Prussia has placed in the hands of the "Architecten-verein" of Berlin two annual prizes of 300 Thaler each, to be awarded, one for the most successful plan for an edifice, the subject to be given out by the society; the other for some plan in the departments of waterworks, railroads or machinery. The prize is to be used by the successful candidates in traveling. This is no more than has already been done in painting and music.

The subjects for the coming year are, first, a plan for a Lutheran church, with 2000 seats, to be built of brick, in the round arch style, with parsonage attached, and so on. The second is, a plan for a moveable bridge for a canal 78 feet wide. The plans are to be handed in in December, decided upon in January, and the prizes given in March, so that the student can immediately leave upon his travels. Could we only have something of the kind!

Pianos—Another Improvement.

The "Swell Mute" is the name of a new "Attachment" to the Piano, which has recently been patented, and which the proprietor, Mr. E. B. ROBINSON, of Portland, invites all persons who are interested to examine at Room No. 17, Tremont Temple. Generally hitherto the very name of an "attachment" to the piano has caused us half to sympathize with our friend the Reverend Doctor Blank, who, pestered all day by the jingle of polkas and scale-exercises, and loving books better than he loved music, on over-hearing some one call the "Aeolian Attachment" a humbug, volunteered his own private opinion that "*all attachments* to pianos were a humbug, if not worse." Commonly the thing attached has been something alien to the very nature of the piano, something uncongenial with its quality of tone. The combination of metallic reeds with strings, for instance, results in a mongrel, bastard mixture, which is neither one thing nor the other; neither organ nor piano, but rather a forced, unnatural marriage of the weaker sides of both. For certain effects, for certain musical economies, they are sometimes useful, but pianists, who are artists, shun them.

But here we have a modification, an improvement which is *legitimate*, which proceeds from the nature of the piano-forte itself; which seeks no new quality or holding out of tone, no new expression, or increase of power, which does not reside in the vibration of the string itself. It is the principle of the mute used in violins applied to the bridge of the piano. The bridge is pressed or pinched on the same principle, so as to isolate it and leave the vibration purely in the strings. The same thing has been realized to a less perfect degree in what is called the "Dolce Campana attachment" of Messrs. Gray & Boardman, but, as we understand, by an inferior mechanism, dropping weights upon the bridge. In the Swell-Mute the end is completely attained by a couple of sliding iron frames which close upon the bridge on either side, being precisely fitted to its curvature, so that the bridge is locked fast and firm. This is operated by a pedal, so that the pressure may be loosened and graduated at will, producing a beautiful swell. This yields a tone of remarkable sweetness and purity, a tone (it has been well said) "reduced to its essence", and which prolongs itself with an even power, not vanishing to a breath immediately. We have heard it only as applied to a quite ordinary square piano, and the effect even there was so singularly beautiful, so expressive and in the true character of the instrument, that we cannot doubt that the success of the invention will be certain when it shall be truly applied to Grand Pianos. Many of our best musicians are delighted with it, and we should fancy that some of our leading piano manufacturers would be eager to possess themselves of so genuine an improvement.

Are many of our readers aware to what perfection the construction of metallic reed keyed instruments has been carried in this country? Those who are not, and who would see and hear an instrument on the "Melodeon" principle, but much enlarged, with various stops and swell, equal in power and richness of tone to many small organs, and equal if not superior in expressiveness to the Parisian *Orgue Expressive*, we would advise to call and examine the "Organ-Harmonium," just patented by Messrs MASON & HAMLIN, Cambridge (corner of Charles) Street. We hope soon to have room for a more minute description.

Advertisements.

F. F. MÜLLER,

DIRECTOR OF MUSIC AND ORGANIST at the Old South Church; Organist and Pianist of the Handel & Haydn Society, Musical Education Society, &c. &c.

Residence, No. 3 Winter Place, Boston.

MUSICAL CONVENTION.

THE BOSTON MUSICAL CONVENTION AND PHILHARMONIC INSTITUTE will commence its Fourteenth Annual Session at the

BOSTON MUSIC HALL,

On Wednesday, Aug. 15,

And continue every Day and Evening until the 23d.

The exercises will be under the direction of Prof B. F. Baker, assisted by Prof. H. S. May, from London, and Messrs. John W Adams S B Ball, H. S Cutler, J. B. Wheaton, and A. Werner.

The first of the series of Concerts will be given

On Sunday Evening, August 19th,

At which the Oratorio of

"THE CREATION,"

BY HAYDN,

Will be performed with Orchestral Accompaniment.

SOLO PERFORMERS:

MISS BOTHAMLY,
MRS. B. BAGNALL,
MRS. MINNIE LITTLE,
MISS TWICHELL.
MR. L. MARSHALL,
MR. S. B. BALL,
MR. HIRAM WILD,
MR. MOZART,
MR. BRIDGE WHEAT.
Mr. H. S. CUTLER, ORGANIST.

VOCAL CONCERT, AT NAHANT HOTEL,

ON SATURDAY EVENING, AUG. 25th,

To be given by

MRS. J. H. LONG, of Boston,

Assisted by

Mr. A. ARTHURSON, Tenore,

AND

Mr. L. H. SOUTHARD, Pianist.

Tickets 50 cts each, to be had at the office of the Hotel. Doors open at 7 1-2, Concert to commence at 8 1-4 o'clock.

Steamer Nelly Baker will make an extra trip, accommodating those who may wish to attend. Boat leaving Liverpool Wharf at 7 1-2 o'clock, and returning after the Concert.

Fare 20 cts. each way.

MOSES IN EGYPT,

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Translated for this Journal.

Conradin Kreutzer.

FROM THE GERMAN OF W. H. RIEHL.

From wintry Russia, in Dec[illegible] 1849, came the news that the most lyrical among our opera composers, the pensive Swabian minstrel of the Spring, CONRADIN KREUTZER, had just died at Riga. And the German people took a warm interest in this news, whereat the learned old musicians, and the perverse moderns alike marvelled, since they both maintained—and justly—that the departed in no single piece had shown himself a great magician of his Art.

Kreutzer died at the age of sixty-seven years. Composers, to whom their Art has been the peaceful, tranquil occupation that it was to him, are apt to reach an even higher age; but it is remarkable, that the peculiar artistic reputation of this man dates only from the last fifteen of his seven and sixty years. He had published a long series of works since his youth, but only in his two and fiftieth year did he succeed in producing a kindling work of magnitude: *Das Nachtlager von Granada* (The Night Camp of Granada). This opera does not sound like the composition of a man of fifty-two. It had a wonderful success, the more wonderful since Kreutzer made no such lucky throw since this, as he had made none before. But this is in itself a most striking indication of the lyric talent, inasmuch as this depends more than any other on the favor of the moment. So Kreutzer in his inspired hours worked with fabulous speed and threw off his finest songs, those that were quickened with the warm poetic breath, as rapidly as the mere mechanical jobber in the Art. In other works of Kreutzer on the other hand you feel quite unmistakeably, how painfully the composer toiled, yet could not invent aught fresh or new. This fluctuating dependence upon favoring moods is contrary to the calling of the dramatic composer, who has to work on a grand scale and for the whole, so that in view of the harmonious completeness of the structure we are willing to overlook some carelessness in detail. In this harmonious rounding off of the whole it was, that Kreutzer in his larger designs only succeeded once.

Kreutzer's course of life was extremely simple; you remark even in his compositions, that the unyielding powers of outward circumstances, which men call Fate, have made commotion in his soul. He was born at Mösskirch in the Schwarzwald, and indeed on the highest feast day of the musical calendar, on St. Cecilia's day.—From early youth he had judicious teachers at his side, who carried him quickly through the courses and degrees of musical study. At an age at which others had to fight their way forward step by step in Art in defiance of opposing circumstances, it was his privilege in the personal presence of great composers to feel the stimulus of the immediate impression of excellent performances.

The *Wanderjahre*, or travelling period of his artistic preparation, led him to Switzerland, to Vienna, Stuttgart and Donaueschingen, where he worked and learned in the excellent chapel of the prince of Fürstenberg. And as a kindly fate had otherwise befriended him, so here too to the composer, whose future fame was about to rest upon the composition of song, Nature had lent a tuneful voice, so that he could cultivate himself equally as an instrumentalist and as a singer.

Kreutzer has here and there directed, and in many places worked as a practical musician. I know not what interest may be felt in the special relation of these facts, and still less would it profit, to point here even in groups to the long list of his compositions. For Kreutzer belongs to that class of artists, with whom a single work as such has no peculiar importance, since it is only as reflected in his collective activity that the personality of the master manifests itself with any prominence.

It is well known that Kreutzer, himself a Swabian, in the choice of subjects for his composition has been particularly partial to the songs and ballads of UHLAND, and has frequently been very happy in hitting their peculiar tone. But this partiality to Uhland was more than a mere accident; it marks for us the whole historical standpoint in Art, which Kreutzer occupied, and this in fact is very nearly kindred with that of the "Swabian School of Poetry." As UHLAND, KERNER and their other Swabian comrades in song attached themselves to the older Romanticists, so Kreutzer's tendencies were in the direction of C. M. von WEBER.

But we are far from asserting that the artistic personality of Kreutzer holds as important a place in our musical, as Uhland's does in our poetical development. Only the key-note, which they both struck, Uhland in mightier, Kreutzer in weaker accords, was the same.

Out of the confusion of that many-colored magical world, unlocked by the Romantic School, Kreutzer snatched the simple song, a mixture of the popular echoes and of that ground-tone of a dissolving sentimental longing, already prefigured by von Weber in his best hours.

What GUTZKOW has said of Uhland, applies also in this sense to Kreutzer: "He pulled the bells of chapels, stationed shepherd boys upon the hill-tops and put happy songs into their mouths. He conjured back the Past in transfigured shape out of its germs, bade the old falcons once more stoop upon their quarry—bade minstrels knock for entrance at the gates of castles, charmed maidens out for us upon the green plain and let kings' sons pass by and fall in love with them." And so on, open the books of literary history, and almost every word, in which you find the Swabian School of Poetry described, you may apply to Conradin Kreutzer.

The day of this harmless Romanticism is past, in Music even more than in Poetry. Already the bright green of the Kreutzer Song-Spring seems monotonous and tame to us, and we feel clearly enough beforehand, that many a situation in his *Nachtlager* which is child-like to us, will appear childish to the coming generation.

The Romantic School split into two great branches, into a sickly and a sound Romanticism. The former strove for a lofty goal, but as if in a feverish intoxication, or indeed in that miserable feeling which attends the waking out of that, and which sick people have called *Weltschmerz* (world-woe). The others looked upon Art more as the pensive play of a soft and gentle disposition; they kept their health withal, like most men not addicted to too high concerns. Kreutzer in this sense has written a wholesome music, in opposition to the French-ified New-Romanticists with their interesting paleness of face. In like manner, only more pervadingly and more victoriously, has the Swabian School of Poets formed a counterpart to what is called "Young Germany."

What GOETHE says of the Swabian clique of poets, that nothing "influencing human destiny" could proceed from their circle, holds in a yet higher degree of our harmless Kreutzer. But his very antipodes, the musical New-Romanticists, have shown too clearly that the last result is but a music of insanity, when the composer undertakes in every note to "influence human destiny."

Kreutzer kindled up a love for genuine Ger-

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"If your reasoning is correct," I replied, "we may draw a more comprehensive conclusion from it. Because the artist's works have been considered dependent on his mode of looking at the world, many persons wish to bring the course pursued by Art generally into necessary connection with the course followed by our religious and political life; political and religious ideas are developed after this or that fashion, and, *consequently*, music must be developed after this or that fashion also. Händel was *obliged* to write in his day in the manner he did, because the life of the period was what it was. Gluck, Haydn, Mozart, and so on, were obliged to write as they did, in obedience to the path pursued by people generally and universally in their mode of looking at the world at that epoch."

"An opinion which is as untenable as that on the works of the individual artist," said Mendelssohn. "Beethoven's genius for music did not come into the world for the first time with Beethoven. It is probable that it had existed several times, at earlier and different epochs. But it found other predecessors, other models, and other modes of looking at *Art*. People admit Goethe's assertion that an artist, coming ten years earlier or later than he did, would have been a different person, that is to say, in so far as he would have met with other *views of Art*, which would have worked differently upon his development, and then again they would make the course pursued by Art dependent on that followed by the world. That Beethoven's genius manifested itself as it did, was dependent simply on the *order* in which he appeared. Had he lived in Händel's days he would not have been our Beethoven. He would have been different *before* Haydn and Mozart. Haydn and Mozart would have been different had they lived *after* Beethoven. This would have so happened, whatever the world might have been, politically, religiously, etc. No matter what dogma or political opinions had prevailed, whether there had been peace or war, absolotism, constitotionalism, or republicanism, *it would have had no influence on the course of music*, and that is true solely *because the artist cannot expand and develope himself otherwise than in accordance with the artistic moment at which he appears.* Let us suppose that, from to-day, *all artistic creation were interrupted for a hundred years*, while the political, the religious, and the philosophic world continued to progress without let or hindrance. Would music, on awakening from her long sleep, have gone forward with the rest of the world, and would the works of the next master be a hundred years in advance of the best works of our own times? Not one step. Under the most favorable circumstances, they would only follow in the same line as our best works, and continue the series uninterruptedly, however the world might, in the meantime, have progressed in everything else.

"In a word—the course of musical Art possesses nothing in common with the course of science, philosophy, religion, or politics; it developes itself in conformity with the laws of its rise, growth and decay."

Much to my regret, Mendelssohn now perceived a friend, whom he called, saying,

"Adieu, Mr. Gruls, *Auf Wiedersehen*," as he stretched out his hand to me.

I had a great many objections to make against his last arguments, but I was obliged to wait for a good opportunity, as Mendelssohn was not always inclined to enter on such discussions, and, when I remarked this, I took care not to annoy him with them.

Letter from Wagner.

Willis's *Musical World* translates from the German the following letter which Richard Wagner wrote to a friend in Dresden respecting his withdrawal from London, where he and his works have been violently assailed by a portion of the press:—

The false reports which have been put in circulation as regards my difficulties with the directors of the Philharmonic Society, and my consequent withdrawal from London, are based entirely upon the following circumstance. After the fourth concert, as I entered the withdrawing room I met several friends to whom I communicated the annoyance I felt, that I had ever consented to direct that kind of concert; a matter which, as a general thing, does not at all come within my sphere. These endless programmes, with their masses of vocal and instrumental pieces, weary me and torture my æsthetic feeling; I ought to have foreseen the impossibility of introducing any change or amelioration to this established order of things; and this thought increased a discontent, which rested upon the mere fact that I had undertaken a thing of the kind, not on my relations in London, and least of all on a public, which always had received me in a friendly and distinguished manner and oftentimes with great warmth. Quite indifferent to me, on the other hand, was the abuse of London critics, who only proved by their attacks that I had omitted to bribe them. Indeed, it always amused me to observe how they still left a door open, in order upon the slightest approach on my part to change their tactics:—a step, of course, which I never thought of taking.

On the evening in question, it had made me fairly indignant, that after the A major symphony of Beethoven I had to direct a poor vocal piece and a trivial overture by Onslow; and, (as I generally am in these matters,) I indignantly declared aloud to my friends my dissatisfaction, and that on the morrow I should take my dismissal and return home. Accidently a German singer was present: he heard my expressions and carried them immediately, still warm, to a newspaper writer. Since this time the reports are circulating in German papers which have deceived you. I need not tell you that the persuasions of my friends who accompanied me home, turned me, subsequently, from my somewhat hasty determination.

Since then, my *Tannhäuser* overture has been finely played in the fifth concert, and well received by the public; although not fully understood. It was therefore the more pleasant to me that the Queen (which very seldom happens, and not every year) had signified her intention of being present at the seventh concert, and ordered a repetition of the overture. It was in itself a very pleasant thing that the Queen overlooked my exceedingly compromised political position* (which with great malignity was openly alluded to in the *Times*,) and without fear attended a public performance which I directed: but her further conduct toward me infinitely compensated for all the disagreeable circumstances and coarse enmities which I had heretofore encountered. She and Prince Albert, who sat in front next the orchestra applauded after the *Tannhäuser* overture, which closed the first part, with almost inviting warmth, so that the public broke forth into lively and sustained applause. During the intermission the Queen sent for me in the saloon and received me in presence of her suite with these words: "*I am most happy to make your acquaintance. Your composition has charmed me.*" She thereupon made further inquiries (in a long conversation in which Prince Albert took part,) as to my other compositions; and asked if it were not possible to translate my operas into Italian. I had, of course, to give the negative to this, and state that my stay here could only be temporary, as the only position open was the direction of a concert-institute; which was properly not my affair. At the close of the concert the Queen and the Prince again in the most friendly manner applauded me.

I communicate this to you because it may please you, and allow you, with pleasure, further to communicate what I have written, as I see how much error and malice as to my stay in London there is to correct and expose. On the 25th of June is the last concert and I leave here on the 26th, in order at last to resume my long-interrupted work, in home retirement.

* [Wagner as a warm liberal, stands in discredit with most European governments.—Ed. M. W.]

[From Household Words.]

TIME'S CURE.

Mourn, O! rejoicing heart!
  The hours are flying,
Each one some treasure takes,
Each one some blossom breaks,
  And leaves it dying;
The chill dark night draws near,
The sun will soon depart,
  And leave thee sighing;
Then mourn, rejoicing heart,
  The hours are flying!

Rejoice! O! grieving heart,
  The hours fly past,
With each some sorrow dies,
With each some shadow flies,
  Until at last
The red dawn in the east
Bids weary night depart,
  And pain is past.
Rejoice, then, grieving heart,
  The hours fly fast!

[From the London Athenæum.]

A New Life of Gluck.

Christopher Willibald von Gluck, his Life and Music—[*Christopher, &c.*] By Anton Schmid. Leipsic, Fleischer; London, Williams & Norgate.

There are few subjects in the records of Art richer in anecdote or fuller of material for speculation than the life and the works of Gluck. We are, therefore, grateful for the opportunity which this biography affords us anew to study that giant in stage-music, and the influences exercised by his genius. It is true that Herr Schmid's volume is wearily prosy:—a mass of dry material heaped up by one who thinks much of his own accuracy, and who comprehends little of the humanity of his subject. Any future writer, however, desiring to treat the lives of the great musicians in a less technical and exclusive fashion, will find his collections of value.

Without re-writing this book, it would be difficult to do its contents justice, still more to touch upon all the points which, if well treated, might have made the biography of Gluck as various in amusement as it is in instruction.—To begin at the beginning, there was more to be told concerning the boyhood and training of the child than Herr Schmid has managed to tell us. A South German writer, having a moderate share of acuteness, and due acquaintance with national manners, might have forgotten the Royal Library of Vienna for a few pages, in order to set before us a picture of Bohemian village life. We would hand over to the Appendix the heap of minute documents by which our author establishes his rectification of the date of Gluck's birth—the 2nd of July, 1714—if we might have their space filled by some lively picture of the world in which his genius struggled its way upwards. His father, who was a forester, living at Weidenwang, near Neumarkt, in the Ober-Palatinate, seems to have been merely a peasant; and as such, only able to give his son the average peasant's schooling. The child, Herr Schmid tells us, was hardened by being made to accompany his father through the wood bare-footed, even in winter weather. He was placed, from his twelfth to his eighteenth year, in the Jesuit seminary at Kommotau. There he picked up some rudiments of musical education, learned to play on some instruments, and to assist in singing the Mass. Like the more promising order of country musicians, little Gluck found employment at holiday times in travelling round from village to village to assist in making such music as might be wanted. How differently are our composers trained now-a-days! We would gladly have seen tabulated, for their benefit, a few more of the facts and traits of this harsh and primitive life, and this rude and limited teaching,—in spite of which the boy managed to find some learning, and to get some reputation. Next come hints (for Herr Schmid's notices

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amount to little more) of his giving a concert on the *violoncello*, and of the manner in which his musical promise attracted the attention of the Lobkowitz family, into whose service Forester Gluck had entered. Under the auspices of these Bohemian nobles, Christopher was removed to Prague, where he sang and played in the Theatine Church, under the conduct of "the famous composer and organist, Czernohorsky." This professor is reported to have been one of the greatest Bohemian musicians of his time, who, after having served in the Church of St. Anthony of Padua, with its four organs, returned to Prague, where he trained many distinguished pupils,—among whom were Segert, Czeslaus, Tuma, and Zach. Master and pupils are now alike forgotten! But the above meagre notice, derived from the 'Biographie' of M. Fétis, indicates that a page might have been judiciously devoted to Gluck's preceptor by Herr Schmid. While under the wing of the noble patronage referred to, Czernohorsky's most famous scholar was heard by Count Melzi, a Lombard nobleman, who was so captivated by the youth's talent as to nominate him chamber-musician,—to take him to Milan,—and to place him under Sammartini for the completion of his education. By filling up these naked outlines, any one having due understanding of the privileges of a biographer could have made lively and instructive pictures,—and this without resorting to the style conjectural, so felicitously but so fallaciously employed by Godwin, in his 'Life of Chaucer.' But of the features or humors which would give his subject universal interest, Herr Schmid seems to have a profound disregard or a provoking ignorance; and the reader is left for himself to divine how, betwixt the imperfections of home-training and sudden exposure to the ripening influence of Italy, one of the most individual geniuses whom the world has ever seen was placed in circumstances where development became possible.

Certain critics and thinkers, who have declared that Gluck never was a perfect physician (in the degree to which Bach, Handel, Haydn, Mozart and Mendelssohn may be described as perfect), might refer the alleged limitations of his knowledge to the restricted opportunities of his early years, followed by that incessant course of stage production which gives the master no time to complete his scholarship on that stern and solid basis of contrapuntal knowledge, without which there is no musical salvation or omnipotence. Other observations, of more than universal interest, are suggested by the facts of Gluck's career.

Those enthusiasts who maintain that youth has the monopoly of the brightest outpourings of genius,—who demand that imagination should manifest itself in one form and at one epoch in life,—and who thus discourage all such aspirants in Art as cannot arrive at originality till after time has brought them experience,—must be considerably puzzled by the example of Gluck. Let us run over the list of his operas. The first, 'Artaserse,' was produced in 1741. To this followed, 'Demafoönte,' 'Demetrio,' 'Ipermnestra,' 'Fedra,' 'Poro.' Next came, 'La Caduta dei Giganti,' which was written for London, in glorification of our Duke of Cumberland's victory over the Pretender in 1745. On this opera the English critic may excusably pause, since its production not merely marked an epoch in its writer's progress, but connects itself with the story of music and manners in England by more than one link. Gluck assured Burney that he was led, during his short stay in England, to study the power wielded by Handel, who, having given up operas, was then writing 'Judas,' in commemoration of "Culloden Field," and that this study induced him to alter and to simplify his own manner. But Gluck's study must have been carried on in fear and trembling. Those were days when the London people could behave ferociously to foreigners, and an opera riot was expected on the night when 'La Caduta' was to be played first. This was averted; nevertheless, the opera did not succeed. Politics ran high in the world of fashion. State trials and executions for high treason involved and interested a good third of the noble patrons of the musical drama. Then Lord Middlesex, the responsible manager, seems to have had the usual amount of managerial capital and integrity. He quarrelled with every one, save his own favorite dancer,—and shut the Opera House without paying his artists. Gluck's opera, however, was strongly cast, including, among other artists, *Signora* Frasi, Monticelli (an artificial *soprano*), and Jozzi, the same singer who subsequently palmed off Alberti's 'Harpsichord Lessons' on the London amateurs as his own compositions. *La* Violetta too (afterwards Mrs. Garrick) danced in the *ballet*. Their names are merely strung together, to suggest the amount of matter which a biography like this might have yielded had it been thoroughly wrought out and genially studied. Similar anecdotes and recollections might possibly have been gathered with regard to other of the following long list of his forgotten productions. The operas produced by Gluck after he left England were, 'Artamene,' 'Pirnmo e Tisbe,' 'La Semiramide Riconosciuta,' 'Telemacco,' 'La Clemenza di Tito,' 'Le Cinesi,' 'Il Trionfo di Camilla,' 'Antigono,' 'La Danza,' airs for a pastoral, 'Les Amours Champêtres,' L' Innocenza Giustificata,' 'Il Re Pastore,' new airs for a comic opera, 'Le Chinois poli en France,' new tunes for a 'Deguisement Pastorale,' airs for 'L'Isle de Merlin,' for 'La Fausse Esclave,' for 'Cythérée Assiégée,' for 'L' Yvrogne Corrigé,' 'Tetide,' and airs for 'Le Cadi dupé.' Here we have twenty years of labor, and it is not till we come to 1761—till the master was forty-seven years of age—that we arrive at the first theatrical production by him which makes any specific figure in musical history. This is what Dr. Burney calls "the famous *ballet* of 'Don Juan,'" which, however famous in its time, has been only of late inquired after as a curiosity, because antiquaries have hinted that this *ballet* contains suggestions afterwards wrought out in Mozart's immortal opera. Twenty years of little-prized toil, and partial success,—thirty important stage works had not worn into nothingness the invention of this great inventor,—nor, so far as we know, had indicated the course which it would ultimately take. The few fragments of Gluck's earlier opera music which have reached us seem timid and stiff, constructed to suit the mode, but without such fascination of melody or choiceness of figorative passage as were studied by or came unsought to the Italian composers who then commanded the European stages,—Hasse, Jomelli, and others.—For it may be observed, parenthetically, that Handel's operas, in which may be discerned the germ of a nobler manner, did not travel far from our capital, where they were written.—Gluck then was destined to illustrate a principle entirely opposed to the canons of those who apportion set seasons in a poet's life to Imagination's seed-time and harvest. He might have been sent into the world to show that persistence is one element of originality and individuality, — that, whereas some arrive quickly, others only reach the goal after timid and halting steps, wearily interrupted.

When, however, the goal *was* reached by the production of 'Alceste,' the master took his place like a giant among giants—a place from which no subsequent caprices and changes of Art—no innovations, no discoveries, no revolutions in the schools of vocal or orchestral music have been able to move him. The four Greek operas of Gluck,—his 'Orfeo,' 'Alceste,' and two 'Iphigenia's,' and his fairy opera 'Armide,' have withstood the assaults of time better than any other serious stage-music in existence, Mozart's 'Don Juan' excepted. It is true that they are not heard perpetually. Antique and classical dramas are, possibly, not to be established as a frequent attraction with the opera-goers of Europe. But Shakspeare's 'Coriolanus,' though it is not often performed, keeps the stage,—and Gluck's four Greek operas rise, in music, to the height of that play, in drama. Let them be compared with the Greek opera of Gluck's more popular successor—the 'Idomeneo' of Mozart—and the later work will sound mannered and obsolete,—less grandiose, though more elaborate,—less striking in the beauty and majesty of its forms, though more luxurious in the color with which every portion of it is suffused. These great operas of Gluck can be sparingly presented, because such artists as the public would now accept for tragic heroes and heroines are rare. We cannot believe that Mdlle. Sophie Arnould and M M. Legros and Larrivée, who were the beloved of Paris in the days when the "*urlo Francese*" had not ceased to be the reproach of French singers, would now be endured there for the most admirable show of dramatic propriety. Since Madame Milder's death there has been no *prima donna* in Germany capable of satisfying eye and ear in these difficult but grand characters. Madame Schroeder-Devrient was too romantic; Mdlle. Wagner hardly possesses the requisite voice, being a *soprano* by force, and not by nature. Remembering the admirable singing of Mdlle. Lind in 'La Vestale' of Spontini, we might have looked for a rendering of Gluck's daughter-heroine, if not his wife-heroine, had she remained on the stage, and had she been willing to work in operas of combination; but where has been the *Orestes* or the *Admetus* fit to appear with her,—where the poet, tragedian, and singer in one? And yet, wretchedly as these operas are under-sung and under-acted by the flashy, violent, thoughtless folk who now are (and, possibly, have always been) the staple members of operatic companies, it is observable that wherever Gluck's music is given with general care and scenic propriety (as at Berlin) their effect is as great as it was at the first moment of their appearance. Our own columns have recorded, on the testimony of correspondents totally different in training, taste, and temperament, the rapture (such word is no caricature) excited by the Prussian presentments of 'Armide' and 'Alceste.' If Gluck's five operas are not more frequently given, it is not because they have grown old, so much as because executive art has sunk low, and because a taste for the poetical and antique is not a paying commodity for which managers cater, and to meet which artists educate themselves.

(Conclusion next week.)

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Somewhat from the Private Papers of Mister Brown.

BERLIN, AUG. 6, 18——

"Hoffmann says, in one of his note-books, that on the eleventh of March, at half past eight o'clock, precisely, he was an ass."—*Hyperion*, Book III. chap. 9.

This afternoon, one hour before sundown, I was the same! How could I have been so foolish?

Now the thing was on this wise, and this was the manner thereof—but, not too fast.

He that takes a donkey to ascend the Drachenfels, pays a donkey price; for doth he not take the donkey with all its donkey nature, and habits, and feelings, and affections, and dispositions, and obstinacies and notions and humors? And does he not make himself subject "to his cholers, and his moods, and his displeasures, and his indignations?" If then (for four-legged and two-legged asses ofttimes reason differently) the quadruped decides to stop, and all argument of whip and club from rider and donkey-boy prove ineffectual to start him, and thereupon the rider loses his equilibrium of temper—does not the biped become the greater ass of the two? Though there be other and greater differences between them than the mere number of legs and length of ears, have they not met upon the common ground of donkeyism? *Quod erat demonstrandum*. Why then did I lose my temper and get angry with Wyzaker?

Wyzaker came over in the last steamship but one to 'do up' Europe. He has 'finished' England and Scotland—scenery, historical localities, Art, literature, everything—knows all about them; and is thus far on his way to Italy. Six weeks from to-day he will leave Havre for home, having accomplished all!

In my boyhood, when Tim or Stanly fell into a train of lofty talk, using high-sounding words, whose significance they did not understand, upon some topic of which they knew nothing, Ira Felch used to call it 'explotterating.' In devising this word, Ira was a benefactor to the English language.

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Wyzaker's leading 'peculiaristic' is to exploiterate. No other word can convey the idea. He exploiterates on the greatness, glory and 'gumption' of America and the Americans, and is a very Smellfungus to all on this side the water. But above all he exploiterates upon Art. This was the topic to-day.

He came up after dinner to make me and N. a call. We had coffee, sent out for some cigars, and when all was comfortable and in order, he began. I am not going to record all his platitudes and inanities—could not if I would—nor is it necessary. After a long exploiteration, highly to his own satisfaction, in which painters and paintings were discussed, as he doubtless thought, highly to our edification, I began to question him.

—You have paid a good deal of attention to pictures?

—No, not so very much. But I have a great taste that way.

—No doubt. I suppose that whatever there is worth seeing in New York, Boston, and our other cities, you have made yourself familiar with?

—Well, I can hardly say. I always calculate to see the best that comes along. But you know we have no galleries.

—There are some good things in the Boston Athenæum, are there not?

—Nothing of consequence. I was in there, one time, once when I had a leisure hour in your Athens. (Here Wyzaker smiled—he is a New Yorker.)

—You must have studied Bryan's Gallery in New York pretty thoroughly, it should seem; that is the best preparation one can have in America for the European collections.

W. I can't say that I ever was there, but I always look in upon our Art Union exhibitions. Encouragement of native talent, you know; and besides, until the stupid Court decided that it was gambling, I had a chance at a fine picture, you see. My wife wanted a season ticket to the Dusseldorf Gallery last year, and so I took a couple, and went there now and then with her.

Mister Brown. Ah! I see.

W. But one don't need seeing all these pictures. We have, sir, implanted in our nature, a perception of beauty. Like truth, beauty is eternal; it comes from the very beginning of eternity, and when we see that which has beauty, we—we—we recognize it, sir, and call it beautiful. That's it, sir!

(N. nodded his head to Wyzaker, as much as to say, so it is. I knew what was under that grave face, though.)

Mr. B. But this sentiment, or this power of appreciation, must be developed and cultivated, I thought.

W. It is, sir: to every thinking and observing mind, not a star twinkles, nor a rose blossoms, without cultivating it, and as——

Mr. B. Stop a minute; you were discoursing, just now, about certain female figures in the Gallery here, and criticizing them rather severely. Have you studied living models?

W. Do you think a respectable man like me would patronize the model artists!

Mr. B. Not at all. But I cannot see how the star, the rose, or a landscape can develope the eternal sentiment of beauty, so as to make you a judge of the works of men whose lives were devoted to the study of the human form, in countries, too, where even a sister of an emperor would sit as a model.

W. Who was that—who was that?

Mr. B. Napoleon's sister; it is an old story.

W. In painting, just as in music, we have a natural appreciation of what is good.

Mr. B. So you are fond of music. You of course subscribe to the Philharmonic Concerts, and omit no opportunity of hearing the Oratorio, and other great performances.

W. Why, the truth is, that I don't think much of these Philharmonic concerts. It is all foreign stuff, and this talk about the grandeur of symphonies and the like, is all fudge. They never have any great singers there. I heard 'Elijah' once in Boston, and the 'Messiah' in New York. Old-fashioned music—flat—nothing stirring in it. And as these are said to be the best, I saw it was of no use to spend time and money in this way. No *sir*, those Jullien and Sontag and Alboni concerts are the concerts for me. The fact is, my eyes and ears are as capable of letting me know what is good as those of anybody else, and he who pretends to deny it may as well call me an ass, and done with it.

Here the Doctor turned the conversation, and Wyzaker was drawn off upon ground where he was at home. He is a shrewd business man, cunning and wary, and has grown rich. Upon business matters he talks well, but on Art——! He puts me in mind of a country parson turned editor, arguing with the *Tribune* on questions of political economy.

It was not long before I roundly disputed some point which he was laying down. I laugh now to think how learnedly I talked about 'change and markets, and corn-laws, and tariffs, and balance of trade, of which last I only knew that all sorts of money balances have always been against *me*. At last he descended upon me—not like rain upon the mown grass—more like a hawk upon a chirping squirrel. How could I know anything about such things? I who have passed my life among books and papers, in libraries, or in roaming over lakes and mountains, in writing for namby-pamby periodicals, or possibly in teaching children the spelling-book and Colburn's arithmetic! Upon this hint I spake; nay, I fear, *exploiterated*. At all events, I exploded. My thermometer had been rising, rising, until now it was almost boiling heat. I finished my coffee, laid down my half-smoked cigar, ordered the Doctor, who was just opening his mouth to speak, to "shut up," and began:

—Now look here, Wyzaker, you are just where I want you. I am not a business man, never have been. All I know about mercantile and financial affairs is derived from books, and from my limited means of observation. You have spent your life in the counting-room and on 'change. You know Wall street, as I know my musical or my German lexicon. If I tell you I *think* that in this or that business matter, such or such must be the right in the case, you are perfectly satisfied with me. I may *think* as I please. You have no objection. But just now when, with a purpose in view, I flatly denied something you said, you became offended—rightly enough, too. You know better than I about that, and took me to task for pretending to make assertions without the previous training necessary to enable me to form a judgment. Now apply what you have just said to me to your own case. The other day Mr. A., who is also making a flying tour through Europe, was here. He had but a day to spend; he saw what he could—would gladly give more time to the works of Art here, but it was impossible. Whatever chances he had ever had of cultivating his taste he had improved, and it was a hard necessity for him, not to be able to devote so much time to the master-works of Art in France, Italy and Germany, as to be able to find out the secret of their world-wide fame, which in some cases still defied him. Such a man, God speed him!

But you—you galloped on board the vessel in New York, galloped on shore in Liverpool, galloped through Scotland and England, galloped across the channel, and hither; have galloped through the Louvre; did not think Antwerp, with its treasures of Art, worth galloping to; galloped through Cologne, and yesterday went on the gallop through the Museums here. At home you never spent an hour in your life in really trying to learn why one picture was considered better than another; but you did pay one visit once to the Boston Athenæum—have often stopped at the windows of the picture-shops when a pretty girl's portrait was there—never went near Bryan, whose collection is the only one in America where you can compare different eras and schools of painting, and learn to feel the difference between good and bad, but did go half a dozen times to the Dusseldorf Gallery on a season ticket. And now you come over here and undertake to talk about pictures! The collection you have just mentioned, made up of the refuse, after the King, and Consul Wagner, and various rich men and galleries have had their pick—that is your standard of excellence. You talk about an eternal sentiment of beauty, a sort of unerring instinct, and yet judge of all by a single school, in which bright and flaming colors, tedious, mechanical accuracy of finish, or the humors of low life in caricature, are the principal characteristics. And the works of this school you have visited half a dozen times!

Murray's handbook says our gallery here in Berlin "is far below those of Munich and Dresden in works of first-rate excellence"—and so you turned up your nose at it yesterday; the hour you gave to some two thousand pictures being exceedingly favorable to artistic enjoyment, as it preceded a late dinner for which you were ravenous.

My quarrel with you is not because the fine works which hang on the walls of the Museum give you no pleasure. Why, they cannot do it—you are not capable of it—that is not my cause of complaint, all the saints in the mythology forbid! but that you, who are incapable of participating in the pleasure of the man of cultivated taste, as I am of sharing the grim satisfaction with which you said to your wife a month ago, "Erie is down, and Central is up, Smith has lost thirty thousand, I have made forty, I'll take a run to Europe,"—should dare to aver that all the cultivated world is wrong, and set up your Ebenezer, to which we must all do homage. This I don't like.

You have eyes and ears—enough of the latter, heaven knows! can see and hear, and if you *would* only see, if you *would* only hear, you are as capable of learning to enjoy paintings and music as another. But first and foremost, man, for mercy's sake forget Dusseldorf. Never speak the word even, if by any circumlocution it can be avoided. I'll wager my hat—not a very good one to look at, but an astonishing one to wear, like Sam Weller's—that before ten days are past I shall meet some bland Englishman at Shangnapani's, who will begin a conversation with me (after finishing the *Times*, advertisements and all) with, "I had the pleasure of meeting a countryman of yours in the gallery at Dresden, who spoke often of "the Dusseldorf Collection *to* New York." Avoid it, Wyzaker, avoid the word as you would an oath in a company of clergymen. Never forget those New Yorkers who took the English gentleman to see the Park! If you care for the good name of your country, never open your lips about Art. A donkey cannot sing. Then, too, to hear you expatiating upon Music, giving your opinion of composers with all—nay with more assurance than either of the University professors across the way, for Marx speaks carefully about them—to hear you talk about Beethoven and Mozart and Handel and Rossini, Bellini, Donizetti, is *enough* to make one forget hospitality and the common dictates of politeness. You, you who go to the fashionable concerts to talk and chatter, and thump with your heels and toes, and cane and umbrella, who are great at applause, only it comes in the wrong time—who did not go last evening to hear Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, because you had heard it once and found it a bore! You who once or twice in your life have been to Oratorios to hear Miss This or Madame That sing, but who have no more idea of such a work as a grand whole, than the blind man has of the heaven with all its glorious gems! You, who yawn while Miss R. plays a sonata by Beethoven, or a notturno by Chopin, and then

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say, "Ah, sweet, very pretty; do you know the Carnival of Venice with variations?" You who do not know one note from another, and think the whole orchestra *plays the same tune?* You, who in your heart had rather hear Yankee Doodle on a hand-organ than the sublimest strains that ever made a cathedral full of worshippers weep—you set yourself up for a musical critic, and talk *ex cathedrâ!* You, who never saw an opera properly put upon the stage, with suitable orchestra and chorus; all whose opera is of but one school, cut out by one pattern and made up after one model—you undertake to argue disputed questions of the musical stage! Be a man, and say outright that you like an Ethiopian quartet better than the quartet in Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, and that "Sweet Home" is sweeter than all the sweetness of Italy. By this you will gain respect. You are a great man in Wall street; let that suffice. Why *will* you, in Art,

Try to show off classical,
And only show jackassical?

Oh, Wyzaker! I fear me much thou art an ass! a complete ass, an unmitigated ass, an ass past redemption!

Here I ceased *exploiterating*, and Wyzaker was offended!

When Handel held the final rehearsal of the Utrecht *Te Deum*, he called out just before beginning, of course good-naturedly, "Gentlemen, he's a rascal (*hundsfott*) who makes a blunder! During the performance he was so completely carried away with the sublimity of the music and the splendor of the execution, that he forgot everything, and even the time for a number following, until the leader spoke to him. He could not overcome his emotion, and at the close, with tears running down his cheeks, said, "Gentlemen, I am the rascal."

Now Wyzaker is rich, his word has power. When he gets home he won't think much of Mr. Brown;—met him abroad—impertinent, prejudiced—he won't do much in the world, and so on.

Brown, why *did* you fly into a passion? *You* are the donkey!

Oh Dogberry and shade of Hoffmann!

Musical Chit-Chat.

The dazzling feats of virtuosity of our modern pianists and violinists were long ago characterized as the *pyrotechnics* of the Art. One of the masters in such magic seems to have been struck with the obviousness of the analogy. Herr STRAKOSCH has adopted for the title of his last grand composition, which figures in the programme of one of PAROD's recent concerts in New York: "Musical Rockets, a brilliant Capriccio Characteristique, composed and performed for the first time," &c. &c.

We see by an Italian paper that some of our old friends in the operatic line, long since lost sight of, members of that first Havana troupe, which gave such an impulse to Italian opera in our cities, have again turned up in Havana. The company, which was to open there last month, (of course with *Trovatore*,) consisted of CORRADI-SETTI, VITA, the fine baritone who first taught us Verdi's *Carlo Magno*, CARANTI VITA, his wife, together with a contralto and tenor, Signora CACCIATORI and Signor TIBERIO (or TIBERINI), not associated with them in our memory.

Miss ADELAIDE PHILLIPS is reported in London, where she was soon to appear in public; we hear privately, however, that she has taken passage home to Boston........The London *Illustrated News* in a review of the Italian Opera season at Covent Garden, says: "Mlle. BOSIO was much before the public, and is a greater favorite than ever. As Zerlina, Elvira, Adina, and above all, Catharine, she has delighted every body by the charms of her person, the beauty of her voice, her brilliant yet delicate execution, and her grace and animation as an actress."....On the 13th ult. there was a full rehearsal of COSTA's new oratorio, "Eli," at Hanover Square Rooms (London). The principals, VIARDOT GARCIA, CASTELLAN, SIMS REEVES, Herr FORMES, and WEISS, and the entire orchestra and chorus from the city were present. Costa himself conducted, and the *Illustrated* says of it: "We have no hesitation in saying that this oratorio will take its place among the greatest works of its kind that have appeared since the days of HANDEL. The subject and incidents are contained in the first four chapters of the Book of Samuel, the poem being from the pen of Mr. BARTHOLOMEW, (who gave MENDELSSOHN his 'Elijah' book,) who has produced a sacred drama full of grandeur, beauty and pathos. The music is worthy of the subject. It is highly original, combining the graceful, flowing melody of the Italian school, with the force, depth and solidity of the great German masters."

The great master of the violin, DE BERIOT, the husband of MALIBRAN, has become a victim to continual labor. His sight, for some time gradually weakening, is lost forever.....*Lara* is the name of the libretto which Mme. GEORGE SAND is said to have offered to ROSSINI.....To the list of failures in operatic enterprises in leading European theatres, mentioned last week, we may add La Scala at Milan, and the Italian opera at Vienna. The expenses of the latter for the last season are set down at £30,000, more than double the receipts.

New oratorios, operas, &c. seem to be multiplying in our New World. May they only prove as new, in the best sense, as some of the oldest works of genius! LEOPOLD MEIGNEN, the Philadelphia *maestro*, has nearly completed a second oratorio. The subject of the libretto, written also by himself, is taken from the Bible, and embraces the epoch of the Deluge, Noah and his family being the *dramatis personæ*. A fine opportunity for musical treatment of that classical incident about the man who thought "there would not be much of a shower"!....Signor ARDITI, too, has turned his hand to the composition of an American opera, to be brought out during the coming season at the Academy of Music. The plot is taken from COOPER's "Spy."

The music-lovers in our good city of Worcester have shown their appreciation of true services in the cause of pure and classical music, by presenting the "Complete Piano Works" of MOZART, in nine vols. (the superb English edition, edited by Cipriani Potter,) to their young townsman, Mr. B. D. ALLEN, whose nice soirées we have several times had occasion to mention. Mr. A. is a gentleman of rare modesty and merit in his profession, and the gift (transmitted by some of the first citizens of Worcester,) is eminently appropriate.

A San Francisco paper says: "The whole of our mining section of country, as it seems by the interior papers, is overrun by strolling players of every grade and description. Tragedy, comedy, farce, opera, and a general mixture of all, are given. The papers denounce the larger portion of these performers and and performances as arrant humbugs....The Italian Opera Troupe, consisting of Mme. CLOTHILDE BARILI THORNE, Signora SCOLA, BECHERINI, and others, had sailed for Callao, with the design of making a professional visit to all the principal South American cities....Mme. BISHOP was to take a benefit on the 30th July, when Auber's opera *La Muette de Portici* was to be played for the first time in California, with Mme. Bishop as the Princess, and Mlle. THIERRY as the Dumb Girl.

One of the ready recipes of psalm-tune manufacturers is well shown up by the Rev. THOMAS HILL, of Waltham, in an article on Church Music, in the last *Christian Examiner*. He says: "Sometimes an attempt is made to alter a secular air by changing the cadence to a religious form. We have recently heard tunes of this character from some new collection of sacred (!) music; popular Irish and Negro Melodies being cut off in the last measure, and a chord of the subdominant introduced, as it were to sanctify them. The result is, that *the tunes are spoiled for whistling on a week day, without being rendered fit to sing on a Sunday*. They neither express the wild mingling of pathos and humor of the Irish tunes, the dreamy wailing hidden under the outside gayety of the Negro songs, nor yet any properly religious emotions. They are senseless, mutilated fragments, ill pieced together."......Speaking of sacred music, some of our German friends have strange notions on the subject. We have before us the programme of a "*Grosses Sacred Concert*" given on a Sunday evening by a German company in Philadelphia, composed of cavatinas from *Norma*, and *Lucrezia Borgia*, overture to *Zampa*, orchestral arrangements from *Le Prophète* and the *Nachtlager von Granada*, instrumental solos, glees, declamations, and what not. We do not know that such music need be any more corrupting on a Sunday than on other days; but to call it *sacred!*

A new biography of HANDEL is soon to appear in England, the work of M. VICTOR SCHOELCHER, a political exile in London. He has examined the Handelian MSS. in the Musical Library of Buckingham Palace, and discovered an oratorio by Handel, entitled "The Passion", hitherto unknown, as well as an opera called "Silla."

Who does not relish now and then a hearty exclamation against music? If one lived in England where they undertake to digest three or four roast-beef oratorios in a day, or sit through one of M. BENEDICT's annual concerts, with thirty-nine pieces in the programme, the more musical he was the more might he suffer torture from too much of a good thing, and be inclined to sympathise with SYDNEY SMITH, who said: "Music for such a length of time (unless under sentence of a jury) I will not submit to"; and again: "Nothing can be more disgusting than an oratorio. How absurd to see five hundred people fiddling like madmen about the Israelites in the Red Sea!" And after one's cutaneous musical sensibility has been haunted through hot summer days by hand-organs and boys whistling "Old folks at home" and "Pop goes the weasel", or even *Casta diva*, how one likes the honest, humorous confession of CHARLES LAMB, who, nervously susceptible of sounds, and tortured by a carpenter's hammer, calls even "these unconnected and unset sounds better than the *measured malice* of music"!

The *Gazzetta Musicale* of Naples laments the want of *serious study* on the part of modern singers in Italy. When composers write only for *effect*, can you expect the singers to devote themselves to Art for Art's sake?....At Milan the only theatre now open is the Rè; at which Rossini's *Gazza Ladra* and *Cenerentola* and Sig. Muzio's *Claudia* were to be performed....At Venice Meyerbeer's *Il Profeta* has been exciting enthusiasm; the principal rôles were filled by Signore Sanchioli and Carozzi, and Signori Negrini and Nanni. Balfe was expected to spend some time at Bologna....An unpublished opera of C. M. Von WEBER, called *Silvana*, was recently performed for the first time at Dresden. It was composed in 1803, and remodelled by the author in 1810–12.

M. STRAUSS, director of the masked balls recently given at the Opera in Paris, but who has nothing but his name in common with the defunct waltz-king of Vienna, has been in the habit, like all other dance composers, of appropriating the ideas of others, that

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is, of taking themes for his quadrilles and waltzes from the fashionable operas, &c. of the day. The society of dramatic authors, having a copyright interest in some of the said operas, prosecuted him and recovered pretty heavy damages, the Court deciding, among other things, that "even a modification of the time of a musical composition in applying it to the exigencies of dance music could not be allowed to deprive an author of his rights." Would that the same law were in force here also! Not so much for the copy-righted, as for the sake of our own ears and of the poor tunes, tortured and twisted and bedeviled into all shapes, danced to and ground on hand-organs and made into virtuoso fireworks, until one is sick to death of them!

Miska Hauser, the knight-errant of the violin, who seeks new fields of virtuoso fame away in the Sandwich Islands and remote corners of the world, seems to be getting equally famous as a historian and romancer in the way of newspaper correspondence. We find him in the German papers, we find him in the Paris *La France Musicale*, and in the English papers. Latterly in *Chambers' Journal*, in giving an account of a concert in Sydney, Australia, he sketches an "Independent editor," one of whose economies we think it might be fair enough for every editor to adopt in his own practice. He says:

"A few days after my arrival, I paid my visits to the different editors of Sydney. At my first call, I came to a palace-like house, the ground floor occupied by the printing office. On the first floor, among other advertisements, I found a tablet informing visitors that the editor cannot be spoken with unless paid for his valuable time; accordingly every body without exception, is advised to buy a ticket of admission at the door of the waiting-room—one hour costing 10s.; half an hour, 6s.; fifteen minutes, 3s. Such were the contents of this singular price-current of time. I went into the waiting-room, and buying from the Australian negro, in red livery, an hour of his master's time, I entered the parlor with a strong feeling of curiosity. The editor received me in a very unprepossessing and sluggish manner. 'You are an artist, and come from Europe to make money?' said he in a not very friendly tone. But when he understood that I had come from South America and California, his face lighted up, and his voice became less abrupt. He asked me, without longer preface, what pecuniary sacrifice I was ready to make in order to be puffed by his paper. I was startled by this bluntness, and replied, that in case of success, I would surely give him material proofs of my gratitude; but he did not find my answer precise enough, and requested me to come at once to a definite understanding, and to pay a certain sum, without which, according to him, it would be impossible for me to succeed. Telling him that I wished to adjourn the conference, as I could not at once come to a decision, I left the temple of editorial integrity and public spirit. The other editors were less rapacious and more friendly; they gave me, indeed, the best advice about my concerts."

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, SEPT. 8, 1855.

Our Music Table.

Oliver Ditson adds another to his series of cheap operatic scores, in octavo form, with Italian and English words. This is "*Moses in Egypt*, as performed by the Handel and Haydn Society of Boston, composed by Rossini, translated and adapted by George S. Parker." It makes a volume of 160 clearly printed pages, and is a convenient and valuable book, although the paper and the outside general appearance are not quite so tasteful as in the same publisher's edition of *Lucrezia Borgia*, *Sonnambula*, &c.;—probably on the ground of cheapness, that it may be the more available for large chorus and oratorio practice; for "Moses" as here given (upon Sunday nights) is made to answer for an oratorio. The heavy letters of the title-page are "black as Egypt", as befits the subject. Whether the opera of *Mosè in Egitto* has been in any degree curtailed in adaptation to a Boston oratorio audience, we have not the means at hand for knowing; but it is pretty certain that we have here essentially the whole of one of the very best of Rossini's productions;—a wide interval between it, however, and his "William Tell" on the one hand, or his "Barber of Seville" on the other! But next to these in richness of interest we may place *Moses* and *Semiramide*, both of the most melodic, florid, voluptuous, Oriental creations of Italian lyric Art. They are much alike in the pomp and splendor of the choral parts, the ingenious beauty of concerted pieces, the long-drawn florid melodies, and highly colored, piquant instrumentation, as well as the frivolous, merely sensuous, foot-lifting character of certain portions. And there is a like sameness of style pervading all the voice-parts, all the characters; only here there is less mere literal imitation and echo of one another. It must always be an extremely popular kind of music, because the flash of diamonds and the kaleidoscope play of colors never lose their charm for fresh senses. In the nature of things it is still destined to be sung a good deal by our societies and to attract large audiences; and it will be a convenience both to the singer and the curious hearer to possess so nice a copy of his own. The English words are applied with taste and judgment, and have proved themselves singable by the experience of many seasons of Handel and Haydn concerts.

Very valuable to students of the organ, and to the fledgling organists in country and city churches must be "Rink's *Practical Organ School*" (op. 55), published entire, in the elegant style of J. A. Novello (London and New York), with the German directions and terms translated into English. It consists of six progressive parts, complete in one volume (price $3.75), or separate (75 cts. each). Rink represents the sound old classical school of organists, who have been brought up on Bach. As a creative, inspired genius he was no Bach at all; not one of the greatest of tone-poets; but he had learning, mastery of the instrument, style, school, and he has written such a series of exercises as must, when carefully practiced, lead one into the true, solid, contrapuntal style and spirit of organ-playing. We doubt if any organ school, accessible in English, is at all to be compared with Rink's. It is enough to give a brief synopsis of its contents.

Part I. contains twelve short and easy pieces in two parts, twelve in three parts and twelve in four parts, thus initiating one from the outset into the mystery of real composition, or intertwining of distinct, individual parts. There is much beauty in these little pieces. These mastered, we take another step and practice 24 short Preludes in the twelve major and minor keys, and find the music growing more and more attractive.

Part II., after a course of Pedal exercises, gives twelve of the good old German Chorales, each with several variations,—variations in respect of harmony, as well as of melody. These are extremely interesting. But let one turn from them to Bach's arrangement of the chorales (for quartet of voices), if he would penetrate still deeper into the secrets of inspired Art.

Part III. contains easy *Postludes*, or concluding voluntaries, in fugue style.

Part IV. Similar pieces for more advanced performers.

Part V. contains various Organ pieces in the free style:—fantasia-like, more of the order of show pieces, and calling for contrast of stops.

Part VI. brings us face to face with what is properly the soul of all true musical form, with the Fugue itself, and is thus a preparation for the study of the great Bach's Fugues, which are the school of schools, as it regards the organ. It has also miscellaneous pieces, variations, &c., for accomplished performers.

Connecticut Fairy-Land.

One who has read Tennyson's "Princess," can conceive of a mystical community of romantic, beautiful young ladies, segregated from the coarse and selfish world, and leading the happiest life imaginable, a life all music, in a secluded valley, onapproachable to vulgar feet, in the midst of the very land of "blue laws" and of "wooden nutmegs." Of such we have information in a most cheerful little paper called the *Gleaner of the Vale*, of which a stray number or two have reached us. It is full of the happiest little articles, emanating from the happy members of a female seminary in a happy valley, which rejoices in the name of Music Vale. Music Vale Seminary is the title of the institution; and the life there would seem to be in imitation of the birds, one life-long practising of pianos and singing of songs, and studying of counterpoint, and rehearsing of original operas, and warbling praises of such paradisiacal existence. Nothing but Music and Happiness are recognized; with these every page and paragraph of the *Gleaner* seems to be steeped and dripping. The whole business of the life is learning music; and to this end these heroines make laws and establish order, and Amazon-like, shrink not from athletic (finger) exercises, trying to strength and courage. Here are the "Rules and Regulations":

1. Ladies will commence practice at sunrise.
2. Hour of retiring, 10 o'clock, P. M.
3. Required practice will be four hours per diem. Extra practice will be credited on the bill, by the monitress, to the pupil.
4. The visiting or calling on neighbors, attending parties, or absence without permission, is prohibited.
5. Ladies will be required to dust their rooms and pianos prior to commencing practice in the morning, alternately, and successively taking precedence by seniority.
6. Conversation with ladies at pianos without permission, is prohibited.

The maxim of Music Vale is "one thing at a time." Hence it differs as a school, from other schools, in providing for a year or more of life of uninterrupted music. "The most approved and *fashionable* music furnished, if desired, at the lowest cash prices": so it would seem that Verdi, Balfe, Jullien, Labitzky, &c. have the *entrée* in Fairy-land; (far more, we are afraid, than Chopin, Schubert or Beethoven—alas, that fairies will be fashionable!) The editresses of the *Gleaner* give the happiest pictures of the life at Music Vale. They had an Examination, when "Music Vale put on its best looks and smiles to greet its visitors. The trees, flowers, and all joined in the welcome and convinced every one that there is no pleasanter place than this Valley of ours". The ceremony consisted of "exercises in Theory, relieved and enlivened by the performance of pieces, both

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instrumental and vocal". The examination is rigid, and then comes some anxious heart-beating "lest we should not be the happy recipients of a 'Sheepskin',—for diplomas are awarded. Then come the evening exercises, to which "we march escorted by the Burr Cornet Band", and more happy singing of 'Welcome' and all hail to Music Vale! And then we commence to enact our melodramatic Opera of "Ralvo", of which the lady editresses think it not amiss to give a slight sketch, which we too, since we have to go to Fairy-land for topics, think it not amiss to copy:

Ralvo is supposed to be near the Fairy Isle, on which he declares his determination to land, notwithstanding the assurance of his comrades that he will be changed to stone if he does so. He lands; a sense of drowsiness steals over him, and he sleeps. The Sylphide appears and wishes to warn him of his danger, but dares not let herself be seen. The bugle sounds when touched by her fairy wand, though no lips press its tube. Ralvo starts from his slumber. An Invisible Chorus then warns him away. Invisible birds chaunt their lays. He knows that he is surrounded by enchantment, and strives in vain to solve the mystery. He calls his bargemen, but they have left the Island, through fear. Again he sleeps. Two of the fairies appear and speak of the love which the Sylphide has for the stranger, on whose approach they quickly vanish. The bugle sounds once more, and the Invisible Chorus again warns him away. The Sylphide re-appears, and this time, her wish to save the stranger overcoming the dread of the Queen, she permits herself to be seen by him. She bestows upon Ralvo her fairy wand, telling him that it will guard and guide him safely through all danger, as it was presented to her by the most powerful of the Genii. Ralvo bids her farewell and turns to leave, when the Queen herself appears and bids him change to stone. He waves his fairy wand and changes not. She summons the Elfin of the Genii, and commands her to bring her most potent wand, with which she calls on the spirits of Water and Air. They do not appear. She cries "treachery," and falls from her throne.

Then Ralvo calls for the Sylphide, and orders the Elfin to crown her Queen. She is made Queen amid the songs of rejoicings, and the Island is declared free from enchantment. * * * *

Whatever merit there was in the *libretto*, or in the music, belongs exclusively to us of Music Vale Seminary, as both were composed here. We are not anxious for any laurels which we do not win, but we wish for those that fairly belong to us. We may also be allowed to add, that it was composed and performed simply as a recreation from study, and not one moment was lost from regular practice in its rehearsal. And, while it has been a source of pleasure to us who have taken a part in its representation, it has also been of practical use, on account of the discipline we have received in composition, elocution, and particularly in regard to expression.

The article closes with allusions to the editorial modesty in excuse of criticism and with thanks to the (brass?) Bands from Colchester, which, we may presume, officiated as orchestra,—but brimfull of happiness, the halo whereof crowneth every soul and thing that enjoys the slightest connection with this happy Music Vale. Lest the spell should be broken by such enemies to boarding-school young misses' peace, as love-sickness and home-sickness, the diagnosis of these troubles and the sovereign remedy are duly set forth in the *Gleaner:* the remedy is an inspiration of the happy temper of the place, to wit:

Three parts of contentment;
Three parts of good humor;
Three parts of sociability;
Mix well together, add any quantity of smiles and cheerfulness, and above all keep yourself busy, and our word for it, you will soon cease feeling any unpleasant sensation.

Such, care-worn readers, such, O weary mariners upon life's troubled sea, is the philosophy and the melodious flow of life in Music Vale, which is no fairy land, save as "the mind is its own place", but has an actual habitation and a name in Salem, Connecticut,—so says the *Gleaner of the Vale.*

We ask the attention of Church music Committees, choir directors, &c., to the advertisement of a Soprano and Bass. The applicants are competent musicians, who have sung very acceptably in choir and concert-room.

Music Abroad.

Paris.

The Théâtre Italiano, in the Salle Ventadour, late the scene of RISTORI's dramatic triumphs, is to open with opera Oct. 1st. Sig. Calzado, the new lessee, announces the following programme:

Primi soprani assoluti:—Madame Giulia Grisi, Madame Claudina Fiorentini, Madame Virginia Boccabadati, and Madame Virginia Penco. *Primo contralto assoluto:*—Madame Borghi-Mamo. *Primi tenori assoluti:*—Signors Mario, Carrion, Pietro Mongini and Lorenzo Salvi. *Primi baritoni assoluti:*—Signors Francesco Graziani and Everardi. *Primo basso profondo:*—Francesco Angelini. *Primo buffo assoluto:*—Signor Giovanni Zucchini. *Seconda donna comprimaria:*—Madame Dell' Anese. *Basso comprimario:*—Signor F. Rossi. *Secondo tenore comprimario:*—Signor Soldi. *Secondo basso comprimario:*—Signor Zucchelli. *Administrator:*—Signor Salvi. *Chef-d' Orchestre:*—Signor Bottesini.

So GRISI returns to Paris after a lapse of seven years,—less changed, the *Musical World* opines, than Paris. Mme. BOCCABADATI, unknown as yet to London or Paris, has enjoyed considerable reputation as *prima donna* in Italy and Spain. Mme. BORGHI-MAMO is called the best Italian *contralto* after ALBONI. MARIO, as all the English testify, never sang better than now. Sig. CARRION is the tenor who has been exciting so much attention in Vienna. The critics say he is a fine singer in the florid Rossini school, but that his voice is used up. SALVI is well known of our readers. Of GRAZIANI we have read much in praise in English papers; the other baritones and basses are new names to us. Among the operas promised are *Don Giovanni, Il Barbiere, Mosè, Semiramide, Otello, La Gazza Ladra, Cenerentola,* (so much for old Rossini's visit!), besides the usual unavoidable doses of Verdi, Donizetti, &c. More than one new opera will be produced, *if* good ones are offered.

At the Grand Opera, M. CHARLES WICART, a Belgian tenor, pupil of the Paris Conservatoire, has made a moderately successful *début* in GUEYMARD's part in *La Juive;* Mme. LAFON was a "fair" representative of Rechel, and Mlle. DUSSY, "a young singer of remarkable promise, made a charming Eudoxie." *Les Vêpres Siciliennes* had been performed twenty-three times, with still increasing success, due in a great measure to SOPHIA CRUVELLI, who in the part of Hélène has taken Paris by storm. All hope of getting *Santa Chiara,* the Duke of Saxe-Coburg's new opera, ready against Queen Victoria's visit, had vanished. We copy the following outline of its subject:

In the early part of the last century Peter the Great married his son Alexis, then aged 21, to the Princess of Wolfenbüttel, sister of the Empress of Germany. Peter, busied with schemes of aggression abroad, and assimilation and amelioration at home, had altogether neglected his parental duties; the education of the Czarevitch having been confided to bigots of the old Russian school, averse to change and opposed to progress. Too late the Czar discovered his error, and endeavored, with the aid of foreign professors, to cultivate the shallow mind of his son; but the mischief was done, the seed sown of fanatics had taken deep root, and the Czarewitch like the deaf adder, refused to hear the voice of the foreign charmers, and stopped his ears to the instruction they strove to convey. Convinced that the nation was opposed to his father's magnificent projects, he joined a conspiracy against him, and, being discovered, fled to Vienna, and eventually to Naples. In the king of that state, Peter had a friend as firm as King Bomba to Czar Alexander, and Alexis was arrested by Romanzoff and Tolstoy, carried to Petersburgh, and there strangled—by his father's hand, as was generally believed.

Some historians have supposed that his wife did not share her husband's fate, but that, plunged like Juliet in a death-like trance, she afterwards escaped; and the duke has followed this version. The opera opens in 1715, and the first two acts take place in the Kremlin, at Moscow. The scene of action is then changed to the Hartz mountains, where the princess is supposed to have taken refuge, and the composer has availed himself of the numerous legends and mysterious tales of which they have ever been the subject.

The engagement of ALBONI expires on the 20th of September. It has been wonderfully successful. Roger's engagement is to the end of October, and that of Cruvelli to the end of December, with the privilege of a month's *congé.* In January, 1856, this young lady is to be married, and will retire into private life.

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Boston, July, 1855.
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The Piano-Forte.

[We translate the following from the *Musikalische Briefe, &c, von einem Wohlbekannten* (Letters about Musical Art and Artists by "One Well-known"), a work which appeared in Leipsic in 1852, and has excited a good deal of discussion throughout Germany. Prof. LOBE, the same who reports the conversations with MENDELSSOHN, copied in our recent numbers, is understood to be the author.]

The Piano-Forte is the true and genuine type and emblem of our time; it characterizes the shallow knowingness, the culture which has "licked all the world," but which can achieve nothing true, nothing whole. So the piano-forte can give you a little of everything, but in the whole nothing true, nothing whole, complete.

Indeed this instrument, which clinks and clatters through all houses, from the basement to the garret, like the loom in a manufacturing town, characterizes our time also in the respect that it is a mechanical and manufacturing time. As the piano itself amongst all musical instruments is in its structure the highest triumph of mechanics, so there is no instrument which has done so much to make music mechanical and soul-less, as the piano.

No wonder then, that the influence of its universal reign has been the most corrupting to true Art.

The dazzling facility which the player may acquire on the piano, and the surprising mechanical execution; the triumphal processions which certain individuals have held on account of this mechanical finger-facility, and the golden harvests they have reaped, have led all sorts of talents to that instrument and kept them there exclusively. These talents, which might have accomplished something great, have had to sell themselves body and soul to this "music-devil," that they might get from him what they sought; they have had to devote the greatest part of their time to soul-killing *finger-exercises*, and thereby to slight or wholly disregard those serious studies which qualified the earlier masters for their great creations and gave them mastery of form, the *technique of creation*, as these finger exercises give the *technique of delivery*.

Moreover the piano-forte itself composes; for the long practiced musical phrases come uncalled, mechanically, into the fingers and then are taken for one's own thoughts. Perhaps, too, the more advanced stage of mechanical facility, the power of making faster runs, wider and bolder leaps, fuller hand-fuls of chords, several trills at once, &c., gives sometimes other *forms* of thought, which the player takes for new *thoughts*.

The feeling for sustained, simple melody vanishes by degrees, because the piano has it not. In this way disappears for instance the Sonata, a genuine Art form, choked by the importunate Mazurkas, Fantasias, *Etudes*, &c.

The art of instrumentation is as good as lost, because this exclusive occupation with the piano leaves no time to study that. But since every piano virtuoso thinks he can compose, and actually can do so for the piano, he thinks himself also competent for all the rest. The musical figures of the piano, which he knows exclusively, he transfers to other instruments and thereby produces a confused blur of sounds. Since on the piano the harmony does not keep on sounding after the keys are struck, such composers, bond slaves to the Piano-forte devil, venture the most unheard of things, even in Quartets, in Opera, &c. But here the harmonies sound on, and their composition becomes ear-rending. In the present rapid finger virtuosity, the hearer is frequently unable to perceive false relations of harmony on the piano; for the notes and figures chase each other past him like a flying army. Who will recognize a single blemish among so many? But let such composers transfer their misappreciation of the laws of pure composition to orchestral works, and then their lameness becomes all too manifest.

The piano-forte composers are eternally hunting and catching after "new harmonies," because their instrument affords nothing else. They forget entirely, that harmony is nothing else and can be nothing but the imitation of the feelings in man; that the true, intelligent artist does not set out to discover new feelings and new modulations of feeling, but simply to represent the eternally old and eternally young as truly and beautifully as possible, so that not merely and not always furious passions may rage through the human heart, but that tranquil, simple feelings too may dwell there, by the excitement of which with simplest harmonies something that is great and powerful may be effected. Think of WEBER'S "Through the forests, through the meadows, &c." There you find the most familiar harmonies, and yet what expression, what power of excitement!

Since such Piano heroes cannot acquire the mastery of beautiful, clear form, they pronounce it unessential, or they seek new forms and then labor to represent *novelty* of form as the essential thing in Art.

When they see their medley Piano-scrawl in print,—the product more of their finger-mechanism than of the knowledge and consciousness of Art, and in which you may find every thing but soul,—they fancy themselves great composers, men of genius, and this imagination drives them to let their genius shine in all the branches of their Art. There you have the explanation of so many Piano heroes and composers trying their hand at the composition of Operas, Symphonies, &c. Think of THALBERG and the rest. They hold the art of composition as an accessory to virtuosity, and think they have only to stretch forth their nimble-fingered hands, to pluck the fairest fruits already ripe.

Then if the public justly and reasonably enough receives such labors coldly, seeking in them truth, character, melody, and not instrumented *études* and fantasias, their creators fancy themselves *unappreciated* geniuses—at all events geniuses—whom only a later future will know how to comprehend and value. They despise the present public, the same whose favor they have courted on the Piano in all sorts of ways, even the most superficial clap-trap.

While the Piano-forte was still called the *Clavier* and was so, true Art bloomed; with the modern Piano came the aberration of the Art. No great composer was a great virtuoso, and no great virtuoso becomes a great composer. MOZART is not to be counted, for every beginner now-a-days laughs at the means by which he excited the wonder of his time. WEBER, MENDELSSOHN and others, who were distinguished Piano-forte players, never wished to shine as *virtuosos*. With them playing was the means to an end, and not the end itself.

But do these wild Piano-forte affairs please the persons who can play them? Them perhaps, but alas! not their hearers—and the reason? The delight they feel in their pieces pertains not to the pieces in themselves, but to the triumph over difficulties overcome.

GENIUS.—We pardon the diamond its sharp edges; it costs too much to round them off.

Schumann.

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A New Life of Gluck.

(Concluded from last week.)

Gluck had scarcely announced his new style of composition, in which all the studies and desires and experiences of many years were, so to say, summed up and expressed, than the fame thereof reached Paris, and he was summoned to France, as the man of men whom the *salons* wanted—a man of genius, a man of system, a man of antagonism, all in one!—a man, moreover, whose genius, system, and self-assertion precisely chimed in with the moods and sympathies of a large number of French philosophers and thinkers and lovers of Art. To enter into any of the details or anecdotes touching the great controversy of Gluck *versus* Piccini would be superfluous,—since the subject has been a favorite one, especially with those who have loved to dwell upon it as one more folly of Parisian Fashion. * * Doubtless, there was much nonsense in the strife. * * But there was a certain amount of truth and of principle at the bottom of the effervescence. In all the historical accounts of this Gluck and Piccini quarrel—a quarrel rather brewed for the antagonistic composers than by them—it has been too universally overlooked that the contest was not one betwixt a German and an Italian composer, so much as a struggle to maintain French opera in its old spirit, though in a modern dress. Folly and fashion—the Court and the Court's enemies—the latter rapidly rising into acrimony and activity—brought into the King's and the Queen's corner of the *Académie* as much irrational folly, on their respective sides, as we have heard vented in London drawing-rooms concerning the unprecedented perfections of Mdlle. Jenny Lind, or the right of Signor Mario to be capricious and sing indolently. But, apart from all partizanship—setting aside those who wished to affront Marie Antoinette through her German *protégé*, and allowing for the preferences of those less virulent folk, whose musical taste amounted to only an appetite for melody—the real matter in debate resolved itself into the question whether or not the requirements of Music, as an Art of symmetry and number—an Art which included vocal seduction as well as scientific knowledge—could be conciliated with those stage-properties, or unities, for which the French have been always such sturdy sticklers. What Gluck perfected, Lulli and Rameau had both indicated—and both had submitted their genius to the requisitions of the public for which they wrought—even as in later years Sacchini, Spontini, Signor Rossini, and M. Meyerbeer have been compelled—have been content—to do. The controversy, of course, was complicated by references to that mischievous document, Gluck's well-known preface to '*Alceste*,'—for mischievous is that document beyond most stage prefaces, announcing as it does theories and purposes which were not, in practice, respected by the composer himself. After having announced "war to the knife" against the whole race of singers and their requirements—after having declared his resolution not to flatter the ear by *Da capos*, ritornels, and such like prettinesses—the student might naturally expect to find an entire renunciation of all constituted forms in Gluck's stage works. He will in proportion be puzzled on seeing that the only essential difference betwixt *Alceste*, and other operas of its time lies in the weight, grandeur, and vivacity given to its chorus, in the surpassing beauty and brilliancy of its *airs de ballet*, and the composer's abstinence from florid exhibition or expression. There is no abrogation of form in it,—no absence of melody,—no education of the ear by the discipline of disappointment, which, in deference to stage-truth, (so called), withholds that which the ear has expected. Though Gluck talked loudly of Drama, he wrote as a musician,—and Music is a science of numbers as well as an Art of beauty. Take the one or the other away, and neither science nor Art is left,—a coarse, brute noise, little superior in pertinence, or in the intellectual and poetical satisfactions it awakens, to the shrieks of the savage or the "harsh saw of the carpenter," is all that will remain.

To proceed a few lines further.—Let us preach that the folly of preaching against conventionality in an entertainment so inevitably conventional as opera can be proved, from the very works of the school, the boast of which has been to maintain dramatic truth and propriety as the requisites and principles most necessary to the work of Art. Those who could protest most roundly against the *cavatina* or *rondo*, which was introduced to flatter the vanity of favorite singers, nevertheless admitted *chaconne, menuetto, sarabanda, bourrée*, and every other arbitrary and formal composition of the kind, in order to exhibit and indulge the dancers—mere episodical creatures thrust into the musical drama as so many pageant-figures. Thus also, the innovators of modern Germany, whose boast it is to employ the truth-and-nature principle broached by Gluck, in its most extreme and severe rigidity, while they ignore vocal fascination and accomplishment as so much meretricious "sing-song," labor at orchestral complication, delicacy—in a word, at instrumental convention. The *tenor* or *soprano* who indulges in a trill is denounced by them as a fool, or worse,—the composer who permits a vocal scale to disfigure his score, is held to be frivolous and ignorant. But the flute may shake whenever orchestral brilliancy requires it, and the horsehair may be worn off the violin bows in racing through passages chromatic or diatonic, without any one seeming to recollect that "billing and cooing" are as untruthful to Nature before, as they are behind, the foot-lights; and that if Desdemona is forbidden to rush up or down two octaves of demisemiquavers in her song, the prohibition might consistently be applied to the stringed instruments that support Desdemona in the course of her terror and despair. There are, in every art, ebbings and flowings—periods during which means and ends are strangely confounded. During these, Indolence is allowed to wear the frown of false severity, and because it will not take the pains to discover, to learn and select, is permitted to denounce every charm and beauty as mere superfluous prettiness. But even during these periods there must be in some points vast concessions—somewhere counterbalances admitted in arbitrary disproportion. The Pre-Raphaelites, who enjoy uncouthness of form, revel in gorgeous variety of color. The fact of one quality or feature being dwelt on to excess does not establish its inherent monstrosity. When Gluck's *tirades* against the follies of vocal exhibition are used perpetually as text to a crusade against vocal art, they may be pointed out as mischievous,—and doubly so as having been invented by an opera-composer who conceded as much as did ever Hasse, or Galuppi, or *Winci*, to the limitations which it suited his fancy and the feeling of his public, to respect.

We have expatiated on this passage of Gluck's life—on the real meaning and bearing of his efforts, and the controversy to which they gave rise,—because, at the time present, distorted sense and specious nonsense are endeavoring, by misuse of the old party cries, to upturn Music under pretext of regenerating it.—There is little trace of other than opera-music by Gluck. Herr Schmid, it is true, mentions a '*De Profundis*,' and confirms the anecdote lately circulated of the composer having taken up the '*Hermannsschlacht*' of Klopstock as a task. But he faltered over it, and, like his opera of '*Les Danaïdes*, which Salieri was commissioned to finish, it was left incomplete at his death.

All that we know concerning Gluck as a man is attractive rather than otherwise. The days in which he lived were days when kings and rulers wore authoritative wigs—days when fame and greatness were asserted by a tyrannical and solemn behavior. The Johnsonian humor tinged other worlds besides the literary circles who frequented our London clubs and coffee-houses. The great musicians were not all of them sheepish idiots, or coxcombical fops, or repulsive boors, when they were taken away from their organs and fiddles. Some of the monarchs of Art were able to stand face to face with Rank and Intellect, without discredit to their pursuits. Handel was a man of thought, of pertinent replies and poetical sallies, as well as a hero of chords and of pedals. Each gathered round him an amount of personal respect which no reputation for special science alone could have secured to him. Gluck is described by Burney as pompous, but intelligent,—showing an obliging cordiality to those by whom he felt himself appreciated. He seems at Vienna to have kept the best company. At Paris he was dragged into the whirlpool of wit and repartee, philosophical definition and paradoxical rhapsody, without being taken off his feet or losing his head. Some arrogance there must have been in him,—some self-confidence and self-occupation,—to have borne him through so many years of doubtful success and undecided creation. But he was amiable in his home, and high-minded as concerns his Art. These being Gluck's position and qualities, it must seem strange to persons who have given the peoples of Germany credit for an enthusiastic love of their great men, on the strength of their sentimental protestations, that the memory of Gluck should be so utterly neglected in Vienna, that his burial-place, like his birth-place, was till lately a matter of doubt. We "put our poets in a corner," it is true, (as Mr. Jerrold's heroine innocently remarked the other day,)—but we also keep an altar of constancy for them in the affections of ourselves and of our children's children. Our "cousins" are more fickle, it may be feared. If they come back to an old shrine, it is sometimes with as much condescension to ancestral superstition as reverence for the faith of their forefathers. Books, however, like Herr Schmid's must be accepted as testimonies on the sounder side of the argument. It is tiresome, but it is sincere in its reverence.—*London Athenæum.*

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Music and its Uses.

In expressing our imperfect views upon Music, as an exponent of emotion, we referred to its uses, as a portion of practical education.

In this country the whole design of education seems to be utilitarian, and no scheme of literary instruction can expect to receive much favor with the public that patronizes our educational institutions, unless its tendencies are of some tangible value.

The pupil must acquire that which is immediately available as one of the means of conducting the great business of life, and the sparse gatherings of his promiscuous knowledge must have reference, in most cases, to worldly acquisition.

When, however, we consider the indisputable fact, that out of the sum of academical knowledge, nine-tenths are lost to the memory, and a very considerable portion operates with very questionable tendencies upon the understanding of the pupil, after he has directed his thought into a practical or, so called, useful direction; we have every reason to inquire why so many superfluities are sought after by the student of science, and whether there could not be some other mode of laying up treasures of a more abiding intellectual wealth.

That the system of literary training in vogue in this country, viewed in the light of a training, is a false and superficial one, and fraught with erroneous aims, few thinking and earnest minds will deny.

What these defects may be, it is not our aim to explain, this being somewhat foreign to the subject in hand. All we desire in this place is to notice that, in the programmes of our popular academies, no adequate provision is made for Music.

At a very early age, a direction should be given to the emotional tendencies of the youthful mind, as the whole usefulness, (and we adopt this phrase from popular motives,) of the future character de-

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pends, more upon the full and lively development of the heart, than upon that of the intellect.

That this latter idea is entirely ignored by the great body of instructors, that parents overlook the principle of emotional training, and the high value of musical susceptibilities as a guide to the intellect and a lamp to the general happiness of life, is evident from the loose mode in which literary schools are conducted, and from the high estimation set upon the glitter of human knowledge.

It is true, among the simple, homely and unpretending schools of town and country, singing, as an opening and close of the day's exercises, has long been a standing practice, and its good results, although unknown and unseen by the pupil himself, have probably, in all cases, worked their silent way into the recesses of his heart, and set off some portion of his later character with a radiant gem, of which the world took note. Yet what has here been effected in the obscurity of a village school, and on a small scale, we would propose as an object of imitation in our larger academies and even in our proud halls of learning.

Why Music, as a useful and indispensable branch of elementary education, has been neglected, is owing chiefly to the indifference with which the educator views the emotional principle and its bearings upon the intellect.

To this we must add the false and erroneous estimate placed upon all utilitarian studies, and the mis-apprehension that youth are acquiring at school that which they are but learning to acquire.

As feeling, as well as thought, enters largely into the companionship and guidance of life, why should we not make early provision for all its indulgencies and requirements, and thus familiarize ourselves with the sunny side of existence? Why should we not, at an early stage, take exercises in one of these forms of a heavenly poesy, where tone becomes the companion of rhythm, and the whole earth gladdens to the sight, when the soul makes its expression audible in this wise?

We would not pretend, to point out, in detail, the various phases of a musical development, as that history forms the secret of each individual's own experience of inner enjoyment, and, as a world of perception, is exclusively his own. We would surmise, however, that to the uncultivated mind, the first influence of Music were merely pathological. On this all the exhilaration excited by a tone performance seems to be founded, in the early and crude stages of musical emotion.

Many, very many indeed, never get beyond this stage of musical perception. In our concert halls and opera houses, we have often observed conversations most perseveringly carried on during the performance of the best passages, and have no doubt that the music exercised the same influence on such persons, as if they had been listening with a view to read the language of the composer. The effect in these cases is purely pathological. The nerves vibrate and the system becomes animated, but the actual understanding remains probably where that of a native of Loo Choo would be on hearing Beethoven's Ninth Symphony. Out of this pathological, or crude physical feeling, therefore, the pupil has to be led, at a susceptible age,—at a time when emotion and intellect are pliant and can be trained up together.

It has been a subject of philosophical inquiry, whether Music has any real contents. (German, *Inhalt*). Where the individual imbibes tone-conceptions pathologically, we presume there are no contents, no subject of mental thought to dwell upon.

To this class Music leaves no detailed impression, and its performances must vanish away, like mist before the sun, without even charging the memory with any distinct form of thought or trace of emotion. No sooner, however, does the pathological pass over to the psychological, than all musical designs become a subject of study, the mind is absorbed in active thought, and the realms of an infinite poesy are laid open to us.

To build up this structure of musical invention, the material itself must be musical—its whole being springs out of itself. When tone-creations have thus formed an alliance with the memory and occupy one of the distinct departments, as we are accustomed to view them, we are led to infer that the composition constitutes a subject of actual operative thought, and that Music has its contents.

To the unlettered mind, the *Pons Asinorum*, in Geometry, presents a meaningless figure; to him it possesses no contents, and it passes off from his recollection as would any fanciful diagram of straight lines, squares or triangles. To the mathematician, however, its study lays open a sphere of pregnant thought, and the very exercise of the master-piece of geometrical analysis gives an important direction to his mathematical development. In a similar manner, to the untaught and unmusical fancy, a well conceived Sonata, with its primitive tone-idea carried through a diversity of striking chords, varied by many beautiful contrasting harmonies, now lost amid the masses of tone and now appearing again in its well known identity, possesses no contents (*signification*) whatever. It forms no subject of after-thought, nothing whatever for the mind to dissect, but acts upon his ear as do many of the attractions of the natural world upon the uneducated and callous being, calling no portion of the purely intellectual element into play.

Whereas, to him who has come within the enthralment of a tone-life, whose inner being is sustained by the sustenance of those mysterious imaginings which the composer draws forth from the depths of harmony and musical conception, there is no subject of loftier meaning or more important or significant contents than Music affords. Music, therefore, being thus shown to be a science of substantial contents, a subject which lays open to the human mind a field of unlimited development, and not merely a pleasing diversion for vacant hours, or a superficial accomplishment, belonging to a conventional education, we infer that it should occupy a more engrossing portion of elementary education. Unfortunately, however, before placing it in the showy programme of an academical course, the public has to be convinced of its utility: that being the grand touchstone in the recommendations of all modern and popular science, arising, as we have already said, from the impression that what is learned at school is the chapter of knowledge, instead of being in fact but the contents of the chapter. We maintain that in an American education musical instruction is an especial desideratum, and the attention is based upon emotional considerations. Our pursuits place wealth so readily within our grasp, its acquisition becomes so incorporated with the tone of the national character, and its indulgences are so strongly fostered from early youth upwards, that the whole tendency of society becomes materialistic.

Whenever the emotional offices of life are performed, they are apt to be mixed up with external and conventional forms to such a degree, as to deaden the soul of genuine poesy. Without this counteracting influence of a national poesy, a strict devotion to the various forms of an emotional life, in the amenities of social intercourse, the study of the arts, enthusiastic love of music, all the degrees of a divine cultus, wherein emotion exhibits its various rhythmical features, the nation must look forward to an early decadence. We can easily foresee that the mercantile character will long be predominant in this country, and how its tendencies operate upon the cause of Art, is shown in the history of the past.

It is indispensable that Art should bask in the sunshine of wealth, as it is there it derives its aliment. But it here happens to be of too sudden creation, and its glory, when acquired, is, too short-lived to enable it to render essential service to the genius of Music and Painting. If wealth were synonymous with education and æsthetic culture, the arts would have a more propitious future before them. Then the demonstrations of life would be less materialistic and we should not find such a universal indulgence in evanescent architectural forms that lend their monotony to a soulless existence.

The cultivation of Music should be preparatory to that of the Arts among us, since here the emotional character, upon which both the love for, and the emanations of Art are grounded, receives its strongest and earliest impulse. Germany, France and Italy, the countries where Art embellishes and is embellished by a sacred cultus, and is itself, in a great measure, the object of worship, are essentially musical. Music, with those peoples, is a spiritual element. On an early emotional culture, having its direction, in most cases, towards Music, that national poesy and festive gaiety of the European is founded. The time here devoted to recreation is usually considered a loss, and it is computed by dollars and cents; there, it is regarded as a gain, and forms a part of the grand scheme of life.

As to the method of an early promotion of a love of melody among the pupils of our elementary schools, a difficulty presents itself in the diversity of capacities for the art. The purposes of musical instruction could be most easily sustained by adopting the plan, now in vogue in many village schools, of choral exercises. From this moral enjoyment of the art, or rather this observance of a moral duty, the mind is insensibly led from the mere feeling to the intellectual perception of Music, which is its ultimate and highest attainment.

In these choral exercises the unmusical can be drawn into the Art, and duty will become a pleasure. By these vocal exercises imposed upon all the pupils, musical instruction becomes a useful feature of intellectual training, acting on the intellect by the medium of the emotions. In the German schools and universities, the students who cannot sing form rare exceptions; their choruses are rich and melodious, and leave endearing traces within the memory and pleasing reminiscences of the Alma Mater, while, at the same time, they carry back the imagination to the desolate castles and vine-clad hills of the Vaterland,

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where they have so often associated themselves with outward scenes.

The impressions left by these songs of college years never leave the heart, but flourish, true and lively, throughout all the subsequent storms of after-life.

By such an educational process, whereby the humanizing influences of a musical discipline are made to operate upon the mind, the visible effects of the study of the laws and the conceptions of tone, from its simplest to its more enlarged scale of beauty, would be made manifest in various features of the personal character. We would not have all men to be poets, nor painters, nor musicians, since these are *born* and not *made*; yet we would have that radiant halo which they diffuse around them to be more generally illuminative, lighting up all the avocations of life and purifying it of that grossness and sensuality which is alarmingly characteristic.

Without the aid of the poesy of Art, to ornament and give a spiritual vitality to the intercourse and attractions of social life, its ceremonials and its pastimes become frigid, and the inclinations sensual. In the worship of architecture and those household gods, called furniture, we live among symbols which do not contribute to positive happiness; neither does this symbolical intercourse admit of progress. In true Art, however, there is a spirit of progress, all its manifestations are a constant evolution of new forms, the one growing out of the other. It is ever active and its march is onward, and as a portion of the scheme of education, we think its doors should be opened to all, in order to refine the popular taste and curb our national propensities. J. H.

Miss Adelaide Phillips.

This young lady, who went abroad about three years since, to obtain those advantages in the study of Music and the Drama which cannot yet be had here, is on her return home, and will soon arrive at the scene of her early efforts and successes; and as her re-appearance is calculated to occasion some interest, we take leave to say a word of what may justly be expected of her in the future, and to allude very briefly to her past life.

She was born in Bristol, England, and came here by way of Canada when between seven and eight years old. She had already made her debut elsewhere, was at once engaged at the Museum, and continued a member of that establishment nearly up to the moment of her leaving home, a period of about eight years—sustaining the duties of phenomenon, &c., being constantly on the stage, and always a favorite with the public for her intelligence and amiable manners, and for her sprightly dancing.

When about fifteen years old, it was discovered that she had a voice of unusual compass and power, and as her temper was remarkable for vivacity and sweetness, and her mind very bright and worthy of the most careful cultivation, she soon found devoted and valuable friends, who were determined that she should lack no advantage which they could secure for her by perseverance. Her voice had been in training nearly a year, when Mlle. Jenny Lind came, and the friends of the young Adelaide procured for her an opportunity to sing before that great artist, who was ever glad of a chance to encourage struggling merit. No suggestions were made to Jenny, she was merely begged for an opinion. One attribute of Miss Phillips has been to rise with every occasion, and to do better in any emergency than her friends could have anticipated. Jenny Lind pronounced her voice valuable, and said it ought not to suffer for want of the best training. Her action in this case was one in consonance with her whole course. After satisfying herself that assistance would be well bestowed, she recommended a subscription in behalf of Miss Phillips, and headed it with a thousand dollars. Thus this noble woman confirmed in a moment the cherished hopes of many people, and made the education of the young aspirant a sure thing. Jenny's lead was followed at a respectable distance, and the subscription flourished. For a few months before her departure Miss Phillips gave concerts successfully in many of the larger towns of the Commonwealth, and even visited Philadelphia on a liberal offer.

Thus a fund was amassed large enough to permit her to start upon her somewhat uncertain and arduous course. She went, in charge of her father and an aunt, to London, and was placed, in deference to Jenny Lind's especial recommendation, under Garcia, with whom she studied more than a year. It was then thought best to transfer the scene of her studies to Italy, but her funds began to fall short, and a chance such as he was always eager to embrace was presented to the late Mr. Chickering, of performing an act of quiet generosity. The necessary sum was furnished, and Miss Phillips proceeded to Italy, where she pursued her tasks under the most eminent maestri. At length she felt that she need not fear to appear at any theatre, and sought a scrittura. But an engagement in Italy is first very hard to obtain, and then exceedingly difficult to turn to account; so that it was many months after her positive engagement ere she had the longed for opportunity to appear. After one appearance, however, matters went more smoothly, and she has performed engagements at five theatres in Italy, sustaining the rôles of La Bella Rosina, Arsace, Elisa (in *Giuramento,*) and many others, and with good applause, which in that land is not easily won. The press generally speak of her performances with enthusiasm, and one, the *Eco della Borsa, di Milano*, we will quote, as, from our recollection of her quality and capacity of voice and of her talents, we are disposed to accept in good faith the award of this critic. After saying that many native artists leave Italy for other lands in quest of easier triumphs and greater gains, to be replaced by others of foreign production, not always to the advantage of Italy, he goes on to say, "In the past week we have happened to hear a youthful *artista di canto*, born and educated in distant lands, in whose behalf we are obliged to unsay what we have just remarked. Signorina Adelaide Phillips was born in England, bred in North America, &c., has delighted for many evenings at the Carcano theatre select audiences, by whom she was saluted with signs of admiration, and with applause and well-merited honors. A beautiful voice, incomparable facility, perfect intonation, an exquisite feeling which manifests itself in modulations, accents and gestures, nobly expressive; such are the gifts which, united with graces of person and countenance, distinguish this eminent cantante, for whom we prognosticate, with intimate conviction, a splendid future."

Before the subject of the above praise had left Boston, she displayed a voice which for body, compass and facility, was equally remarkable, a nature of deep feeling, a mind very bright, a countenance of great nobility, and a charming person, peculiarly pleasing, by the way, in male attire, in which she had often appeared, and will again, since the quality of her organ inclines to contralto, though she can sing Verdi's music with ease. She showed material for becoming a distinguished woman, and such as would repay the utmost cultivation; and therefore enthusiasm like that quoted here does not seem extravagant, to those who are familiar with the promise of her early life, not yet counting twenty years.

We speak of her as a public singer and artist, yet we do not think that a single word regarding her character will be esteemed *de trop*: this has always been better than merely irreproachable. She has always been known as a perfect daughter and sister; and there will be nothing to hinder her taking as high a position as Jenny Lind, so far as character is concerned.

She arrived in London a few weeks since, too late to make any engagement for this season, but she has under consideration offers for next year from the Royal Italian Opera, and from the English Opera Company.

She will have a warm welcome back to her own land, and there will no doubt be much interest felt to hear her, in the concert room, and as soon as may be in opera.—*Daily Advertiser.*

TO THE CICADA.

BY MELEAGER.

From the Greek Anthology.

Cicada! drunk with drops of dew,
What musician equals you
In the rural solitude?
On a perch amidst the wood,
Scraping to your heart's desire
Dusky sides with notchy feet,
Shrilling, thrilling, fast and sweet,
Like the music of a lyre.
Dear Cicada! I entreat,
Sing the Dryads something new;
So from thick-embower'd seat
Pan himself may answer you,
Till every inmost glade rejoices
With your loud alternate voices;
And I listen, and forget
All the thorns, the doubts and fears,
Love in lover's heart may set;
Listen, and forget them all,
And so, with music in mine ears,
Where the plane-tree-shadows steep
The ground with coldness, softly fall
Into a noontide sleep. *Allingham.*

WISHING.

A NURSERY SONG.

Ring-ting! I wish I were a Primrose,
A bright yellow Primrose blowing in the Spring!
The stooping boughs above me,
The wandering bee to love me,
The fern and moss to creep across,
And the Elm-tree for our king!

Nay—stay! I wish I were an Elm-tree,
A great lofty Elm-tree, with green leaves gay!
The winds would set them dancing,
The sun and moonshine glance in,
The Birds would house among the boughs,
And sweetly sing!

O—no! I wish I were a Robin,
A Robin or a little Wren, everywhere to go;
Through forest, field or garden,
And ask no leave or pardon,
Till Winter comes with icy thumbs
To ruffle up our wing!

Well—tell! Where should I fly to,
Where go to sleep in the dark wood or dell?
Before a day was over,
Home comes the rover,
For Mother's kiss,—sweeter this
Than any other thing! *Allingham.*

Posthumous Works of Fred. Chopin.

From the Musical Review, (New York).

It was the general belief that Chopin had left no unpublished compositions. Even Liszt says in his biography of this composer: "He has left nothing of finished manuscripts but a last notturno and a very short waltz." Happily, this is not so; for just now, in the sixth year after his death, (17th October, 1849,) there appears a valuable collection of hitherto unknown compositions, which may be considered without any shadow of doubt as genuine emanations of Chopin's genius. The title is as follows;

Œuvres Posthumes pour le Piano de Fred. Chopin, publiés sur Manuscripts Originaux, avec Autorisation de sa Famille par Jules Fontana. Berlin, chez A. M. Schlesinger. (Paris, I. Meissonnier Fils.)

The collection, the eight parts of which can be had separately, is adorned with the portrait of Chopin, lithographed by Waldow after the celebrated Ary Scheffer, besides a fac-simile in notes and letters of the author. The price is 5 thalers, (about $4.) As

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the preface is important by the historical facts it gives, we let it follow in extracts.

"Warsaw, where Chopin's family resided, possessed until 1830 a conservatory of music, under the direction of Jos Elsner. With the aid of the latter learned composer, the young Chopin, who was already a distinguished pianist, went through a full course of counterpoint and composition. We had there the pleasure of being his fellow scholar, and enjoyed since that time the advantage of his artistic influence. Long years of companionship in Paris united us still closer, and bestowed upon us the inclination and confidence of the artist. A proof of it may be the circumstance that he generally claimed our aid for the publication of his works; yes, that he left this entirely to our care when he was absent from Paris. His family, fully aware of these circumstances, honored us with the order to gather the musical treasures he had left, to make a choice of them, and to publish them. Whether Chopin himself in his last hour would have confided to us his unpublished compositions, as he had done before, we can not say, as we were at the time of his death far from France. Be it as it may, we heard him uttering often enough the wish to publish one or the other piece of the present collection.

"As yet some of these compositions were only written as *souvenirs* for friends, he would out of delicacy not have them published. Others remained in his portefeuille, as he had the habit of preserving his manuscripts for a long time before he thought of publication, and sometimes of neglecting them altogether. To-day this publication becomes the more urgent, as on the one hand speculators threaten by mere greediness to injure the remembrance of the artist, and on the other hand as friends of him are in the habit of procuring copies of his posthumous works, which present not at all the true character of the latter. It is so, that mere speculation and the anxiety of his friends produce the same result. We have seen and heard some pieces of the present collection which were mutilated in the most miserable manner, and this always by enthusiasts for Chopin. We can even name one concert in Paris, in 1854, where the most shameful mutilation took place, entirely for the pleasure of giving something from the posthumous works of Chopin.

"To prevent this for the future, we had to have recourse to the original manuscripts, and we have only to add that not only have we heard all the pieces of the present collection played by the composer several times, but that we also performed them in his presence, and that we preserved them in our memory just as he created them, and as we publish them now. This last circumstance was a great help for us when we had to choose between two or three variations of writing, all from the hand of Chopin, or to decipher something almost impossible to read.

"It may be allowed to us to add a few details with regard to the youth of the artist. Chopin never had more than one teacher on the piano, namely, Mr. Zywiny, who taught him the first principles. The progress of the boy was so immense, that his parents and his master thought it best to leave him at the age of twelve years to his own instincts, and to follow instead of leading him. The then existing school could not suffice him: he longed for something higher—an ideal which very soon appeared to him in more distinct outlines. It was thus that he produced his touch and style, which distinguished themselves from every thing which existed before him; and it was by this continual arduous searching after this ideal that he found at last that peculiarity and originality of execution, which since then have challenged the admiration of the world of Art.

"Even from his earliest years, he astonished by the riches of his improvisation on the piano. But he, too, was careful not to make a show of this proficiency. The few chosen ones who heard him improvise for hours without his introducing any phrase from another composer or from one of his own works, will not contradict us when we say that his most beautiful compositions are only reflections and echoes of his improvisation.

"Chopin was born March 1, 1809, and not 1810, as almost all biographers say. When he was nineteen, (1828) he composed for us the *Rondo à deux pianos*, which forms the eight number of this collection. In less than a year, we saw him writing *La ci darem la mano*, the *Krakowiak*, the *Concerto in F minor*, the *Airs Polonais*, and the *Concerto in E minor*, all pieces with grand orchestra; without counting the trios for piano, violin, and violoncello, and other less important compositions. This was his *debut;* and although science after that time must have developed in him new resources, we can not think that his inspiration has ever taken a higher flight, was ever purer and more original, than in some of these compositions, especially the *Concerto in F minor*, (op. 21.) This concerto was written a few months before that in E minor, (op. 11,) and not, as is usually believed, after the latter.

"The pieces of the present collection comprise his whole career till his death. They come, for the greater part, from the papers which his family has gathered after his death; some from the *albums* of his friends; and the remainder were given to us by the composer at different times. In making our choice, we were conscientiously led by the idea which Chopin himself had of his compositions, laying aside all that he considered valueless; on the other hand, we hold all in honor he cared for, even his artistic fancies, which a friendship of twenty-five years has taught us to appreciate. We considered it useful to preserve the respective dates of his compositions, especially to those who intend to study the different phases of the talent of this great artist. Shortly will also appear sixteen melodies to Polish words, which will form the second and last part of his posthumous works. JULES FONTANA.

"PARIS, May, 1855."

The contents of the eight numbers are as follows:

The first contains a *Fantaisie-Impromptu Allegro agitato, in C sharp minor*, from the year 1834, nine folio pages long.

The second: four *mazurkas* from 1835, 1849, 1835, and 1846.

The third, also four *mazurkas*, from 1830, 1827, 1830, and 1849. The last mazurka, a curious chromatic winding, forty measures long, without an end, (*da Capo al Segno senza fine,*) is considered by the editor as the last musical thought of Chopin, which he threw on paper shortly before expiring, but which he could not try on the piano, being already too weak. This is, at last, a real *dernière pensée* of a great master, which may be considered the last respiration of that national Sclavic spirit, and that love for his native country which form the principal element of the most original compositions of Chopin.

The fourth and fifth numbers, being five *waltzes*, from the years 1836, 1829, 1835, 1843, 1830

The sixth number is the largest. It contains three grand *Polonaises*. No. 1, in D minor, eight pages; No. 2, in B flat major; No. 3, in F minor, also eight pages long. They are from the years 1827 to 1829; written, therefore, in the eighteenth, nineteenth and twentieth years of his life.

In the seventh number we find a *Notturno* in E minor, (1827;) *Funeral March* in C minor, (1829;) and *Three Ecossaises*, (1830.)

The eighth number contains the rondo in C, for two pianos, of which Mr. Fontana speaks in his preface.

The artistic value of all these pieces we must defer speaking of till another time. The most interesting feature of these *posthumous works* will, doubtless, be the promised *Polish melodies*, as they will show Chopin from a new standpoint. It is quite sure that Chopin has written songs; but hitherto not one has appeared in print. Liszt says about this: "He remained in a sort of musical correspondence with his native country; one brought him new poems to Paris, which, provided with his melodies, went back to his birth-place, and were very soon generally known and admired, without any body being able to tell the name of the composer. As the number of these melodies became quite considerable, he intended, in the later years of his life, to have them gathered and published."

DEATH OF PIERRE ERARD.—The Paris papers report the death of this distinguished manufacturer of harps and pianos. The following is from *Galignani's Messenger:*

In the death of Mr. Erard the musical world has sustained a severe loss. To the genius of his uncle and of himself we owe the present perfection both of the harp and piano; the improvements of which commenced at the end of the last century, when the firm of MM. Erard was founded by Sebastian, the uncle of the deceased, one of the greatest mechanical geniuses that the musical art ever possessed. He found the harp without pedals in its ancient bardic form, and the piano competing doubtfully with the harpsichord; but with his nephew's assistance, he left the former the splendid instrument we now possess, and the latter endowed with a mechanism which may be said to have produced all the wonderful *chefs d'œuvre* of Liszt, Thalberg, and the other great virtuosi of our day. M. Pierre Erard, on the death of his uncle Sebastian, succeeded to the entire management of the establishment; and, under his superintendence, inventions and improvements were effected in the harp, and more especially the piano, which, protected by various English and French patents, received the award of seven gold medals, besides the Legion of Honor, which was granted to Sebastian Erard in 1827, and to M. Pierre Erard in 1834. The organ erected by Sebastian in the chapel of the Tuileries in 1829, destroyed by the mob in 1830, and re-erected by M. Pierre Erard, is a monument of their persevering and inventive genius; by an entirely original improvement (lately imitated to some degree, by the Austro-Italian phonochromic organ in the Exhibition) the utmost degree of expression can be given by the fingers of the performer on this instrument, while in all pre-existing organs, the only imperfect source of expression was the pressure of the foot of the performer upon the "swell." The pedal piano is another improvement lately invented by M. Pierre Erard; who was raised to the grade of Officer de la Légion d'Honneur in 1851, and received the sole Council medal from the jury of the Great London Exhibition of that year, having been declared beyond competition at the Paris Exhibition in 1849, and member of their jury. To him the whole of the great improvements in the tone and stability of the piano are due. In his private character, M. Pierre Erard was liberal, kind, and amiable; the ready friend and benefactor of all real artists, whether French or foreign, and universally esteemed as the father of his workmen; how well this title was deserved, was perhaps best indicated by the appearance of all his various *employés* and all the musical notabilities now in Paris yesterday at his funeral. In the churches of Passy and the Petits Pères very handsome catafalques were erected, and upwards of 800 workmen and *employés* attended the mournful *cortège* on foot, and with not less than fifty mourning and private carriages containing the most distinguished artists and the *élite* of the musical circles in Paris, with a long list of private friends. It proceeded, after the service at Passy, to the church of the Petits Pères, where a service was performed, and thence to Père-la-Chaise, where funeral orations were pronounced by Baron Taylor, M. Fétis, M. Adolphe Adam, and others; among them a few heartfelt and touching sentences by an *employé*, in the name of the assembled workmen. M. Erard had purchased the Château de la Muette, at Passy, a favorite residence of Queen Marie Antoinette, and resided there at the period of his death. He has left a very large fortune to his widow and sister, the Countess of St. Andrea (widow of the celebrated composer Spontini), who are almost his only surviving near relatives. M. Erard has left no children.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, SEPT. 15, 1855.

The Piano-Forte.

The article translated from the German on our first page tells some sharp truths, although its tone is somewhat splenetic and one-sided, visiting upon the instrument itself the sins of those who have tried to make too much of it. Because the fleet-fingered, wonder-working virtuosos have sought through the Piano merely to astonish, where the proper end of music is to please, to give expression to the feelings; because they would fain make its key-board speak through all its length at once, and do the work of a whole orchestra,—are we to forget its humbler and more genuine services to Music? Are we to forget that there are such works as BEETHOVEN'S Sonatas, MENDELSSOHN'S *Lieder ohne Worte*, CHOPIN'S fiery inspirations and delicate dreams of sentiment, and so many products of the purest poesy of sound, written expressly for the

piano, inspired in most cases *by* the piano, as the fingers, wandering over its keys, have wooed from them pregnant response to thoughts and feelings in the player's soul? Who shall say that much of the purest essence of musical thought, the choicest wine of musical inspiration, is not found in such works, written for and discoursed from the vibrating strings of the Piano?

To say that the Piano gives you something of everything in all kinds of music, but not the whole of anything, that it rather sketches and suggests than fills out and realizes great effects of harmony, and so forth, is not necessarily a reproach. There is a point of view, from which this very property of the Piano, this universal, or vulgarly speaking, *Jack-of-all-trades* serviceableness, becomes a very valuable virtue. In a piece of music, we are to consider not *effect* only, but also *intrinsic character*. The latter indeed should be placed always first; it is the essence of the thing; the intrinsic character of a composition remains unchanged whether it be played on one instrument or on another, whether it be perfectly or imperfectly performed, whether it be fully brought out and realized with all possible effectiveness to the sense, the ear, or only sketched to the understanding so as to convey the idea of its whole possible effect to the sympathetic soul, that meets its intention half-way, and only so can truly enter into the spirit of a composition, be it ever so sensuously, vividly or grandly rendered. It is this intrinsic character of the composition, this musico-poetic form and meaning, which the intelligent listener wants chiefly to get at. He can spare some breadth, some large sonority, some richness of orchestral coloring, some sensuous satisfactoriness of tone, if he can only get at the essential characteristic of the work, trace it back to where it sprung from the composer's mind, find the vital Beethoven or Mozart in it, and make intimate, intelligent acquaintance with that, with the beauty of the design, with the spirit and tendency of the work, the real value of its subject, the logical, artistic unity of the whole as it developes into the "express image" of the thought that prompted it. Now it is just here that the Piano-forte becomes invaluable. If it cannot sing, if it cannot prolong and swell a tone, if it cannot do the duty of an orchestra, if there is a limit set both to the volume and the brilliancy and the duration of its sounds, which, somewhat angrily awakened by percussion, explode and lose their being almost instantaneously—still it can give you such a sketch of any, the largest composition, that you may perceive and feel its design as you may that of a great painting through an outline engraving.

To a partial extent, a practised reader may gather the character and merit of a composition from the printed score. But still the ear craves to actually hear something. The imagined tones are tantalizing till they become embodied and are heard. And there is musical tone enough in a good piano to aid the imagination most essentially in this process, and thoroughly to quicken the perception of that residing *in* the music which may not be heard. To amateurs, to those who are but very partially musicians, in a word to the great class of music-lovers, it is an inestimable help to the understanding and enjoying of a great symphony or overture, to try it over in the intervals of public performance on the piano at home. No matter how thin the arrangement, one will thus seize on the essential features, and make them doubly his own, fix them in the memory, so that he will know what he is listening to the next time he hears the orchestra.

The Piano is a convenient master-key to all the treasuries of Music. It enables you to bring them all home to you, without waiting for the rare and remote chances of having them displayed before you in all the breadth and brilliancy of a complete performance. It gives them on a reduced scale to be sure, in miniature, yet so that you can find out what they are. As princes marry by seeing the portraits of their brides, so through the medium of the Piano, by a mere bungling reading, even, which cannot be called playing, you may soon find out how far you can fall in love with a famed far-off miracle of the Art.

Thus "Well-known's" objection to the Piano-forte on the score of its tempting facility for shallow imitation of all kinds of music, though not without its truth, still overlooks a large part of the whole truth. In condemning the abuse of a thing, let us not forget its use. We have here seen one great use of our much abused parlor instrument. When we add the real musical satisfaction of hearing legitimate Piano music played upon it, compositions which do not at all fall into the category of the virtuoso school, but which belong to the pure poetry of the Art; when we add its beautiful accompaniment to the voice, whereby a SCHUBERT may invest a melody with more characteristic, genial, sympathetic clothing, than he could do by any other instrumental mechanism, except on the large scale; when we consider the means of expression contained in its infinite shades of accent, of loud and soft, and its coöperation with our most sensitive and subtle faculty of *touch*, whereby the soul, musically excited, shoots its volitions to the fingers' ends with lightning-like rapidity, and with nice fidelity to every shade of energy of impulse; when we consider *all* the uses and properties of the Piano, there certainly does seem to be enough good and legitimate about it left to offset all the mischief done to Music by the whole dazzling crowd of modern virtuosos. While BEETHOVEN remains, are we to judge the Piano only by the Liszt-ian standard? Rather let us comfort ourselves that THALBERG and LISZT seem to have reached the extreme in their direction, and that Piano-playing henceforth, in order to make progress, must come back to the starting-point of truth and nature, and begin again with a more modest aim and method. This opens a train of speculation in which we may indulge hereafter.

THE FLUTE.—The numerous amateurs of this sweet instrument will peruse with interest a pamphlet of some fifty pages, by A. G. BADGER, one of the leading flute manufacturers in New York. It is an "Illustrated History of the Flute," and contains, 1. a history of the steps by which the ordinary flute has reached its present state; 2. an examination into the causes of its imperfections, and a statement of the principles on which flutes are constructed; 3. what has been effected by the Boehm flute. Although we cannot agree with the writer that "the tones of the flute have always been considered superior to any other instrument," that they "have the nearest approach to the human voice," &c., yet there can be no question of its great importance. Mr. Badger tells his story well.

Local.

CARL BERGMANN, as our readers will be pleased to know, is to pass the coming season in Boston. He is engaged as conductor by the MENDELSSOHN CHORAL SOCIETY, who are to give a series of Oratorio and Symphony concerts on Sunday evenings in the Tremont Temple. "St. Paul" and "Elijah" are the oratorios spoken of. Mr. ECKHARDT is to be orchestral leader and Mr. BABCOCK organist.

Mr. BERGMANN is also invited to conduct the first concert and rehearsals of the Philharmonic Society in New York, which he may do without interfering with his duties here, and we have strong hopes that there will be a grand orchestra organized under his direction for Symphony concerts in the Boston Music Hall, upon a footing that will insure success.

MR. GUSTAV SATTER, the talented Pianist, gave a farewell concert, before proceeding to Philadelphia, in the Tremont Temple, on Wednesday evening, assisted by a pupil, Miss JOSSELYN, who played with him on the Piano, and by Herr JUNGNICKEL, the violoncellist.

The HANDEL & HAYDN SOCIETY and the MUSICAL EDUCATION SOCIETY have both commenced their weekly rehearsals, with CARL ZERRAHN as conductor. The former society have taken up Handel's "Solomon," an oratorio never produced here, to our knowledge.

NEW YORK. PARODI and STRAKOSCH have given several more concerts.—Mlle VESTVALI, on the eve of her departure to Mexico, gave a concert this week, assisted by Sig. BERNARDI, Sig. CRESSIO, (a new tenor, much applauded), WILLIAM MASON, the Pianist, and Herr SCHREIBER, the famous cornet-player.—The PYNE and HARRISON troupe still play at Niblo's.

Music Abroad.

England.

This is the year of Musical Festivals, which come round triennially. The reports of those at Hereford and Birmingham fill column upon column of the *Times* and other newspapers. Our summary must be brief.

The 132d festival of the three choirs of Worcester, Hereford and Gloucester, commenced Tuesday, Aug. 21st. Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday mornings were devoted to sacred music at the Cathedral, and the three evenings to secular concerts at the Shire-hall, the whole winding up with a grand full dress ball on Friday evening. The attendance generally was larger than ever, to the joy of clergymen's widows and orphans dependent on that charity. The orchestra, selected from the bands of the Italian Opera and Philharmonic Society, numbered near sixty of the best musicians. The choral force was drawn from the cathedral choirs of Hereford, Gloucester and Worcester, and the choral societies of those places and of Liverpool. The principal vocalists were Madame Grisi, Madame Clara Novello, Mrs. Weiss, Miss Moss, Miss Dolby, Mr. Sims Reeves, Signor Mario, Mr. Montem Smith, Mr. H. Barnby, and Mr. Weiss. Miss Moss and Mr. Barnby are local artists; the latter being of the Hereford Cathedral choir.

Of the first morning's performances the *Daily News* says:

This morning dawned most auspiciously. At 11 o'clock the great bell of the old cathedral called the people to prayer.

The opening between the nave and the choir being completely filled up by a temporary screen, the nave appeared to be a complete building in itself, and none of the sound of the music was lost in the choir. The orchestra extended from the screen nearly down to the floor. The service was intoned by the Rev. Mr. Goss.

Instead of the "Esther" overture, which has been used almost immemorially to open these festivals, we had that to Spohr's "Last Judgment," which was finely played. The pieces, responses, and chant to the *Venite* were, as usual, by Tallis; but the psalms were chanted to a new chant by Mr. Townshend Smith, which was much admired. Handel's *Dettingen Te Deum* went off exceedingly well.

The "*Jubilate*" was a new one composed expressly for this festival by Mr. Townshend Smith. It is good throughout, and of a thoroughly ecclesiastical school.

After the third collect we had the chorus "The heavens are telling," and trio (Mrs. Weiss, Mr. M. Smith, and Mr. Weiss), from Haydn's "Creation;" and before the

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sermon was introduced the 98th Psalm—a work by Mendelssohn, which, we believe, has not been performed before in this country. It commences with an unaccompanied chorus for eight voices, and is particularly adapted for the cathedral and the occasion. At the words "Praise the Lord with harp," that instrument (by Mr. Trust) is introduced, and also the full band, which, however, pretty well overpowered David's instrument. The work is not too long.

The sermon was preached by the Rev. W. P. Hopton, who took for his text Isaiah 55, v. 1—"Ho, every one that thirsteth."

The "Hallelujah" chorus from Beethoven's "Mount of Olives" brought the first morning's performance of sacred music to a close.

Of the concert in the evening GRISI and MARIO were the great attraction, who sang *Casta Diva*, *Il mio tesoro*, the duet *Mira la bianca luna*, and in the trio from *Lucrezia Borgia*. There were also Clara Novello, Sims Reeves, and other singers; there were overtures by Weber and Bennett; there were madrigals and ballads, and there was much ado about an infant phenomenon pianist, Master Arthur Napoleon, who played Thalberg's *Mose* fantasia. One is a type of all these miscellaneous evening concerts. Of them the *Musical World* says:

The same old fashioned miscellaneous jumble presents itself as at the London concerts in or out of season. Miss Clara Novello sings "Ocean thou mighty monster"—as usual; Mr. Weiss sings his own "Village Blacksmith," to which he is naturally attached—as usual; Miss Dolby sings "Over the sea," on whose "azure brow," so far as she is concerned, "time writes no wrinkles"—as usual; duets from *Linda di Chamouni*, *Roberto Devereux*, etc., ballads worried to death, sentimental airs, tender trios and quartets, which have seen their best days, indeed, constitute, as usual, the staple commodity of the programmes. Hereford, however, is a long way from London, and the people of North Wales are not supposed to be *blasés* like your metropolitan music-hunters.

Wednesday was the *Elijah* day. The audience was very large, and the cathedral was surrounded by people anxiously listening to catch at intervals the sound of voices and of instruments—nine out of ten of whom, says the *Times*, might have been seated inside in the galleries, but for the foolish system of exclusive, aristocratic prices. The execution of the oratorio is pronounced satisfactory in the main. To Mr. Weiss wass allotted the part of the prophet, and Clara Novello, Miss Dolby, Mrs. Weiss, Miss Moss, Sims Reeves, and Mr. M. Smith, assisted in the principal *soli*. The *News* says there was general disappointment in Mario's rendering of "If with all your hearts," which was "without pathos or feeling." On the contrary the *Times* says:

Mario sang the recitative and air, "If with all your hearts" for the first time, and gave such unqualified satisfaction that he was compelled to repeat it. His pronunciation of the words was clear and emphatic.

The other encores (at the customary instigation of the Bishop) were awarded to the unaccompanied trio, "Lift thine eyes" (Madame Novello, Mrs. Weiss, and Miss Dolby); "O rest in the Lord" (by Miss Dolby); and "Then shall the righteous," by Mr. Sims Reeves—all fine performances, the last especially, which could not be surpassed in fervor and devotional simplicity of expression. On the whole the oratorio of *Elijah* has seldom been heard to more advantage in a church and as seldom been more entirely appreciated. Mr. Townshend Smith was conductor, and Mr. Arnott, of Gloucester, at the organ.

The second concert was attended by "about 450 fashionables." The overtures were *Egmont* and *Tell*. Reeves sang Beethoven's *Adelaide*; Clara Novello sang Mozart's *Deh vieni*; Mme. Weiss, his *Dove sono*; Grisi, *Bell' raggio*. Mendelssohn's *Loreley* fragment, Bellini's quartet: *A te o cara*, a finale from *Euryanthe*, and lighter miscellany, made out the programme, which was followed by a ball.

The *Standard* gives the programme of Thursday morning:

It consisted of Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise," Spohr's sacred cantata, "The Christian's Prayer," and Mozart's "Twelfth Service." At the commencement of the second part also was played an overture (*St. Polycarp*) not generally known in the musical world. It is written by the Rev. F. A. Gore Ouseley, Bart., precentor of Hereford Cathedral, and successor to Sir H. Bishop, at Oxford. Before Mozart's service, we had Luther's hymn most devotionally sung by Clara Novello. The introduction of the trumpet by Harper at the words, "The trumpet sounds," produced a thrilling effect, and altogether this hymn produced the deepest sensation. Sims Reeves also sang (between the oratorios) the air, "Sound an alarm," from *Judas Maccabæus*.

"The "Christian's Prayer" is quite new in this part of the country, though it was performed at the Norwich festival in 1836. It is the first work written by Spohr for voices and instruments.

The *Times* remarks on the performance of the Mozart's Mass:

This very lengthy and interesting performance, which had begun with a grand piece of Protestant music, finished with one essentially Roman Catholic, in the shape of Mozart's Twelfth Mass (in Latin) called "service" in the programmes, but not the less a mass for all that. Not very long ago this innovation would on no account be tolerated; but the public has gradually become more liberal, and now consents to believe that the Catholic masses of Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, like the Protestant oratorios and psalms of Mendelssohn and Spohr, may be admired for their musical beauties alone, irrespectively of their connexion with religious doctrine and forms of worship. We can only add that the solos in the mass (which is familiar and easy to the band and chorus) were sung to perfection by Madame Grisi, Miss Dolby, Signor Mario, and Mr. Weiss; and that the audience were thoroughly enchanted with the performance.

Of the third and last concert the features were the overture and vocal selections from *Der Freyschütz*; *Qui la voce*, (twice) by Grisi; Mendelssohn's "First Violet," (twice) by Miss Dolby; March and Chorus from Beethoven's "Ruins of Athens"; Mozart's Symphony in E flat; Mendelssohn's *Rondo brillante*, played by Master Napoleon "in a manner as surprisingly genial and spirited as it was mechanically imperfect," &c. &c.,—a long string of ballads, Italian arias and duets, concluding with "God save the Queen," for which some claim a Hereford origin, maintaining that it was composed by old Dr. John Bull, organist of Hereford Cathedral long ago.

Friday morning brought the musical solemnities to a worthy close with Handel's "Messiah." There were 1,111 persons present in the cathedral. The singers (whose performances in the same oratorio have been over and over again described) were Mme. Clara Novello, Miss Dolby, Mrs. Weiss, Miss Moss, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Weiss, and Mr. Montem Smith—all English, and all thoroughly conscientious, where Handel's music is in question.

The Birmingham Festival we must defer to next week.

Germany.

LEIPSIC.—A rumor is abroad that Herr Schleinitz (active) Director of the "Conservatorium," has resigned his office, which creates no little sensation among the teachers and members of the Academy, by whom he is much respected. He has directed the affairs of the institution since the death of Mendelssohn, of whom he was an intimate friend, and who appointed him to the post.

The Stadt Theater will shortly again be thrown open to the public. The construction of the heating apparatus is progressing, and the lessee, Herr Wirsing, is travelling in search of an entirely new troupe of singers and actors. Herr Riccius, up to the present time conductor of the Euterpe concerts, which after the Gewandhaus are the best, has been engaged as *Kappellmeister*. The Gewandhaus concert season is expected to commence this season, as usual, in the beginning of October. Miss Arabella Goddard is engaged for at least one concert.

BERLIN.—The Royal Opera-house has been reopened, but for ballets only, twice a week, until the 11th inst., when the regular season will commence. The interior of the house has undergone some extensive alterations, the parquet being enlarged by the addition of 500 places.

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Translated for this Journal.

Virtuosos and Virtuosity.

FROM THE GERMAN OF "ONE WELL-KNOWN."

In a preceding letter I have already said, the virtuosos ought to give their concerts by themselves alone. For when a so-called virtuoso, not of the most distinguished, comes on between sterling instrumental works, he is tedious, like every mediocrity, and dulls the audience for the enjoyment of a genuine work of Art. If on the contrary he is one of the first of virtuosos, he disturbs the concert even more; since in the expectation of something extraordinary, in the eager curiosity about a personal notoriety, it is only the very few that pay attention to the pieces of music that precede his coming on; so that for the most part their sound dies out and leaves no impression. And when the performance of the virtuoso is at an end, the audience are so excited, that the succeeding pieces too are disregarded or lose much of the effect they otherwise would have.

The first case is the commonest in our times; since virtuosos, who with their facility are also virtuosos in expression, such as PAGANINI, the sisters MILANOLLO, &c., appear very seldom. The most of our modern virtuosos possess *merely* execution, are distinguished by their flexibility of fingers, and so forth, and *thereby* excite admiration; they are nothing but a sort of tight-rope dancers. To be sure, admiration, wonder, is itself an enjoyment, else would all the rope-dancers, as well as all the virtuosos, exert themselves to little purpose to entice and fleece the public; but such an enjoyment of mere wonder is no Art-enjoyment, and consequently virtuosos do not belong to any concert where one seeks enjoyment in the true works of Art.

To such a prodigious pitch of mechanical facility have many carried it in our times, that really the extraordinary has become quite ordinary and the public ceases to wonder, unless all that has been shall be outdone by some new phenomenon, or unless the virtuosity of expression shall be superadded to rare execution. This last, however, cannot be acquired, at least not to the same degree as the mechanical facility; it presupposes a rich soul and an impressive understanding. Hence the arrival of *such* virtuosos will always have a beneficial influence; for when we speak against virtuoso-dom, we mean only those who abuse their acquired facility, that is, who make it the prime object and neglect all else for that. Virtuosity in itself, the possession of very great facility, is indeed always an advantage, so long as it serves as a means to the end of bringing out more fully the expression of a piece of music, and is not made an end itself. Alas! false virtuosity will never disappear; for if with one generation it be thrust into the background, as it is now in our time, after having played so great a part and blunted the public appetite, still this generation does not remain; we give place to those that come after, and upon these, who come up with a fresh zest for the marvellous, the false virtuosos work anew the same impression which the others made upon their fathers, until they in their turn shall be satiated. If we say, as is now often said: the day of virtuoso-dom is past, we but ascribe our own mood quite unreasonably to our successors; for *us* indeed the virtuosity, that has been hitherto, is past, since upon us, who have had it to satiety, it makes no longer an impression.

What has operated most injuriously for Art has been especially the virtuosity of the piano-forte heroes, as I have already explained in the letter about the Piano.* This whole virtuoso fever is scarcely comprehensible, especially when we consider that they place the imperfections of their instrument in the clearest light in the performance of Concertos with full orchestra; for very seldom does the piano-forte admit of an artistic union with the orchestra; for the most part the instrument produces a mere rattling compared with the latter, and falls far behind the string and wind instruments in tone.

Strictly there are but two instruments, which can show the higher virtuosity, as the hand-maid of expression: namely the violin and violoncello. All the other instruments are either too gentle in their character, as the flute or clarinet; or disagreeable, like the oboe; or laughable, like the bassoon; or limited, like the horn; or ignoble, like the trumpet; or massive, like the trombone; or odd, like the contrabasso.

Unfortunately almost all the virtuosos fancy themselves also composers. But I maintain, that whoever would be a composer, must not wish to be a virtuoso. The reason is obvious. To acquire that virtuoso facility, which has now reached such a height, that it seems scarcely possible to go any further, one's whole time has to be devoted to exercises, so that no time remains for the more serious studies. For both at once a man's life is not long enough. It was otherwise in MOZART'S time.

Few among the moderns have combined virtuosity with composition in a nobler manner than C. M. von WEBER. He wrote, it is well known, capital things not only for the piano, but also for many other instruments, which he continually brought into the foreground both characteristically and expressively. Modern virtuosity, especially the piano-forte virtuosity, has had a great and injurious influence, not only on the whole musical life, but on society in general—an influence not yet sufficiently appreciated. Music has been adopted into education, particularly of the female sex, but in a questionable manner; there seems to be an ambition to make virtuosos of them all, and the piano-forte, as well as singing, is perverted from its true ends. The consequence of this is, that Music, daughter of Heaven, is misused and degraded to the service of vanity and ostentation, especially among ladies. Very few now shrink from sitting down at the piano in company and playing some sort of a "Fantasia" as well or as badly as possible. This occurs far less frequently with gentlemen, who do not devote themselves exclusively to music. Just so it is with singing. Many an otherwise modest maiden, who has enjoyed "a good education", ventures to sing the first best *aria di bravura*, which demands the powers of a SONTAG for its right delivery. She cannot sing it as it should be sung, precisely because she is no singer by profession; and so she murders both the music and the listeners' ears, and out of etiquette is clapped and complimented. Thus almost every "cultivated" maiden is "musical", she can rattle on the piano and—sing. We love singing in a lady, but only when she sings what is suited to her, when she keeps to what is simple and does not try to be a *virtuosa*.

We entirely approve the adopting of music into the circle of branches of instruction; but—let us give the young people instruction in the elements of music; teach them what music ought to be and can be; diffuse correct views of the Art and carry it, if possible, so far, that every cultivated person may *read* music, may be able to make use of his voice or of some instrument—not merely of the piano-forte—and all will be addicted to the Art with deeper and truer love, and find

* See last number of this Journal.

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far more enjoyment, than in the present striving to form only virtuosos, whereby all zest and pleasure are taken away from the young people through the soul-killing exercises required by virtuosity. If too much were not sought, far more would be accomplished.

Once it was otherwise, once it was better, and the people had far more simplicity and higher enjoyment in the Art. Almost all educated persons understood how to play the lute—a better instrument than our meagre guitar. In most houses were found stringed instruments of different pitch, and, when they were played together, (an art which many understood, since their pretensions were not great,) there was more euphony than in our piano jingling, and more enjoyment, for they looked more to expression than to virtuoso-like facility. So away with virtuoso-dom, above all in families and in educational establishments!

George Sand's Account of Chopin.

Just as a new interest is awakened in FREDERIC CHOPIN by the posthumous publication of a number of his works (referred to in our last), Mme. GEORGE SAND also has consecrated to him some pages of her Memoirs, now in course of publication in *La Presse*. The following fragments will be interesting to our readers, especially to those who have read LISZT's interesting account of the same period in his history, (translated in the first volume of our Journal.)

In 1838, the authoress of the Memoirs undertook a voyage for the health of one of her children. Chopin desired to accompany them, and George Sand consented. They met at Perpignan, and went to establish themselves at Majorca, where they found healthy and most picturesque lodgings in a desolated and half-ruined Carthusian monastery. We will now let George Sand speak:

"The poor great artist was a wretched invalid. What I had feared, unfortunately not enough, took place. He was completely demoralized. Enduring pain with considerable courage, he could not conquer the inquietude of his imagination. The cloister was for him full of terrors and of phantoms, even when he was well. He did not tell of it, and I had to divine it. On returning from my nightly explorations in the ruins with my children, I found him, at ten o'clock in the evening, sitting pale before his piano, his eyes haggard and his hair as it were standing up on end upon his head. It was some moments before he could recognize us.

"Then he made an effort to smile, and he played to us sublime things which he had just been composing, or, more properly speaking, terrible and thrilling ideas, which had taken possession of him, as if unawares, in that hour of solitude, of sadness and of terror.

"It was there that he composed the most beautiful of those short pages which he modestly entitled 'Preludes.' They are master-pieces. Several of them present to the thought visions of deceased monks and the hearing of funereal chants that haunted him; others are melancholy and sweet; they came to him in hours of sunshine and of health, to the noise of laughing children under the window, the distant sound of guitars, the song of birds on the moist foliage, and the sight of little roses palely blooming on the snow.

"Others again are of a sullen sadness, and while they charm your ear, they wound your heart. There is one among them that came to him one dismal rainy evening, and which fills the soul with shuddering dismay. We had left him alone that day, Maurice and I, to go to Palma to buy things necessary to our encampment. The rain came down in torrents; we had made three leagues in six hours on our return in the midst of the inundation, and we arrived at midnight, without shoes, abandoned by our *vetturino*, across unheard of dangers. We made all haste through anxiety for our sick one. She was alive, indeed, but she was as it were fixed in a sort of tranquil despair, and he was playing his admirable prelude in tears. Seeing us enter, he rose, uttering a loud cry, and then said to us, with a bewildered air and a strange tone: 'Ah! I knew very well that you were dead!'

"When he had recovered his wits and saw the state in which we were, he was sick at the retrospective spectacle of our dangers; but then he declared to us that in awaiting us he had seen all that in a dream, and that, confounding that dream with the reality, he had calmed himself and as it were lulled himself to sleep in playing the piano, persuaded that he was dead himself. He saw himself drowned in a lake; drops of water, heavy and icy, fell in measured beat upon his chest, and when I bade him listen to the sound of the rain drops, actually pattering with measured cadence on the roof, he denied having heard them. He was annoyed even that I translated the fact by the language of imitative harmony. He protested with all his might, and he had reason, against the puerility of such imitations for the ear. His genius was full of the mysterious harmonies of nature, translated by sublime equivalents in musical thought, and not by a servile repetition of external sounds.* His composition of that evening was indeed full of rain-drops, which resounded on the sonorous tiles of the *chartreuse;* but they had translated themselves in his imagination and in his song by tears falling from heaven upon his heart.

"The genius of Chopin is the most profound and the most full of sentiments and of emotions that has ever existed. He has made a single instrument discourse the language of the infinite; he has frequently been able to sum up, in ten lines which a child might play, poems of an immense elevation, dramas of an energy unequalled. He never had need of great material means to utter the word of his genius. He needed neither saxophones, nor ophicleids to fill the soul with terror; nor church-organs, nor human voices to fill it with enthusiasm. He was not known, nor is he yet known by the crowd. There must be great progress in the taste and understanding of the Art, before his works can be popular. A day will come when men will orchestrate his music, without changing anything in his piano score, and when all the world will know that this genius, as vast, as complete, as learned as that of the greatest masters whom he has assimilated to himself, has preserved an individuality even more exquisite than that of SEBASTIAN BACH, more powerful than that of BEETHOVEN, more dramatic than that of WEBER. He is all three together, and yet he is himself, that is to say, more subtle in his taste, more austere in his grandeur, more heart-rending in his grief. MOZART alone is his superior, because Mozart had moreover the tranquility of health, and consequently the plenitude of life.

"Chopin felt his power and his weakness. His weakness lay in the very excess of that power which he could not regulate. He could not, like Mozart (in fact Mozart alone was ever able to do it) make a *chef-d'œuvre* with an ordinary tint. His music was full of *nuances* and of things unexpected. Sometimes, rarely, it was *bizarre*, mysterious and tormented. Although he had a horror of things one cannot comprehend, his excessive emotions would transport him unawares into spheres known only to himself. I was perhaps a bad criterion for him (for he consulted me as MOLIERE did his servant), because, through long acquaintance with him, I had come to be able to identify myself with every fibre of his organization. For eight years, in initiating me each day into the secret of his inspiration or his musical meditation, his piano revealed to me the raptures, the embarrassments, the victories or the tortures of his thought. I understood him therefore as he understood himself, and a judge more a stranger to him would have forced him to be more intelligible for all.

He had sometimes in his youth ideas that were bright and fully rounded. He has made Polish songs and unpublished romances of a charming *bonhomie* or an adorable sweetness. Some of his later compositions also are like crystal springs in which the clear sun beholds itself. But how brief and rare are these tranquil ecstacies of his contemplation! The song of the lark above and the rich floating of the swan upon the still waters are for him like lightnings of beauty in the serene sky. The scream of the complaining and famished eagle on the rocks of Majorca, the bitter whistling of the north wind and the sombre desolation of the yew trees, covered with snow, saddened him much longer and more keenly than the perfume of the orange groves, the gracefulness of the leafy vines and the Moorish *cantilena* of the laborers rejoiced him.

"It was so with his character in all things. Sensible one moment to the sweets of affection and the smiles of destiny, he was ruffled for days, for entire weeks by the maladresse of a careless person or by the petty contrarieties of actual life. And, strange to say, a veritable sorrow did not wound him so much as a slight one. It seemed as if he had not the force to comprehend it at first and to feel it afterwards. The depth of his emotions was not at all proportioned to their causes. As to his deplorable health, he accepted it heroically in real dangers, and he tormented himself wretchedly about it during insignificant changes. This is the history and the destiny of all beings in whom the nervous system is developed to excess.

"With this exaggerated sensitiveness about details, this dread of misery, and the wants of a refined prosperity, he naturally conceived a horror of Majorca after a few days of illness. He was too weak to make the journey back. When he grew better, contrary winds prevailed upon the coast, and for three weeks the steamboat could not leave the port. It was the only embarcation possible, and even that was now cut off.

"Our sojourn at the monastery of Valdemosa therefore was a punishment for him and a torment

* I have given, in *Consuelo*, a definition of this musical distinction, which fully satisfied him, and which, consequently must be clear.

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for me. Pleasant, agreeable, charming in the world, Chopin, sick, was desperate even in the exclusive society of his most intimate friends. No soul was more noble, more delicate, more disinterested; no intercourse more faithful or more loyal, no wit more brilliant in its gayety, no intellect more serious and more complete in all belonging to its own domain; but by way of offset, alas! no humor was more unequal, no imagination more cloudy and more delirious, no susceptibility more impossible to avoid irritating, no exactions of the heart more impossible to satisfy. And nothing of all that was his own fault. It was owing to his illness. His soul was flayed alive; the rumple of a rose leaf, the shadow of a fly made it bleed. With the exception of myself and my children, everything was antipathetic and revolting to him under the sky of Spain. He was dying with impatience to depart, far more than with the inconveniences of his stay.

"We were finally able to get to Barcelona and from there, by sea again, to Marseilles, at the end of the winter. I quitted the monastery with mingled joy and sorrow.

[To be continued.]

The Marseillaise and its Author.

The Philadelphia correspondent of the *Charleston Courier*, describing his walk through the picture gallery of that city, refers to a painting which is there of Rouget de Lisle singing *The Marseillaise Hymn* at the house of the Mayor of Strasbourg, 1792. It will be remembered, he adds, that De Lisle was an officer of engineers at Strasbourg, who relieved the tediousness of a garrison life by writing verses and indulging a love of music. He was a frequent visitor at the house of the Baron de Diedrich, a noble Alsacien of the constitutional party, the Mayor of Strasbourg. The family loved the young officer, and gave new inspiration to his heart in its attachment to music and poetry, and the ladies were in the habit of assisting by their performances the early conceptions of his genius. A famine prevailed at Strasbourg in the winter of 1792. The house of Diedrich was rich at the beginning of the revolution, but was now become poor under the calamities and sacrifices of the time. Its frugal table had always a hospitable place for Rouget de Lisle. He was there morning and evening, as a son, as a brother. One day, when only some slices of ham smoked upon the table, with a supply of camp bread, Diedrich said to De Lisle, in sad serenity, "Plenty is not found at our meals; but no matter—enthusiasm is not wanting at our civic festivals, and our soldiers' hearts are full of courage. We have one more bottle of Rhine wine in the cellar. Let us have it, and we will drink to liberty and the country. Strasbourg will soon have a patriotic fete, and De Lisle must draw from these last drops one of his hymns that will carry his own ardent feelings to the soul of the people." The young ladies applauded the proposal. They brought the wine, and continued to fill the glasses of Diedrich and the young officer until the bottle was empty. The night was cold. De Lisle's head and heart were warm. He then found his way to his lodgings, entered his solitary chamber, and sought for inspiration at one moment in the palpitation of his citizen heart, and at another by touching, as an artist, the keys of his instrument, and striking out alternately portions of an air, and giving utterance to poetic thoughts. He did not himself know which came first; it was impossible for him to separate the poetry from the music, or the sentiment from the words in which it was clothed. He sung altogether, and wrote nothing. In this state of lofty inspiration he went to sleep with his head upon the instrument. The chants of night came upon him in the morning, like the faint impressions of a dream. He wrote down the words, made the notes of the music, and ran to Diedrich's. He found him in the garden digging water lettuces. The wife of the patriot mayor was not yet up; Diedrich awoke her. They called together some friends who were, like themselves, passionately fond of music, and able to execute the compositions of De Lisle. One of the young ladies played, and Rouget sang. At the first stanza, the countenances of the company grew pale—at the second, tears flowed abundantly—at the last, a delirium of enthusiasm broke forth. Diedrich, his wife and the young officer cast themselves in each other's arms. The hymn of the nation was found. Alas! it was destined to become a hymn of terror. The unhappy Diedrich, a few months afterwards, marched to the scaffold by the sounds of the notes first uttered at his hearth, from the heart of his friend and the voice of his wife.

The new song, executed some days afterwards publicly at Strasbourg, flew from town to town through all the orchestras. Marseilles adapted it, to be sung at the opening and adjournment of the clubs; hence it took the name of *The Marseillaise Hymn*. The old mother of De Lisle, a loyalist and a religious person, alarmed at the reverberation of her son's name, wrote to him: "What is the meaning of this revolutionary hymn, sung by hordes of robbers who pass all over France, with which our name is mixed up?" De Lisle himself, proscribed as a federalist, heard its reecho upon his ears as a threat of death, as he fled among the paths of Jura. "What is this called?" he inquired of his guide. "*The Marseillaise*," replied the peasant. It was with difficulty that he escaped.

The Marseillaise was the liquid fire of the revolution. It distilled into the senses and the soul of the people the phrensy of battle. Its notes floated like an ensign dipped in warm blood over a field of combat. Glory and crime, victory and death, seemed interwoven in its strains. It was the song of patriotism, but it was the signal of fury. It accompanied warriors to the field, and victims to the scaffold.

The Birmingham Town-Hall is of Grecian exterior, with an Italico-Greek interior, and Mr. Ingram's plan has been to assimilate the decorations to the character of the structure itself. The work was commenced about four months ago, and last night it was finally completed. The ceiling is a mixture of Roman and Italian ornaments; the mouldings are of a Greek character, especially in their arrangement. The rosettes are strictly Roman. The ceiling is composed of three circles, each divided into four portions, separated by tapering on which are painted Arabesques in the manner of Raffaelle, with musical trophies, vases of flowers, and other ornaments introduced. Each compartment is again divided into nine coffers or sunk pannels, the extreme depth of these being painted in rich crimson, with a gold radiating star. The framework of each compartment is a maize color, with Roman ornaments in soft carmine. The junction of th rib of each circle is a Roman rosette of white and gold, with a rich orange centre upon a blue ground. The first coffer is painted a deeper maize than the framework, with a terra cotta ornament. The next receding coffer is of blue and gold, and the extreme depth of crimson and gold. In all there are thirty-six coffers in each circle, forming a splendid enrichment for the centre, which consists of a sun-light, composed of 430 burners. Of these there are three in the ceiling. The framework of the ceiling is richly decorated with large rosettes, of singular beauty, especially as regards their execution. These are emblazoned with a profusion of gold, and relieved with glowing colors. The cornice is white; the cantelevers and the mouldings are etched with gold; but the peculiar character of the treatment is that every portion is distinct. On the frieze around the building is painted the celebrated honeysuckle ornament from the temple of Jupiter Stator. The walls are Sienna marble, finished in the highest style of art by a process which has gained for M. Ingram a peculiar pre-eminence. The pilasters are highly polished, resembling enamel. The basement of the building is of that peculiar grey tint which brings it in relief to the richer hues of the remainder of the decorations. The front of the gallery is bronze and gold. The decorations of the organ correspond with those of the building. The framework, excepting the base, is elaborately gilded; the pipes are of a rich cobalt blue, diapered with gold. On entering the Hall, the eye is delighted with its light and cheerful aspect. The colors are rich and brilliant, but they are so harmoniously blended that their combined effect is chaste as well as magnificent.

A new mode of illumination—the sun-light—has been adopted. This work, which has been successfully carried out by Messrs. Winfield, will add greatly to the splendor and the ornamentation. One of these lights is placed in each of the three compartments of the ceiling; each is composed of about four hundred burners, beneath which is suspended a glass dish of a prismatic character, about eight feet in diameter, and manufactured by Messrs. Osler. The light produced is clear, mild, and equally diffused. The experiment has been a matter of great anxiety; but the trials since the work has been completed have been in every respect satisfactory; in fact, for the first time the hall is thoroughly lighted in every part. —*London News, Aug.* 21.

Music by Steam.—A Yankee genius has succeeded in harnessing steam to a musical instrument in such a way as to insure perfect execution. The name of the inventor is Joshua C. Stoddard, of Worcester, Mass. The following description will give some idea of the possibilities of the invention:

The instrument is of simple construction, and when once thoroughly put together, will seldom if ever get out of repair. It consists of a horizontal steam chest or cylinder, some six feet in length, and from four to six feet in diameter, which is fed with steam from the boiler in the establishment where it is located. Upon the top of this cylinder is a series of valve chambers placed at equal distance from each other, into which the steam is admitted without obstruction. Each valve chamber contains a double mechanic valve with no packing, yet it sits so closely upon its seat as to allow no steam to escape. To each of these valves is connected a very small piston-rod or stem which passes through the chamber and is operated upon by machinery without. Were it not for this stem the valve would be simply a double balance valve and would remain stationary wherever placed, the pressure of steam being equal on all sides; but a part of one end of the valve being carried outside of the chamber gives it the self-closing power, which is then the nicest part of the whole invention, and perhaps the best patentable feature. With a slight pressure against these rods the valve is opened, and when the valve is removed, it closes as quick as steam can act, which is not much behind electricity.

Directly over each of these valves is placed a common alarm whistle, constructed similar to those used upon locomotives, except that it admits of being lowered, to flatten or sharpen the tone. These whistles are made of different sizes, so as to produce the required tone corresponding with each note, &c. This completes the machine with the exception of a cylinder similar to those used in a common hand organ or music box, containing cogs, which, when properly arranged, will, when tuned by hand or otherwise, operate upon the valves in such a manner as to play any tune desired, by simply changing the position of the cogs, which are intended to be moveable.

One of these instruments can be heard from ten to twenty-five miles on the water, and every note will be perfect and full.

We heard the inventor play "Rosalie" on it, and it looked like "getting off tall notes" mechanically. This invention is so completely under the control of the operator that, were it arranged with a key board similar to a piano, it would obey the slightest touch, and a child could play slow or quick tunes, every note of which might be heard several miles.

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It is the design of the inventor to place these instruments upon locomotives and steamboats. It would appear rather novel to John Bull to hear "Yankee Doodle" from one of our ocean steamers as she was about to enter a British port, (say twenty miles,) and it would remind a Yankee of his jack-knife to hear "Sweet Home" from the same vessel on its return from New York or Boston. This invention, if it meets the expectations of most who have seen it, will alter the tone of public demonstration on important occasions very essentially.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

ORIENTAL IMAGES.

THE VEILED FACE OF DAY.

Through the forehead of eve the Lord driveth yon star
as a nail,
And the thick-spangled darkness lets down o'er the day
as a veil.

LUNA'S USE.

The moon is but a silver pin-head vast,
That holds the mighty sky's tent-hanging fast.

SKILL VERSUS FATE.

Diving and finding no pearls in the sea,
Blame not the ocean, the fault is in thee.

VAIN WISHES.

Had the cat wings no sparrow could live in the air;
Had each his wish what more would Allah have to spare?

NIPPING THE BUD.

A sprout of evil ere it has struck root,
With thumb and finger one up-pulls;
To start it when grown up and full of fruit
Requires a mighty yoke of bulls.

MERIT AND PLACE.

A jewel is a jewel still though lying in the dust,
And soul is soul though up to heaven by the tempest
thrust.

FALSE PIETY.

He who from love to God neglects the human race,
In darkness sits holding a glass before his face.

LIMITATION.

Each is bounded by his nature,
And remains the same in stature
In the valley, on the mountain.
Scoop from ocean or from fountain,
With a poor hand or a richer,
You can only fill your pitcher.

A RIDDLE.

Between a thick-set hedge of bones,
A small red dog now barks, now moans.

NO MEDIATOR.

Take an example from the roses,
Who live direct on sun and dew:
They never question after Moses,
And why in heaven's name should you?

Music Abroad.

England.

BIRMINGHAM FESTIVAL. This triennial festival (first established in 1769, and from the proceeds of which during 76 years nearly 400,000 patients have received assistance in the General Hospital) commenced on Tuesday Aug. 28. The Town Hall (see description in another column) had been redecorated, lighted and ventilated for the purpose. The musical forces are thus summed up in the *News:*

The instrumental band is at least as strong as it was in 1852; it numbers 146 performers, the bulk of these being selected from the most eminent metropolitan artists. The "quartet" of stringed instruments is 108 strong; the parts for the flutes, oboes, clarinets, trumpets, and horns are doubled, there being four of each instrument; there are three trombones and three harps, an ophicleide, two serpents, and the usual instruments of percussion. The list includes all the orchestral stars of the metropolis. On this occasion every voice has been carefully selected, and the component parts of the choir arranged with the utmost nicety. The vocal host will consist of 334 voices, thus apportioned:—80 sopranos, 60 altos, 82 tenors, and 82 basses. Of the entire number, nearly two hundred are members of the Birmingham Choral Society, who—being kept under active and almost perpetual drill by so exact and pains-taking a man as Mr. Stimpson, the Town Hall organist, is—may be presumed to be well up to the work; indeed, they are in capital discipline and efficiency. In addition to these, 63 are brought from London, and rather more than that number from the neighborhood of Bradford, in Yorkshire, these having gained for themselves a decidedly high reputation.

The opening morning was devoted to *Elijah:*—the best performance, say the critics, ever yet given in England, and before the largest and most brilliant audience ever assembled on the first day of the festival. Mr. COSTA, the conductor, was received with enthusiastic cheering, after which there was no applause. The part of the prophet was sustained by Mr. WEISS (Herr FORMES being retained for Costa's *Eli*), a "baritone of the first quality—equally remarkable for power and sweetness," a man "rapidly rising in his Art," and "not surpassed by any singer of his class in Europe." His Elijah is by one pronounced the best since that of the *first* Elijah, STAUDIGL. The principal tenor part was divided between SIMS REEVES and REICHARDT. For the rest we quote the *Times:*

The *soprano* music was divided between Madame Castellan and Madame Rudersdorff. Madame Castellan has lost none of the beauty and freshness of her voice, and pronounces English as well as ever. She never sung better in the affecting episode of the widow and her child, whose life is restored by the prophet. Madame Rudersdorff, to whom the whole of the second part was allotted, displayed all the qualities of a well practised artist: and though, in "Hear, ye, Israel," and "Holy, holy," she rather wanted power, in neither did she exhibit any want of intelligence. Miss Dolby, whose "O rest in the Lord" is always a model of unaffected singing, shared the *contralto* music with Madame Viardot Garcia. The plaintive air, "Wo unto them," was sung with exquisite feeling by the last named accomplished lady, who also, in the fine declamatory recitatives of Jezabel, rose to the highest point of dramatic expression. From the first chorus ("Help, Lord"), to that burst of ineffable joy, (Thanks be to God!") who "laveth the thirsty land," the performance was irreproachable—as exact indeed, as a machine that may not go astray, but a machine that can speak eloquently, a machine with a soul. There was scarcely a fault from one end of the first part to the other; and when it is added that the second part was quite as well executed as the first, it may be readily imagined what sort of performance of their favorite oratorio the patrons of the Birmingham Festival enjoyed this day. To a lover of music it was well worth coming from London to Birmingham, if only to listen to the violins, &c.—such an army of stringed instruments as were never before assembled—in such choruses as "Hear, mighty God!" and "Hear and answer, Baal," where the false priests in vain invoke the assistance of their idol, and, best of all, in the one already mentioned, "Thanks be to God," in which the extraordinary descending scale of two octaves and a half allotted to the whole body of violins (which has been poetically compared to a vivid flash of lightning in the midst of the storm) was dashed off with unparalleled force and promptitude. Mr. Costa himself looked round as if surprised at the effect produced. The Birmingham chorus did honor to themselves and the music they had to sing. Not only were they excellent in the *chorales*, where steady, even singing is required, and in the grander pieces, like those already mentioned, and one almost equal to any of them, "Be not afraid;" but they were equally good in others less easily appreciable and demanding more *finesse*—such, for example, as the conclusion of the scene where Jezabel excites the people against Elijah, "Woe to him, he shall perish," and "Behold, God the Lord passed by" (Part II)—two of the most wonderful conceptions in the work, and which seldom, the latter especially, go absolutely well. The quiet and delicate choruses were perfect. The ideal beauty of "Blessed are the men that fear Him" (Part I), and of the angelic admonition while Elijah sleeps—"He watching over Israel"—could not have been more satisfactorily revealed.

The first evening's concert opened with Macfarren's cantata *Lenora*, an elaborate treatment with recitatives, airs, concerted pieces, and choruses, of Bürger's ballad. The second part consisted of Mendelssohn's *Hebriden* overture; a ballad from Henry Smart's opera of "Bertha," sung by SIMS REEVES; a duet from Rossini's *Conte Ory*, sung by CASTELLAN (in place of BOSIO, whose health did not permit her to appear) and GARDONI; *Qui la voce*, by GRISI; the quartet from *Rigoletto*, the air: *Si lo sento*, from Spohr's *Faust*, by Mme. RUDERSDORFF; *Non piu andrai*, by LABLACHE; airs from *Don Pasquale* and *L'Elisir*, by MARIO and GARDONI; and the overture to *Freyschütz*. Part third was equally long and miscellaneous.

On Wednesday evening was the great feature of the festival, the first performance of the popular conductor COSTA's oratorio of *Eli*. Its reception was triumphant. "Such an ovation," says the *Times*, "is almost without a parallel. The biographies of the greatest musicians record nothing to compare with it." Yet the *Times* dissents from the popular verdict, in the following language:

If Mr. Costa possessed the genius of Handel, he could hardly have succeeded in constructing a really effective oratorio upon the materials furnished by the history of *Eli*, and thrown into the shape of a sacred drama by Mr. Bartholomew. The chief personage himself—Eli, the priest—offers no opportunity to the musician for variety of treatment. He is constantly praying, preaching, or admonishing; and this has forced the composer to present him in a succession of slow recitatives and airs, which, long before the end, induce a feeling of monotony not easy to dispel, since Eli has a great deal to declaim and sing and is also constantly prominent. Hannah, the wife of Elkanah, is a character more favorable to music; and Mr. Costa has availed himself with great felicity of the contrast suggested by her first condition, as a woman childless and barren, and her afterwards joyful state, when God has blessed her with a son. The air in which her affliction is portrayed—"Turn Thee unto me, and have mercy upon me",—is devout and beautiful; while that which reveals the abundance of her joy, when, in the Temple of Shiloh, she pours out her gratitude to the Lord for having given her Samuel—"I will extol Thee, O Lord" is extremely happy, and has, moreover, a touch of the Handel *bravura* about it, both in form and sentiment, by no means unwelcome. The personage of Samuel is, perhaps, the most successfully developed of all. The tranquil piety of the heaven-devoted child is well expressed from the first, and there is not a more chaste and expressive melody than Samuel's morning prayer in the temple, "Lord, from my bed arise." The evening prayer, though graceful, is in a tone less purely devotional; but the whole character of Samuel is marked by a serious purport, and a power of sustaining which is a gift of itself. Mr. Costa has given Eli to a bass (Herr FORMES), Hannah to a *soprano*, Mme. CASTELLAN), and Samuel to a *contralto* (Mme. VIARDOT GARCIA). For a tenor he has been compelled to go over from the Israelites to the Philistines, from the mouth of whose chief, a mighty man of Gath (Mr. SIMS REEVES), we have one of the most vigorous battle songs, with chorus, ever written—viz., "Philistines, hark! the trumpet sounding!" in which the infidel warrior urges on his compatriots to march against the Hebrews. There are two other tenor parts—Elkanah, the husband of Hannah and father of Samuel, and a very small one in the person of a messenger of the Israelites (Herr REICHARDT), who brings the news to Shiloh of their defeat by the Philistines. There is also a second bass, in the Man of God, (Mr. WEISS), who reproaches the Levites for their iniquities, and discloses the awful denunciation of the Lord against the house of Eli. Into the merits of the various recitatives, airs, and concerted pieces distributed among these personages we cannot enter now; suffice it, they exhibit many decided beauties, are all essentially vocal, and, for the most part more or less expressive of the situation in which they occur. On the other hand, they present a mixture of styles, which is still more evident in the choruses, and constitutes, indeed, one of the principal defects of the oratorio. In the choruses, while examples of spirit, brilliancy, and even dramatic power are frequent, there is a singular inequality. Some are evidently written with great care; others seem to have been finished too hastily. Several specimens of fugue are to be found among them, the best of which occurs in the second part of the invocation of the Israelites, when they march against their enemies—on the words, "So persecute them with Thy tempest." This is the most interesting of all, and the best conducted, the florid accompaniments of stringed instruments reminded the hearer of Mendelssohn, while the theme is in the manner of Handel. None of the fugues of Mr. Costa are what is called elaborate. They do not display any great exercise of contrapuntal ingenuity, nor are they remarkable for those cunning devices of augmentation, diminution, inversion, and so forth, of which the fugues of Bach, Handel, and Mendelssohn are so fruitful, and by means of which those gifted musicians delighted to exhibit their learning. But Mr. Costa's fugues have one great distinguishing quality—they are *clear*, and therefore effective. Besides this, they are all based upon simple and well defined themes. As examples of this clearness, and the strength which is derived from it, we may point to the "Hosanna" in the last chorus of Part I, and to the "Hallelujah, Amen" which brings the oratorio to a close. What may be termed—to employ a common epithet—the descriptive music in *Eli*, is clever and spirited, but certainly too *theatrical* for a sacred oratorio. We would instance the scene of the "Ungodly Revel"—where Hophni and Phineas (the sons of Eli) are rioting with the women in the precincts of the Temple—the style of which exceeds all bounds of license, both in the character of the themes and the coloring imparted to them by the orchestral accompaniments. Even the war-song of the Philistine chief is in a great measure open to the same objection; but the natural desire of following Handel's

example, in making a forced contrast in the music allotted to pagans and that appertaining to the chosen people, is a plausible excuse, and calculated to arrest criticism.

The execution may be described in a word—perfection. The orchestra and chorus labored with a zeal and unanimity that could only be traced to one source—viz., the regard and esteem they entertain for the conductor. The principal singers were admirable without exception.

The second evening concert consisted of Mendelssohn's "Italian Symphony," *Loreley* fragment, and march of the priests in *Athalie;* Beethoven's overture to *Leonora;* and a great many favorite vocal pieces, Italian, German and English, by the same singers named above. A new song, "Good morrow," was sung by MARIO with "surprising purity of English elocution." A choral part-song by Mrs. M. BARTHOLOMEW was loudly encored.

On Thursday morning was a densely crowded audience and a splendid performance of the *Messiah*, which however was without novelty, except that the audience stood up during two other choruses, as well as the "Hallelujah." In the evening a third of those intolerably long concerts. Beethoven's "Pastoral Symphony;" overtures to *Tell* and Weber's "Ruler of the Spirits;" Mr. Howard Glover's "Tam O'Shanter" *cantata;* the sestet from *Don Juan*, tenor air from *Zauberflöte*, trio from *Cosi fan tutte;* and various songs by the singers before named,—all were sat through by the Birmingham amateurs. Prince Albert's "Invocation to Harmony," for solos and chorus, was of course much applauded.

The fourth day opened with Beethoven's "Mount of Olives," in which the principal singers were Mme. Rudersdorff, Herr Reichardt and Mr. Weiss. This was followed by Mozart's *Requiem*, the soli parts by Castellan, Miss Dolby, Gardoni and Formes. Then came fragments of Handel's "Israel in Egypt," including many of the airs and recitatives as well as choruses, but in promiscuous order. The national anthem concluded, as it had inaugurated the musical performances.

SIG. GORDIGIANI'S CONCERT.—(From the *Athenæum*, Aug. 4.)—Could an audience be gathered at this late period of the season to hear the most gracious and tasteful of modern *Canzoni* elegantly sung, Signor Gordigiani ought to have had a crowded room on Tuesday, instead of the scanty assemblage which answered his call. Truth to say, however, the Signor's compositions come hardly within the domain of concert music. They belong rather to the oriel,—to the terrace,—to the intimate circle made up of one refined singer and a few listeners,—to our choicest hours of quiet pleasure, to which, while nothing recondite is demanded, nothing that is common-place can be endured. More than ever on Tuesday, when some half-dozen of Signor Gordigiani's compositions were introduced, did we feel their completeness and grace. '*Impressione*' a delicious *romanza* sung by Signor Ciabatta—" *L' Esule*,' by Signor Belletti—' *Il Giuoco della Morra*,' by Signor Bettini and Ciabatta—and '*E m' è venuto un obbreglione*,' by Miss Dolby, are all, after their kind, trinkets, if not "gems." As if, moreover, to show how completely Signor Gordigiani may claim credit as founder of a school, two specimens, by Signori Pinsuti and Campana, were added, in which the Tuscan composer's manner has been obviously and fairly well imitated. A Madame Wilhelmy, an average German soprano who is new to London, made her appearance on this occasion. Signor Belletti sang Peter's romance from 'L' Etoile' so finely as to make us wish he had sung the entire part here. Herr Halle played, also M. Paque. Signor Gordigiani accompanied his own *Canzoni*, and, we suppose, he may be allowed to do what he likes with his own property. But how is it that so many Italian maestri, full of grace in their vocal thoughts, are so heavy and cruel in their treatment of the pianoforte? Is it that they do not care?—that they will not hear?—or that they cannot learn to play?

ST. PETERSBURG:—A plan is on foot to establish a musical institution on a grand scale; in which every department of musical knowledge is to be cared for; in order that, at last, all performers, from chorus singers to solo artists, and from instrumental players to composers, shall be *natives*—a kind of musical Know-nothing movement. The Emperor has accepted the plan. The institution will be supported from the State treasury. Gen. Lvoff, who has lately changed his position from officer to Senator, and is otherwise high at court, has been appointed first in the direction, and is to carry out the plan.

The Russian version of Meyerbeer's *Etoile du Nord* is completed.

VIENNA.—In the season last closed 17 various operas were performed: namely, the *Barber* nineteen times; *Rigoletto*, seven times; *Trovatore*, seven; *Mose* ten times; *Linda*, twice; *Ernani*, five times; *Lucrezia*, five times; *Traviata*, (new) twice; *Pasquale*, three times; *Marco Visconti*, by Petrella, four times; *Cristina di Svegia*, by Thalberg, (new) three times; *Otello*, twice; *Maria di Rohan* and *Lucia*, each twice; *Don Giovanni*, twice. By a comparison of the composers, it will be seen that the grand maestro Rossini still bears away the palm, despite modern composers: namely, Rossini had twenty-six evenings; Verdi, twenty-one evenings; Donizetti, fourteen; Petrella, four; Bellini, three; Thalberg, three; Mozart, two.

The debuts of the opera have followed each other with great rapidity Fräulein Hoffman, as *Leonora* in *Stradella:* Fräulein Weisert as *Matilda* in *Tell;* Herr Kubly and Herr Schmidt from Prague. But the most successful debut was that of Fräulein Luise Meyer, from Prague. In her we have a Prima Donna worthy of the name.—*N. Y. Musical World.*

Musical Chit-Chat.

The New York Academy of Music announces a season of forty nights of Opera, to commence the first of October. Besides the singers already mentioned as engaged, rumor mentions Mlle. ALDINI, a mezzo-soprano, and our townsman Mr. H. MILLARD. Miss HENSLER has already joined the troupe and is to appear in Meyerbeer's *Robert*, *Huguenots*, etc. her parts in which she has been industriously studying with her old and faithful teacher in this city, Mme. ARNOULT. Meyerbeer's *L' Etoile du Nord* is also said to stand upon the programme. Friends of WALLACE too are urging the adoption of two new operas by him. One called the "Amber Witch", with a libretto by CHORLEY, of the *Athenæum*, he has just finished for Vienna.... PANOFKA goes off concertizing with STRAKOSCH, after giving several much be-praised concerts in New York. By the way, of poor TRUFFI, whom Parodi, by sheer force of that physico-tragic intensity which the Italians admire, unfairly eclipsed, when MARETZEK first brought her to New York to eclipse JENNY LIND(!), we find pleasant news in "L'Aboyeur's" letters to the *Evening Gazette*. He writes from Milan:

"My first visit in the city was made to our old friends Signor and Signora BENEDETTI (fornly Signora Truffi.) well known throughout America as two of the best operatic artistes who have ever visited our country—and no less worthy of esteem in their private characters, than for their remarkable musical and histrionic ability. They are only passing the summer at Milan on account of its healthiness, Forli, their place of residence, about forty miles from Bologna, being at present one of the towns most severely scourged by the cholera. I received a most cordial greeting from both, and found them in fine condition of health and spirits. They have one beautiful child, a girl of little more than two years old, seemingly the very crown of their happiness. They speak of America in the warmest terms of admiration, and of their many friends there in expressions of the most affectionate remembrance. Signora Benedetti, since her return home, has sung two seasons of about eight months each, with great success, both of esteem and profit—one at Corfu, the last at Bucharest. Benedetti's voice is is quite restored, but he has not resumed his profession since his return to Italy. They have both a great desire to revisit America, where I am sure they would receive as warm a welcome as they or their friends could wish for."

The Pittsfield Seminary for young ladies, in which music is recognized as one of the most important branches of a true education, is fortunate in the possession of so able and earnest-minded a teacher, as Mr. E. B. OLIVER. At a recent examination of the school, prizes were awarded for musical proficiency, and the exercises had their *finale* in a musical entertainment, furnished from the unaided resources of the pupils and with a programme of a much higher order than we had learned to expect from boarding schools. Among the pieces played were the overtures to *Tancredi* and "Magic Flute" for six and eight hands, a Sonata by Beethoven, a Sonatina by Kuhlau, and lighter pieces; and there were sung a two-part song by Mendelssohn, German songs by Abt and Kücken, a trio: "Summer", by Horn, &c. The *Congregationalist* closes a report of it in these words:

"And when we add, that the whole passed off without any approach to failure in a single part, that difficult overtures arranged for two, three and four performers upon the piano, were given with almost perfect precision, it must be allowed to show much aptness and skill in the pupils and ability and thoroughness on the part of their instructors. The selection of music was in a high degree classical, and whether vocal or instrumental, was executed with much correctness and taste, the piano playing of the young ladies especially exhibiting a neatness, delicacy and force, not often found in similar circumstances. I believe there was but one feeling on the part of those who listened to the entertainment, that of delightful admiration."

Some of our readers will be interested by the following paragraph in the London *Athenæum*, about one of our old concert favorites:

"The music written for Mr. C. Kean's edition of *King Henry the Eighth*, by Mr. J. L. HATTON, and published in Pianoforte arrangement by Messrs. Campell, Ransford & Co., is good enough to claim notice out of the theatre. It consists of an overture, *entr'actes*, pageant music, and the part-song 'Orpheus with his lute.' This last we set aside, because, pleasing and graceful though it be, there was no necessity for it to supersede former settings of Shakspeare's exquisite lyric by Linley and Bishop:—the last, one of Sir Henry's best two-part-songs. But the instrumental music is of good quality, as regards the ideas, and *not* second hand German,—in part, because Mr Hatton has properly wrought up old English themes and metres,—but in part, also, because there is a certain stuff of nationality in him. Why this should not have been developed more freely and forcibly than is the case,—why Mr. Hatton, who writes such fresh English glees and such clever English incidental stage-music, should not yet have approached English opera nearer than his 'Pascal Bruno,' which was produced at Vienna,—we need not now inquire. Enough to say that this music to 'Henry the Eighth' is calculated to do credit both to the composer and to the theatre which commissioned the composer to write it.

VIEUXTEMPS, the most classical of violinists, and SERVAIS, the violoncellist, have been giving concerts in Paris to the delight of the truest music-lovers, but to far smaller houses than the clap-trap virtuosos draw. The *Gazette Musicale* says that in their unworldly artist-like simplicity they compete at disadvantage with the dazzling humbugs of the day and need some shrewd caterer to prepare the way for them; and suggests that some Barnum, who should give eight or ten Quartet soirées in a year, with four such artists as SERVAIS, SIVORI, VIEUXTEMPS and ALARD, the three last taking first and second violin and alto by turns, would richly remunerate both them and himself; for classical chamber music "has in Paris its public, its *dilettanti*, who are as little learned and as ridiculous as those of the Théâtre Italien, but who nevertheless serve the propagation of the fine works of Mozart, Weber and Beethoven."

We have not yet heard and seen RACHEL, but we cannot doubt that there is much truth in the following remarks of the *Musical Review:*

"Mdlle. Rachel belongs to music as much as the French recitative style, from Lully to Meyerbeer, belongs to music, or as the great dramatic singers of the French opera, the Duprezs, the Nourrits, the Rogers, do. Not only this, but we think also, that only considered from this point of view can she be fully understood. For, if you will adopt the modern principle of acting, you would be sometimes at a loss to understand how Mdlle. Rachel can throw, with an

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immense volubility, like the Italian parlando style, two or three lines of her author into your ears, with one breath, while, immediately afterwards, she is as slow as a "*grave*" piece of the old masters. The more we think about it, the oftener we hear her, the more we are inclined to class her with the musical celebrities of the world. The modern Germans have invented, or rather restored, what they call, "*Das erhöhte Sprachvermögen*," or that music which arises from the strengthened accent of the words, and which may be considered as one of the principal features in dramatic music of the future. If ever this musical drama of the future comes to exist, the modern Germans, in our opinion, will be mostly indebted for it to Mdlle. Rachel, who anticipates that "*erhöhte Sprachvermögen*" more than anybody else. The verses of Corneille and Racine pour into our ears with all the usual musical accessories. There is piano, forte, sometimes a sforzando, which takes your breath away; there is crescendo, decrescendo, and a morendo, which is really dying, and makes your very heart ache. Besides, there is that melodiousness and command of tone which can only be obtained by immense study. Every body who wants to hear variety, brilliancy, and powers of modulation, must go and hear Rachel; she is decidedly the greatest *modulatrice* existing."

Willis's Journal publishes a circular, issued by a number of the leading American musicians in New York (Messrs. HILL, BRISTOW, DODWORTH, &c.,) calling a meeting of professors and amateurs to "take into consideration the practicability of effecting an organization for giving a Musical Festival, on a plan similar to those given in Europe." The meeting was appointed for the 12th; we have not heard the result. ....The same paper states that Sig. BADIALI, who was reported as about to sail for Europe, will remain in this country.... The LAGRANGE troupe, previous to the opening of the Academy, have been giving, or rather, it would seem, announcing and not giving concerts in Cincinnati and elsewhere, as they did here in Boston and Providence. The *two dollar* tickets would not sell....ERARD, it is said, sent one thousand of his grand pianos yearly to the United States.

Musical Journals, of one class or another, are springing up in all parts of the country with such rapidity that one can scarcely keep the run of them. Most of them are cheap affairs, got up to serve the psalm-book-making or singing-school teaching enterprises of their respective conductors and "professors." And as in most instances we have seen but one or two numbers, and then heard no more of them, the inference would seem to be that they are quite short-lived. They hail from the woods of Maine, from the hills of New Hampshire, from the nutmeg valleys of Connecticut, from the "music of the future" settlements of the far West, as well as from the huge steam factories of psalmody in the big cities. To-day we have to acknowledge the receipt of the first number of one which has at least the merit of overflowing good nature and civility, in refreshing contrast with the bitterness and pettiness of so many of its predecessors. It hails from Gonic, New Hampshire, and bears the title of "Whitehouse's Musical Herald", published monthly. It goes in for the "music of the masses", and with a view particularly to the interests and success of "the New England Bards", to wit, Whitehouse's, whom we take to be one of the numerous companies of travelling minstrels. It commences its career with a most cordial and fraternal greeting to the three established musical Journals of New York and Boston, gratuitously publishing their prospectuses, commending them to still wider patronage, and impartially distributing its "veneration", its "prodigious affection" and its commendation among the three. What can we do less than return thanks and hope that the *Musical Herald*, all the way from Gonic, New Hampshire, may reap all the success it shall deserve.

The rehearsals of the MENDELSSOHN CHORAL SOCIETY, we understand, commence on Monday evening, Oct. 1st, at Chapman Hall, with Mendelssohn's oratorio of "St. Paul," under the direction of CARL BERGMANN.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, SEPT. 22, 1855.

Musical Prospects of the coming Season.

The disastrous concert season of the last winter in our city seems to have a somewhat paralyzing influence on those organizing efforts which should by this time have entirely ripened, for the first class of concerts in the season fast approaching. And yet every one says, and every one feels, that there is now a strong reaction from the past year's musical indifference, and that any really fine concerts of the highest order, properly arranged and guarantied, must be quite certain to be welcomed with a keen return of appetite. We speak of course mainly of *those* concerts, which always constitute the vital pivot on which our whole musical winter turns, of the great Symphony Concerts of a grand orchestra, such as we have had in times past, for twenty years or more, from the old Academy of Music, from the Musical Fund Society, and more recently and most successfully from the Germania Society, alas! now no more. Other concerts, Oratorio, Quartet and Quintet, miscellaneous, we shall doubtless have, and good ones; but it is on the living presence amid all, of a true orchestra, performing the master-pieces of musical Art, that the pervading high tone and enthusiasm of all depends. Without such an orchestra, in the constant practice of such music, of the great symphonies and overtures, the instrumental musicians themselves lose tone, and sink, under the drudgery of theatre and band playing, to the unaspiring level of what the Germans call *Musikanten*, or hack musicians.

Such an orchestra we cannot doubt we shall yet have. The materials exist; the fit leader exists. Where there is the demand, there must come the supply. There are fine occasions near at hand to give special éclat to such a series of concerts. There is in December a birth-day anniversary of BEETHOVEN, which will become of special interest, if we are to have Crawford's statue of the great composer inaugurated in our Music Hall; and the 27th of next January will be the one hundreth anniversary of the birth-day of MOZART! Shall such providential invitations be neglected?

We are happy to be able to say that there is now a serious movement on foot, whose success admits scarcely of a doubt, for the arrangement of a series of classical orchestra concerts in the Music Hall, with CARL BERGMANN as conductor, with an orchestra of at least fifty members, and with most positive guaranty that whatever programme shall be announced shall be fulfilled to the letter as well as in the spirit. Of course the musical public will be called upon to do their part. We hope to announce more definitely in our next.

If a series of regular evening orchestral concerts gains successful headway, then of course afternoon "Rehearsals," so-called, and all the natural off-shoots from the well-rooted centre, will in due time appear, and we shall again become familiar with great instrumental music given by a sufficiently *large* as well as well-trained orchestra to tell upon the larger public.

There will of course also be smaller orchestras connected with our choral societies, and we have already stated that the Mendelssohn Society contemplate coupling Symphonies with their choral performances on Sunday evenings, to be played by the orchestra under the same able director above named. Perhaps, too, Mr. ZERRAHN, who conducts the other two societies, and who developed such good powers as a conductor last winter, may see encouragement to revive his "Orchestral Union" afternoon concerts.

So much for orchestras. Of Oratorio concerts the prospect is richer than ever. Our three societies have not been losing time, but are organized and drilling for a hearty campaign. The MENDELSSOHN CHORAL SOCIETY, and the MUSICAL EDUCATION SOCIETY both commence their weekly rehearsals on the first Monday evening of October; the former with Mendelssohn's "St. Paul," the latter with Handel's "Jephtha." The HANDEL and HAYDN SOCIETY, under CARL ZERRAHN, are already rehearsing Handel's "Solomon". "Elijah" is also talked of by the Mendelssohn Choral. The "Messiah" will of course have due honor at Christmas time, and there is talk of the societies combining forces. If they do, we trust they will not neglect the opportunity, before they separate, of also doing justice to Handel's grandest choral work, the "Israel in Egypt."

Of Classical Chamber Music there can be no lack. The MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB have no discouraging memories of the last year to damp *their* ardor. In spite of hard times, theatrical distractions, fickleness of the great public, they found *their* public true and succeeded in attaching it to them by stronger ties than ever. Of Mlle. DE LAMOTTE's intentions and of the GERMAN TRIO of Messrs. GARTNER and associates, we hear not, but presume they will be in the field, as they were last year. And, what we did *not* have last year, making that year poorer than its predecessors, the re-assembling of such artistic talent in our city as that of OTTO DRESEL, BERGMANN, SCHULTZE and MEISEL, gives us strong hopes of a revival of those choicest classical soirées, which cannot be forgotten.

Of miscellaneous, "star" concerts, of Italian Opera, &c., our chances are as well known to our readers as to us.

The Piano-Forte.

We spoke last week of the uses and abuses of this most serviceable and, under true conditions, really beautiful instrument. We threw out the suggestion that the Liszts and Thalbergs, the concert virtuosos, the wonder-players, have carried piano-playing to the extreme in one direction, and that, if there is to be a further progress, composers and pianists must come back to the starting-point of simple, natural expression and proceed anew. The mischief done to music by the temptation to mere dazzling mechanical facility, offered by the piano, was strongly stated in the letter from the German, which formed the text for our remarks, and is still more enlarged upon

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in another letter, which we translate to-day, about the Virtuosos.

The Piano-forte, it must be considered, is a parlor instrument, and does not properly belong to concerts, at least not to concerts on a large scale. To this more showy, public purpose it has been perverted, forced, by virtuosos, into a degree of power and brilliancy, often remarkable indeed, but beginning where the genuine, less ambitious, real musical expression and soulful sweetness of the instrument leave off. It can be, it is made strong, it is made brilliant, it is made to seem to do almost the work of an orchestra, and still more to display the marvellous rapidity of finger, fiery strength of nerve, and preternatural wide grasp of harmonies, of the concert-player, who would keep himself in the foreground; but in doing all this does it not in some sort immolate itself? And has not this concert magnifying of its power engendered a whole false school of compositions remarkable for anything but the true soul of music?

The piano produces its tones originally in an artificial and mechanical manner: namely by the percussion of the hammer, *provoking* the vibration of the string, so that there leaps out an explosive kind of tone, beginning for the most part too loud and vanishing upon the instant:—a tone which has not its prototype in the agreeable musical sounds of nature, unless exceptionally, since the human voice, the vibration of wind-swept strings, all wind instruments, swell and diminish their tones with a prolonged and audible gradation. And in this very *crescendo* and *diminuendo* it is that real musical expression on the part of single tones resides. Not, of course, that there are not legitimate occasions for a more sudden, short and fiery accent, for the style called *staccato*, &c. But these are properly occasional.

Now the piano, by softer and more gentle usage, within narrower range of audience, does allow truly sweet, expressive, singing music to be wooed from its strings; whereas to make it serve the virtuoso concert end it has to be forced into an exaggeration of its mechanical, percussive principle, and so the loss of simple musical expression has to be made up, or covered up, by lightning-like successions of notes, prodigious *arpeggio* passages, &c., in a word by the invention of all those modern musical pyrotechnics, which turn the heads of unmusical young people.

With this development of piano-playing, naturally and necessarily the progress of piano-making has kept pace. Hence in the first place the astonishing multiplication of pianos, which sends them into every village in our land, and overhangs the upper part of Washington Street with so many tall, vast, beetling edifices, labelled "piano manufactory," that a stranger must suppose it the main business of Boston. Hence in the next place the tendency to one point, with (allowing for various degrees of excellence) well-nigh equal results in the perfection of the instrument by various makers. The differences are in perfection of material and workmanship, rather than in essential character. Each maker imitates the other. There is one better than another, but none so essentially different from others, that the art of piano-making can be said to have achieved a real progress for a number of years past. And for very much the same reason that it is next to impossible to tell which is the best among the wonderful piano virtuosos, who have so multiplied of late.

There have been a great many so-called "improvements," "attachments," &c., invented to the piano of late years. But they have come to nought, chiefly because they were not legitimate, because they tried to make the piano something else than the piano, instead of making more of what is found in the legitimate vibration of the string struck by hammers. There have of course been improvements enough, and very important ones of a mechanical nature, in perfecting the action, increasing and equalizing the power and brilliancy of the tone. But the poetic, sympathetic, soul-winning character of its tone has certainly not been developed in any thing like the same proportion. It has been a matter of common doubt whether it ever *could* be. If it ever is to be, is it not natural to look for it in the direction of that softer, sweeter, more expressive, parlor character of the instrument which has been so long eclipsed by virtuosity? Will it not come from that invention which shall purify the primitive tone from all foreign admixture, emancipate it from its wood and iron bondage, *reduce the tone*, as it were, *to its essence*, and prolong it to the ear? It was in this point of view that we found ourselves awakened to a new hope by the interesting experiment of Mr. Robinson's "Swell-Mute," briefly noticed in our columns a few weeks since. How much it may lead to, we cannot presume to judge, but that it points in so true a direction as to merit the examination of pianists and piano-makers, seems as clear as day-light.

We had the pleasure of listening one afternoon last week to a *Te Deum* composed by our townsman, Mr. Francis Boott, at present residing in Florence. It was sung, by way of trial, in the Stone Chapel, by a quartet of voices, chiefly belonging to the choir of the chapel, in the presence of a small invited company. The piece opens with a spirited and lively strain of praise, in a simple fugued style that reminded one of some of Calcott's and other old English Glees, yet wanting not in dignity and seriousness. This leads into an elaborate soprano solo, thoroughly Italian, perhaps almost operatic in its manner, yet very beautiful of its kind, and really pathetic; at least so we found it in the exquisite singing of Miss Elise Hensler, whose fine voice we fear we shall not soon have another opportunity to hear in any music apart from Italian opera. Next came a short bass solo, with interjectional choral responses, which made us think very much of Rossini's "Moses" and *Stabat Mater*, sung by Mr. Adams; then a pleasing contralto solo, in the rich voice and chaste style of Miss Twichell; and then the finale, a good strong piece of harmony, with some striking modulation, and a good deal of character. As a whole we found the music interesting, and more so on the second hearing. Compared with the severe and plain old English Episcopal models, this *Te Deum* would be called rather *light*, bordering on the secular and Italian operatic, and by no means chiming with the notions of our strict friend "Counterpoint". But we have heard a great deal of so-called solemn and severe church music, which had not half so much religious feeling in it. Mr. Boott has certainly a true vein of melody in him, as we knew of old by his clever little songs published under the name of "Telford". And this gift he has been zealously improving by long and careful studies, with the more learned Italian masters, in the contrapuntal science.

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New York, Sept. 15, 1855. 4t

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THE undersigned begs leave to announce, that he will open next month a CLASS IN HARMONY or THOROUGH BASS, for Organists, Music Teachers, and others wishing to study this science, to commence on Thursday, Oct 4th, and continue each Thursday afternoon, from 3 to 5 o'clock, at his residence, No. 976 Washington st.

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[illegible] volubility, like the Italian parlando style, two or three lines of her author into your ears, with one breath, while, immediately afterwards, she is as slow as a "[illegible]" piece of the old masters. The more we think about it, the oftener we hear her, the more we are inclined to class her with the musical celebrities of the world. The modern Germans have invented or rather restored, what they call "*Das schöne Sprechen*" or that music which arises from the strength and accent of the words, and which may be considered as one of the principal features in dramatic music of the future. If ever this musical drama of the future comes to exist, the modern Germans, in our opinion, will be mostly indebted for it to Mlle. Rachel, who anticipates that "[illegible]" more than anybody else. The verses of Corneille and Racine pour into our ears with all the usual musical accessories. There is piano forte, sometimes a [illegible] which takes your breath away; there is crescendo, decrescendo, and a [illegible] which is really dying, and makes your very heart ache. Besides, there is that melodiousness and command of tone which can only be obtained by immense study. Every body who wants to hear [illegible] and powers of modulation, must go and hear Rachel; she is decidedly the great [illegible].

Willis's Musical World publishes a circular issued by a number of the leading [illegible] in New York, (Messrs. Hall, Bristow, [illegible], &c.) [illegible] of professors and amateurs to "take [illegible] [illegible] The meeting was appointed for the 19th; we have not heard the result.

The same [illegible] states that Sig. [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible]

Musical Herald, all the way from Gonic, New Hampshire, may reap all the success it shall deserve.

The rehearsals of the MENDELSSOHN CHORAL SOCIETY, we understand, commence on Monday evening, Oct. 1st, at Chapman Hall, with Mendelssohn's oratorio of "St. Paul," under the direction of CARL BERGMANN.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, SEPT. 22, 1855.

Musical Prospects of the coming Season.

The disastrous concert season of the last winter in our city seems to have a somewhat paralyzing influence on those organizing efforts which should by this time have entirely ripened, for the first class of concerts in the season fast approaching. And yet every one says, and every one feels, that there is now a strong reaction from the past year's musical indifference, and that any really fine concerts of the highest order, properly arranged and guarantied, must be quite certain to be welcomed with a keen return of appetite. We speak of course mainly of those concerts, which always constitute the vital pivot on which our whole musical winter turns, of the great Symphony Concerts of a grand orchestra, such as we have had in times past, for twenty years or more, from the old Academy of Music, from the Musical Fund Society, and more recently and most successfully from the Germania Society [illegible] no more. Other concerts, Chamber, Quartet and Quintet, miscellaneous, we shall [illegible] have, and [illegible]; but it is in the [illegible] [illegible] of a true orchestra performing the mas[illegible]

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afternoon "Rehearsals," so-called, and all the natural off-shoots from the well-rooted centre, will in due time appear, and we shall again become familiar with great instrumental music given by a sufficiently *large* as well as well-trained orchestra to tell upon the larger public.

There will of course also be smaller orchestras connected with our choral societies, and we have already stated that the Mendelssohn Society contemplate coupling Symphonies with their choral performances on Sunday evenings, to be played by the orchestra under the same able director above named. Perhaps, too, Mr. ZERRAHN, who conducts the other two societies, and who developed such good powers as a conductor last winter, may see encouragement to revive his "Orchestral Union" afternoon concerts.

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The Piano-F[illegible]

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BOSTON, SEPTEMBER [illegible]

... Music,

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..., 1855. VOL. VII. No. 26.

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[illegible] om so many indul- [illegible] a simple, uniform [illegible] brought up on the [illegible] deprive him of what [illegible] titious life, to be sure, [illegible] laid down his verve [illegible] power when he went home in the evening, to [illegible] ve the night to feverishness and want of sleep; [illegible] ut of a life more short and animated than one more retired, within an intimacy restricted to the uniform circle of a single family. At Paris, he visited several circles every day, or at least he chose each evening from among them a different atmosphere to breathe in. He had thus by turns some twenty or thirty saloons to intoxicate or charm by his presence.

"Chopin was not born exclusive in his affections; he was so only in relation to those which he exacted. His soul, impressible to all beauty, to all grace, to every smile, surrendered itself with an unheard of facility and spontaneity. It is true that it soon recovered itself; an unlucky word, an equivocal smile disenchanted him even to excess. He was passionately in love with three women in the same evening party, and he went away all alone, not thinking of either of them, leaving them all three each convinced that she exclusively had charmed him.

"He was the same in friendship, enthusiastic at first sight, soon getting out of conceit with it, continually recovering himself, living upon fondnesses full of charms for those who were the objects of them, and of secret discontents which poisoned his dearest affections.

"An incident, which he related to me himself, proves how little he proportioned what he granted of his heart to what he exacted of the same from others.

"He was deeply smitten by the granddaughter of a celebrated master; he thought to demand her in marriage at the same time that he was pursuing the thought of another marriage of love in Poland, his loyalty not being engaged on either side, but his fickle soul fluctuating from one passion to the other. The young Parisienne received him well, and all went on in the best way, when one day as he entered her house with another musician more celebrated in Paris than he himself yet was, she saw fit to offer a chair to the latter before she thought of bidding Chopin to be seated. He never saw her again, and forthwith forgot her.

"It was not that his soul was impotent or cold. So far from that, it was ardent and devoted, only not exclusively and constantly towards this or that person. It gave itself up alternately to five or six affections which conflicted in him and of which each in turn overcame all the others.

"He surely was not made — this extreme type of the artist—to live a long time in this world. He was devoured here by the [illegible] which no toleration of philosophy [illegible] world goes, could resist. He [illegible] with human nature. He [illegible]

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Boston, July, 1855. GEO. G. CLAPP.

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Translated for this Journal.

George Sand's Account of Chopin.

[Concluded from p. 195.]

We conclude the translation of what George Sand has said of Chopin in the last chapter of her interesting Memoirs, published in *la Presse*.

On their return from Majorca, George Sand hired apartments in the rue Pigale, composed of two *pavilions* at the bottom of a garden. "Chopin," says the celebrated writer, "installed himself in the rue Tronchet, but his lodging was damp and cold. He recommenced coughing seriously, and I saw myself compelled to resign my office of attendant on the sick, or else pass my life in impossible goings and comings. He, to spare me that, came every day to tell me, with a sorry figure and a smothered voice, that he was marvellously well. He invited himself to dine with us, and he went off in the evening shivering in his *fiacre*. Seeing how he was affected by the derangement of our domestic life, I offered to let him one of the *pavillions*, of which I could relinquish to him a part. He accepted it with joy. There he had his apartments, there he received his friends, and there he gave his lessons without annoying me. . . . . . I lived alternately at Nohant in the summer, and at Paris in the winter. . . . . . Chopin came to pass three or four months every year at Nohant. I prolonged my stay there pretty well into the winter, and then found at Paris my *malade ordinaire*, as he used to call himself, desiring my return, but not regretting the country, which he never loved longer than a fortnight and only endured beyond that time out of attachment to me. We had quitted the *pavillions* of the rue Pigale, which did not please him, to establish ourselves in the square d'Orleans, where the kind and active Marliani had arranged a family life for us. She occupied fine apartments between our two. We had nothing but a large yard, planted and gravelled, always neat, to cross, to bring us together, now at her rooms, now at mine, and now at Chopin's, when he was disposed to play to us. We dined all together with her at the common expense. It was a very nice association, economical like all associations, and permitted me to see society at Mme. Marliani's, my friends more intimately in my own rooms, and to retire to my work whenever I pleased. Chopin rejoiced in thus having a fine isolated saloon, where he could go to compose or dream. But he loved society and did not avail himself of his sanctuary, farther than to give some lessons there. It was only at Nohant that he created and wrote. . . . .

"Of all the bitternesses which I had no longer to endure, but to combat, the sufferings of my *malade ordinaire* were not the least.

"Chopin always wanted Nohant and never could endure Nohant. He was a man of society *par excellence*, not of society too official and too numerous, but of intimate society, of *salons* of twenty persons, in the hour when the crowd goes off and when the *habitués* press around the artist to snatch from him by amiable importunities his purest inspiration. It was only then that he gave you all his genius and all his talent. It was then too that, after plunging his audience into a deep recollection or a mournful sadness, (for his music sometimes put atrocious discouragements into your soul, especially when he improvised,) all of a sudden, as if to remove the impression and the memory of his sorrow from himself and others, he would turn towards a glass, by stealth, arrange his hair and his cravat, and show himself suddenly transformed into a phlegmatic Englishman, into an impertinent old man, into a sentimental and ridiculous English lady, into a sordid Jew. They were always sad types, however comical they might be, but perfectly comprehended and so delicately rendered that one could not leave off admiring them.

"All these sublime, charming or *bizarres* things, which he knew how to draw from himself, made him the soul of select circles, and one literally tore oneself away from him, since his noble character, his disinterestedness, his pride, his clear self-respect, the enemy of all vanity of bad taste, of all insolent display, his social reliableness and the exquisite delicacies of his *savoir-vivre* made him a friend as serious as he was agreeable.

"To snatch Chopin away from so many indulgences, to connect him with a simple, uniform and studious life, who had been brought up on the knees of princesses, was to deprive him of what enabled him to live; of a factitious life, to be sure, for like a painted woman he laid down his vervo and power when he went home in the evening, to give the night to feverishness and want of sleep; but of a life more short and animated than one more retired, within an intimacy restricted to the uniform circle of a single family. At Paris, he visted several circles every day, or at least he chose each evening from among them a different atmosphere to breathe in. He had thus by turns some twenty or thirty saloons to intoxicate or charm by his presence.

"Chopin was not born exclusive in his affections; he was so only in relation to those which he exacted. His soul, impressible to all beauty, to all grace, to every smile, surrendered itself with an unheard of facility and spontaneity. It is true that it soon recovered itself; an unlucky word, an equivocal smile disenchanted him even to excess. He was passionately in love with three women in the same evening party, and he went away all alone, not thinking of either of them, leaving them all three each convinced that she exclusively had charmed him.

"He was the same in friendship, enthusiastic at first sight, soon getting out of conceit with it, continually recovering himself, living upon fondnesses full of charms for those who were the objects of them, and of secret discontents which poisoned his dearest affections.

"An incident, which he related to me himself, proves how little he proportioned what he granted of his heart to what he exacted of the same from others.

"He was deeply smitten by the granddaughter of a celebrated master; he thought to demand her in marriage at the same time that he was pursuing the thought of another marriage of love in Poland, his loyalty not being engaged on either side, but his fickle soul fluctuating from one passion to the other. The young Parisienne received him well, and all went on in the best way, when one day as he entered her house with another musician more celebrated in Paris than he himself yet was, she saw fit to offer a chair to the latter before she thought of bidding Chopin to be seated. He never saw her again, and forthwith forgot her.

"It was not that his soul was impotent or cold. So far from that, it was ardent and devoted, only not exclusively and constantly towards this or that person. It gave itself up alternately to five or six affections which conflicted in him and of which each in turn overcame all the others.

"He surely was not made—this extreme type of the artist—to live a long time in this world. He was devoured here by the dream of an ideal which no toleration of philosophy or pity, as the world goes, could resist. He never liked to deal with human nature. He accepted nothing of

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reality; therein lay his vice and his virtue, his greatness and his misery. Implacable towards the least stain, he had an immense enthusiasm for the least light, his exalted imagination going all lengths to behold a sun there.

"It was therefore at once sweet and cruel to be the object of his preference, for he credited you with usury for the slightest clearness, and overwhelmed you with his disenchantment at the passing of the smallest shadow.

"Some have supposed that I have portrayed his character with great exactness of analysis in one of my romances. They have been deceived, because they have thought they recognized certain traits of his; and, proceeding by this system too convenient to be certain, LISZT himself, in a "Life of Chopin", a little exuberant in style, but filled nevertheless with very good things and with very beautiful pages, has erred in good faith.

"I have traced, in the *Prince Karol*, the character of a man determined in his nature, exclusive in his requirements.

"Such was not Chopin. Nature does not design like Art, however realistic it may be. She has caprices, inconsistencies, not real probably, but very mysterious. Art does not rectify these inconsistencies except because it is too limited to render them.

"Chopin was a *résumé* of those magnificent inconsistencies which God alone can permit himself to create and which have their peculiar logic. He was modest from principle and gentle by habit, but he was imperious by instinct and full of a legitimate pride, which was ignorant of itself. Hence sufferings, about which he could not reason, and which did not fix themselves upon a determinate object.

"Besides, Prince Karol is not an artist. He is a dreamer, and nothing more; having no genius, he has not the rights of genius. He is a personage more true than loveable, and this is so little the portrait of a great artist, that Chopin, in reading the manuscript every day upon my desk, would not have had the least wish to deceive himself there—he so suspicious too!

"And yet afterwards, by reaction, he did imagine himself meant, I have been told. Enemies (I had such before him, who called themselves his friends, as if to exasperate a suffering heart were not the same as murder) enemies made him believe that this romance was a revelation of his character. Undoubtedly at that moment his memory was weakened: he had forgotten the book; that he should not have re-read it!

"This history was so little ours! It was altogether the reverse. There never were between us either the same infatuations, or the same sufferings. Our history, between us, had nothing of a romance; its foundation was too simple and too serious for us ever to have had occasion for a quarrel with one another, or about one another. I accepted the whole life of Chopin just as it went on outside of my own. Having neither his tastes nor his ideas, outside of Art, nor his political principles, nor his appreciation of matters of fact, I undertook no modification of his being. I respected his individuality, as I respected that of Delacroix and my other friends engaged in a different path from mine.

"On another side, Chopin granted me, and I may say honored me with a kind of friendship, which formed an exception in his life. He was always the same for me. He had no doubt few illusions on my account, since he never made me redescend in his esteem. It was that probably which made our good harmony endure so long.

"A stranger to my studies, to my researches, and consequently, to my convictions, shut up as he was within the Catholic dogma, he said of me, like the mother Alicia in the last days of her life: *Bah! bah! I am quite sure that she loves God!*

"We never, then, addressed to each other a mutual reproach, except one single time, which was, alas! the first time and the last. An affection so elevated could only break, and could not accustom itself to combats unworthy of itself.

"But if Chopin was with me the personification of devotedness, of forethought, of graciousness, obligingness and deference, he had not, for all that, abjured the asperities of his character towards those that surrounded me. With them, the inequalities of his soul, by turns generous and fantastical, had full career, passing always from fondness to aversion, and reciprocally. Nothing appeared, nothing ever has appeared of his interior life, of which his *chefs-d'œuvre* were the mysterious and vague expression, but of which his lips never betrayed the suffering. At least such was his reserve for seven years, that I alone could divine them, soothe them and retard their explosion.

"Why did not a continuation of events external to us separate us from one another before the eighth year?

"My attachment could not have performed this miracle of rendering him a little calm and happy, without God had consented to it in preserving in him a little health. Meanwhile he was visibly declining, and I no longer knew what remedies to employ to combat the increasing irritation of his nerves. The death of his friend, Dr. Mathuzinski, and then that of his own father, were two terrible blows to him. The Catholic dogma throws atrocious terrors over death. Chopin, instead of dreaming of a better world for those poor souls, had only fearful visions, and I was obliged to pass many nights in a chamber next to his, always ready to get up a hundred times from my labor to chase away the spectres of his sleeping or waking dreams. The idea of his own death appeared to him escorted by all the superstitious imaginations of Slavonic poesy. A Pole, he lived under the nightmare of legends. Phantoms called to him, embraced him, and instead of seeing his father and his friend smile to him in the light of faith, he repulsed their fleshless faces from his own and wrestled from the grasp of their icy hands.

"He had acquired an antipathy for Nohant. His return, in spring, intoxicated him for a few moments. But as soon as he applied himself to work, everything grew sombre about him. His creations were spontaneous, miraculous. He found them without seeking them, without foreseeing them. They came upon his piano, sudden, complete, sublime; or they sang themselves in his head during a walk, and he hastened to make them audible to himself by throwing them upon the instrument. But then commenced the labor, the most painful at which I was ever present. It was a succession of efforts, irresolutions and impatiences to seize again certain details of the theme heard in his mind; what he had conceived as a whole all at once, he analyzed too much in wishing to write it down, and his regret at not recovering it precisely enough, as he thought, plunged him into a sort of despair. He shut himself up in his chamber for whole days, weeping, walking up and down, breaking his pens, repeating and changing a measure a hundred times, writing it and effacing it as often, and recommencing the next day with a minute and desperate perseverance. He spent six weeks upon one page, only to go back and write it just as he had sketched it at the first draught.

"For a long time I had influence enough with him to make him consent to trust himself to this first gush of inspiration. But when he was no longer disposed to believe me, he gently reproached me with having spoiled him, and with not being sufficiently severe for him. I endeavored to distract his mind, to get him out to ride. Sometimes taking out my whole brood in a country carriage, I snatched him from this agony in spite of himself, I led him to the banks of the Creuse, and in the course of two or three days, exposed to the sun and rain in frightful roads, we arrived, laughing and hungry, at some magnificent site, where he seemed to revive. He was beaten out with the fatigues of the first day, but he slept! The last day, he was all reanimated, rejuvenated upon returning to Nohant, and he found the solution of his labor without too much effort; but it was not always possible to determine him to quit that piano which was much oftener his torment than his joy, and by little and little he manifested ill humor when I disturbed him. I dared not insist. Chopin was terrible, and as he always contained himself with me, he seemed ready to suffocate and die.

"My life, always active and cheerful on the surface, had become internally more sad than ever. I despaired at not being able to give to others that happiness which I had renounced forever on my own account; for I had more than one subject of profound chagrin against which I strove to react. Chopin's friendship had never been a refuge to me in sadness. He had enough of his own calamities to support. Mine would have crushed him, so he knew them only vaguely and understood them not at all. He would have estimated all things from a very different point of view from mine.

"In consequence of the last relapses of the invalid, his spirits had become extremely sombre, and Maurice, who had loved him tenderly till that time, was suddenly wounded by him in an unexpected manner on a futile occasion. They embraced a moment after, but the grain of sand had fallen into the tranquil lake, and gradually the stones fell also one by one. Chopin was often irritated without any motives, and sometimes unjustly irritated against good intentions. I saw the evil growing aggravated and extending itself to my other children; rarely to Solange, whom Chopin preferred, for the reason that she alone had not spoiled him, but to Augustine with a frightful bitterness, and to Lambert even, who never could imagine why. Augustine, the most gentle, the most inoffensive of us all, decidedly, was frightened by him. He had at first been so good to her; but finally, one day, Maurice, tired of being pricked with pins, spoke of quitting the place. That could not and ought not to be. Chopin did not bear my legitimate and necessary intervention. He drooped his head and declared that I no longer loved him.

"What blasphemy after those eight years of maternal devotion! But the poor ruffled heart

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was not conscious of its delirium. I thought that some months passed in retirement and silence would cure the wound and render friendship calm and memory equitable. But the revolution of February arrived, and Paris became for the time being odious to a mind incapable of bending itself to any disturbance whatsoever in the social forms. Free to return into Poland, or certain to be tolerated there, he had preferred languishing ten years away from his family, whom he adored, to the pain of seeing his country transformed and demoralized.

"I saw him again for an instant in March 1848. I clasped his trembling and icy hand. I wanted to speak to him; he escaped. It was my turn to say that he no longer loved me. I spared him that suffering, and I committed all into the hands of Providence and of the future.

"I was not destined ever to see him again. There were bad hearts between us. There were also good ones, who knew not what to do. There were frivolous ones, who preferred not to meddle with delicate affairs. GUTMANN was not there.*

"I have been told that he had called for me, regretted me, loved me filially to the end. They had seen fit to conceal it from me until then. They had seen fit to conceal from him, too, that I was ready to run to him. They have done well, if the emotion of seeing me would have abridged his life a single day, or an hour only. I am not of those who believe that things settle themselves in this world. They only commence it perhaps, and certainly they do not finish it. This life here below is a veil which suffering and sickness render more thick to certain souls, which only lifts itself at moments for the most solid organizations, and which Death rends asunder for all."

* Gutmann, his most perfect pupil, now a genuine master himself, a noble heart always. He was forced to be absent during the last illness of Chopin, and only returned in season to receive his last sigh.

"God save the King."

Several journals have lately asserted that the English national anthem, "God save the King," which, as is well known, passes generally as one of Händel's productions, was composed by the Frenchman, Lully. This assertion is, however, not so recent as our readers might imagine, for it is contained in the *Mémoires* of Mlle. de Créqui, with a string of commentaries and evidence, intended to prove its truth. The account of the matter, incidentally given in the course of a grand reception of Louis XIV. in the Chapel of St. Cyr, is as follows:—

"One of the most ineffaceable impressions was that produced by the voices of all the young maidens, who, when the King appeared in his *tribune*, struck up, in unison, a kind of motet, or rather national anthem and song of praise, the words by Mlle. de Brinon, and the music by the celebrated Lully. If you should feel any curiosity on the subject, there would be no difficulty in procuring the music for you, as a German, of the name of Handel, obtained possession of it on his journey to Paris, and dedicated it, for a certain sum, to King George of Hanover, and the English have openly adopted it as their national anthem."

This assertion that the English took their National Anthem from the French, found great favor with the latter, who regarded the matter as settled. A *feuilletoniste* of the *Indépendence Belge* has just demonstrated the improbability of such a supposition, if only from the fact that the character of the music of "God save the King" is completely different from that of Lully's compositions. The Belgian author goes on to say that this in no way justifies any claims of Händel upon the English National Anthem. The admirers of that great composer wanted to ascribe the music to him at all hazards, but the writer of the *Indépendence* says that it is quite certain George the First's composer never contemplated composing any such hymn, and that in his manuscripts, which have been preserved with the greatest reverence, there is not the slightest trace of it to be found. But all doubt as to the composer of the English National Anthem is dispelled by Mr. Richard Clark, who, in a special pamphlet, adduces irrefutable and authentic proofs. The composer was—we are not joking—John Bull. This person was a well-known composer in England. He was born in the year 1563, in the county of Somerset, and, having evinced a great disposition for the art at an early age, was received, while still very young, as a doctor of music at the University of Oxford. He was appointed by Queen Elizabeth, royal organist and professor at Gresham College. James I., Elizabeth's successor, appointed him his private organist. It is to this period that we must refer the composition of "God save the King," which John Bull composed in celebration of King James's wonderful escape from the famous Gunpowder Plot. It is a singular fact that John Bull subsequently left England for the purpose of seeking his fortune in foreign lands. Hitherto, it was never known what became of him. This gap, has, however, been now filled up by the *feuilletoniste* of the Belgian paper, who proves, from the archives of the Cathedral at Antwerp, that John Bull went to that city in 1617, was made organist to the Cathedral, and died at Antwerp in the year 1628.—*Neue Berliner Musikzeitung.*

[From the London Musical World.]

Costa's Oratorio.

The great "event" of the Birmingham Festival has taken place, and judgment has been pronounced on *Eli*. As everybody anticipated, the success of Mr. Costa's new oratorio yesterday was almost unprecedented. I do not remember to have witnessed such a demonstration in favor of any individual connected with the artistic world since the Jenny Lind nights or Macready's last performances. The enthusiasm displayed in 1846, when *Elijah* was first produced here, was at least equalled, and Mr. Costa has been placed on a pedestal about half-an-inch higher than Mendelssohn, by the people of Birmingham, the committee of the Birmingham Festival, and the dignitaries of the Sacred Harmonic Society. *Chacun à son goût.* Mr. Costa has cause to be proud of his success, and I only hope it may not turn his brain. Something akin to the exhibition of yesterday occurred at the Olympic some years ago, when Mr. Brooke made his first appearance in London. The audience went frantic, and, with some exceptions, pronounced him the successor of Edmund Kean. To say the least, they had better have *waited*. It is ill to swallow one's own words. The public had to swallow theirs, nevertheless. Mr. Brooke is now, by universal assent, placed among third-rate actors. I do not compare Mr. Costa with Mr. Brooke—Heaven forbid! But surely the extravagant praises lavished upon *Eli* may, by a stretch of imagination, be compared to those formerly bestowed on Mr. Brooke. It is easier, however, to account for the favor shown to Mr. Costa, who has done a great deal for the Birmingham Festival by his talents and energy. An important work from his pen was, therefore, entitled to consideration, although attempting something out of his line, and although his antecedents counted for little. The Birmingham folk, however, detected indications of genius in Mr. Costa, or they would never have invited him to compose an oratorio—the most difficult of all tasks for a musician—and Mr. Costa must have agreed with the people of Birmingham, or he would not have accepted the invitation. That Mr. Costa applied himself heart and soul to his task I have not the least doubt, nor that he has done his best. And this is his chief praise. He has labored conscientiously, and given the world the result of his labor. What that may be is a distinct question.

But how to describe a demonstration which baffles description! Words might be found to afford some idea of the reception accorded to Mr. Costa on his entrance into the orchestra; but, for the end, the tongue can find no language. How vociferous were the cheers, and how long they endured, must be left to the reader's imagination. No wonder Mr. Costa was overpowered by emotion—he must else have been made of granite. The excitement would have disturbed the equanimity of one of even sterner mould. When all was finished, four ladies of the chorus were deputed to demand from Mr. Costa the gloves he wore in conducting *Eli*, as a memento. The gloves were granted, the ladies in question cut them in pieces, and divided them among their companions to be worn as *insignia* during the rest of the Festival.

Of the performance it is easy to speak. The band, chorus, and principals, were perfect, from first to last. The execution of *Eli* was almost as wonderful as that of *Elijah* the preceding day, and everything was done that could be done to place it in a favorable light. Never were greater zeal and energy displayed; one feeling only seemed to actuate the mass—that of doing the utmost to achieve a triumphant success.

I cannot speak with confidence of the music, after the unqualified encomiums I have listened to. The merits of *Eli*, nevertheless, are not so universally acknowledged as I was led to imagine. There are many who dissent from the general opinion of the crowd. While some laud the new oratorio to the skies, there are others who criticize it severely, and these are chiefly among *musicians*. My own impression, after two hearings, to both of which I paid particular attention, is: that Mr. Costa has written an exceedingly clever work; that he has proved himself thoroughly acquainted with the resources of his art; that he has command over the orchestra and writes admirably for voices; that his music is to the purpose; and that he has great fluency. Something more than this, however, is required to produce a *masterpiece* (as *Eli* has been denominated), and this the composer does *not* possess. He displays neither imagination nor originality; he is wanting in elevation of style; even when he soars, he cannot sustain himself; and that harmony of purpose, which spreads such a halo round the compositions of the great masters, is not to be found in the new oratorio. But what surprised me most was the absence of *melody*, new or old. The phrases are rhythmical and flowing, but I did not catch one original thought. This is singular for an Italian—the author, too, of *Don Carlos* and *Malek Adel*. Did Mr. Costa deem it requisite to abandon *tune* in the sacred oratorio? If so, he thought very differently from Handel and Mendelssohn, whose sacred works abound in "absolute melody."

Mr. Costa, however, had much to contend with in the composition of *Eli*. The *libretto*—if I may so call the book of an oratorio—is bad. The story—a digest of which has already appeared in the *Musical World*—is disjointed; and the incidents, few and far between, are by no means favorable to musical illustration. The composer was therefore compelled to give a fragmentary shape to his music and to break the interest into pieces. There are two situations, however, which offer great scope to the musician, and of these Mr. Costa has availed himself melodramatically. The first is when Eli overhears his two sons, Hophni and Phinehas, riotously singing with the women assembled at the door of the tabernacle; the second is where "Saph"—a valiant warrior of Gath—summons the Philistines to battle. Mr. Costa has illustrated both of these with effect, although, as I have said, melodramatically. The employment of the tabret—a sort of Indian drum or banjo played with a stick—is questionable, at least in sacred music. The second situation, the call to battle, is represented with similar contempt of "severity." The singing, however, of Mr. Sims Reeves and the chorus induced the audience to overthrow the barriers of etiquette, and take from the hands of the president the assumed right of encoring. With these exceptions the situations are unsuggestive and the composer, it must be owned, has had up-hill work.

For many reasons I have refrained from enter-

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ing into an analysis of the music. No doubt a future opportunity will be found for an elaborate consideration of its merits. It remains, therefore, to speak of the performance, or rather of the effect produced, since I have already stated that the execution was perfect.

The overture and introduction passed off quietly. The first encore was awarded to the chorus, "The Lord is God," a round, with a simple theme, accompanied by three harps in the orchestra. The singing of the chorus, more especially of the females, was inimitable. The chorus of the ungodly revellers, "For everything there is a season," was as fine a performance in another way, and the music is far more interesting and difficult, but the President allowed it to pass unnoticed. The solo and chorus, "Philistines, hark, the trumpet sounding," carried everything before it, and the audience could not suppress their emotions. Mr. Sims Reeves gave the solos with electrical effect, and the chorus answered in a voice of thunder. The applause was renewed at the end of the repeat, and Lord Willoughby de Broke consented. I forgot to mention the air for soprano voice, "Turn thee unto me," immediately following the introduction, a graceful and flowing melody, admirably sung by Madame Castellan. This really deserved an encore, but the President made no sign. Mlle. Castellan was encored in the second air, "I will extol thee," written something after the manner of Handel. At the end of the first part, the fugued chorus, "Hosanna in the Highest," was received with uproarious applause. There are three fugues, or attempts at fugues, in the first part—the overture, the chorus, "Blessed be the Lord," and the final chorus.

The second part opens with a morning prayer for Samuel, "Lord, from my bed again I rise," one of the most attractive *tunes* in the oratorio, written with skill for the *contralto* voice, and exquisitely sung by Madame Viardot. This created a genuine impression; Lord de Broke gave the signal for repetition, and it was repeated with increased effect. The trio, "Thou shalt love the Lord," sung by Mesdames Castellan, Viardot, and Mr. Sims Reeves, was applauded by part of the audience, but suppressed—the President remaining quiescent—silence, contrary to the adage, giving no consent. The trio—a sort of round, with a harp accompaniment—was sung to perfection. Still better, if possible, was the unaccompanied quartet, "We bless you in the name of the Lord," by Mesdames Castellan and Viardot, Mr. Sims Reeves and Herr Formes, the performance of which was irresistible and an encore inevitable. The orchestral march of the Israelites, which follows, sounds better when it is given subsequently to the chorus. The tune is very primitive. The chorus, "Hold not thy peace," is one of the best pieces. It was a prodigious performance. The air, "This night I lift my heart to thee"—calm and expressive, but not very original—was entitled to notice on account of Madame Viardot's singing, than which nothing could be more artistic and finished. The dropping of the voice as Samuel falls asleep was worthy of the greatest of singers. The chorus "No evil shall befall thee," with triple harp accompaniment, was redemanded, chiefly on account of execution. The *pianissimos* and *crescendos* were managed with wonderful effect. The remainder of the oratorio was listened to in silence, but the execution was no less extraordinary than what had gone before.

I have scarcely spoken in terms of sufficient praise of the principal singers. I have mentioned Madame Viardot, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Madame Castellan. Herr Formes, however, has a most difficult and ungrateful part in Eli. His music is of the same sombre and grave character throughout, and presents very few opportunities for *effect*. The declamatory powers of the German *basso*, however, had frequent occasions for display, and of these he made the best use. The recitatives were finely given, and the words of the prophet received double force from his earnest and impressive delivery. Herr Reichardt had little to do, but that little he did well, as usual. He is always pains-taking, and always equal to what he undertakes.

The oratorio of *Eli* finishes with a fugued chorus, "Blessed be the Lord God of Israel," during the performance of which, yesterday, the audience remained standing.

(From La Revue Musicale, 1833.)

The Elder Garcia.

Manuel del Populo Vincente Garcia was born at Seville, the 21st of January, 1775. At six years old he was received into the choir of the cathedral, and commenced his musical studies under the instruction of Don Antonio Ripa and Juan Almarcha. At this time there was no theatre in Seville, and sacred music was in high estimation; the vocal corps belonging to the cathedral was not only strong in number, but contained, also, some distinguished performers, particularly a tenor and a male soprano. Garcia, having a very agreeable voice and extraordinary talents for music, was soon distinguished among his compeers, and by the time he was seventeen, his fame not only as a singer, but also as a composer and *chef d'orchestre*, had spread far beyond the limits of his native city. The manager of the Cadiz Theatre engaged him, and brought him forward in a *toccadilla*, in which the young debutant sang several pieces of his own composition. Here he obtained considerable reputation as a singer. His voice—a fine tenor—very flexible, and very extensive, particularly in the upper part, was much admired; but his action was so embarrassed and cold, that the most discerning spectator could never have detected in the awkward youth before him even the germ of that dramatic talent which afterwards classed him so high among acting singers. From Cadiz, Garcia proceeded to Madrid, where, arriving during Lent, he appeared in an oratorio, the only species of music allowed to be performed in that season in Spain. His residence in Madrid was of considerable durat.on; and he there composed several *toccadillas*.

When Garcia at length quitted Madrid, he proceeded to Malaga, in which city he composed his first opera, entitled *El Preso*, the libretto of which was borrowed from a French piece called "The Prisoner, or the Likeness." While he was at Malaga an epidemic fever raged there with such virulence as nearly to depopulate whole districts, but Garcia was fortunate enough to escape its ravages and get back safe to Madrid. On his return to the capital, he brought into fashion a species of operettas, in one or two acts, similar to those which were then in vogue in France; the plots, indeed, were chiefly taken from French pieces. These operas made the rounds of the Spanish theatres, and were almost all received with great applause. Garcia is one of the few Spanish composers who have written in the style of the national music of the country, which, as is well known, possesses a character entirely distinct from that of either Italy, Germany, or France. Several of his airs became highly popular; one in particular called *Lo Caballo*, sung by him in the character of a smuggler, is as well known throughout Spain as *Charmante Gabrielle* in France, or *God save the King* in England. Some persons have denied Garcia's claim to be considered the composer of this most original melody; it is true the names of those who write popular airs are quickly forgotten, but in this case the fact is of easy proof, for there are many amateurs still living in Madrid who well remember the effect made by the air *Yo che soy contrabandista*, when Garcia sang it for the first time not thirty years ago.

On the 11th of February, 1808, Garcia made his appearance in Paris, selecting for his début the *Griselda* of Paer, being the first time he had ever performed in an Italian opera. A journalist, whose criticisms carried much weight with them at that time, says of him—'Don Garcia is a young artist of distinguished talent; his countenance is agreeable and expressive—his delivery correct—his action natural and animated; his voice is sweet-toned, graceful, of very extensive compass and extreme flexibility. It is evident that he is a man of great ability and experience in his art; his singing is rich in ornament, but frequently too much embroidered.' In point of fact, however, Garcia owed all his talents as a singer to himself alone; he had never really studied it as an Art, but he had merely listened, imitated, and practised. On the 15th March, 1809, he gave for his benefit a Spanish monologue operetta, called *El Poeta Calculista*, (the first and only Spanish opera that has ever been performed in Paris,) with such decided success, that it was repeated several times running, until the excessive fatigue of supporting alone a piece in which four compositions out of the seven comprised, were constantly encored, obliged him to suspend the representations.

Garcia continued in Paris until the commencement of 1811, when he went to Italy, and appeared successively on the theatres of Turin, Naples, and Rome. He was elected an academician of the Philharmonic Society at Bologna, and appointed by Murat principal tenor of his chamber and chapel. It was at this period that he became acquainted with *Anzani*, one of the most celebrated tenors in Italy, from whose instructions and example he acquired those secrets in the art of singing which were long monopolized by the old Italian masters for their own profit, or that of a few privileged scholars. In 1812, he brought out with great success at the St. Carlo an opera in two acts, imitated from the French, *Il Califo di Bagdad*. In 1816 Rossini wrote for him the parts of Almaviva in the *Barber of Seville* and of *Otello*. The air with variations now sung as a finale to the Cenerentola, was composed originally for Garcia in *Almaviva*, and placed at the end of the second act of *Il Barbiere*, but only sung by him at Rome. In the autumn of the same year he returned to Paris, being engaged by Madame Catalani, at that time directress of the Théâtre Italalien, and made his debut on the 17th October in *Il Matrimonio Secreto*. He afterwards performed in his own opera, *Il Califo di Bagdad*, in *Griselda*, *Cosi fan tutte*, *Le Nozze di Figaro*, Portogallo's *Semiramide*, and several others, with equal distinction as an actor and a singer. By selecting Mad. Cinti to represent the principal female character in the Califf he gave that charming singer, who had hitherto been confined to secondary parts, the first opportunity of displaying her talents in a favorable light. The piece, the actor, and the actress, enjoyed a moment of popularity, when all at once Garcia and his Califf disappeared. It was whispered that his chief offence was having called down as much applause in *Semiramide*, as the Queen of Babylon herself, and so reducing that august princess to the necessity of playing, for several days, the character of *La finta Ammalata* (the pretended patient). However this may be, Garcia, tired and ashamed of eternally haggling for sixpences, left Paris and went to London, where he made his début on the 10th March, 1818, in the favorite part of *Almaviva*, and remained until the end of the ensuing season, 1819, when he returned to Paris.

It is to Garcia that the Parisian audiences owe their first acquaintance with the music of Rossini; and if the public knew the green-room intrigues had were resorted to, and all the obstacles Garcia had to encounter before he succeeded in having that great composer's operas performed, its sense of obligation for the eminent services he at length succeeded in rendering them would not be small. In 1817 he had played Lindoro in the *Italiana in Algeri*, the first opera of Rossini's ever performed in Paris; but when he wished to bring out the *Barber of Seville* for his own benefit, the opera was judged unworthy of the capital of France, and the singer forced to select another piece. Better instructed this time, he made the bringing out of *Il Barbiere* the *sine quâ non* of his engagement, and thus to his perseverance Paris owes the hearing of this masterpiece of the comic opera within three years of its being composed.

The period between the autumn of 1819 and the beginning of 1824, which Garcia spent in Paris, formed the most brilliant portion of his musical career. As an actor and singer he enjoyed the highest popularity, especially in the parts of Almaviva, Otello, and Don Juan. As a composer, he wrote *La Mort du Tasse* and *Florestan* for the French opera; *Il Fazzolletto* for the Thé-

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atre Italien and for the Gymnasium *La Meunière*; finally, as a professor of singing, he numbered among his pupils Adolphe Nourrit, the Countess Merlin, Mad. Favelli, and Mad. Méric Lalande. About this time he was also appointed first tenor of the chamber and chapel to the king. In 1824, Garcia was again engaged for the London opera, and returned to England. It was in London that Garcia completed the education of his gifted daughter, the present Mad. Malibran. In London he also opened an academy for singing. In the autumn of 1825, the Garcias left London; made a tour of the midland and northern parts of England; sang at some concerts and music-meetings at Manchester, Derby, and York, and finally embarked at Liverpool, on an excursion to the western continent.

To recount the whole of Garcia's adventures in the New World; to lay before the reader the state of music in New York and Mexico at the moment he arrived in those cities; to paint all the difficulties he had to surmount, or speculate on the effect his residence amongst them had upon a population to whom the arts were quite new, would require too much space; a few of the principal events in his active and brilliant career is all we can afford room for. The company with which he crossed the Atlantic consisted of himself and the younger Crivelli, *tenors*; his son Manuel Garcia, and Angrisani *bassi cantanti*; Rosich, *buffo caricato*; with Mad. Barbiere, Mad. Garcia, and her daughter Marietta, *soprani*. *Il Barbiere*, the opera which they chose as their introduction to an American audience, was almost entirely performed by the family party; Garcia playing Almaviva, his daughter Rosina, his son Figaro, and his wife Berta. In the course of the season they successively brought forward *Otello*, *Romeo*, *Il Turco in Italia*, *Don Giovanni*, *Tancredi*, *La Cenerentola*, and two operas of Garcia's composition, *L'Amante Astuto*, and *La Figlia dell Aria*, —the latter written expressly for his daughter and Angrisani.

The air of New York did not agree with an Andalusian constitution, and Garcia removed, in search of a more congenial climate, from the United States to Mexico. Instead of finding in the capital of New Spain the repose which he had promised himself, he was soon compelled to sing and compose more than ever. Three Italian operas had been got up with the original words; but the Mexicans, though they had taste enough to relish the music, were not satisfied with performances of which they did not understand a single syllable. Garcia had no resource but to compose Spanish operas, or adapt Spanish words to the Italian; he did both. Amongst the operas written by him for the Mexican theatre, *Semiramide* and *Abufarez* may be particularly mentioned; and he adapted Spanish words to his own *Amante Astuto*, which was performed several nights running. The Mexican company, half native and half foreign, was nothing remarkable before Garcia arrived amongst them; he soon found that the duties of composer, director, chief of the orchestra, singing-master, chorus leader, and even machinist and decorator, must all centre in himself. His indefatigable activity was rewarded with such success, that he often said, 'I would exhibit my Mexican performers now before a Parisian audience, and they would not be unworthy the honor.'

Notwithstanding the favorable reception he had met with in Mexico, Garcia could not avoid being uneasy at the daily increasing symptoms of animosity between the natives and the Spaniards. Foreseeing a speedy rupture between them, he resolved to return to Europe; he had great difficulty in obtaining passports, but at length succeeded, and set off for Vera Cruz, provided with a guard of soldiers, which, however, proved too weak, or too faithless, to protect him and his goods. At a place called Tepeyagualco, his convoy was attacked by brigands, and himself obliged to lie flat on his face, while his baggage was plundered of 1000 ounces of gold—the savings of his industry and economy. He came off with his life, however, and succeeded in getting once more to Paris, where he determined to dedicate the rest of his days to teaching. He appeared again at the Théâtre Italien, but declined very advantageous offers of an engagement at the Scala, and applied himself with new ardor to the instruction of his pupils.*. The last, whose education he completed were Madame Raimbeaux, Mademoiselle Edwige, and Madame Ruiz Garcia. Garcia died on the 9th of June, 1832, after a short illness, which was not at first considered at all dangerous.

To the last moment of his life Garcia was incessantly occupied with the Art to which the whole of that life had been dedicated, enjoying a wonderful facility and an activity of mind not less astonishing. He has left behind him an immense number of manuscripts. Besides the operas already mentioned in the course of this narrative, he was the author of numerous others, most of which have not been brought out.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, Sept. 25.—Our opera is about to commence again and it is time for me to resume my correspondence.

Before I speak of Music proper, let me say a word as to the great artistic treat we New Yorkers are enjoying in the presence of RACHEL. Though I had heard her abroad, her performance here has most agreeably disappointed my recollections. And every time one sees her, the more her splendid acting is enjoyed. I am in great hopes that her visit will have a good effect upon the American stage, and I am glad to see so many of our rising actors among the audience. Last night was the first of the low prices, and it fully answered expectations, the house being very well filled. To-night the great actress reads selections from several plays, at the Tabernacle. I wish we could have a chance of seeing her in Ponsard's charming little comedy of *Horace et Lydie*, one of the most delightful of her parts. You Bostonians will have her with you before long.

The Academy commences on Monday under the liberal and enterprising management of Mr. PAYNE, who, besides re-engaging LAGRANGE, HENSLER, BRIGNOLI, MORELLI and AMODIO, has secured the following new artists, concerning whom I quote the *Daily Times*:

1. The celebrated soprano CASTELLAN, from the London Covent Garden, for whom MEYERBEER wrote the part of *Bertha* in the "Prophet". This lady, it will be remembered, began her career some ten years since, in Mexico, when a girl of only 19. She afterwards passed through the United States, and made a powerful sensation as a concert singer. She arrived in London in 1846, and rapidly rose to the high position she at present enjoys in Europe.

2. Signorina ALDINI—a young, pretty and fresh contralto, 22 years of age—*une blonde piquante*, with a sympathetic voice and good method. She will appear in the "Trovatore" as *Azucena*, to LAGRANGE's *Leonora*.

3. SALVIANI—one of the most promising of tenors, 32 years of age. Voice powerful, with true "tenor" ring. Said to be a first rate musician—possessing a remarkable flexibility for Rossinian music, although his *forte* is the Meyerbeerian dramatic style. He sang in the "Prophet" last season in Florence, and, after ROGER and TAMBERLIK, is considered the best representative of this *rôle*.

4. CASPANI—a young basso, with an extraordinary voice. Said to be in every respect superior to SUSINI.

The season is to comprise forty nights, and I have no doubt that Mr. Payne will make it the most brilliant and successful one we have yet had. In my next I will give you an account of the opening performance.

The Philharmonic rehearsals do not commence till the end of October, those of the first concert (and I hope the rest) to be under Mr. BERGMANN's direction.

BRISTOW's "Rip Van Winkle" is finally to be given at Niblo's next Thursday. It has been long enough in preparation to be well brought out.

Buckley's troupe have re-opened in their newly-decorated house, with a new prima donna, Miss MILLEN. I see by the *Review* that there is a musician in Baltimore named Signor *Allbites*. Rather suggestive.

When my friend, 'Mister Brown', returns to Gotham, I will take him to see the Düsseldorf Gallery, which he once told me he had seen only either once or not at all, I forget which. To talk of its being the refuse of other collections, while it contains many pictures painted at Mr. Boker's order, for which he was afterwards offered double the purchase money, *copies* of which hang in the Berlin royal palace and engravings in every other house in Germany; and then to praise Mr. BRYAN's collection of "old masters" as so very fine! O, Mister Brown, do not do that! The New York Gallery is the largest and finest of paintings of the Düsseldorf school in the world. Consul Wagner (in Berlin) has a larger collection, but it is not limited to that school, comprising many of the Dresden, Munich and others, concerning which Mister B. seems to be ignorant. But when Mister B. returns, (which I hope may be soon, I want to see "that hat") I will try to convince him. R.

* The fact is, that his voice, which had for years past been much impaired, had now almost entirely deserted him.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, SEPT. 29, 1855.

☞ **NEW VOLUME.**—With our next number (for Oct. 6,) will commence the EIGHTH half-yearly VOLUME of our Journal of Music. The opening at the same time of the Musical Season of 1855-6 makes it a good time for new subscribers to commence. We trust our friends who have kept us company so far, will use a little effort to increase the company, and send us in the names of not a few new readers.

Public Amusements.

Our Boston Music Hall during the two past weeks (we will not look back any further!) has presented two most charming and in every way refining, edifying spectacles, of a nature properly kindred to and in some degree partaking of the Art which built it, as Amphion's lyre built Thebes. The first was the exhibition of the Horticultural Society, which for four days and evenings filled the entire floor and stage of that vast edifice with Flora's and Pomona's delicately distributed harmonies of sight and smell and taste; happy, gentle crowds the while circulating through all the aisles and corridors, or hanging with silent rapture over the scene from the balconies above, while bands of music aided to complete the illusion. This was truly and in many *senses* an *æsthetic* use to put that noble hall to; such scenes and festivities tend directly to refine and harmonize and humanize the tastes and sensibilities and manners of the people. The place was admirably fitted for the purpose, and the scene was one of the most beautiful we ever looked upon. In many respects Nature would have looked better for a little more artistic arrangement. But the mere assemblage of so many elements of beauty produced, like the kaleidoscope, an artistic whole, and showed at least how much more may be, doubtless will be, done. In the world of Art, we are always exposed to the demoralizing influence of a great deal of *false* Art. Nature's fruits are always æsthetic, always beautiful; Nature is always true, in harmony with and suggestive of true Art. Therefore let us invite Flora, Ceres and Pomona, at the season when they have "all their blushing honors thick upon them", into our chief temple and hall of Art, that they may do their part also, with the Muses, in the

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æsthetic education of the people, in teaching us, rude, anxious, hurrying, feverish utilitarians that we are, "the *beauty* of holiness."

But fascinating as that fairy scene is in our memory, we were still more delighted and encouraged by what we witnessed in the same place last Wednesday evening. Taking advantage of the removal of the seats from the floor of the Music Hall, the Rev. Mr. BARNARD, (that indefatigable and wise friend of youth, who believes so much and does so much in shutting out the foes of purity by preoccupying the young, ardent social nature with innocent and graceful recreations,) conceived the happy idea of engaging it for a Promenade Concert and Dance for the children and friends of the Warren Street Chapel, an institution which is certainly a blessing to our city. At the low price of twenty-five cents, and for children half price in the afternoon, the hall was thrown open to the public afternoon and evening. The younger children took their turn mainly in the afternoon; yet many of them, under the guardianship of their parents, mingled in the evening in the quadrilles, waltzes, contradances, &c. of the children of "a larger growth." The Germania Serenade Band discussed sweet and enlivening music, now as a brass band, and now with violins and reeds, from a pretty little arbor surmounted by an evergreen pagoda on the stage. The fronts of the balconies were also hung with evergreen. Besides the glow-worm belt of lights around the cornice, new gas burners had been placed under the galleries, and the white reflecting surface of the naked floor, made the place magically light and beautiful. The hall looked larger and more glorious than ever. Certainly the whole country contains no ballroom to compare with it in size and splendor, as well as chaste artistic symmetry.

There must have been by the middle of the evening not far from two thousand happy people, of all ages, assembled in that hall. The balconies were full of pleased spectators of the gay and moving scene below. The whole broad area was covered by parties of dancers, moving simultaneously to the bright music. It was like the particles of sand thrown into symmetrical and shifting figures on a musically vibrating surface. Whatever awkwardness or clumsiness there might have been in individual sets, became graceful in the general effect of so wide-spread a mass set in motion by one rhythmical and cheerful impulse. It was an atmosphere of purity and simple, cordial courtesy. Bad elements sought not to enter the charmed circle. There were simple refreshment tables spread in the corridors, and there was every thing to render happy, without dangerous exposure.

The musical selections were of course light and popular, as for such a scene they should be. Here the object was not Art, but entertainment, with artistic aid. Mightily were the little folks delighted, and vigorously did they clap their hands, after the "Anvil Chorus" and the "Railroad Galop." The din of "real anvils", it must be confessed, was somewhat stunning, but it pleased the boys. All this is well enough in its place, and it is pretty sure to find its place and occupy unto the utmost limit of the same. Yet there be those (a new crop of such verdure, saucy weeds, springs up here every year) who raise a senseless clamor in the newspapers if any seek to make a place for something higher also! who would drown the first faint peep of "classical music" with their anvils, and forasmuch as "Poor Pillecoddy" is a pleasant thing, would put us down with Pillecoddy is a finer thing than Shakspeare! The real issue with these people is not, whether we shall have this or that kind of music, but it is whether we shall have Music, or whether we shall have Fun. Why not each in its own season? And if Beethoven is out of place in a gypsey blacksmith's pic-nic, are not the anvils still more out of place where people go to hear Beethoven's symphonies? But this is a digression. Our good friend, Mr. Barnard, and his coadjutors, have of course no sympathy with this puerile nonsense; they advocate popular, promenade concerts, *simply*, for the good they do, and not controversially, as *versus* classical Art and the keeping open of deeper fountains for all who may have the thirst to drink thereof.

We trust the Music Hall directors and the public will not be slow to profit by the hint afforded by the entire success of Wednesday. Such entertainments should become frequent. A half day's work at any time will remove the seats from the Music Hall, and thus is opened a new, legitimate, and graceful source of income to the Hall, entirely worthy of its character as one of the ministers to general æsthetic culture, and making it, we trust, never again necessary to extend its hospitality to "Baby Shows" and such Barnumbian abominations, in order to preserve the Hall for those higher uses for which it was originally built, and which by themselves alone cannot yet pay the cost of such luxurious accommodation. To the public, on the other hand, as a mode of innocent recreation, and a means of indirect social culture, such cheap and beautiful festivities, surrounded by such wholesome influences, may be productive of untold benefit, while they will give mere Amusement its own place, wherein it may disport itself to heart's content, without treading surlily and rudely upon the toes of those who would enjoy undisturbed an equally legitimate and useful sphere of "classical" high Art. Success to Mr. Barnard, and to cheap promenade, dance concerts in the most beautiful and noble hall in Boston, or the whole United States!

Musical Chit-Chat.

Of the proposed Orchestral Concerts we can only say that one great obstacle—commonly the greatest obstacle to all such enterprises—has been happily removed, and we trust that we shall soon be able to announce a completed and acceptable arrangement.

The MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB announce themselves again ready to engage for series of private Classical Soirées, such as they gave so satisfactorily and with such good effect on musical taste in cultivated home circles last winter in Cambridge, New Bedford, and other of the larger towns. The Club are now absent on a fortnight's concert tour in Maine, accompanied by Mrs. WENTWORTH, in which they will visit Bangor, Belfast, Rockland, Bath, Augusta, Waterville, &c. On their return we may expect their programme for the winter season of delightful Chamber Concerts in Messrs. Chickering's saloon.

Meanwhile Music for the past week in Boston has only shown itself as an auxiliary to the sweet-smelling fruits and flowers, and to the festivities of children, whereof we have taken editorial notice in another column. We would here furthermore throw out the hint, whether the City itself would not discharge its parental duty more effectually by investing in such innocent and graceful amusements of its children a portion of the patriotic fund that annually spits itself away in fire-crackers. We see by the report of expenditures for the past year, that Boston has expended $850 for two months (perhaps $1 000 for the whole season) of music in the evenings on the Common. But the bill for the celebration of the Fourth of July, with its senseless noise and pomp, amounted to $10,000. *Four* thousand taken out of that would not be missed,—or missed only for the better—while, in place of fire works blazed away in half an hour, it would maintain a large Civic Band of Music, comprising reeds as well as brass, sufficient to be heard well in the open air, and supply public promenade concerts every pleasant night in the whole summer. Which were the best economy of popular enjoyments at the public expense?

The Opera at the Academy in New York opens Monday evening. The programme for the season is unfolded by our correspondent. Among the singers of late European notoriety is CASTELLAN, whom all our concert-goers of some twelve years past will welcome back with eager interest. She has achieved a name since then. The opera, we understand, will visit Boston in December. Meanwhile the elegant and spacious Boston Theatre has put on internally a much more light and cheerful aspect, by exchanging the deep, lurid crimson color of its walls for a delicate and pleasant pink, which however has the fault of badly harmonizing with the other shades of red seen in the backs of the seats, the cushioned borders of the galleries, &c. We have seen nicely acted comedy there within a week or two. Especially Bulwer's ingenious play, called "Money", was quite artistically done in all its details (saving the absurd overdoing of the fop), and with the distinguished aid of Mr. VANDENHOFF. We are glad to see in theatricals, as well as operas, careful attention given to the whole caste of a play, and trust the manager will be rewarded. The orchestra, too, now under the direction of Mr. COMER, aided by Mr. SUCK, is larger and more efficient than has been common in our theatres. Now, all ye Muses, interpose to have RACHEL come to the Boston Theatre, and save us from the mortification of having the world's greatest actress appear in that little, dirty box, the Howard Athenæum! What is so grand a theatre for, if not for Rachel and for Grisi? And now that we have stumbled, as it were, upon theatricals, let us say that there is clever acting, on a small scale, going on just now in that same Howard Athenæum, under the management of those two excellent comedians, Messrs. FIELD & T. PLACIDE. Especially have we been touched by the natural, not overstrained, direct, manly, refined impersonations of an elder actor, who should be a model to our stage sentimentalists and ranters, Mr. J. S. BROWN. The orchestra—apparently extemporaneous enough for Nick Bottom's play—is execrable,—music of that not fabulous kind that sets one's teeth on edge!

Miss ADELAIDE PHILLIPS arrived by an English packet at New York last Sunday, and has rejoined her family and friends in Boston. We trust we shall soon have an opportunity of welcoming her and enjoying her fine vocal powers in public. We should rejoice to hear her in opera, but trust that opera will not claim the whole of her, since she undoubtedly possesses wherewithal greatly to enrich our oratorios and concerts, in which good music and not mere dramatic excitement is the main thing thought of.

We close to-day the sad and touching chapter of the last days of CHOPIN, from the "Memoirs" of GEORGE SAND—doubly sad from the disturbed relation of two high-minded friends of such distin-

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guished genius. Mme. Sand's estimate of Chopin's musical genius, rare and delicate as it was, is certainly extravagant. The idea of his including in himself BACH, BEETHOVEN and WEBER is as wild as is the coupling of the third in the same trio with the two grander masters. But it is all natural and honorable to the imaginative and sympathetic subjectivity of the woman and the intimate companion.

Mlle. DE LAMOTTE, the energetic and successful teacher of the Piano-Forte, will open two new Classes during the two coming weeks. See advertisement. . . . . Much complaint has been made not only that it is proposed to take RACHEL to the Howard Athenæum, instead of the Boston Theatre, but also that Monsieur Raphael Felix announces that there will be no orchestra, whereat the *Courier & Enquirer* remarks that the admirers of the great *tragédienne* in New York would count it a blessing were the orchestra to find fifteen hundred bars' rest set down for them at the conclusion of each act!

The Philadelphia papers are rapturous in their praises of the PARODI-STRAKOSCH concerts. . . . The Musical Fund Society gives its first Concert of the season there this evening, with the aid of Mlle. VESTVALI, Sig. CERESIO, the new tenor, Sig. BERNARDI, baritone, Herr SCHREIBER, cornet-player, and Mr. WILLIAM DRESSLER, pianist. The programme is miscellaneous, including the overture to "Castle of Lichtenstein" by Lindpaintner, and another, by Mendelssohn, to "The Wanderer", which we never heard of before, at least by that title; a Scherzo by Beethoven, and arias, duets, &c., from Verdi, Donizetti, Rossini, &c. The most of a musical event in Philadelphia for the week past would seem to be the dedication of the splendid new Masonic Temple, where there were very lengthy and imposing ceremonies, including various original songs and odes set to music, as well as marches by grand orchestra and choruses from the "Creation" and "Messiah", such as "Achieved is the glorious work," the "Hallelujah" and others.

Boston is made the richer musically by the return recently from Germany of our young townsman, G. W. PRATT, who has established himself as a teacher of Singing, Harmony and Counterpoint. Mr. Pratt comes from earnest studies in the best school,—the Conservatory at Leipzig,—where the true tone of musicianship prevails. He has distinguished himself there as a singer, where he has devoted himself particularly to the great vocal music of Handel, Mozart, Mendelssohn, Schubert and the like. As to method he has studied in the Garcia *school*, even while in Leipzig, and has since received some lessons while in London from Garcia himself. We take peculiar pleasure in welcoming a singer and a teacher of singing who has been formed in Germany; for the true old Italian school is not found necessarily in Italy (in these Verdi days) more than elsewhere, and Germany is now *par excellence* the land of music, where one learns to know good music, and not merely to sing; and we have heard as high an authority as Madame GOLDSCHMIDT say, that one with any true genius for song may learn as much by listening to the Symphonies of the Conservatoire, as by living in Italy, and that a singer may take useful lessons even from the violoncello. To cultivate *good music* is the main thing, even more than cultivating the voice. We shall have more to say on this point.

In a number of the old London *Harmonicon* for 1833, we chanced upon the following bit of history:

On Thursday the 20th of June, a new opera was actually produced—the first attempt of the kind this season! The occasion was Mme. PASTA's benefit: the name of the piece, *Norma*, a tragic opera in two acts, composed by Signor BELLINI, and got up under his personal direction.

After a sketch of the plot, the following pretty just criticism is given; only we with the experience of 1855 could inform the critic that musical *din* was a thing comparatively unknown in those times:

That this is an imitation of *Medea* is evident, and, as in that opera, Mme PASTA is the life and soul of this. Her acting alone saves it here, as it did in Milan, where it was first produced last year.

Considered as a whole, the music, though not censurable in regard to the rules of composition, possesses the most fatal of all faults—it is deplorably uninteresting; except the motivo of the duet, *Deh! con te li prendi*, an aria, *Norma! che fu?* and the finale, not a piece has the slightest pretence to originality, or produces the least effect. The overture and introduzione stun one with all kinds of noisy instruments, and half or more, of the first act is accompanied by the same intolerable din. The music of the last scene, and the acting of PASTA, but especially the latter, will keep the opera on the stage while she remains to fill the part; without her, or her equal, if such should ever be found, it has no chance of being listened to in London; and even with her, it is with a half reluctance permitted.

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As it is the intention of Mr. Corelli, to give young ladies the opportunity of practising Trios, Quartets, Choruses, &c., he has engaged the services of Sig. GENNARI as pianist and accompanist.

MR. AUGUST FRIES, Teacher of Music, will be ready to receive pupils after October 15th, and may be addressed at Richardson's Musical Exchange, 282 Washington street, or at his residence, 15 Dix Place.

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For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Reminiscences of a Summer Tour.

VII.

DOWN THE NECKAR TO HEIDELBERG—VIEW FROM THE KÖNIGSTUHL—STUDENTS' KNEIPES AND DUELS—OPERA OF DER FREYSCHÜTZ AT MUNICH—ROYAL BRONZE FOUNDRY—THE DANUBE—BEETHOVEN'S GRAVE.

I had been stopping a day at Ludwigsburg to examine the famous Organ establishment of the Messrs. Walker, some account of which I have given in a previous chapter.

Some ten or twelve miles, by the post road, down the valley of the lovely Neckar, will bring you to Heilbronn, from which point the stream is navigable for small craft. And let no summer rambler neglect this descent of the Neckar from Heilbronn. To traverse its entire length is not a long journey, and from its source amid the shadows of the Black Forest to where, below Heidelberg, it rushes into the joyous embrace of the Rhine, there is not a mile but is crowded with interest. Leaping upon the deck of the asthmatic little steamer that lies in waiting at Heilbronn, you are in a few moments buried in the depths of the forest. Farther down, the stream becomes narrower in its sinuous course, struggling now angrily with the hill-sides which encroach on its channel, now creeping through the silent meadows and among vineyards whose ripe grapes are reflected in its waters. Every crag and promontory here, as on the Rhine, is crowned with its castle. Midway in its course it skirts the base of a rugged mountain range.—Ruined fortifications run along the edge of its steep wooded banks. Here is seen the crumbling castle of Hornegg, in the olden time a stronghold of the Teutonic knights. Here, too, is the castle of Dauchstein and the red ruin of Minneburg. Yonder the towers of Hornberg are pictured against the sky, once the residence of Götz of the Iron Hand. At intervals along the banks the peasantry may be seen, decked out in the peculiar costume of the country, vine-dressing,—and singing the while some fragment of a harvest song. At Heidelberg you come out suddenly upon the broad, warm level of the Rhine, which at this point is so remarkable, and, in its effect on the tourist, not unlike the sensation one feels as he descends the mountain road of the Simplon into the summer fields of Italy.

Heidelberg lies stretched out a mile or more along the banks of the Neckar, under the shadow of the mountains, and, with its ancient castle and dilapidated public and private architecture and the lazy aspect of its one interminable street, reminds you of an old stager who has passed through the battle and turmoil of life, and is now resting in pensioned retirement till its close. It has the air of a city that, long ages ago, in the midst of a sturdy life, became suddenly paralyzed. And well, indeed, it may, for does not History inform us it was "five times bombarded, twice laid in ashes and thrice taken by assault and delivered over to pillage"? I took lodgings at the Prince Charles Hotel in the market place, close under the walls of the castle. Just opposite rises the steeple of the great church, which, in times past, has been witness to so many scenes of slaughter and sacrilege. Late in the night, as I lay awake in my chamber, I could hear the organ wailing forth its melancholy music.

Toiling up to the castle one evening, I encountered, among the trees in the garden, some half dozen young men wearing the garb and the aspect of students, smoking diligently, withal, and singing songs and drinking lager beer. It chanced they were recent graduates of our own Harvard University, who had come to spend a year in Heidelberg by way of finish of their collegiate course. They told me they *kneiped* with the Prussians, which was equivalent to saying they were at feud with all others.

This system of *Kneipes* is carried out to its fullest extent in Heidelberg. The students from each state or section of the country clan together and fraternize, after a manner peculiar to themselves. Under the auspices of my courier Joseph, who had himself been a student at Bonn, I visited several of these clubs. The routine of the performances is much the same in them all. It appeared mainly to consist of smoking and beer-drinking, and the singing of rollicking songs. There is, in truth, but little of music in these songs of the German students. Some one, at random, takes up the burden of a tune, and all hands roar out the chorus, in unison, with harsh unsympathetic voices, thoroughly out of tune. By "particular request", of Joseph, I was favored with the celebrated Fox song, in which all joined and made up in lively gesticulation and stentorian shouts what was wanting in harmony. One marvels at the quantity of beer which vanishes in these sessions. Six or eight quarts to a man is no inordinate allowance. Here most of the duels originate. Harmless beer-duels the majority of them are, to be sure, but not unfrequently a savage challenge is given that must be fought out with swords. Several of these last I took occasion to witness, as representing, no less than the Kneipe, one of the peculiar institutions of the German Universities. They are fought in a hall fitted up for the purpose, on the opposite bank of the river, out of the jurisdiction of the Heidelberg authorities. With a show of mystery I was conducted to this apartment, at an early hour in the morning. On arriving at the place, my first greeting was the noise of the grinding of swords, in the court yard connected with the establishment. There was, at least, a semblance of reality about this. The hall is grimly decorated around its walls with broadswords, foils, masks and all the accoutrements of its special vocation. Much ceremony is observed in the details of the duel. Each combatant has two seconds, the duty of one of whom is to support the sword arm of his principal in the intervals of rest, and administer comfort and encouragement to his flagging spirit,—the other to defend him from some uncommonly sturdy thwack or illegal thrust of his adversary. A quarter of an hour is allowed to each pair of combatants, unless, in the meantime, one of the parties has, in the opinion of the officiating surgeon, received a sufficiently severe cut to justify the cessation of hostilities. The assailants, as also their seconds, are carefully protected at every point except the face and upper part of the chest. Against these exposed parts blows, of a prescribed form and nature, are aimed. An umpire is chosen to see fair play on both sides. I have said the theatre of these broils is in a remote and retired position. Every precaution is taken to prevent a surprise, nevertheless. Half a dozen or more sentinels are posted along the route leading to the hall. This is a permanent and standing force, and consists of a score of superannuated old women, who are detailed for duty, by squads, armed each with a red cotton umbrella, which is spread at the slightest indication of alarm. The signal given is speedily transmitted to the centre of the field of operations, and there is divesting and the removing, in hot haste, of all the forbidden paraphernalia of conflict. Three duels were "tallied off" on the morning I was present, resulting in the semi-amputation of a nose, and an ugly gash in the

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cheek of one of the combatants, from the blows of a vigorous adversary. Judging from my limited observations, these young Hotspurs are proud of their wounds received. I saw half a dozen of them at the railway station next morning, exhibiting, with some parade, their patched and sutured faces to the passing train.

One should not bid adieu to Heidelberg till he has climbed the steep Königstuhl, behind the town, and watched the sunset from its summit. This point of view, for grand and picturesque scenery, is unsurpassed. The silver Neckar is at your feet. Westward, extending beyond the reach of the eye, are broad and fertile plains clothed with verdure and fields of waving grain. Far away to the South is the ridge of the Black Forest, and nearer the dark vallies of the Odenwald and the summits of the Hartz mountains appear. In the distant valley gleams the Rhine, like a river of gold. The summer sun softens all and lends to the landscape a dreamy beauty.

At Munich I heard the music of *Der Freyschütz* with an orchestra of sixty instruments, led by Lachner. The opera was well represented in all its parts, although no rôle was prominent. Throughout the masterly instrumentation was given with accuracy and *verve*, and with such effect as to make one more than ever regret the reigning fashion, that would substitute the labors of Donizetti and Verdi for legitimate harmony. I doubt if this work is ever faithfully rendered out of Germany. Its goblin tale just suits the German fancy; and it is entered into with a zest that we constantly miss elsewhere. What particularly struck me was the intelligence displayed by all of the spirit and meaning of the music. The understanding between the conductor and his band was perfect. The movement of the orchestra was as that of a single instrument. Nor did this apparent unanimity and good feeling cease here. It pervaded the players and singers of every grade, as well. The first few bars satisfied me on this point; and I gave myself up unreservedly to the enjoyment of the music. And never was the beautiful overture more enjoyable. In the quartet of horns at the introduction, the tones, so rich and *woody* always, seemed now like the coloring of our autumnal forests.—As the composition went on to where the theme, after being wooed in turn by the several classes of instruments, is taken up *con amore* by all, what fellowship and fraternization of sounds were there! The audience were roused to an electric excitement, which was evinced by a universal shout of applause at the close. I can not say so much for the vocalization of that evening, but all faults of voice and of method were atoned for by the sensible attention of every one to his part, and the equable effect of all. There was no levity or indifference, or affected virtuosity and straining for a point, which, oftentimes, so mars our best operatic performances at home. The decorations and mechanism of the play were, of course, admirable, though partaking, towards the end of the piece, rather more of the *infernal* than is wholly congenial to our notions of taste.—In reviewing the performance, after its close, I hardly knew why it had pleased me so much. I could carry away no recollections of brilliant or striking points. I was told it was rather below the ordinary standard of the place. But it has impressed me ever since like the memory of a pleasant dream.

Next to the Opera and the Galleries of Art, with which Munich abounds, I was most eager to visit the celebrated Bronze Foundry, now under the direction of Herr Frederic Müller, the nephew of the founder of the establishment. It was here that the stupendous statue of Bavaria (sixty-one feet in height) was successfully cast. At the time of my visit the colossal statues of Jefferson and Patrick Henry, by Crawford, were being cast, fragments of which were lying about, at random, like the parts of a dissected giant. The order for the celebrated statue of Beethoven, by Crawford,—destined (by the munificence of Mr. CHARLES C. PERKINS) for the Boston Music Hall—had also just been received. All the details of the interesting process of casting in bronze, were pointed out and explained by the gentlemanly conductor of the establishment.

From Munich our route lay through an interesting country to Ratisbon, where we came upon the banks of the Danube—the "Rio Divino" of the Italian poet. It has become fashionable, of late, to compare the Danube with the Rhine, much to the detraction of the latter stream. I question, however, whether novelty is not the one feature in which the Austrian river will stand in the comparison. For the much-travelled Rhine familiarity may, in the minds of some, have bred a contempt; but to one who looks on them both with the freshness of a first acquaintance, the "Valley of Sweet Waters" must still carry off the palm. To me the Rhine-voyage is like the reading of a mellow romance of the olden time. The Danube, on the other hand, is the Carlyle of Rivers; all breaks and dashes, and abounding in rocks and whirlpools and rugged mountain defiles, which continually take your attention by storm and weary you by their constant repetition.—Grim old castles frown upon you from every crag and headland. The rapid rushing stream hurries you on at a fearful rate, giving no time for enjoyment. Grandeur—sublimity even, is its prominent characteristic, but it is a monotonous grandeur, unvaried, wild and dark. The features, most civilized in appearance and humanizing in their influence, upon its banks, are the convents or palace monasteries of the Benedictine monks, seen nowhere else in such beauty and perfection. I would fain have climbed up to them to taste the quality of the grand old organs, which are to be found, in rare excellence, in those secluded retreats.

At Vienna I made haste to inquire for the tomb of Beethoven. It was with feelings of surprise, but more of regret, that I learned neither my *commissionaire*, nor the driver of the *fiacre*, could tell in which of the three or four cemeteries, outside of the walls of the city, the remains of the great composer lay buried. Taking it at a venture, we drove at first to the wrong place, as a matter of course, where we learned that the object of our search was at Wahring, a little village at the opposite side of the town. "To Wahring let us go," said I, in a mood ill befitting, I fear, the nature of my pilgrimage. The faces of both Jehu and the guide expressed, more plainly than words, their estimation of the folly of such an errand in the abstract, and at this time in particular, for it was now raining heavily and we had still some miles to compass. At the gate of the little cemetery in Wahring sat a pleasant old lady, in a sort of porter's lodge, reading. By her directions I soon found out the consecrated spot, where I stood, I know not how long, uncovered beneath the dripping acacia trees which embower the tomb. A crowd of fancies rushed into my mind. Beneath the stone at my feet was all that remains of the great Beethoven. But a few weeks previously, I had visited the house in which he was born, in an obscure street at Bonn. Here, in equal obscurity, he rests in his last sleep. And what a life was his! From his cradle to his grave, how eventful: to the appreciation of many, how dark and unintelligible! The tomb itself. (grave it is rather) is utterly without pretension—too much so, I could not help feeling. A slab of light colored stone, without inscription, overlies the spot. There may be, and doubtless there is, a sarcophagus beneath, but it does not so appear. Placed against the wall opposite, is an obelisk or entablature of white marble, having a gilded lyre and a chrysalis for its only device. On the plane surface beneath, is this simple record:

BEETHOVEN.

There is in all this an exalted simplicity, it is true. But is it, in its plan of construction, sufficiently dignified and enduring, or in its design in keeping with the stern character of the man,—or is it altogether a worthy tribute of the proud city which is in possession of Beethoven's grave.

I have been accustomed to regret that the ashes of the great composer were not claimed by his native city. But, after all, there is a certain fitness that, in this respect, it should be as it is. It may more accord with the last years of his sorrowful life and its gloomy close, that he should lie buried near the home of his adoption, by the dark, rushing Danube, rather than in the pleasant city of his birth, on the banks of the joyous Rhine. Much musing on these things, I was becoming oblivious of time and place, when I was roused by an interjection of wrathful impatience from the guide, following whom unresistingly I entered the carriage, and was soon rolling through the streets of Vienna to my hotel.

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For Dwight's Journal of Music.

An Evening in the Hartz.

FROM THE PRIVATE LETTERS OF MR. BROWN.

[Clearly a Fantasy Piece.]

Among the persons whom I met while making the usual foot journey through the Hartz, was a gentleman who joined our party, after leaving Blankenburg on our way through the valley of the Bode, and the villages Elend and Schirke, to the Brocken. On such journeys we easily make acquaintances, sympathy in tastes and in the objects of our travel leading to great freedom of intercourse, and making, at least for the time being, strangers quite intimate companions. I was sitting under the piazza of the little house for refreshment upon the top of the Ziegenkopf, a lofty height back of Blankenburg, looking down upon the remains of the old robber den of Reinstein, and the beautiful open country spreading away far as vision could reach. Giving loose rein to the imagination, I was endeavoring to draw a picture of the time, when the people of Quedlinburg, no longer able to bear the insolence of the Lord of Reinstein, came together, traders and mechanics as they were—and, donning the array of war, stormed the robber chief in his lofty den on that huge mass of sandstone and actually prevailed—right for once overcoming might. This was in 1336. The rascal was shut up in the large oaken cage, which you may still see in the town hall of Quedlinburg, and kept there nearly two years, till he purchased his freedom for 3000 thalers,—a large sum then.

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It was there that the stranger joined me, and together we drew many a fantastic picture of those old times. In the course of the conversations we had during the two or three days which we employed in following the path of Faust to the Brocken, he learned that I was an American, and informed me that he had known several of my countrymen, and indeed esteemed them very highly. His acquaintance I marked, was confined mostly to our authors, though one or two painters and sculptors were not wholly unknown to him. He spoke of the author of "Arthur Mervyn," of Irving, and Cooper, of the author of "Evangeline," and especially of Hawthorne, whom he gave the highest place in the rank of our imaginative writers. Drake, author of the "Culprit Fay," he had well known, and he mentioned several American authors who had done him the honor to seek his acquaintance, but with whom he could form no intimacy. I was not a little surprised to hear him speak of men who seem to me to have lived a whole age since—such as Joel Barlow of the "Columbiad" and Dwight, who tried so hard to make an Epic of the Conquest of Canaan. He expressed no great friendship for these gentlemen, though he did them all due justice, the one as a diplomat, the other as the head of a learned institution. I must confess that I felt a little suspicious that all was not right with him, gentlemanly as he seemed, and at length ventured to ask him who he was. He smiled, and replied, as he gave me his card, "I think I am not unknown to you by reputation, though you do not recognize my person. Your remarkable countryman, Hawthorne, has done me the honor to immortalize me in one of his sketches."

His card was this:

The Man of Fancy.

It must be confessed that a more agreeable companion for a journey through the scenes of so much poetry and legend as the Hartz, could not be found, and during my intercourse with him my imagination was kept upon the stretch. We parted at the Brocken, where he had proved an invaluable acquaintance, pointing out demons and witches and all sorts of fantastic creations in the clouds, among the boulders and granite blocks about the Brocken house, in the valleys below, and in the woods of the neighboring lesser heights. My course from the celebrated scene of the Walpurgis night orgies was to the unromantic region of the mines, Goslar, Clausthal, and that section of the country; but some days later, on reaching Ilsenburg, at the opening of the romantic and legendary valley of the Ilse, I found a note left for me inviting me to be present at a meeting, where I should see many celebrated characters—a meeting in which he had a part to perform, and to which he would willingly take me, if I would call for him at such an inn on such an evening.

One of the pleasant routes for a day's ramble in the Hartz is from Ilsenburg over the mountains to Harzburg, a way not much travelled, since most pleasure-seekers go from the Brocken down through the valley of the Ilse, and thence by way of the fine post-road to the above-named place. Fortunately I reached Ilsenburg at the right time, and after rest and refreshment I called upon The Man of Fancy. It was a warm August evening, but the heat was tempered by a cool breeze from the Brocken, while the lustre of the full moon lent magic to the evening view of the little town, which lies wedged in among the low, forest-covered mountains, to borrow a figure from Longfellow, as in the mouth of a trumpet.

"Will you give this night to me?" asked the Man of Fancy.

"Willingly."

"Then we will at once start for the place of meeting, and on the way I can explain what you need to know."

I can never forget that walk! All that I had ever read of the Hartz seemed to become real as history. The bright moonbeams piercing the forest, and lying here and there upon our road in broad patches of white light; the lofty tower-like cliffs of the Ilsenstein with its iron cross, whence the witches in Faust came to the Brocken, illumined against the dark background of firs; the Ilse rushing merrily down its rocky bed, and telling queer tales of the doings up on the mountains, to all such as understand the language of running waters; the mysterious mountains themselves, in their dark robes—almost funereal in the night; the mills with their silent wheels, which stand along the little river after you leave the town; and finally the solemn silence which brooded over all as we wended our way up the valley:—all these things are a living picture to me yet. By and by we turned away from the valley of the Ilse and followed the little brook, which comes brawling down from the Scharfenstein, and which led us into the dense woods and to the top of a high ridge. Here we emerged into a broad open space, which the charcoal burners, those real as well as legendary characters of the Hartz, had laid bare of its leafy dress.

A valley falls away to the right—deep, and in the moonlight, obscure; but we avoided this, following the track of the coal waggons to the forest, which crowned the next ridge, through whose glades we passed and descended into the valley of the Ecker.

Those who go this route by day to Harzburg, or come up from that place to drink milk at the Wolken house, a mile beyond, and thence make the little excursion hither, see indeed a most lovely nook in the mountains, which a thick overshadowing wood, and a broad singing brook tumbling over the rocks in mimic cataracts, render a delicious spot for rest, after the heat of the walk. Still it is but a recess in the mountains; the very place for the melancholy Jacques to lie by the water and ruminate upon the sorrows of the wounded stag; all apart and separate from the great world without.

But I have not yet stated the object of our walk as explained by The Man of Fancy.

We were speaking of literature and literary men, especially of imaginative writers, when we emerged from the forest into the open space above mentioned. Above us, high up the slope, in the edge of the woods the fires of the charcoal burners were gleaming, and the wreaths of smoke sailed slowly away, half illumined by the moon, like the spectres of Ossian.

"Did we not know by experience," said my companion, "how light and fragile are those smoke wreaths, the eye could certainly never distinguish them from solid and tangible bodies, as they glide away from us into the recesses of the woods. And indeed, did we not know that the brilliant clouds piled up behind the mountains of a summer afternoon are but masses of mist and fog glorified by the sun's transforming touch, how could the eye learn to distinguish them from the snow-crowned peaks of the Alps, glowing or blushing in their eternal solitudes, as the day-god pours his midday splendor upon them, or just kisses them by way of morning greeting or evening good night? One is just as real to the eye, is as much a feature in the landscape, as the other. So in that world which is opened to us in books. History gives us scenes, incidents, characters in ponderous tomes, and we exhaust all the resources of the intellect and imagination in our efforts to feel them as real and tangible existences. Yet scenes, incidents, characters, which are created and illumined by genius, like mist wreaths by the sun,—which are offspring of the fancy alone,—have in our memories and hearts, and that too without effort of ours, as distinct a recognition, and a place as clearly defined.

"Is Henry the Fourth a more real character to you, Brown, than Falstaff? Bayard, the knight without fear and without reproach, more real than Don Quixote? Dr. Johnson than the Vicar of Wakefield? Alexander Selkirk, chasing goats on an island in the Pacific, than Crusoe talking with his parrot on one of the Southern West India islands 'over against the mouth of the great river Orinoco?'"

I could not deny this.

"Such creations, when once genius has breathed into them the breath of life, are immortal—certainly undying so long as letters remain and human nature is unchanged. The realms of the imagination are peopled with them, their maxims are quoted in every-day life and their wisdom becomes a part of the common stock of our knowledge. They form a Republic free to all nations, and tongues, and confessions,—a republic, however, to which not every pretender can be admitted, and now-a-days the enormous increase of candidates for admission has forced upon them the necessity of caution in receiving new members to the privilege of their immortality. And this brings us to the object before us. At proper intervals, after the lapse of some half a century, or thereabouts, a proclamation goes forth for all, who have sought the distinctions of genius, to bring the offspring of their imaginations and present them for admission into the Society of the Immortals. On these occasions a sort of mass meeting of the citizens of the republic is held, a tribunal is erected, and such as pass the examination of Truth and Nature are admitted to all the rights and privileges of the community. The best you will soon see for yourself, for we are drawing near the place of our meeting."

We passed rapidly down the winding way, which led abruptly through the forest into the Ecker valley. At the base of the steep descent an impenetrable veil of gloom, like a curtain, shut us out from the mountain nook, the scene of the coming ceremonies. At a touch from the Man of Fancy, the veil opened, and the most enchanting sight met my astonished vision. Whole armies of the subjects of Oberon and Titania, with Ariel, the Genies of Eastern romance, and the Elves of Tieck, had been employed in preparing for the meeting. The Ecker, as it flowed over its rocky barriers, was hardly recognizable as the stream I had formerly seen by day, so transparent were its waters, so bright and sparkling, and so lovingly kissing mossy banks, adorned with all the flowers and sweet-scented herbs of fairy land. The valley was spread out with a delicate carpet of soft grass, from which all disagreeable intruders, spotted snakes, thorny hedgehogs, newts and blindworms and the like, had been excluded by the Fairies as from the bowers of Titania in "Midsummer Night's Dream." The trees seemed grander and more stately. The roughnesses of the soil had become thymy banks of earth and seats of moss and turf; the shrubs and tangling briars were now bowers of roses and eglantine, or formed canopies for such as would repose upon beds of roses—canopies of all that is beautiful or fragrant. The moonbeams as they penetrated the recesses of the valley were changed, so that over the whole space, that delicious light which illumines the lands of the imagination, soft, mellow, golden, roseate, rendered every object distinct to the vision as in the bright beams of mid-day.

These things I noted at a glance, for my attention was immediately absorbed by the multitude there assembled, and by a beautiful temple—a sort of Walhalla, upon a gentle rise of ground in the centre of the valley. In this edifice, a temporary structure for the occasion, were many statues of such men of lofty genius as have peopled the realms of the imagination with living and enduring inhabitants. I saw there the thin face of Cervantes, the oriental features of the Author of the "Arabian Nights," the serene features of Dante, Goethe and Schiller, Ben Johnson, Lope, Moliere, and the like. Honest tinker Bunyan had his place, Goldsmith, Mackenzie, and even Macpherson theirs. Macpherson for, think as we will of his poetic powers—in some moment of the inspiration of genius he added to the creations of fancy. I saw

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also with some surprise the delicate features of the little man, Mozart. I cast a look of inquiry upon the Man of Fancy. He understood my doubt, and remarked in substance, that though Da Ponte, or Beaumarchais, or whoever he was, who first gave the world the heroes whom Mozart now claims, had long been forgotten, had he not given them life and being: But the high place in the temple was filled by the statue of him, who so surpassed all that have lived and wrought in the lands of fancy, as to have no second. Above all, crowned with ever-living laurel, peerless in dignity and calm majesty of visage, with brow serene, the very throne of intellect, stood SHAKSPEARE. The great men of Greece and Rome of all antiquity, like those of modern ages, stood below him—the greatest creative genius that has done honor to mankind. Of all the creatures of the imagination here in such numbers collected, no one could claim so many as his children as the immortal Englishman. There stood Prospero with his magic wand and garment, and by his side the sweet innocence of Miranda. In a little group by themselves were the noble Merchant of Venice and his friend, Portia, and Nerissa, Lorenzo and his Jessica. Shylock stood a little apart and eyed them evilly askance. Sir Toby Belch had taken Falstaff aside, and was challenging him in a glass of something better than a good sherris sack with its twofold virtue. In every quarter I saw the children of Shakspeare.

There were many present whom I did not know, but needed not the assistance of the Man of Fancy to recognize Parson Primrose, as he conversed upon his favorite topic with his clerical brother Parson Adams. Hardly any group afforded me more satisfaction than one which occupied an arbor a little aside, consisting of Uncle Toby, who was busy explaining some operations in modern warfare to Don Quixote, who listened with evident wonder, while Dr. Slop slept in a corner. Sir Roger de Coverly was attentively listening, but I cannot say that he exhibited much interest in the topic, his eyes often wandering to a group of servants outside, among whom I recognized Corporal Trim and Sancho Panza.

The Man of Fancy directed my attention to a gentleman in a Spanish dress, rich and splendid in the extreme. This gentleman was distinguished by a beauty and nobility of mien almost above those of earth. All that one can conceive of fascination of manner and elegance of address was his. He was formed by nature to be the joy and delight of woman, and had his moral nature equalled his intellectual and physical in its perfection, the most perfect of the daughters of Eve had not been above him in worth. I needed not to be told his name. Don Juan stood before me. I knew Sinbad and Robinson Crusoe telling tales of the sea to each other. Gil Blas was recounting his visit to the archbishop to some merry Frenchmen—and so on every side I met forms and faces, the sight of which recalled in an instant and renewed the delight of years.

[To be continued.]

Weber's "Derniere Pensee."

(From the Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung.)

The waltz known under the title of "*Dernière Pensée de C. M. Weber,*" was composed by me at Vienna in 1822 (it may have been as early as 1821), and, having come into the possession, in the same year, of the firm of C. F. Peters, music-publishers at Leipsic, was, with my first trio (Op. 25) in 1824, (or at the end of 1823), printed in the collection "*Valses brillantes en As,*" Op. 26. It is to be found in this collection of twelve waltzes in A flat. Some of these "*Valses brillantes*" created a sensation at the time, and I often played them at Leipsic in 1823. When Weber produced my Italian opera, *Dido*, in 1824, I was most hospitably received by him at his residence in Dresden, and I remember with pleasure that the great master sang me some very comic songs, and that I was called upon in the small family circle (composed only of his dear wife, Madame Caroline), to give some trifles, and among others, the waltz in question, in my turn. The waltz pleased Weber so much that I was obliged to repeat it several times. He even observed to his wife that words might be adapted to it, and sung himself the commencemen thus:

"Net wahr? Du bist mein Schatzerl?"

Subsequently to this, Weber, as I afterwards heard from his wife, frequently played the waltz, to which he was very partial. It is possible that he performed it also in Paris, during his stay there in 1826, on his road to London. The rest is an affair of the music-publishers. To sum up the matter in a few words, there was in Paris a musician who wrote down the waltz, after having heard it played by Weber, and thus it appeared after his unfortunate death in London as his "*Derniere Pensée.*" There is one point which is unintelligible to me, and that is how my old friend Pixis, who often heard the waltz played by me in Paris in 1824, could publish variations on it, and thus confirm the erroneous notion prevalent in France. I never attached any value to the trifle, and believe that, but for Weber's authority, it would never have created any sensation.

You have now a circumstantial statement of the whole matter. It was not until 1830, or later, that the firm of C. F. Peters in Leipsic gave a very short explanation, indeed, of it. Hereupon, a musical *dilettante*, M. Parmentier, (the same who afterwards translated into French and brought into notice several of my songs), wrote to me from Paris, and begged for a confirmation of the reports connected with the waltz. It was thus the details of the whole affair and my letter were published in the French papers.

C. G. REISSIGER.

Diary Abroad.—No. 20.

BERLIN, Sept. 5.—The man, who has undoubtedly a greater knowledge of BACH's works, than any other living, is Prof. DEHN, Musical Librarian at the Royal Library here. And this, first, because he is a Bachist from taste, and a most profound harmonist, and secondly, because he has charge of the largest existing collection of Bach's works, manuscript and printed, that exists, and it is a constant aim with him to render it complete. More than 1200 dollars worth of such works have just been added to the Bach collection, (works of Bach and his sons) from the Library of the Sing Akademie. Will it be believed that of the vocal writers of this century, he admires most highly—ROSSINI? This is so. And one day, when the conversation at the Library turned upon vocal music, I had the delight of listening to quite a lecture to some of his pupils who were there, upon the genius and extraordinary beauty of many favorite passages from the works of that fertile composer.

I say delight, for of all operatic music, which I have heard, Rossini is one of the four authors whose works have afforded the world unalloyed delight. There is a garden in the next street where I have been in the habit of going this summer, to hear light music, pot pourris, polkas, overtures and the like. The brilliancy, freshness and melodic beauty of anything which happens to come up on these occasions from Rossini, in comparison with extracts with other popular composers, is surprising. Hardly less notable is the difference in his works—those before and those after, his residence in Vienna—in the employment and development of the rich ideas which his native genius gave him so lavishly.

His feelings of respect towards the great Germans, has been shown in various ways. Prof. Dehn says that some ten years since he called upon him in Florence, and in the course of conversation asked him which of his works he himself prized most highly? The veteran counted off a number by their titles upon his fingers, and said smilingly, "*Don Giovanni*, by MOZART!" He seems during his stay in Vienna—and during that time I find upon examination, that he had opportunity to hear very many of the works which we call classic, from MOZART, BEETHOVEN, CHERUBINI, HAYDN, Von WEBER—to have been a diligent and attentive hearer of the German music.

In the Beethoven conversation books the talk often turns upon him, and Johann van BEETHOVEN, in one instance in particular, mentions Rossini's desire to pay the great master his respects. Schindler says that Beethoven, however, would never receive him, and adds, "I wish he had not acted thus." So do we all. Still we know that the great German, though he could hear none of the great Italian's music, and saw only two representations of one of his operas, felt and acknowledged his genius—the acknowledgement being rather in his own peculiar style—"Rossini would have been a great composer if his master had whipped him enough."

"Tell" is announced as on the operatic programme this winter here, and I look forward with no small delight, to making acquaintance with another of the great works of his later period, produced as it should be, with no little curiosity, because, just as one feels the influence of Haydn and Mozart upon each other in symphony, and the influence of them both in Beethoven's first—(possibly the second also) so the more I hear Mozart the more clearly do I feel his influence upon Rossini. The other day at the "*Requiem*" how many things reminded me Rossini's "*Stabat Mater;*" and each repetition of "*Figaro*" or "*Don Juan,*" brings up vague recollections of "Moses in Egypt" and "the Barber of Seville." Had CHERUBINI had Rossini's brilliant genius or Rossini Cherubini's immense science, why may we not have had another Mozart? There is nothing at all surprising in the fact, that Mozart's works should not give as much pleasure as "The Barber," or "The Daughter of the Regiment," when so given that one has neither the author's orchestral, choral, nor scenic effects, and the work is so cut down as to render the plot—the hanging together (*Zusammenhang*)—unintelligible. This by the way.

Those who are familiar with Cherubini's operas say they feel the influence of these works upon Beethoven in his *Fidelio*, and I believe Cherubini himself admitted his indebtedness to Mozart. I know only his "*Les deux journees*" or "Watercarrier." This is exquisite, and one can easily conceive the impression such music would make upon the young Beethoven. It seems then the most natural thing in the world that one, who had at a very early age thrown study to the dogs, and knew that a brilliant melody or concerted piece would make all good again with an audience angry with him for serving up some piece of patchwork written in a fortnight, should have been most powerfully acted upon by the masterly instrumental music, which a Vienna residence in 1822-3 afforded him opportunity to hear.

To such as go to hear music because it amuses them alone, to such as go only to hear a beautiful song sung by some beautiful or celebrated singer, the really best music of Rossini must be of no more account than much of his poorest—and the works of his youth—setting aside all question of opera as mere drama—must be of equal excellence with the works of his manhood. Many of the most popular operas are to all intents and purposes just as good with a piano-forte to set the pitch and keep the singers right, as with an orchestra, for they are written with only the voice on the stage in view, the instrumentation being—sound, empty sound. Rossini's masterpieces are of a different order. There is nothing in them, though, of Beethoven's grandeur and majesty of conception in the expression of the deepest of emotions, for the very good reason, that Rossini had no such emotions. His path through life has been a flowery one, and he could not express what he never felt. There is no such religious feeling in his "Moses" music, or his *Stabat Mater*, as we find in Handel's "Israel in Egypt," or in Mozart's *Requiem*, for the good reason, that Handel had true deep German religious feeling of the old Lutheran order, and Mozart of the Catholic, while Rossini is thorough Italian in this respect. Now, let no admirer of Rossini cry before he is hurt—for what I say of his want of power to express dark depths of emotion, like Mozart and Beethoven, is equally true of Haydn, for as said above, one cannot express what he cannot feel. Haydn's childlike joy and happiness is always seen in his music; Rossini's brilliancy, wit, humor, cheerfulness, free and easy disposition, and high animal spirits, ever shone out in his music, as, formerly at least, in his daily walk and conversation. I believe both he and CHARLES DICKENS would have been much greater men had they both been carefully and thoroughly trained. Yet I hear the music of the one with the extreme delight with which I read the works of the other. Dickens is not SHAKSPEARE, though!

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Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, OCT. 6, 1855.

☞ **NEW VOLUME.**—With our present number we commence the EIGHTH half-yearly VOLUME of our Journal of Music. The opening at the same time of the Musical Season of 1855-6 makes it a good time for new subscribers to commence. We trust our friends who have kept us company so far, will use a little effort to increase the company, and send us in the names of not a few new readers.

Orchestral Concerts.

The movement, of which we have once or twice hinted, is at length fairly on its feet before the public. It starts with many excellent omens of success. It is too true that we have lost BERGMANN, who, in spite of previously announced intentions and of an engagement to conduct the concerts of our Mendelssohn Choral Society, has been prevailed upon to become conductor of the Philharmonic and other concerts in the city of New York. This robs Boston of his presence during the coming season. But this was no reason for despair, as those who have taken the matter of orchestral concerts here in hand, have practically shown to be their opinion in this day's announcement. We have an excellent conductor in Mr. CARL ZERRAHN, whose exercise of that function in the concerts of the Handel and Haydn Society, and the Orchestral Union, last year, won him extensive and deserved favor.

The concerts will be commenced with every possible guaranty that they will go on and that all that is or shall be promised will be fulfilled to the letter. The names of the Managing Committee (and there are more as good who stand behind them) should satisfy all doubt of that. The orchestra will embrace all the best instrumental talent in Boston, to the number of *at least fifty*, who, as well as the conductor, will have every motive to do their best and work together in a true artistic spirit. The musicians are to risk nothing in a pecuniary way. They are to be secured their ordinary pay for every concert, and any profits that may at length result from a successful season are to be divided among them. Of course their interest and duty will be one.

It is to be hoped and trusted that the music-loving public also will see its interest and duty to be one toward this enterprise. For the cause of good music, that the glorious evenings of Symphony and Overture and Song, which have been hitherto the winter's joy and pride of Boston, may not fail; for the sake of remembering Beethoven and Mozart, and of encouraging our resident musicians to keep up their tone as artists by allowing them to serve us in an occupation so inspiring to themselves; for the sake of giving the rising generation as good chances as *we* had of knowing what the really great music is, before a false and frivolous taste shall get possession of them, *as it always does where better models stand not in the way*; as well as for the sake of our own musical gratification, it becomes us to sustain these concerts. It is hoped that they will be made really and widely attractive, without catering to any low standards, and without being pedantically severe. There will be some of the grand old Symphonies, by a more efficient band than we have yet known, save exceptionally. There will be the best overtures, perhaps concertos; there will be singers who are artists and who will sing good music, both solo and in quartet or chorus; and there will not be wanting bright bits of a light and graceful character by way of contrast and relief. There will be the attraction of that noble Hall, and possibly of a Beethoven and a Mozart birth-day celebration. The price of tickets, it will be seen, is low, two or three times lower than those of the Philharmonic Concerts in New York, which last year crowded Niblo's theatre from floor to ceiling.

Let all true music-lovers, then, take hold and swell the subscription lists so fast, that we may see our way not only for six, but even eight or more delightful concerts. On the public of course any solid ultimate success depends, whatever other security a concert enterprise may rest upon. Make this succeed and it may ripen into a permanent institution, the elements of which shall not have to be sought for every year anew with much pains and uncertainty.

Voice Teaching in Italy—Italian Song and German Music—Jenny Lind.

It has been considered a matter of course that every young American aspirant to the profession of a vocal artist should go to Italy. The venerable "traditions" of Italian song are allowed to outweigh and put out of sight all other artistic considerations. The career (as scholar and as *débutante*) in Italy, the "land of song",—that is the thing! and that means practically the renouncing of all other kinds of music and living altogether in the practice, in the hearing and the atmosphere of the popular Italian opera of to-day. In a word it means now, more than any thing, entering the new school of VERDI, and in the end (which cometh quickly) wearing oneself out, voice and artistic conscience, in his service. We intimated in our last, in welcoming a young townsman back from the schools of Germany, where *good music* is thought something of, as well as *singing* and as what is called *effect*, that, because there was once a true school of song in Italy, because the one only genuine vocal school is the Italian, it by no means follows that the truest school is found there *now*. And really it affects us with a certain sadness, when our young singers come back "finished artists" from that Italy, to think that all that precious time and talent has been spent in simply acquiring a power to enact a few hacknied rôles in a very limited, monotonous and hacknied round of the most modern Italian operas. Acquaintance with *good music*, with the Shakspeares and Miltons of the Art, they have forgotten to esteem of consequence, and it is well known that to be a popular Italian *prima donna* or *tenore* it is not thought at all indispensable to be in any deep sense a *musician*.

We need not stop to qualify, to renew our expressions of indebtedness to Italian Art and artists. It is impossible to say every thing, and from all sides of such a subject, at once. Look for the offsets to any seeming exclusiveness in the above statements to all our articles in times past, in which we have not disguised our sincere admiration of the Bostos, the GRISIS, the BADIALIS, and so many more. Our purpose now is to point out the evil of the Italian one-sidedness, exclusiveness, and to complain, as we justly may, that our occasions for hearing the greatest kinds of music, our oratorios and classical concerts, suffer from the fact that our best-trained singers, those who go abroad to study, are at once monopolized by the Italian opera, become nothing but so many more Lucias and Edgardos, and lend no loyal voice to the interpretation of much higher and more satisfying, more enduring, if less fashionable kinds of music. We now wish to adduce two valuable testimonies. The first we find in the last number of the *Musical Review*, which translates from a German paper extracts from a private letter of MARIE WIECK, sister of the celebrated CLARA SCHUMANN, who like her sister is already an admirable pianist, and has been spending some time in Italy developing her voice. She writes from Milan:

It is surprising how many young songstresses, and often those who possess excellent voices and highly cultivated musical talents, are assembled in Milan, to pursue their studies under the tuition of Professor LAMPERTI, (one of the seven singing-masters of the Conservatoire, and agent for the Opera,) with the view of preparing themselves for the theatre, and through his influence to obtain engagements in Italy. Of course, however, to sing elegantly according to the old style, with a correct formation of the tone and voice, is now out of the question. The sole object seems to be sharp, pointed, passionate, and vehement declamation; which, to produce the most thrilling and charming effect, must be sung with a *full* voice, and, above all, with the most powerful muscular efforts, with wide open mouth and swelling breast, and all this at the cost of the delicate throats of the females, and at total variance with all rules of art. The natural blending of the head-voice with the register; the equality and beauty of voice; the soft and full tone; the correct delivery; the perfect piano and fine portamento, and other attributes to noble singing, as practised by Lind, Sontag, Persiani, Foder, Tadolini, and many others, are not taken into consideration. This style of singing is now seldom heard, and then by old singers, who speak only of Bellini, Donizetti, and Rossini. The youthful, vigorous singers of modern days have only *one* name upon their lips, and that is "Verdi." Upon his operas rests the whole art of music as well for the present time as for the future, and for this reason many, under certain circumstances, sacrifice the remains of their voices, sometimes even their health and constitution. All are ambitious only to be called "Verdi-singers," and they claim this name with vain-glorious pride.

At my arrival in Milan, the voices of the singers were in their prime; and these produced, in several pieces from the *Trovatore*, *Traviata*, etc., a momentary and generally an outward effect only. Occasionally, however, they made a very deep impression. But, in a few months, I saw them fade away, and become stiff and sharp, and void of all softness. And it is for this reason, I believe, that all voices in the theatre sound fatigued, and sung out, or rather screamed out. But I must here add, that Italian female voices generally have naturally a freer, more flexible, and fuller sound than those of other countries, especially of Northern Germany.

The German elements of singing have found hitherto but little sympathy in Lombardy. They will not recognize German music, even good piano music; and German songs and operas they will not hear. The professors and their pupils call them tedious and not worth the sacrifice of voice and time upon them, without effect, as they express it. The second and third-rate singers, of whom I heard many in the theatres in Lombardy, are truly horrible, and even a bearable *ensemble* is entirely out of the question. They have no attraction for the public, which consents to listen to them only when the prima donna endeavors to conquer the measures of Signor Verdi.

I have attended many singing-lessons; but never have heard a professor reprove the pupil for the most severe over-exertion of the voice, or the continual gasping for breath. On the contrary, I have frequently heard them encourage it; and custom also causes them to believe it a correct method. However, the opinion we in Germany have, that the operas of Verdi are not adapted to vocalization, does not rest on a sure foundation. Well-trained and perfect singers may be able to conquer them, and produce imposing and beautiful effects, which these operas, with a discreet orchestral accompaniment, frequently afford; and I think that the Italian public, in spite of the present abominable state of musical matters, could appreciate them.

To the above we have the testimony of still higher authority to add, which is no less than

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Mme. JENNY LIND GOLDSCHMIDT. The following are extracts from a private letter, which we have had for three years in our possession, and which we have hitherto refrained from making public, out of regard to the feelings of the writer, who, at that time professionally before the world, naturally wished to avoid all chance of exposing herself to misunderstanding and unpleasant feeling on the part of amateurs and artists of a school different from her own. But we are sure that no such ground for silence now exists, and at all events the *good that must be done* by such most timely words from such a source, is enough to plead here in extenuation of a possible breaking of the seal of confidence. We risk the sin, for it is of the letter only, not the spirit. The remarks were written, at our own suggestion, in fuller explanation of advice given to a talented young vocalist who went to Europe for improvement in her Art. We copy word for word from her own autograph, which as a piece of clear, vigorous and not ungraceful English composition, is creditable to a woman of fine intellect. The Italics are her own:

"If I might be permitted to offer a suggestion in regard to Miss ——, it would be a recommendation to her not to go to Italy, as she has been advised by some friends to do. My humble opinion is, that the recently adopted method of Italian singing is not the most natural and healthy. The proof thereof is, that we see only a few singers in our days that know how to preserve their voice, having once been in Italy and there acquired the habit of forcing more sound out of their lungs than nature intended they should.

"I never went to Italy myself from that very reason. After having heard all the modern Italian singers, I was well convinced that *my* voice never would have been able to preserve its natural elasticity and its character of high soprano, had I undertaken to adopt the same forced style of singing as is now-a-days almost unavoidable in Italy by the frequent performances of Signor Verdi's operas. . . . His music is the most dangerous for all singing artists, and will continue so to be until the artists themselves will better understand their own interests, as well as that of the beauty of the art of singing, and refuse to sacrifice themselves to a composer, who by no means understands the exquisite beauty of the real Italian singing, that cannot be surpassed by any other nation.

"Miss —— will find both in London and in Paris masters fully qualified to instruct her in all that is deemed requisite; and in the former city now lives the most distinguished singing master, Mr. Emanuel Garcia, who is in my opinion eminently qualified to understand and to develope her voice and talent.

"A year's residence in London or Paris will enable her to judge of the progress which she has made, and also the propriety of afterwards spending six months or one year in Germany, *the land of real music*, in which the true artist only can acquire the genuine stamp of Art. Germany offers perhaps less excellence for the singer, *as a singer;* for the German language is very hard to pronounce and often changes the character of the sound; for instance: the quality of tone in singing out the Italian word, *Dolore*, and the identic German word, *Schmerz*, will be found quite different in its result, and infinitely in favor of the former. But—to wish to become a good artist, with a good artistical conscience, and *not know Germany* and its musical masters, would indeed be as great a loss for the artist, as it would to the public, before whom he ought to wish to give a *right* impression.

"I know what Germany is to an artist, and, with all my veneration for the *true* Italian singing school, I really believe that, unless I had taken the German music as the ground-work, my whole knowledge of Italian singing would never have satisfied me, and my musical faculties would have been undeveloped and unfruitful.

"What I therefore wish most earnestly to impress upon Miss ——'s mind is, that she would try to combine *Italian song* and *German music*, the one being as necessary as the other;—that she would try to avoid *false pathos*, as the same law exists, to its fullest extent, in Art as in life;—that she be true to herself, try to find out the beauty of truth, as well in the simplest song as in the most difficult aria;—and the great secret will be her's,—the most powerful protector against envy and malice will be on her side."

These are words to be pondered. They are not one-sided, they are not unkind or prejudiced. Observe, the writer fully admits the paramount claims of the *true* Italian school, but doubts if the Italy of to-day be necessarily the right place to find it. "Italian *song* and German *music*"—there is the whole story in a nutshell. Form the voice, acquire the method, learn the pure, the natural *cantabile*, from the good old Italian traditions; but at the same time remember that, in *this* century at all events, Germany is the "land of real music," and seek to become baptized into the spirit of the great composers, the immortal HANDELS, MOZARTS and BEETHOVENS, as well as of the ROSSINIS and BELLINIS, or in these days the still more questionably exclusive spirit of the DONIZETTIS and the VERDIS.

Musical Correspondence.

[Extract from a private letter to the Editor.]

NEW YORK, SEPT. 28.—Last evening Mr. BRISTOW'S "Original, American Grand Opera, Rip Van Winkle," was produced for the first time by the Pyne and Harrison troupe, under his direction. In the first and third acts the libretto follows Mr. Irving's legend with but little variation; the second act is a piece of invention, in which a continental officer (Mr. HARRISON), "made up" quite like the pictures of Washington, falls in love with Alice, Rip Van Winkle's daughter (Miss LOUISA PYNE); and the usual military manœuvres are introduced for stage effect The opera was very well put upon the stage; the scenery and costumes were uncommonly good; and if the public verdict is worth anything, the opera was decidedly successful.

Of the libretto not much can be said, only that it is by no means as senseless and ridiculous as are most of the Italian school. Probably Longfellow or Willis would have done better, but then no one expects poets to write librettos; such drudgery is left to verse-makers. The work is not, properly speaking, a *grand* opera, for much of the dialogue is spoken; a shabby practice, which I hope may go out of fashion. The charm is at once broken when the actor descends to the prosaic level of *talking;* and the opera in fact becomes merely a play, with music interspersed. The composer evidently aimed at producing a popular, and not a classical work. The melodies are light, resembling those of Auber, sometimes reminding one of the better class of native compositions, by some miscalled Ethiopian. Simple and graceful themes, set in stirring, strongly marked rhythms, keep the public feet in motion, and the public heart bounding with delight.

However the sincere devotee to Art may regard this popular success, still, as a believer in the English opera yet to come, I rejoice even at the production of works like this, because the public will learn in time that all inspiration was not given to the Italian and Teutonic races. If we are ever to have any national operas, they must be based upon our own language; the union of intelligible, vigorous and attractive plays with kindred music.

As to the manner of performance of "Rip Van Winkle," not much can be said to Boston readers, who have heard this troupe so often. Miss Louisa Pyne was as charming as ever; her sister filled her position creditably; Mr. Harrison was execrably out of tune as usual; but the new basso, Mr. STRETTON, was if possible, worse in every respect than his illustrious chief. The sweet voice and really brilliant execution of the prima donna seemed with the audience to atone for all the sins of her associates.

Musical Chit-Chat.

Miss ADELAIDE PHILLIPPS, after three and a half years absence from her Boston home, spent in the earnest and successful cultivation of her rich voice and artistic talent in the Old World, announces a Concert at the Music Hall this evening. We cannot doubt that she will receive the warmest welcome. Her antecedents are well known and such as to insure a deep interest in her. Her various talent, shown at an early age in the Museum theatre and elsewhere, her cheerful industry, intelligence and frank, generous nature; her remarkably rich contralto voice, self-taught at first to do good service, and afterwards, under the faithful and judicious training of Madame ARNOULT, cultivated to a point that made her a very acceptable concert-singer, all showed the capacity, under right conditions, of an artist. The warm interest of JENNY LIND, too, was enlisted, and following her advice, she studied for a year with GARCIA, who was more than satisfied with her progress. Of her subsequent successes in Italy, in the contralto rôles of Rossini's and other operas, we have all read. Miss Phillipps's only regret is that circumstances did not enable her to spend also some time in Germany; but her musical studies have not been limited to one style or school of music; Garcia has taught her to know Gluck as well as Mercadante and Rossini, and her own taste is large and catholic. Should she be able to remain in her old home this winter, our higher kinds of concerts may be much enriched by her. At all events all musical Boston must be eager to listen to her voice to-night. She will have the assistance of Mr. HARRISON MILLARD and an orchestra under the direction of Mr CARL ZERRAHN. She will sing a Rondo with variations from Meyerbeer's "Margaret of Anjou," a Barcarole by Paer (in the Venetian dialect), Rossini's *Una voce*, and duets from *Tancredi* and *Il Trovatore*, with Mr. Millard. The orchestra will play two overtures and other selections.

The forty nights of Italian Opera at the Academy of Music in New York, commenced on Monday with *Il Trovatore*, with Mme. LAGRANGE as Leonora, and Mlle. ALDINI, a new and apparently much admired mezzo-soprano, as the gipsey Azucena; the other characters were cast as last year. On Wednesday *Linda* was performed, with Mme. LAGRANGE, Signorina MARTINI d'ORMY and Signori BRIGNOLI, MORELLI, ROVERE and GASPARONI in the principal parts. *Trovatore* again last night. Meyerbeer's *Huguenots* and *Prophète* are in preparation, to be brought out with great splendor; in these Miss Elise HENSLER is to take part. Mr. HARRISON MILLARD will not appear at the Academy before December, and then in *La Favorita*. Meanwhile we are glad that Boston still retains him as a concert-singer and a teacher, and we ask attention to his card in another column.

To the foreign engagements already mentioned, (CASTELLAN, SALVIANI, and CARRIANI), the Academy has now added (if report be true) that of ROGER, who is so great in Meyerbeer's operas, at a salary of $5.000 per month. Speaking of salaries the *Courier and Enquirer* gives us the following authentic state-

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ment of the necessary expenses of an Italian Opera in New York, based on the arrangements of last season:

Prima Donna, per month,	$1200 00
Do. Do. "	800 00
Second Do. "	100 00
First Tenor "	1200 00
2nd Do. "	250 00
Baritone "	1000 00
Basso "	600 00
2nd Do. "	200 00
Music, wardrobe and scenery, variable according to supply and novelty	250 00
Total per month	$5,900
48 Orchestra, per week	600 00
36 Choristers	400 00
Leader	100 00
Prompter	20 00
Chorus Master	20 00
Stage Manager	37 50
Gas	100 00
Advertising and printing	250 00
12 Carpenters and Scene-shifters	70 00
40 Supernumeraries	75 00
Call Boy	3 00
Property-man and boy	18 00
2 Servants	12 00
Stage doorkeeper	8 00
2 Gas men	20 00
9 Ushers	27 00
3 Doorkeepers	13 50
3 Policemen	13 50
Treasurer and officer	60 00
Runner to press	6 00
3 Tailors	28 00
Bill-posting and distributing	20 00
Hair Dressers	10 00
Sweeper, Cleaners and Fireman,	21 00
Total per week	$1932 50

This table of expenses, it will be seen, shows a monthly outlay of $13,330; but it is still deficient in several important items, namely: the salaries of a contralto, ($800,) another tenor, ($1000,) another baritone, ($800,) a second contralto, another second tenor, and a second baritone, ($200 each,) all of which are necessary for the proper conduct of a season of Italian Opera, and which raise the expenditure to $16,530 per month, *exclusive of rent, interest and insurance.*

The salaries of the Prima Donna and First Tenor it will be seen are rated at $1,200 each per month; but Madame DE LAGRANGE and Signor MIRATE received last season three times that, or $3,600 each per month, raising the monthly expenditure to $21,330 per month, exclusive of rent, interest and insurance.

This statement is made the basis of an argument, and a pretty weighty one, against the demand for opera at low prices. It presents one side of the question exceedingly well, and we hope to find room for it all another time. We shall be glad also to hear the best that can be said upon the other side.

MR. BRISTOW's new American opera, "Rip Van Winkle", has had a nightly run now of a week or more, and is really a popular success. A letter from a correspondent above will be read with interest. It agrees with the general tone of criticism in the New York papers, all of which pronounce it music of a light character, but of a good deal of merit in its way. FRY, of the *Tribune*, goes into a five column celebration of the event, with analysis of the work, seemingly fair, and interesting, much of which we would gladly have had room to copy this week. Meanwhile we clip the following testimony from a private letter from one of the first German artists, a leading man in classical music matters in New York, whose word could not be idle flattery. He writes us: "Bristow's new opera is in point of instrumentation excellent, and there are otherwise many good things in it. The work really does an American composer credit; it is the first one of the kind which has inspired me with respect. The plot is poorly arranged and some cuts and changes in the programme of the different pieces would be desirable." We are happy, by the way, to learn that Mr. Bristow has made his peace with the Philharmonic Society and returned into the arms of the "good old mother". So should it be; let true musicians meet upon the ground of Art, and cease the foolish quarrel about native and foreign!

MR. HERMANN ECKHARDT, who announces his services in another column as a teacher in the higher branches of music, is one of our most able, thorough and intelligent musicians; familiar with all the best German Music, one of the best conductors and arrangers for orchestras that we have ever had, a composer too, in all the classical forms, and really one of the masters of his art. We trust he will find many pupils and remuneration for his services to the cause of good music in our city.

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Time of commencement and further particulars will be announced hereafter.

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C. F. CHICKERING, TREASURER.
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Boston, October 6, 1855.

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For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Reminiscences of a Summer Tour.

VIII.

VIENNA CONTINUED—PRAGUE—THE RIVER ELBE—HIGH MASS IN THE COURT CHURCH AT DRESDEN—CONGREGATIONAL SINGING—THE SILBERMANN ORGANS—COLOGNE CATHEDRAL REVISITED.

Vienna holds no longer its proud preëminence as the musical metropolis of Europe. Once the chosen residence of HAYDN, GLUCK and BEETHOVEN, in this our day it is rather shunned than sought out by the masters of Music. The memory of STRAUSS is greener there than that of MOZART. At the Kärnther Thor I heard only the *Lucrezia* of DONIZETTI, while BALFE was, at this time, about to inaugurate his new opera in the theatre that resounded with the first strains of the *Zauberflöte*. But the public and private collections of Art, easily accessible at all times, are alone well worth a pilgrimage to the Austrian capital. And in the beautiful galleries of the Prince Esterházy, (that munificent patron of Art) one can, at least, recall in imagination some strains of the choice chamber music of Beethoven, to which their walls echoed in the presence of the great master, and in his palmiest days.

I was much impressed by the fine monument of the Archduchess Christina, by CANOVA, which stands in the Church of the Augustines. It is of purest white marble. A funereal train is descending into the tomb, bearing in an urn the ashes of the deceased. Following after, is an old man bowed with age and infirmity, and by his side a little child goes weeping. Sorrow, deep, earnest, almost audible, seems to pervade their very forms. As you look upon the mourning group, an irresistible melancholy comes over you like a shadow, and you grieve in sympathy.

I left Vienna by the railway at dusk. In a state between sleeping and waking, in which the music of the fifth symphony was strangely mixed up with the hideous realities of the rattling train, I passed the night, and arrived late in the morning, unrefreshed, at Prague. It was a fête day. All the Bohemian capital was in motion. The twenty-four statues on the bridge seemed the only objects bearing the semblance of life, which were at rest. Sleep was not to be thought of in the midst of such general activity, and straightway I mingled with the moving crowd. In the great church I heard the hoarse, but not unmusical, chaunting of the collected thousands of the peasant pilgrims of Bohemia. Towards evening, I strolled into the old Jewish burial-ground, on the banks of the Moldau, and found there, in the fellowship of graves of six centuries existence, that congeniality of repose I had elsewhere sought in vain.

From Prague to Dresden there is a choice of routes. That by the railway is the most direct and convenient. But the lover of rare and beautiful scenery will leave the train at Aussig, midway in his course, to make the descent of the Elbe. Here the glories of the Saxon Switzerland commence. For many miles the river runs, as in a trough, between walls of perpendicular rock and high mountains, rivalling those of the Rhine in picturesque beauty. The stream changes continually as you proceed; is serpentine and straight, by turns; now narrowed in its pent-up channel through some rocky mountain pass, now widening into a broad, placid lake like the Hudson at the Highlands. Below Schandau you pass the bold promontory of Schramstein, close under the fortified heights of Pfaffenstein, and Königstein with its impregnable fortress—against whose walls Napoleon battered in vain—thence on, through a wild country of tale-telling tradition, "the cradle of gnomes and kobolds," till, at length, near Dresden you emerge among thriving villages and cultivated fields, like the exit, on the Neckar, from the vallies of Odenwald upon the plains of the Rhine at Heidelberg. This was the fourth of the German rivers whose acquaintance I had sought; and it is worthy to take its place in that grand quartet of streams which the Rhine with the Danube and Neckar complete.

The music at High Mass in the Court church in Dresden has long been considered the finest of its kind in Germany. Nor am I disposed to dissent, in my humble judgment, from the universally accorded opinion; although, I confess, I was far more impressed by the mass in the Cathedral of Cologne. The latter performance, it is true, had all the collateral advantages of a fitting and imposing architecture, so that it is difficult, perhaps, to separate wholly what belongs to the music and what to associations and the place. And aside from the utterly tasteless architecture and tawdry decoration of its interior, there is a positive physical defect in the Dresden church, as an acoustic room; its reverberatory properties being such as to render all distinctness in articulation impossible. Hence the delicacy and artistic shading that belongs to the touching music of the mass, and in the absence of which its full effect can never be realized, is here, in a great measure, lost. Regarded as a mere musical performance, I allow the Mass in the Court church is mechanically a miracle of success. But I could not fail to notice, in the light operatic manner of the performance, a total disregard of that religious element, which the great masters have so conscientiously infused into all this class of their compositions; without which to call it sacred music is a misnomer. There was something, moreover, in the barbarian custom of disposing the male and female parts of the congregation on opposite sides of the church, like the Shakers, during the service, and the mongrel mixture of the Catholic and Lutheran form of worship, that ill disposed one to be satisfied at best.

From the Dom I went direct to the Evangelical church, the antipode of the former in every respect. Here, for the first time in my life, I heard the true Congregational Singing of Germany; the mingling of three thousand voices, led by a powerful organ, in a choral hymn. I am no Puritan in music. But the simple, solemn grandeur of that occasion, I shall not soon forget. It was like the music of the sea—all-pervading, overpowering in effect. I could, at once, appreciate the reason why we can have no Congregational Singing in America. It is, as Lowell Mason once remarked of a church in this city, where the experiment had been tried and failed, for two reasons; and the first is, there is *no Congregation*. He would have added, as a second reason, had it not been superfluous, that the congregation cannot sing. Hence the lamentable failure at St. Paul's, and other churches where it has been attempted here. How different in the old Lutheran temples in Germany, where the assembled people number, not unfrequently, four and five thousand, and of these *all* have some appreciation of music.

There are in Dresden and its vicinity some of the mellow-voiced organs of GOTTFRIED SILBERMANN,—famous builder of the last century; whose instruments, for opulence of tone and rare excellence and beauty of expression, are unsurpassed. One of these is in the Dom or Court church. The organ, from its position, and the

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acoustic defects (above named) of the building in which it is placed, by no means shows for what it is worth. It is not of the largest calibre or extent, but is of such intrinsic worth that, were it almost any where else, it would draw as many pilgrims to its shrine as does the rare instrument of Herr Kocher at Stuttgart, or the colossal organ at Freyburg,—and this is not the only instance where an ill-devised architecture has blurred the fair fame of a most noble instrument. It numbers 47 registers, arranged with three manuals and one pedal, as below:

GREAT ORGAN.

		Feet
1	Diapason	16
2	Bourdon	16
3	Bassoon	16
4	Trumpet	8
5	Octave	8
6	Gamba	8
7	Rohrflute	8
8	Octave	4
9	Spitzflute	4
10	Fifth	3
11	Superoctave	2
12	Third	1 1-2
13	Cornet, 5 ranks.	
14	Mixture, 4 ranks.	
15	Cymbal, 3 ranks.	

CHOIR ORGAN.

1	Diapason	8
2	Quintaton	16
3	Unda Maris	8
4	Flute	8
5	Quintaton	8
6	Vox humana	8
7	Octave	4
8	Rohrflute	4
9	Nasat	3

		Feet.
10	Octave	2
11	Third	1 1-2
12	Flach flute	1
13	Cornet, 5 ranks.	
14	Mixture, 4 ranks.	

SWELL ORGAN.

1	Principal	4
2	Flute	8
3	Chalumeau (Schalm)	8
4	Rohrflute	4
5	Nasat	3
6	Octave	2
7	Third	1 3-5
8	Rohrflute	1
9	Cymbal, 3 ranks.	
10	Sesquialtera, 4 ranks.	

PEDAL.

1	Great Diapason	16
2	Sub Bass	32
3	Diapason	8
4	Octave	4
5	Mixture, 6 ranks.	
6	Trombone	16
7	Trumpet	8
8	Clarino	4

I went to the opera, one evening, to hear the music of the "Midsummer Night's Dream." I was somewhat surprised to see the same orchestra, in the same force, that on the preceding day had occupied the organ loft of the church. The performances of the evening were not remarkable. As a whole, it was far below what I had heard at Munich and Frankfort. Indeed I must confess to a feeling of disappointment in the music of the Saxon capital, which I would fain attribute to the unseasonable time of my visit, and, quite likely, to my unfitness of mood, or non-appreciation, perhaps, of such as was given. It was, nevertheless, with unfeigned regret that I bade adieu to the beautiful city, and its treasures of Art, and turned my face westward once more. I left on the morning of a fine day by railway, and passing, without stopping, through the interesting cities which lay upon my route, came, at evening, to the banks of the Rhine at Cologne.

Far off, I saw again the gigantic crane on the Cathedral top, with upraised arm, as though waving a welcome for the weary pilgrim to the shrine below. I made haste to obey the summons, as soon as I could alight from the train. The majestic pile seemed to rise toward heaven as I approached. I had looked upon it for the first time a few months previously, in the opening of early day. Now, again, after many wanderings, I found myself within the charmed circle of its presence, at the coming in of night. Nor had its grandeur and the majesty of its architecture a whit diminished, after comparison with its rivals in the various cities of the continent. The old feeling of wonder and awe came over me, strengthening and confirming my convictions of its matchless power. I passed through its gloomy portals, and stood in the vastness of the space within. In the gathering darkness, the eye could not compass its bounds by roof or wall. From a dimly-lighted chapel in the distance, came the music of Vespers, in unintelligible accents, dying and swelling upon the ear, at intervals, like the summer wind. Soon it ceased altogether. The priests and the choristers passed out and left me quite alone. The whole vast building seemed in a repose the most profound. Silence reigned supreme. A sense of utter loneliness oppressed me. It was as the solitude of an Alpine mountain pass, than which there is nothing in nature more impressive. An emotion akin to fear crept over me—a spell, as of some undefined presence, warping and controlling my faculties, till I secretly gave credence to the weird influences of the place, and the legend of its supernatural origin. With an effort, at length, I threw off the incubus, and passed out into the open air. The sky was partially overcast, obscuring the stars. At the distance of a few feet, I paused to look back. The limits of the gigantic structure seemed now more ample, and, while I yet looked, to grow visibly in the uncertain light. A little further on I turned again, and saw nothing. It had wrapped itself up in the mystery of the night.

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An Evening in the Hartz.

FROM THE PRIVATE LETTERS OF MR. BROWN.

(Concluded from last week.)

But now I heard the voice of the herald, and the Man of Fancy led me back to the entrance of the charmed valley. The herald's proclamation was to the effect that half a century had passed away since the last general meeting for the naturalization of citizens in the Republic of Fancy, and this present meeting was for the purpose of receiving and deciding on applications by men of genius for the reception of their creations into the Republic, there to have and to hold, to receive and to enjoy, all and several, the rights and honors and privileges of the Immortals. "And now," ended he, "let all such as during the past half century claim to have created beings worthy to live and have their being in the enduring realm of the Imagination appear, and present their offspring at the tribunal. The Representative of Posterity sits there as judge, and Truth and Nature as his assistants."

The Tribunal was just outside the barrier and had escaped my notice as I entered—probably owing to the effect first of the gloom I had encountered, and then of the absorbing character of the view which met my eyes upon entering the enchanted circle.

To tell of the crowd of beings which suddenly seemed to fill the whole valley, as if raised by magic, would be utterly impossible. Representatives of all nations and tongues were there, bringing up to the Judge such as they hoped would pass the ordeal and keep their names alive in the field of literary fame. A crowd of bustling Frenchmen came first. There were Sue, and Paul de Kock, and George Sand, and nobody knows how many more. At most of the creatures presented by them, the Representative of Posterity smiled or frowned, and at the touch of the wands of Truth and Nature they fell into ashes or disappeared entirely. Corinne and Consuelo stood the test, and a few others of both sexes, but the number was small in comparison with the crowd who vanished like a morning mist. I was amused at a plea made to the judge by the Man of Fancy in behalf of two or three personages, whom that functionary seemed inclined to condemn as untrue to nature.

"They are true, your honor, to Frenchmen's nature," said he, "and it takes all sorts of people to make a world." The judge smiled, and it was found that they did pass the ordeal.

When Fouqué appeared with Undine, a curious question arose, whether she was to be considered as human or still a nymph of the waters. It was left to her to decide, and the beautiful creature chose the former. As human, though she had suffered beyond the power of humanity to bear, still as human had she tasted of love and happiness. Both Truth and Nature dropped a tear as she passed through the portal, where she was greeted with all a sister's affection by Ophelia and Desdemona.

Hoffmann came with Kapellmeister Kreisler, and Master Martin, and a sweet German girl with deep, loving blue eyes—they passed in at once.

It was very remarkable that from Italy, Austria, and other countries, cursed with the censorship of bigoted priestcraft and despotism, very few came to present their creations. There are many men of Genius there, said the Man of Fancy, but all traits and sentiments, which give life and reality to their creations are crushed out, and the noblest souls are allowed to present the world little more than the outward forms and masks of humanity. Had Zschokke lived South of the Alps his Alamontade would never have passed the Tribunal as he now does.

A complete report of all that took place on this remarkable occasion is of course out of the question, by any force less than a full corps of *Tribune* reporters. I can give a few incidents only.

Picciola, in innocent and child-like beauty, passed in, the touch of the wand of Truth but adding to the charm of her ingenuous countenance.

The most successful of all who appeared at the Tribunal in the number of his creations which stood the tests, was Scott. Yet many of his finest conceptions were excluded as being historical figures, clothed indeed, but not created by him. Waverly, Ivanhoe, Baillie Jarvie, and several others, whom I did not happen to know—not being much of a reader of Scott, with Die Vernon and Rebecca, passed in. I saw, too, old Isaac, of York, and thought to myself, a companion for Shylock at last, but Isaac would have no intercourse with him. The Judge had hardly finished the creations of Scott, when two horsemen were seen in the distance coming leisurely along the ridge from Harzburg, followed by an immense multitude of all ages and sexes.

"Heavens!" said I, "If all that crowd find admittance, there will not be room enough in the whole valley for a man to turn himself."

"Never fear," said my friend, "they all have to pass the wands of Truth and Nature."

With immense parade and ceremony, the motley crew were brought before the judge. The most casual observer could not fail to note the close family resemblance, somewhat disguised by paint, costume, and theatrical secrets. They paled and vanished one by one, until but a type or two of them all were left, and these the wand of Nature reduced by a touch to a few pieces of buckram and a small quantity of shreds, patches, paint and spangles. The originator of the "two horsemen" seemed at first a little surprised and indignant at his reception by the Representative of Posterity, but soon recovered his good humor, and collected the remains of the crowd in his handkerchief, with the remark to Cooper, who stood near, that here was material enough for as many more, who would do well enough for the present generation—and as to Posterity, what has it done for me that I should care for it!

Cooper came forward with a very confident air and intimated to the Judge and his assistants, that if they destroyed *his* creations in this wise, he should sue for damages. The Judge said that the extraordinary power of description and the marvellous talent for incident, which all the world gave him credit, for would be sufficient to keep his men and women long in remembrance, but only on condition of their passing the ordeal, could they hope to join the band of the Immortals.

It was indeed curious to see how creatures on which he had labored with all the powers God had given him—beings whom he seemed to cherish with more than parental fondness, fell away and crumbled

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into dust at the touch of the wand. One old hunter, who cast wistful glances at the forest around us, stood the test, as did also a creation in a red skin. In relation to the latter, a singular question arose, as to whether it belonged to humanity, or should go with the supernatural beings, which dwell in another part of the realm of the imagination. The Man of Fancy argued that it was a splendid creation and had found its place already in the admiration and love of the whole literary world; he admitted that it was as purely a being of the fantasy as the water and air spirits, but it had human affections and feelings, which could only find play in the company of the old hunter who had just passed in.

This view of the case prevailed, and the Indian and Leatherstocking were soon in deep converse upon some topic of natural religion.

Byron was another who brought forward a large number of candidates of both sexes, and seemed not a little enraged, when a touch of the wands showed them to be but canvass-covered frames on which he had painted himself more or less black, or daubed the features of his lascivious companions. I have always hated that man's writings, and rejoice exceedingly at the fate of his puppet Byrons and mistresses.

What a contrast! for a mild, modest, New England country clergyman appeared with a little wild creature, which he had picked up in an out-of-the way huckleberry pasture—the most exquisite representative of a certain class of American children that imagination ever conceived. Judd's little Margaret, you may be certain, was not excluded.

Diedrich Knickerbocker begged the Judge to pass him in at once, if at all, as he thought he should be able to gather some valuable information from the old hunter, who had spent his early years in the neighborhood of Albany. As may be supposed, no difficulty or hindrance met the little old man in his passage to the Immortals.

One or two curious legal questions of possession occurred. A Spanish or gipsey dancing girl was presented by half a dozen different persons. I think Longfellow, Victor Hugo, and even Carl Maria Von Weber all claimed her.

"If," said the Judge, "it was a matter of importance to the people within, or to those whom I represent, that this question should be decided, I should certainly not give my decision but in the presence of Cervantes, for if I do not err, Preciosa must look as much to him as her creator as to any other of whatever genius. She has become a living reality, and as such passes in, and whatever claims you have to urge must be brought before some other tribunal than mine."

Another of these cases was still more curious, and of special interest to me. Some one, I do not know who, had brought forward a barber—a prattling, cunning, noisy knave, who was at once claimed by Beaumarchais as his property. It would have made little difference as to the proprietorship in the end, for the form was without life, and was rapidly fading away before the wand of Truth, when Rossini stepped up, and by a stroke of genius filled it with vigorous life. With a leer at the sober virgin, Truth, and a comical glance at the Judge, Figaro, for it was he, began in stentorian voice: *Largo al factotum.* He had sung but a few notes, when from within was heard the glorious: *Non piu andrai* from another Figaro.

"Stop, stop," cried the Judge, "this is no opera house, nor Yankee singing school," but as the two Figaros refused to stop, they were put into the custody of the herald, for contempt of court. They made him no little trouble, each contended that he was the veritable Figaro, and that he alone was the living representative of Beaumarchais' original Barber. To save time and trouble, and also as being in fact the most just course to pursue, the Man of Fancy argued that they both should be admitted among the Immortals, as they both stood the tests of Nature and Truth; and that their reception might be considered as an application of the principle in the case of the two Dromios. The two Figaros embraced very lovingly, and I had the satisfaction of hearing them soon after entertaining Sancho Panza, the Dromios, Launce, Speed, Falstaff's boy, Corporal Trim, and several other servants and footmen who are still in the service of their masters among the Immortals.

Another case similar in principle, was that of a noble woman—one of the grandest and loveliest of creations. A Frenchman, and two or three Vienna men of literary attainments, if hardly to be called poets, claimed her. She would however, have never passed the barrier, had not Beethoven come to the rescue and endowed her with a soul so lofty, a spiritual fire so heavenly, as to render her worthy the society of Hermione, and Isabella, and Viola, those masterpieces of Shakspeare's all-creative genius. As Leonora or Fidelio, she will—she must live as long as human hearts are "touched with the concord of sweet sounds."

As to the more recent creations of genius, not much was at this time decided. Several, who had brought a troop of candidates, were advised by the Judge to wait until another assembly. A whole crowd of fashionable novelists, who persisted in presenting their heroes and heroines, had the mortification of seeing the last shred and patch disappear at a single wave of the wand of Nature. Some of them were severely reproved by the judge for their presumption in bringing such hollow works into his presence, and Lady Blessington, I recollect in particular, was told that she could gain little favor at that tribunal, for stealing an entire work from Henry Mackenzie, and tricking out his finely drawn characters in the paint and tinsel of her fashionable life.

Dickens was told that it would be a dangerous experiment for him to present many of his heroes and heroines, as the touch of Truth and Nature might not be too well borne by many of his exaggerated caricatures. He was wise enough to take advice from the Man of Fancy, and only brought forward some half a dozen personages, of whom Mr. Pickwick and Sam Weller of course were admitted as well as little Nell. Mr. Pickwick went bowing and smiling in, and a natural attraction brought him at once into the company of Uncle Toby, the Vicar of Wakefield, and their club, while Sam, as in duty bound, joined the soirée of footmen. I overheard him remark, as he cast his eye upon the stolid face of Sancho Panza—"Well you are a rum 'un!" Little Eva coming up at that moment under the care of Uncle Tom, the touches of Truth and Nature only adding to life and reality, she passed in with Nell. I do not think I ever saw anything more perfect, more angelic, than the little group soon after formed upon a bank, shaded with orange trees, where they found Mignon—Eva, Nelly and Mignon, with the dark face of Uncle Tom turned toward them, radiant with satisfaction, and Nelly's old grandfather sitting, the picture of aged happiness, by her side.

Most of Bulwer's characters await a future assembly. Pelham, the fop, entered, but seemed ill at ease in the company of the fops of the last century whom he found there.

One sweet creature I must not forget. She was one of those to whom life had been a weary waste, a time of sighing and tears, of hopes defeated and expectations cut off, of affections blighted and longings unutterable never satisfied, yet she had borne all so meekly, had borne her sad lot so heroically, that Truth held not out her wand, but kissed her and dropped a tear upon her pale cheek. Need I say that this was Evangeline? Need I speak of her reception by Helena and Hermione?

A dark looking man approached, who might have ventured to have offered several candidates for admission, but modestly presented but two—a woman of haughty, noble beauty, clouded with the weight of some awful and secret sin, and her child, than whom no elf nor mischievous fairy could have presented a more wonderful and significant face. That scarlet letter upon the breast! Hester and little Pearl. They passed in among the immortals. Little Pearl found no companion at first, but something in Eva won her confidence, and a look of extreme wonder overspread her face as she felt the strange, sweet, new influence to which she was subjected. Hester sought no one, but there was one there, who knew what the burden of sin is; and he could sympathize with her in her sorrow and abasement. He sought her out, and she soon found the blessedness of sincere sympathy in the sin-beladen Christian, the Pilgrim. She will find another friend there, for Harley, the Man of Feeling, is one of the Immortals. Hester's lot is better now than in the old Puritan days of Boston. Becky Sharp passed without difficulty, but I cannot say that her reception by the ladies was very gratifying; she soon, however, found friends enough among the gentlemen. I do not, at this moment, recollect any others of general interest who were admitted to the Republic, nor does it seem advisable to dwell upon the fate of those who were unsuccessful.

The rapidity with which the business of the occasion was transacted was a marked feature, and hardly so much time was employed in deciding the cases of hundreds as I have spent in recording these few—but then the Judge had indeed a pair of able assistants.

Thus, long before I had thought it possible, the applications ceased, and the court took a recess. For an hour the Man of Fancy and I wandered among the various groups, who were making the acquaintance of the new comers, and exhibiting a good deal of curiosity to learn the character of modern society as exhibited in their persons—for are they not the embodiment of the spirit of the age in which they live?

It may, perhaps, be of interest, if I record my observations upon a few well-known personages. Don Juan seemed not entirely at his ease in the new society in which he found himself, and indeed for characters of his type, the Republic of the Immortals must be little better than a purgatory. The curious bond between him and Leporello seemed in some degree loosed, for with the change in his circumstances, the excitement of his dare-devil life had passed away and the servant seemed glad to escape from an existence now of tedious monotony, into the society of others of his class. Donna Anna, happily, spite of Oulibicheff, did not die, but having outlived the excitement of the dark scenes in which she had been involved, became a sedate and noble dame, a worthy wife to the very respectable Spanish grandee, Don Ottavio, and a devoted mother to his children. Rather an exclusive group, the members of which did not seek any general acquaintance in the society of the Immortals, took its social tone from the courtly Sir Charles Grandison—there seemed indeed a positive unwillingness on their part to indulge in any intercourse with the children of the genius of Henry Fielding, Esq. We now visited also a more distant part of the grounds fitted up in quite another style. Here were a host of characters, the children of Eastern imagination. Truly children, for they are simple-minded, and intellectually undeveloped. Singularly uniform are they in character—humanity in its sensuous aspect. They live rather as the necessary inhabitants of a certain realm of the imagination, than as single and individual children of genius. Here I saw Ali Baba and Morgiana, Aladdin and the princess—the barber, the fisherman, and all those wondrous personages who were the delight of my childhood—and (must the truth be told?) are not unfrequently, still. Praised be the Howadji, that one no longer fears to acknowledge it. Yes, on that memorable evening I saw them! I need not specify whom I saw,—open the enchanted book—their

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names are all there. Better had I not seen them, for it gave me such a longing for the East, with its floods of sun, its richness of verdure, its cafés, its bearded and turbaned people, its mosques, minarets, palaces, gardens—its *orientality* and its romance. It almost unfitted me for the Western society in the other part of the valley—the sensuous man had really achieved the victory over the intellectual.

Of all those who properly belonged in this part of the valley, I saw only Sinbad, who sought the West; as I passed out, I found him still with Crusoe, and a third who had joined them—no less a personage than the world-renowned Gulliver—a gentleman to whom I was very heartily glad to pay my respects. He informed me that the stock, which he brought with him from Lilliput, had all died out, owing to the want of proper care and food during his subsequent long absences from home, and remarked with a sigh, that he had some difficulty in persuading people of the truth of his relations, though his statements were hardly less probable than those of the worthy gentleman with whom he was conversing. Mr. Justice Shallow passing at the moment with Cousin Slender, I could not resist the temptation to ask him if he ever received his money from Sir John Falstaff?

"By Cock and Pye, sweet Sir, not a farthing. That thousand pound was the breaking of me. One old sword and one hose and doublet were all I ever received—but the hose and doublet were cut up into clothes for a dozen of my servants."

The Man of Fancy now called me again to the tribunal, where the supernatural cases were to be decided. Fouqué brought forward a new water-spirit; Chamisso, the devil, who stole Schlemihl's shadow; Hoffmann, the maidens who bewitched and bewildered the student Anselmus. Frederick Kind brought the "Wild Hunter," whom Weber endowed with life. Drake brought his "Culprit Fay," and Hawthorne, a specimen of the real old New England puritan Witch.

All these passed the proper examinations, and were declared to be real inhabitants of the realm of fantasy. There may have been two or three others, but their names have escaped me. The place of meeting for these creatures was of course the Brocken, and thither I was taken by the Man of Fancy. Here also Shakspeare was still the great creator, though Mephistopheles and the Erl King played parts by no means of very secondary consequence. I was amused to see Mephistopheles introduce the New England Witch to the witches of Macbeth, it was done with so consummate an air of impudence. This reminds me that I had seen Gretchen below, restored to her early innocence.

The company upon the Brocken was truly a strange collection, representatives of all the wild fantastic creations which have in all ages been made to people air, earth and sea, were to be seen—a pair of gorgons and chimaeras dire, with cold, stony eyes; Genii from the East, goblins, cobolds, and treasure guarding dwarfs; the headless horseman; the giant of the Brocken, of course to-night at home; witches, and all those kinds of odd devils of whom David Teniers, senior and junior, have preserved the portraits. Asmodeus, no longer shut up in a bottle, hopped livelily about on his two sticks. Caliban was raging against Prospero—and would not be soothed by that d——ned witch, Sycorax. But there was a more pleasing picture. Ariel, asleep in a cowslip; the whole court of Oberon and Titania; a thousand merry elves, and fairies of every kind and degree, Naiads, Nymphs, dwellers in trees, whose lives end with the life of their dwelling place; all the sweet creatures that are invisible but real to our fancies—who are neither human, nor partakers of humanity, were there. The few moments I spent here have left but a confused impression upon my memory, nor could I enter into details without perhaps offending some.

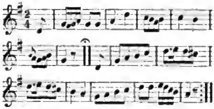
On returning to the valley, we found the tribunal removed, and the thick veil of gloom dropped against mere mortals like myself. The Man of Fancy informed me that he had no power to conduct me further into the mysteries of the place, and indeed it must be confessed that nothing but my wish to furnish a correct report would have induced a longer stay on my part, as I was becoming well nigh exhausted by the excitement caused by the singular scenes to which I had been admitted. After catching one more glance at the beauty and splendor within, as the Man of Fancy entered, I returned to Ilsenborg, as may be supposed, very weary. Perhaps, but for this very weariness, I might the next day have viewed the whole as a mere creation of the Man of Fancy.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

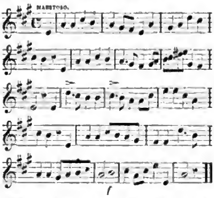
Why shall we not have an American National Song?

Mr. Editor:—The paragraphs on the "Marseillaise," and "God save the king", in recent numbers of your Journal, prompt me to offer a few words about the Dutch national song, although there is nothing romantic or antique about it. My object in mentioning it is the hope that it may suggest a way to get at an American national song,—a song worthy of a great nation.

The old *Wilhelmus van Nassau*, (a kind of "Yankee Doodle," was all but forgotten and discarded; no one sang or played it, and no one cared to hear it. It is this:



Some forty years ago, an individual (General Kraajenhoff) offered a handsome premium for the best poem, and for the best music for a national song. The prize song (composed by Willms) was adopted in all the schools, and became rooted as the national song of Holland, and is as popular in Batavia as in Amsterdam. The words: *Wien Neêrland's bloed door d' ader'n vloeit*", &c.* are inspiring, and the air is noble and effective, sung by masses,† yet simple and easy for children to learn. Here it is:



Why could not something of the kind be done here? Let the words be such as will inspire love for country and union, as well as a feeling of the blessings of freedom. The adoption of a national air is no such trifle as to be unworthy of the attention of the true poet or the exalted musician. The love of country,—one of the noblest feelings of our nature,—if not created, is stimulated and invigorated by an exciting air associated from infancy to manhood with all that is grand or tender in our youth and age, all that is elevating or generous in the soul, all that is warm and noble in the heart. This country is so vast that its population need every tie that can bind them together more firmly as one great people; and he will achieve no slight labor, and reap the reward of patriotism, who will prepare either song or music that will warm, purify and strengthen that lofty sentiment of patriotism which makes men heroic and women divine.

Who will undertake the words or the melody? We have had great prizes offered us for fat cattle and fine peaches; for pigs and poultry; flowers and children. Here is certainly a nobler theme for competition. Let the poets and the musicians strive for the immortality that awaits success in such an effort, and let a competent assembly of poets and musicians select the best composition of either kind and recommend it to their countrymen, and something will be achieved which, it cannot be doubted, will elevate the tone of public spirit, and give new life to that national feeling, without which national independence is a body without a soul.

Boston, Oct. 3, 1855. Wm. Keyzer.

* "Whosoever has Netherland's blood flowing in his veins", &c. A friend has given me the following English version of the whole poem, which is by Tollens:

If true Dutch blood flows through your veins,
  Unstain'd and genuine;
If you love king and fatherland,
  Then join your voice to mine.
With voices strong and glowing hearts,
  We'll hallow, hand in hand,
The noble song that pleases God;
  For king and fatherland.

God listens on his holy throne,
  When angels sing His praise,
But also listens to the tune
  Which from our lips we raise.
For, after Heaven's perfect choir,
  He most likes what we sing;
A noble song from glowing hearts,
  For fatherland and king.

Protect, O God! and guard the soil,
  Our land so dear, so free;
The spot where once our cradle stood,
  Where once our grave will be.
We beg it, Father, from Thy hand,
  With moistened eye we sing—
O save! O save, our fatherland,
  Our fatherland and king. W. P. R.

† When published it was sung *con amore* by the students in Göttingen and other Universities in Germany.

Rachel in the Marseillaise.

The great *tragedienne* has at length yielded to the pressure of New York curiosity, and sung the hymn of the French Revolution. The *Courier and Enquirer* says of the event:

La Marseillaise crowned the evening. What was it? Singing? It was nothing less than it was that. A hoarse voice, broken, incapable of sustaining the melody of the simplest romance, and utter want of skill in vocalism,—such are Rachel's gifts as a songstress. But what could melody have added to that inspired chant of Liberty? Melody would have made it a different thing; but how far from being a better! It seemed as if centuries of wrong had turned Liberty from an angel to a demon, and that she was possessed of it. She quivered and cried out as the spirit worked its will with her and made her utter its fierce hatred and fiercer hopes. Death

flamed from her eye, and the frantic wave of her hand was like a call to vengeance which millions must rise and answer. The house was alternately hushed and in an uproar. Well may Frenchmen take proud delight in her delivery of this, the most, perhaps the only, purely French creation which is destined to immortality in spite of Emperors and Academies.

The New York *Tribune* thus describes the effect produced by her declamation of the hymn:

The fire of enthusiasm had scarcely subsided, when the curtain rose and Rachel slowly advanced to the footlights. The tricolor stood on the stage. Silence pervaded the house. In Rachel's simple white classic dress and modesty of attitude there was a touching solemnity. She gazed silently on the audience for some minutes, during which her countenance changed gradually from an expression of melancholy to one of withering scorn. Then suddenly the face was lit up with a look of terrific wrath. A glowing fire of revenge burned fiercely in her dark eyes. From the modest maiden she had sprung into the inspired goddess of liberty, inciting enslaved men to noble deeds. The opening words "Allons enfants de la patrie," she sang with deep intensity of passion, and beautiful was the touching change in the expression of her countenance from scorn to compassion, as with one hand pointing to the far distance, she chanted in slow, measured tone—"Ils viennent jusque dans vos bras egorger vos fils, &c." But her stature seemed to grow, her veins to swell with blood, as she addressed the imaginary tyrants loudly and boldly in the words.—

"Tremblez, vos projets parricides
Vont enfin recevoir leur prix."

She reached still higher degrees of confidence as she went on, until she expressed the most unlimited scorn of the enemy both in word and look, and as she again summed up her fiery invectives the soul-stirring appeal:

"Aux armes citoyens,
"Formez vos battalions,"

the enthusiasm reached its height. She then walked to and fro for a moment as if overcome with a terrible sorrow, but turning round she seized the tricolor flag, and holding it high in the air, she fell on her knees addressing it with veneration in the words:

"Amour sacre de la patrie,
Conduis, soutiens nos bras vengeurs;
Liberté, liberté cherie,
Combats avec tes defenseurs."

No power of language can do justice to the enraptured adoration with which she pronounced:

Liberté, liberté cherie.

We can fancy the madness of passion which such an ode chanted by such a woman must have roused in the hearts of the Paris population in the days of revolution. Here it lacked the occasion to give it effect, and did not create so high an enthusiasm as the closing scenes of Horace. It can scarcely be called a song. It is a scene of musical declamation, in which the meaning is conveyed less by power of voice than by intensity of feeling and eloquence of gesture. But whether we call it song or declamation, it is Rachel's sculptural grace and concentrated power of utterance which keeps us spell-bound.

Diary Abroad.—No. 21.

BERLIN, SEPT. 8.—Again to the Dom. The choir is now much larger than it has been, and the little boys' voices ring out finely. The opening psalm, though, was only a chant, and one which I am tired of hearing. It would have been better to have staid away, for the emptiness of this boy music has set me to longing for the service in Antwerp or Cologne, or even in little Bonn. Just as at times I *must* read a play of Shakspeare, when I feel an intellectual void which nothing else can fill, so there comes a craving for the tones of a mixed choir; and although Antwerp and Cologne stand written a line or two above, any other town would do nearly as well, provided the little choir in the church would sing a *good* psalm tune respectably. Setting aside all religious principle, the merely religious emotional *something* within us, whether the result of nature or of education, craves at times to hear the expression of that something in music. In some moods the cold, stately cathedral services of the English church appeal to the feelings, as does the cold, stately Elizabethan Gothic architecture. But generally speaking, one wants more warmth, more genial feeling thrown in. This I find ofttimes in the Catholic churches—not always. Colder music I do not wish to hear than a mass by Marschner, which I heard several weeks in succession in Bonn, some years since; more frivolous music than I heard in a Vienna church in 1851—it was opera music—poor opera at that—sung by the operatic singers. Music is the expression of emotion, say we now-a-days, looking at it in its highest aspect—that, then, was not music, for it expressed nothing.—People crowded to hear it, and the alms-collector pocketed a round sum every Sunday—the singers drew remarkably well.

Hear Haydn, or Mozart, or Beethoven, or Bach, or Hummel,—indeed there is a host of writers unknown to fame, who might be named—hear their masses. Take Mozart. He who has read his life—that by Holmes is the best—will know how deeply and sincerely religious his father and mother were in all their feelings, the religious *sentiment* being especially developed because they were Catholics. They educated the little Wolfgang accordingly, and grown up Wolfgang, a few months before his death, spoke of the effect of all his early religious training and associations upon him as a writer of music for the church. I forget who tells the story, but it is in Nissen, and I read it with ever new pleasure. After the famous droll scene at Leipzig, where Mozart had written some nonsense texts to a mass which had no religious feeling in the music, to show old Doles that this was the case—(for the *Kyrie Eleison*, which had a brilliant allegro: "*Hol's der Geyer das geht flink*", and to the close of the fugue: *cum Sancto Spiritu, &c.*, "*Das ist gestohlen Gut, Ihr Herren, nehmt's nicht uebel*") the conversation turned upon church music generally. Some one remarked that it was in the highest degree unfortunate that so many musicians, especially of former times, had been like the old painters, obliged to employ their immense strength upon, for the most part, not only unfruitful, but soul-killing subjects for the church!

Quite changed in his tone of feeling and sad, Mozart here turned to the rest of the company and said, in substance, though not exactly in this manner: This seems to me just like another specimen of your Art-prating. Perhaps with you *enlightened Protestants*, as you call yourselves, if you have your religion in your heads—there may be some truth in it; I do not know. But it is different with us. You do not at all feel, what this is: *Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, Dona nobis pacem*, and the like. But when one from his earliest childhood, like myself, has been introduced into the mystic holy of holies of our religion; when one then, who does not yet know whither he shall go with his dark but tumultuous feelings, in the full fervency of his heart joins in divine service, without really knowing what he wants; and lightened and cheered goes away again not really knowing what he has received; when one feels that they are blessed, who during the moving *Agnus Dei* kneeled at the altar and received the sacrament of the supper, and while receiving it the music spoke in joy and peace from the hearts of the kneeling ones, *Benedictus qui venit, &c.*,—that is another thing. Yes, indeed, this gets lost as we go out into the world; but, at least, it is so with me—when one takes these words, heard a thousand times, to set to music, all that comes back again, stands before him and moves his very soul.

He went on to describe some scenes of the kind out of his earliest childhood at Salzburg, then during his first journey into Italy, and lingered with special interest upon the anecdote, that Maria Theresa, when he was fourteen years old had commissioned him to compose the *Te Deum* for the dedication—I forget whether of a large hospital or another similar foundation—and to produce it himself at the head of the imperial orchestra. "How I felt then! How I felt then"! [*Wie mir da war!*] cried he several times, "all that comes not again! One drives about here and there in empty daily routine"—then overcome by his recollections, he grew bitter, drank much strong wine and uttered not another rational word.

Now it is sacred music composed under the influence of feelings like those described by Mozart, that I at times have such a craving to hear. There is the story of Beethoven, too, and his first mass. Some of those who heard it thought it strange music, and Prince Esterhazy said, "But my dear Beethoven, what have you been doing again"? in a way that touched the author severely. But thirteen years after, the German text to this mass, containing the expression of the music, as Scholz, the writer of that text felt it, called up the feelings, under the influence of which Beethoven had wrought, in so lively a manner, that he wept.

He that preaches in earnest reaches the heart. And whether the religious emotion be uttered by Catholic or Protestant, by Brahmin or Moslem—the *emotion* is the same. The very argument, which stands so conspicuous in Paley and all his followers, that the universal spread of religious feeling proves that it has some real foundation, may be applied to prove that religious music cannot be sectarian.

The greatest works of Mozart, Haydn, Handel, Bach, Beethoven, Cherubini, Mendelssohn, to say nothing of many men of less note; the greatest Italian works which I know or have heard,—are all church music. I know of no very recent works of the kind which one can rank very high, for the modern Italian, French, and more recent German composers, have, very few of them, at all events, that religious training, that development of the religious sentiment, which was so remarkable in the composers named above, and in the old Italians.

But I have rambled a long distance from the Dom choir! Splendid as it is, neither that nor any choir without female voices can touch the feelings like even an ordinary mixed chorus. But as there is no mass to be heard by such a chorus here, I must satisfy the craving for it by "diarizing" over it.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, OCT. 8.—We have fine musical prospects for this winter. The Philharmonic rehearsals commence this week, (rather earlier than usual,) for the first concert on the 24th of November. I am sorry that the Society have been obliged to renew their lease of Niblo's Garden and Saloon, for the concerts and rehearsals. Both were too small last winter for their respective purposes, and I had hoped that some other arrangement might have been made. Several new features have been introduced in the management of affairs. One is the plan of extra admissions to the rehearsals being obtainable, at fifty cents apiece. Why not twenty-five? That seems sufficient for such an object, and has been established as the regular rehearsal price in Boston, and here in other cases. Another innovation that I heartily approve of, is the introduction of ushers, to prevent the incessant talking which has so long annoyed all the music-loving frequenters of the rehearsals, particularly. I fervently hope that the measure will be effectual, and heartily thank the originator of the plan. Mr. BERGMANN has been engaged as leader for the season. I regret this for the sake of Mr. EISFELD, to whom it must be a disappointment;—but if Mr. Bergmann prove more than a new broom that swept clean with our unruly orchestra, we shall have no reason to regret the change.

In the intervals between the four Philharmonic concerts, we are to have three by the Musical Fund Society, of which I subjoin the prospectus:

The want of an additional Series of Philharmonic Concerts in this city, has been felt already for some time, and has suggested to the American Musical Fund Society the idea of supplying the deficiency, to the advantage of the Fund now accumulating in their hands, for the benefit of the sick and otherwise incapacitated members of the profession.

They would therefore respectfully announce that they have positively decided on giving during the ensuing season, and at as early a day as a sufficient number of subscribers shall have been obtained, the Three Classical Concerts called for by their Constitution. These Concerts, which are to be in no way inferior to the best efforts hitherto brought forth here, will comprise an efficient and powerful Orchestra, aided by the most distinguished Star Talent available at the time, and the Music is to be of the highest order, without, however,

excluding the better works occasionally composed in this country.

But in presenting this plan to the American Public, they deem it well to disclaim from the first any attempt at opposition against the old Philharmonic, whose principal members and officers form also a part of the A. M. F. S. Their intention is simply to improve the opportunity now offered to increase the efficiency of the latter society as an assistant to the former—the improvement of the welfare of musicians being of necessity subservient to the better discharge of their duties;—and in view of this, the undertaking is earnestly recommended to the favorable consideration of all interested in the advancement of the Art.

By order of the Concert Committee.

U. C. HILL, Chairman. LOUIS ERNST, Sec.

This will supply a want that has long been felt by the truly musical part of our public, and offers a prospect that will be hailed with rejoicing. And if Mr. Eisfeld favors us with another series of his delightful Quartet Soirées, there will not be many European cities that can offer more advantages for hearing good music, than our young, crude New York. —A—

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, OCT. 13, 1855.

THE CONCERT OF MISS ADELAIDE PHILLIPPS. The sight of the Music Hall nearly filled with people, in spite of the drenching storm of Saturday, showed how warm and general was the welcome to our young *cantatrice* on her return from Europe. Her reception was indeed most hearty and enthusiastic; and her graceful, lady-like acknowledgement of it, as by an artist at home upon the stage, as well as the unaffected naturalness and frankness of her whole appearance, predisposed all in her favor. Her singing did not in the least disappoint us. If she is not all that we have heard in ALBONI and LAGRANGE combined, if she is not the wonder of wonders (for fond and thoughtless people will expect all that), she is at least an admirable artist, one whose voice, execution, taste, expression, talent and evidence of reserved force afford rare satisfaction and still rarer hope.

Her voice is a pure contralto of the most rich and musical quality; perhaps *not* quite so powerful as formerly (or was it owing to the larger hall?), but powerful *enough*, refined and equalized by culture to that degree that each tone is a luxury to the ear, and the spell is never broken by the sense of mere crude physical body of sound. It is the voice of an expressive artist. The low tones are remarkably fine. She seemed to touch some of the highest tones rather lightly, and we fancy there is yet more strength to come from them. Her execution, as displayed in such florid pieces as the variations by Meyerbeer, and *Una voce*, is very smooth and even, and all is done in a good, honest, natural style, with nothing overstrained, and with the right expression always, without any of that manneristic Italian pathos which grows so offensive and so feeble. It was questionable taste, to be sure, to commence a piece with embellishments and even variations at the very outset; but *Una voce* is familiar enough to every body, and used by common consent as a stalking-horse for the display of brilliant vocalization. Besides, the embellishments were singularly graceful and clever (by Garcia, her teacher, we are told) and were exquisitely sung.

In the duet from *Il Trovatore* with Mr. Millard (rather a feeble, sing-song sort of melody, to be sure) she showed a beautiful *cantabile*, and any one who remembered VESTVALI in the part could measure the wide difference between such a singer and an *artist* like Miss Phillipps. The Venetian Barcarolle was charmingly sung, and here she took occasion to respond to the emphatic encores that followed every piece, by seating herself at the piano and giving utterance, most sincerely and fervently, to her joy in once more seeing "Home", in a simple little melody, which she sang with the truest feeling. It warmed the audience to an irrepressible ecstacy of delight; she was compelled to sing it again, although it was by no means good taste to call for it. Her unaffected happiness in getting *home* added a charm to all her singing. In the duet from *Tancredi*, which closed the concert, we found her one of the best Rossini singers we have ever heard. But what pleased us most was the simplicity, naturalness, and good sense that pervaded all her efforts. We had the assurance, by a thousand little unmistakeable and indescribable signs, of real talent. We felt that there is much more yet to come of her, and we trust that she is destined to be to us a true interpreter of the greatest masters of song.

Mr. MILLARD was in fine voice and sang with taste and elegance, only once or twice essaying too much in a very high passage. Mr. ZERRAHN's little extempore orchestra played the overtures to *Felsenmühle* and *Martha*, and some curious "selections" quite acceptably, so that the entertainment as a whole was a success, and the reception thereof promised well for the musical appetite of the public for the coming winter.

The subscription lists for the ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS are filling up quite rapidly. It is particularly gratifying to see that so many members of the musical profession testify their sense of the importance of such concerts by subscribing for tickets. This is as it should be. *Such* concerts it is for the interest of musicians *as* musicians to support. Such concerts tend directly to the elevation of the musical profession, to the keeping up of the true tone and dignity of Art amid so much that chills the best aspirations of the artist. They are no mere money-making speculations, virtuoso affairs, to which if a musician gives his *time* he gives more than he can afford. But they are opportunities for the want of which Art and artists languish. Every true artist feels it a good investment to pay a little, to the end that Beethoven's symphonies may not be forgotten in our community. Every musician, not impoverished, can afford to put in his mite with others for the upraising of the character of his profession. And then his example, as a voluntary supporter, instead of an idle honorary listener and critic, tells upon the public most encouragingly.

One word to our readers. It is important that the subscription list should be filled up *soon*. People are in the habit of leaving such things to the last moment, to the great discouragement of the enterprise. *Why will not every one who reads this, and who has been longing for good orchestral music, resolve that not another day shall pass before he shall visit some music store and record his (or her) name for as many tickets as he shall wish to use or give away?*

Musical Chit-Chat.

Our friend KEYZER suggests a good thing in another column. Of course he knows that we can no more *vote* a song into national adoption than we can vote the sun into shining. But something good may come of it. At all events it is high time we were relieved from the disgrace of "Yankee Doodle", which, after the *Marseillaise*, sounds like littleness and meanness and sauciness personified, and which keeps its foothold because it is too true a type alas! of the vile, vulgar, filibustering pseudo-Americanism so rife in our broad land. Perhaps when we have a nobler spirit, we shall have a nobler song.

It will be seen that Mlle. PARODI gives a concert at the Music Hall on Tuesday evening, assisted by Mme. STRAKOSCH, the contralto, Mr. STRAKOSCH, the Pianist, and Sig. LEONARDI, baritone. PARODI has been having remarkable success as a concert singer in New York, Philadelphia and elsewhere, and by all accounts must have greatly improved since she was last in this country, immediately after JENNY LIND, when she created considerable enthusiasm in New York by her vigorous dramatic style, after the PASTA model.... A new candidate for favor in the concert room is announced for next week in the person of Miss JESSIE HAMMOND, who it would seem gives musical entertainments of a like nature to those formerly introduced here by that at once classical and comical genius, HATTON. All we know of the lady is contained in the following paragraph from the *European Times*:

Amongst the passengers per America, Miss Jessie Hammond, a young vocalist and pianist, whose talent lacks nothing but time to secure her a reputation as eminent as peculiar, brings a cargo from England, as per invoice, which, when we say that it has been not only approved of, but contributed to, by some of the first artists of the day, cannot but command the attention of all interested in the articles. Miss Jessie Hammond is peculiarly felicitous in that happy vein of vocalism which John Parry may be said to have created; and we are personally aware of his cordial acceptance of her drafts upon his credit. We confidently anticipate a rapid sale of the articles, and are happy to learn that the supply is unlimited. Perhaps a word on the variety of the goods imported by the fair adventurer may not be amiss; and, as the lady's fame in Liverpool, &c., is A 1, we are happy to bear testimony to her very superior execution on the piano-forte, concertina, and guitar. Miss Jessie Hammond's remarkable tact in vocal expression and delineation of character, from the deepest pathos to the happiest flights of the comic muse, have repeatedly called forth expressions of wonder, no less than regret, at her withholding from the opera stage qualifications which unquestionably would place her among the most brilliant of its ornaments.

Dr. S. PARKMAN TUCKERMAN, who received the musical degree at Cambridge, England, has given his native Boston the preference over New York, and has taken charge of the organ and musical service at St. Paul's church. His residence among us will do much to draw attention to the true worth of the English Church music.....Mr. SATTER, the Pianist has returned to Boston.....Mr. ZERRAHN has been made conductor of the Cambridge Musical Association.

The Italian opera at the Academy in New York is not very successful thus far, in spite of the attractions of LAGRANGE, MORELLI, &c. For this there would seem to be at least two reasons: first the high prices, two dollars being charged for mere admission to the house,—that vast house,—and more for choice seats; and second, the selection of hacknied and indifferent pieces for the opening performances, indeed now for two weeks. *Linda* and *Il Trovatore*, now grown so familiar, could hardly be great cards. Perhaps the public appetite is saving itself for MEYERBEER. —Last night, however, the bill was felicitously varied, Miss HENSLER appearing in *Masaniello*. By the way, speaking of *Il Trovatore*, the *Home Journal* denies that it can be popular from the want of melodies that go to the heart, and develops the thought into the following extraordinary statement: "Few men have scientific musical knowledge—all have a heart, or something that answers for one. It is this truth which still enables *Puritani*, *Norma*, *Sonnambula*, and some few of Donizetti's and Mozart's to hold their place against all comers. *Bellini will live when Beethoven ceases to be remembered!*" As if it required scientific knowledge to *feel* the greater greatness of the latter! As if Beethoven did not speak more from the heart and to the heart than any modern composer! That "or something that answers for a heart" was well put in. It is all that many people seem to have, who decry great music as cold and classical, while they clamor for the Ethiopian minstrelsy, the Balfe namby-pamby ballads, which touch what they call *the heart*.

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The New York Philharmonic comes out in noble proportions this winter:—sixteen first violins, sixteen second, eight double basses, and all on the same scale. No wonder that Herr BERGMANN could not resist the temptation. For their first concert they are rehearsing Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony, Gluck's overture to "Iphigenia" and Wagner's to *Tannhäuser*. Bergmann is also conductor of the American Musical Fund Society and of several German singing societies, and plays the violoncello every night at the Italian Opera.... THEODORE EISFELD, the popular conductor of the Philharmonic and Quartet Concerts, has returned from Europe with health much improved. Messrs. TIMM, RACKEMANN, WOLLENHAUPT, and Mr. LUIS, of the firm of Scharfenberg & Luis, are expected by the end of the month.

We have already noticed the list of singers engaged at the Théâtre Italien in Paris for the coming season. The following are the principal operas which compose the repertoire: *Semiramide, Otello, Mosè, Assedio di Corinto, Barbiere di Siviglia, Cenerentola, Matilde di Shabran*—a large share of Rossini; *Don Giovanni*, of Mozart; *I Puritani, Sonnambula, Norma, Capuleti e Montecchi*, of Bellini; *Lucrezia Borgia, Lucia*, of Donizetti; *Il Trovatore, Ernani*, of Verdi. Three new operas will be played, viz. *Leonora*, by Mercadante; *Fiorina*, by Pedrotti; *Assedio di Firenze*, expressly composed for this theatre by Bottesini. The manager furthermore promises two of Rossini's works, never yet heard in Paris.

Music-Director JULIUS STERN in Berlin has formed an orchestral union for the giving of six concerts this winter, after the pattern of the Leipzig Gewandhaus Concerts. The Programme of the whole is announced and may afford some hints for *our* six concerts. *First Concert:* "Fingal's Cave" overture, Mendelssohn; Violin Concerto, Beethoven, performed by concert-master Laub; choruses and marches from Beethoven's "Ruins of Athens"; B flat major Symphony of R. Schumann. *Second Concert:* A minor Symphony of Gade; Concert in G minor for piano, by Moscheles (played by Von Bülow); Chorus: *Meeresstille und glückliche Fahrt*, Beethoven; overture to *Tannhäuser*, Wagner. *Third Concert:* "Hafiz" overture, by Ehlert; Concerto for three Pianos, J. S. Bach; the "Flight into Egypt," by Berlioz; A major Symphony, Beethoven. *Fourth Concert:* Overture, by Berlioz: *Die Behmrichter*; violin concerto, by R. Schumann, (played by Laub); Procession of Ladies and bridal song from Wagner's *Lohengrin*; C major Symphony of F. Schubert. The *Fifth Concert* is to be distinguished in its character from the rest by a programme selected and conducted by Liszt. *Sixth Concert:* Symphony by Ferd. Hiller; Chorus: "The Storm," Haydn; Fantasia for Piano, orchestra and voices, Beethoven; overture to *Faust*, Wagner.

Such a series of concerts, while it keeps alive the love of the old standard masterworks of genius, also acquaints the public with the notable new things in music; it ministers to a real love and curiosity about good music, and does not go upon the plan so clamored for by *our* young concert-goers of keeping all the good and great things on the shelf unknown, while all is sacrificed to mere amusement of the moment.

THE AGE OF BRASS DECLINING.—One of the most agreeable associations connected with the revivification of the Whig party, is the revival of the Boston Brigade *Clarionet* Band, which has been so long obscured under the overpowering influence of brass. It broke the bonds of its oppression this morning, and burst forth in rich and grateful *ancient* martial music. It carried us back to days when street music was a combination of agreeable sounds, and not one continued grating noise of sounding brass. We trust that, whatever becomes of the Whig party, the age of brass is passed.

The above is from the *Traveller* of Tuesday. We echo the sentiment with all our heart. All honor to the "Old Brigade" which has taken the initiative in this movement of reform! May it not stop till it has purged away all the faulty elements of modern military band music. To have added reeds is a grand step. Let it go on to modify the nature of its existing brass, supplanting by the use of the older *melodic* instruments, the soulless cornets and noisy sax-horn tribe, which at present so abound. X.

Advertisements.

MLLE. TERESA PARODI begs leave to announce that her FIRST GRAND CONCERT in this city will take place on TUESDAY EVENING, October 16, at the MUSIC HALL, on which occasion she will be assisted by Madame AMALIA PATTI STRAKOSCH, the distinguished Contralto, Signor LEONARDI, the eminent Baritone, Mr. HENRY APPY, the famous Violinist, and MAURICE STRAKOSCH, the great Pianist, Musical Director and Conductor. Admission $1. Seats will be secured without extra charge, beginning on Saturday, at Mr. Wade's Music Store.—Doors open at 7; Concert to commence at 8 o'clock.

UNIQUE MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT,
For Five Nights only.

MISS JESSIE HAMMOND has the pleasure to announce to the inhabitants of Boston and its vicinity, that she will make her first appearance in America at the

MELONAON, (Tremont Temple,)

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For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Robert and Clara Schumann.

A MUSICAL SKETCH.

Translated from the Weimarer Sonntagsblatt.

A dull, heavy sultriness was brooding in the Art-atmosphere of Germany; it weighed all timid minds to the ground, and prevented the bold flight of any new artistic spirit. Death had summoned from the earth, in rapid succession, the three greatest masters of German Tone-Art. CARL MARIA VON WEBER was the first to depart from us, and now slept, far away from his home, in foreign soil. He was followed only too soon to his new eternal home, by LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN; he who, long since estranged from the world and its pleasures, had lived and labored in another world of his own! And hardly had the bell ceased to toll for him, when FRANZ SCHUBERT, too, was taken from us, and by his new-made grave stood German Art, desolate and helpless, and none knew what the Future could bring to replace that which we had lost! The name of BERLIOZ, indeed, had come to us from time to time from Paris, but it sounded so dark and mysterious, like an oracle, and none yet knew the heaven-attacking power that was in the young Titan. Of his friends, CHOPIN and LISZT, too, wonderful things were recounted,—but they all dwelt beyond the Rhine, in the great world-city, strangers as yet to our Art-life and our country.

It seemed almost as if the legacy which the three illustrious dead had left to their country, were too great and too weighty for posterity. A general lassitude had succeeded the bold flight to distant zones which these creative spirits had undertaken, and thus it happened that foreign powers, detrimental to German Art, found no difficulty in taking possession of the deserted ground. Italian and French composers supplied the German stage; ROSSINI, AUBER and HALEVY established themselves in the realm which Carl Maria von Weber had hardly founded. HUENTEN and HERZ reigned over the piano, German song was cultivated with ineffectual activity by numberless small spirits, and to the great heritage of Beethoven, to Symphony, none dared lay claim.

It was during this dark time that a number of artists, mostly younger ones, met every evening in Kühne's Wine-Cellar in Leipzig, more particularly, perhaps, for social enjoyment, but no less, also, for the interchange of ideas upon that Art which was the meat and drink of their life—the Art of Music. The head of the table was occupied by a lively, flexible man of middle age, intellectual in conversation, and overflowing with sharp and witty remarks. He was the instructor of more than one of the young musicians around him, who all listened to his observations with profound attention. He was very fond of monopolizing the conversation and suffering himself to be admired. For he called many a young, highly promising musician his pupil, and had, besides, the certain consciousness of having moulded his daughter Clara, at that time a girl of fourteen, into a prodigy, whose first appearance delighted the whole world, and whose subsequent artist activity became the pride of her native city, Leipzig.

By his side sat a quiet, thoughtful young man of twenty-three, with melancholy eyes. But lately a student in Heidelberg, he had now devoted himself entirely to music, had removed to Leipzig and was now a pupil of the "old schoolmaster," as the father of CLARA WIECK liked to be called. Young ROBERT SCHUMANN had good reason to be melancholy. After long struggles, he had only been able to devote himself entirely to music comparatively late in life, and had been obliged to pass a part of his precious youth in studies which were as uncongenial as possible to his artist spirit. He had finally decided for the career of a virtuoso, and was pursuing the study of the piano with an almost morbid zeal, when the disabling of one of his fingers, a consequence of his over-exertions, obliged him to give up this career forever. He did not yet suspect that this accident would prove fortunate for him in the end, by directing him to his true vocation, Composition. Perhaps, too, it was the first germ of love, in the garb of admiration for the wondrous talent of Clara, which made young Robert so quiet and dreamy. His companions were all the more lively. There sat the eccentric LOUIS BOEHNER, who long ago had served as a model for E. T. A. HOFFMANN's fantastic pictures. Here J. P. LYSER, a painter by profession, but a poet as well, and a musician besides. Here CARL BAUCK, the indefatigable yet unsuccessful composer of songs, now, in his capacity of critic, the paper bugbear of the Dresden artists. He had just returned from Italy, and believed himself in possession of the true secret of the art of singing, the monopoly of which every singing-master is wont to claim for himself. C. F. BECKER, too, the eminent organist and industrious collector, belonged to this circle, as well as many more young and old artists of more or less merit and talent.

The younger ones were all still without a name. They had as yet no Past, rich in achievements, but all the more aspiring plans and bold hopes for the Future. They were all active-minded and clear-sighted enough to recognize that musical matters would not long continue in the state in which they had been since the revolution of July.

"Young Germany" had already commenced its reformation in literature. With BOERNE and HEINE at their head, the sharp and spirited pens of a GUTZKOW, LAUBE, KUEHNE, MUNDT and others were preparing a revolution on intellectual ground, which kept even the noble diet of Frankfort more on the alert than was right. In Munich and Dresden new artist-schools were forming, which promised to have an important influence on the plastic arts. Only in music there was still a death-like calm. But it was the calm before a thunder-storm, and distant lightning flashes were already illumining the horizon. Here there was no "young Germany" yet: at least no one knew of it. But its first elements were already assembled in Kuhne's cellar in Leipzig, and talked of CALLOT, HOFFMANN and JEAN PAUL, of BEETHOVEN and FRANZ SCHUBERT, and of the three young foreign Romanticists beyond the Rhine, the friends of the new phenomenon in French poetry, VICTOR HUGO.

This was the "*Davidsbund*", or league of David.* * * * * *

Among several other Art-devoted houses, that of the "old schoolmaster" offered the friends at all times a cordial welcome, the highest encouragement for their efforts and achievements, and a most agreeable intellectual centre around which to meet. Nevertheless, for various reasons, it would perhaps have been visited less frequently, and in a more frivolous spirit by these young fiery artists, who were yet rushing boldly forth into life in youthful recklessness,—had not Clara shed a quiet charm over the whole place, and, by her indwelling Art-genius, as well as the pure, true womanliness, which was strangely blended with her still child-like manner, bound the friends to her in united admiration and inspiration.

"She early lifted the veil of Isis. The child

* See Vol. VII., Nos. 1 and 3 of this Journal.

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looks calmly up—the man would perhaps be dazzled by the brilliancy:"—thus wrote Robert one evening in the "thought-and-poem-book" of the *Davidsbund*, as, still intoxicated by the impression of her charming manner, he sought to be alone with his glowing heart, and confided in passionate outpouring the emotions that were agitating it to his faithful and silent friend, his piano. Did he perhaps not yet know that he loved? Who can solve the problem, if not he himself?

Clara, however, suspected nothing. Her manner to him, as to all, had that ingenuousness, that child-like calm and serenity, which is peculiar to such noble natures, and which made the happy man whom she would one day love, all the happier.

During this time of longing and struggle, of wavering between admiration and growing love, Robert created his first master-pieces, and, before all others, the glorious Sonata: "Florestan and Eusebius," which, himself rendered worthy of the laurel thereby, he placed upon his Clara's youthful brow, as the fairest of laurel-wreaths.

And at that time, too, those fantastically-inspired piano compositions came to light, which, as much poetically as musically conceived, and passionately and rapidly changing in their moods, entwine the hearer in chains of strange thoughts and ever-varying images: the "Intermezzi," with their up-starting "Alternatives," where so suddenly the song: "My peace is o'er," speaks to the heart; the "Impromptus," to which Clara not only gave, at Robert's request, the first theme, but, unconsciously, all the *motifs*; the "Davidsbund-dances," so full of character, of "Florestan and Eusebius," and the "Carnival," which we shall yet visit ourselves; finally the "Fantasy-pieces" of a richly and highly endowed spirit, with their deeply fervent "Evening Thoughts," their inspired ecstacy, their tender, imploring, and yet unsolved question, "Why?"

Thus the true love of the real artist expresses itself in *works*, which, in their undying worth, their never-changing capability of inspiring, will yet, at a time far distant, speak to posterity of the noble, joy-exalted or grief-stricken heart, even when it has long ceased to beat.

But if Robert and Clara were not yet fully conscious of that which was passing within them, and on which their happiness for life was to depend—the old schoolmaster was shrewd enough to anticipate all results. He was, however, by no means, rejoiced, but rather annoyed at the love that was springing up between the aspiring, richly-endowed artist-man and the young, tender artist-maiden.

What was it to him if every one that was unprejudiced recognized, at the first glance, that these two were born for each other—an artist pair, sent into the world by their mutual genius for the revival and refreshment of our age, so poor in poetry and pure Art? What was this to him? He had developed and educated Clara, she was *his*, and should remain so. Clara was his property, his capital, and he considered every one who attempted to rob him of this, as no better than a thief. With jealous eyes he watched over his treasure; but not with those of a mother, who carefully guards her only child in the world's ever-changing tumult, but with those of the miser, who carries the key to his riches upon his heart, and the money itself within it.

The old schoolmaster knew how to calculate. He counted upon his Clara's talent for a good income, not only of money but also of fame. He was ambitious of the fame of his pale, delicate child, who looked out from her deep, clear eyes, upon the restless crowd, and could not understand the world! But sometimes a silent tear would glisten in Clara's eyes, and her lips, like those of Robert, tremblingly whisper: "Why?"——

The old man found it very natural that nearly the whole town worshipped his child—it was tolerably indifferent to him too, that more than one loved her. He feared none but this Robert, and indeed, he was the only dangerous one.

It was unfortunate that in addition to this, Robert's eccentric and imaginative nature and the independent soaring of his genius became, with every new work, more distasteful to the old man. It was particularly since Robert had been obliged to give up the piano, and had emancipated himself completely from the instructions and precepts of the old master, that the latter would have nothing more to do with him. He had remained a musician of the old school, who hated all innovations from the bottom of his heart, and was secretly vexed at every young musician who would not compose in the manner which his grandfather had considered right and proper. For a time he had gone with the younger composers, because they were his pupils, and because he hoped subsequently to gain some influence over them. But when they grew above him, and he saw that one after the other refused to follow his pedantic rules, a silent wrath came over him, and he believed himself an unappreciated benefactor of mankind.

Most particularly he warned his Clara against this Robert, "this Faust in a modern garb, against whom she must guard her heart as she would her fingers against a Lisztian composition—for he was none other than Mephisto *in propria persona*; and as soon as he had gained only one finger, he would soon have the whole hand, and finally the poor soul into the bargain!" But when all his warnings and sermons had no effect, the old man peremptorily forbade all intercourse with Robert, and finally would not allow his daughter to speak to or even look at him. And if she ever did so out of the house, at concerts, or elsewhere, he took care that each timid look of love should be richly paid for with a stream of tears.

But tears will not drown love; they only serve to steel the glowing heart. And by all these obstacles and struggles the two artist hearts became only the more firmly united.

But the old man concluded to put a speedy end to all this. It needed but little reflection to do this, for Clara's destination to the career of a virtuoso held out to him the simplest and most natural pretext, and separated the lovers without any *eclat*.

He took Clara on a concert-tour, first to Vienna, then farther and farther away. And Clara reaped laurels and poems, and the old man fame and money in plenty. The former he had printed, the latter he pocketed, and now thought himself safe and Clara forever delivered from the meshes of this "romantic love." But Clara's heart had remained at home!

And Robert?—He was forbidden to write to her. But he did, nevertheless, and she received his letters. They were the "*Schwärmbriefe* of Eusebius to Chiara." They were printed; every one might read them, yet none has understood them but she for whom they were written.

In them Eusebius wrote to Chiara, after the first concert which he attended without her: "Amid all our musical soul-feasts there always peeps out an angel-face, which more than resembles a certain Clara. Why art thou not with us? And how thou wilt have thought of us last night, from the "*Meeresstille*" to the flaming close of the A major symphony!—I also thought of thee then, Chiara, pure one, bright one, whose hands are stretched towards Italy, whither thy longing draws thee, but thy dreamy eye still turned to us!"

And Chiara's voice answered back from Milan: "Often, at night, the chords resound, as if touched by a spirit-hand. At such times think that I am thinking of thee!"——

Would you know what an end this love came to, a sad one or a happy one?—You need only search in Robert's works again. There the answer is plainly written.

Several years passed away. It was already 1840, when the "Myrtles" appeared, in a rich garland of songs, and gave to a happy "Bride," as "Dedication" the unsurpassed song: "Thou my soul, oh thou my heart?" †

Soon after we behold a closely and blissfully united artist-couple approaching us, who present us with a mutual gift, as a lasting remembrance of the happiest hours of their life—they are the first songs of Robert and Clara Schumann.

And then comes the joyous sound of Robert Schumann's first Symphony for grand orchestra, and sings to us, in the full marriage jubilee, of the bliss of the lovers. And a roguish triangle which has crept into the orchestra already in the first movement, laughingly betrays to us that all sorrow is now at an end.

But all that preceded—the bitter grief of a long, joyless separation; the violent conflict of a loving filial heart, which had to choose between father and lover; the old man's cruel threats, which he knew how to carry out only too carefully and conscientiously—around all this we will cast a concealing veil and pass it over in silence. But of this too, Robert's "Nouvelettes," will tell you with the mysterious "Voice from afar," and the "Night pieces," if you penetrate their darkness. And also the "Kreisleriana" and the "Humoreske," with their smile upon the lip and their tears in the eye, and their "Inner voice," trembling with sadness.

But to him who cannot read in the works of the young master, written with his heart's blood, the pangs of his soul must remain unknown.—He himself has willed it so. For, in sad presentiment of future suffering, he once said to his friends: I do not like those whose life is not in unison with their works. The artist should always, like a Greek God, have kindly intercourse with life and man. Only if they dare to touch him, he may disappear, and leave naught but clouds behind him." M. A. R.

Letter from a Country Singing Teacher.

M——, Sept. —, 1855.

John S. Dwight, Esq.,

Dear Sir:—I am one of those unlucky individuals—unlucky at times in your references to us as a class—who depend upon psalmody, much abused psalmody, for a living. Singing schools in country

† The first number of Schumann's *Myrthen* bears the dedication: "*Seiner geliebten Braut*," to his beloved bride,"—in, which, however, the word *bride* is used in the German sense, for "affianced."

villages, and the charge of a choir in this place, are my means of earning bread for my wife and little ones. It is true that this is my trade; I hope it is also my vocation. At all events, I was led into it originally more from the desire to do good and help in elevating the taste of the small public in which I lived, than with any view to money-making; and though now I *work at the business*, yet this form of expression is no more applicable to me, I contend, by way of reproach, than it is to a teacher in a public school; even in your boasted Boston high schools. If I have seen fit to "manufacture a psalm-book," and try to get my winter pupils to use it, I have the consciousness that this arose from no unworthy motive; unless the desire to collect in a small volume such tunes and a few anthems and set pieces as I thought specially adapted to the end of cultivating the tastes and exciting the attention of my schools, be unworthy. For my own part I like *my own tools* best in my own work.

If I were a practised writer, I should be glad to go somewhat extensively into this matter of psalmody, for I think much might be said in favor of the "psalm-book manufacture," as it is called. I can only talk plain and straight forward, and as you are in the habit of doing so yourself, I hope you will give me the same privilege and not annihilate me in ten words, as the ——— does its opponents.

You live in the region of the higher music, and it is as familiar to you as the beauties of the ocean to the rich, who spend their summers at Nahant and Newport. Now we, who live back in the country, are shut out from this, and the remembrance of a great Handel chorus or the full-voiced Orchestra is like that of the single afternoon which we have spent at Nahant in gazing out upon that water Eternity which dashes its spray upon us.

Do not think that we have no longing aspirations to climb into that higher region. Perhaps the time may come. If it does, with all due deference to the opinions of the Journal of Music and its correspondents at home and abroad, we shall have found when we get there that the psalm-book manufacture helped us in no small degree to the ladder by which we climbed.

Now, Sir, please allow me to give you some of my own experience, to show you how this thing is.

As I said, I *got* into the business of teaching singing schools—no matter how. I became interested in it and felt it to be a profession for which I was in some degree fitted. Concluding to try my fortune in it, I felt it necessary to improve myself as much as possible.

So about ten years ago, when summer came and my vacation came with it, I took a portion of my small earnings and went to Boston to attend the Convention at that time held by Mr BAKER and associates at the Melodeon. I was moved to join that convention mostly by the announcement that Haydn's "Creation" would be practised. This was done, and though old frequenters of your famous Handel and Haydn Society found a great deal to laugh at in our rude execution of those noble choruses, and perhaps in the solo singing in some cases, I can assure you that that was an epoch in my life. I know also that others felt it be the same to them. One of the choruses—"The Heavens are telling"—I was familiar with in an arrangement by Mr. MASON in "The Choir," as an anthem. But how much grander and more sublime was it as we then sang it! How, too, can I describe the feelings with which that passage—"A new created world" filled me; and the solo and chorus, "The Marvellous Work"!

Then, Sir, the discussions upon questions of teaching, the hints and lectures upon our particular branch of the profession, were of great importance and interest to me, and I felt at the end of my ten days in Boston, that I had more than my money and time's worth in pleasure, and instruction, and returned to my fall and winter's work with new zeal. And now, sir, to the point in question, that of the "psalm-book manufacture."

Allowing that the grand object of the leaders in that Musical Convention, was to advertise and sell their collections of psalmody and secular music, that does not detract at all from the substantial benefits I derived from attending. Nor am I sorry that I was the means afterwards of selling many copies of their books, and thus adding to the "inundation of psalm tunes." I will explain this farther pretty soon. But first let me state that it was shown by our committee on expenses, that the cost of the hall, lighting and the like, far exceeded what was taken at concerts and by the admission of members, and that, unless the new psalm books or glee books had been manufactured, and had found sale, the originators of the Convention would have been too much out of pocket to have tried the thing again. As it was, we had a great gain, and not entirely to their loss. We made acquaintance with other singing masters from all parts of the country, and a feeling, which I think you call *esprit de corps*, grew up among us, and the sincere wish to give our future pupils some idea of the new delight we had experienced in the grand work of Haydn.

Now to the other point.

Had you, sir, lived in the country and known what singing schools are, you would view the multiplication of psalm books differently.

I shall teach again in W——, this winter. I have taught there already two winters, and we have used the same book. This winter I shall introduce a new one. Because we need new tunes? Not at all. But for various reasons. Let me tell just how the thing goes on.

W——, is rather a small town, and the school will consist of two sorts of people—the *old* singers, and the new beginners. We shall probably have twenty-four evenings. Now for the new beginners it makes no odds whether we use the old book or the new. In either case I must begin with forcing them to commit certain things to memory, the place of *Do* for instance according as the signature of the tune may be, the different kinds of time, the singing both by note and by letters. I must get them in about ten nights to be able to read the notes of simple tunes; and I may say the many simple tunes which we have now, being pleasing mainly from their rhythm, and having simple harmonies, are just the thing for the purpose.

This, with all who have any real talent for singing, I shall easily effect. The rest will mostly drop off. Now come in those who already can read the music pretty well—some of them without difficulty. To these people the singing-school is what your concerts are to you, only they have to make their own music. Now in the two last winters they have sung the book which we used through, and the favorite pieces over and over again. The whole town cannot furnish the means of singing a mass, a sort of music I see much praised in the Journal, nor an oratorio; nor if it could, would it be willing to spend the necessary time in practising it. The schools are got up and sustained partly for the sake of the church service, and partly by the singers themselves for their own pleasure. Now the *old* singers demand a new book. I have practised in one at the Convention and am pleased with it, and I think they will like it. I therefore recommend it, and it is procured. If, on the whole, I do not like it as well as my own little collection of favorite pieces, many of them such as are praised in your Journal, still I cannot blame my pupils for wanting something new, if it be not quite so good. I do not think, sir, that you would be satisfied with being confined at your concerts to the productions of even your classics.

I know this is a very imperfect statement of the matter on my part, but I feel as if we teachers were in some degree responsible for the multiplication of new books, and I wish honorably to bear my share of that responsibility.

If you ask me whether I am satisfied with the new books as well as with the multiplication of new books, I must candidly confess that in one respect I am not.

I think it would be a great improvement to have in every new book two or three choruses from great works, not arranged and adapted, as the saying is, but given with the organ or pianoforte arrangement as in the originals. At the close of each school it is my practise to give a little concert or sort of exhibition in the church, and a few of the last evenings, sometimes an extra evening or two, are given to preparation. If we had a chorus or two from Handel's "Messiah," or Haydn's "Creation," perhaps even from "Elijah," we should have time to learn them, and I should have the satisfaction of doing my little towards making them known, at all events have the enjoyment of hearing and leading them myself. In most of my schools I have no difficulty in getting a pianoforte for such occasions, and of finding some one to play it.

Please excuse my mistakes in manner or matter in this, and believe me respectfully, a gratified reader of your Journal. P. E. G.,

Singing Teacher.

May I venture to suggest that a little more in your paper about music in our meeting-houses would add to its interest with us in the country.

CHEAP PRICES FOR OPERA.—We copied the other day from the *Courier and Enquirer* an estimate of the expenses of Italian opera in New York, and promised the whole of that paper's argument, based on New York experience, against the practicability of the large audience at low prices system. Here it is:

There could not be more erroneous notions upon this subject than those which are generally entertained by the public, and which we regret to see, are encouraged by a part of the Press which knows, or ought to know, better. First-rate performances, at low prices, are called for, that the support of "the mass of the people" may be obtained, and the establishment of the Italian Opera in New York be thus secured. Those who make this demand and this promise, must be deplorably ignorant or wilfully perverse. They generally point to what they are pleased to call successful seasons at Castle Garden in support of their vague clamor; but they ought to know, and, if they do not know, we will tell them upon authentic information, that there never was a pecuniarily successful season at Castle Garden, at any price,—and more, that, with one exception, there never was a successful season of Italian Opera in this city,—and more, that there never was a successful season of Italian Opera anywhere else and we add that the season at the Academy last year was eminently unsuccessful, in spite of "crowded houses," and that the only season which forms the exception to which we have alluded was one at Astor Place, when, according to the impresario's own confession, the company was the weakest we have had for many a year,—the large receipts having been entirely owing to the fact that the season happened to be one when there were few or no parties and balls among those who are attendants at the Opera, when there was no other entertainment of any kind, suited to their tastes, and when, therefore, the Opera House became a place of tri-weekly reunion, and more fashionable than it ever was before or has been since,—the price of tickets being $1,50 to all parts of the house except the Amphitheatre. By a successful season we of course mean in one which the actual receipts from the sale of tickets covered all expenses and left a fair surplus for the services of the Manager after paying interest on the amount of money invested.

Italian Opera is a luxury which "the mass of the people" do not want to buy, and for which

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those who do wish to enjoy it must pay accordingly. Such it has ever been and is, and, for a long time at least, such it will be. It is needless to increase the size of Opera Houses and diminish the price of tickets: the Astor Place Opera House was large enough to hold all the people who want to pay even a dollar a ticket to hear Italian Opera thrice a week through a season of fifty nights.

It is usually supposed that the salaries of the principal artists are the only outlay of much moment in conducting an Opera; but there was never a greater mistake; and that our readers may form a just idea of this outlay, we lay before them the following authentic statement of the necessary expenses of an Italian Opera in New York; based upon the judicious arrangements of last season.

[Here follows statement copied in our Journal for Oct. 6.]

To the cry that the salaries of the principal artists are entirely too large, there is the unanswerable reply that these salaries are but a reasonable advance upon those which they command in Europe. People usually talk as if fine voices were to be had for the asking there; but they are very rare; and united to great vocal skill are much rarer still, of course; and when to the demand for that union we add (as we of New York do) another for dramatic power and a fine presence, the thing we ask is *rarissimus*,—less often to be met with than corresponding abilities in any of the Arts or Sciences or Learned Professions, and must be paid for accordingly,—with this occasion of increment, however,—that whereas the latter may be and generally are exercised during a life time and with increasing profit, as age brings experience, the former are in their prime for only about ten to fifteen years, though in some very rare instances they are *tolerably* preserved for twenty or twenty-five.

We will have artists of high rank and those who conduct the opera must therefore pay them high salaries. We will insist on a fine *mise en scene*, (and we do it in the most effectual way,—by staying away from a shabby performance,) and the managers must therefore be at great expense for properties, scenery, secondary artists and supernumeraries. It has been shown again and again, by actual experiment, that there are not enough of us who love Italian opera to support it, for the love of it, at fifty cents a ticket, or one dollar, or one dollar and a half,—the losses on "the Committee's" season last year having been thousands of dollars, in spite of "houses crowded to the roof" [with dead-heads]—and therefore the gentleman who has undertaken the perilous task of directing the opera at the Academy this season has but yielded to absolute necessity in raising the price of tickets to two dollars, leaving the Amphitheatre open, however, at fifty cents

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For Dwight's Journal of Music.

THE ANCIENT GONDOLIER.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GRAF VON PLATEN.

In explanation of the last stanza the author has a note: "Angelo Emo was the last of the sea-heroes of Venice, and died a few years before the downfall of the Republic. His statue, which is said by those who knew him to be an excellent likeness, and executed by Canova's master, is at present preserved in St. Biagio. It was formerly in his tomb in the beautiful Gothic church (I. Servi) where his ancestors were buried, but was saved when that building was destroyed by the French. The Doge Paul Renier died in 1788."

I.

There in the sun reclining,
His hoar locks lightly flowing
Upon the breeze that's blowing
The spray above the pier;
And willing with the stranger
Who loiters by him slowly,
He talks in accents lowly—
That ancient Gondolier!

II.

He speaks. "I dared in youthtime
Lagoon and sea and weather,
But now for years together
I have not dipped an oar.
By yonder porch the gondel
In worm-decay is falling,
Since no one needs it, calling
As in the days of yore.

III.

"In foreign climes and distant,
Our house's ancient master
Is deaf to our disaster,
Knows not the victor's lust.
And Fortune ceased forever,
That day her favors shedding,
When Bonaparte was treading
Our standard in the dust!

IV.

"Our lord was full of vigor,
His farewell to us giving,
And if he still is living,
His hair is turned to grey;
And if, said he, it happens,
I serve in foreign borders,
No tyrant with his orders
My bosom shall array.

V.

"All stayed, alas! to witness
The sacrilege, the sunder,
The godless horde for plunder
Despise their broken oath;
We saw the puny villains
The weak Bucentaur tearing,
And inmost sorrow bearing,
We suffered long and loath.

VI.

"Saw from its sacred standard
Our winged Lion wrested,
How heartless victors jested
With oaths and human prey;
We saw destroyed by wantons
What might have stood for ages,
The 'scutcheons and the wages
Of Honor torn away.

VII.

"And yet I live; from story
A few still joys deriving,
My feeble limbs reviving
In morning's sunny glance;
The palace of my master
I shall not leave while living,
His careful hand still giving
A quiet sustenance!

VIII.

"I think on past adventures,
Again as sailor serving
I track the needle's swerving
In sun and storm and all;
And Tunis is blockaded,
And 'gainst the Turkish vessels,
With valiant squadron wrestles
Venetia's admiral!

IX.

"O happy day! when hastened
Our Doge to meet him, sailing
In triumph homeward, hailing
The victor,—and our last!
And when I think about it
My soul grows warm with passion,
And dreamy forms I fashion
That flit, as angels, past!" W.

Diary Abroad.—No. 22.

BERLIN, SEPT. 12.—A note or two for Oulibicheff, occasioned by a text-book to *Don Juan*, prepared by Da Ponte himself, some thirty years after Mozart's death, and when that work was already recognized as at the head of opera.

1st. Oulibicheff makes a long discussion of the point where the song of Elvira, added by Mozart for the Vienna stage, should come in; he decides to open the second act with it; Rochlitz made it follow the "Register air." Now Da Ponte himself has placed it after the *La ci darem* scene. Just as Zerlina finally gives way, Elvira comes in and saves her, declaring the true character of the Don. *Exeunt* Zerlina to join Masetto in the chateau, and the Don, no one knows exactly where. Left alone, Elvira gives utterance to the song in question: *Mi tradì quell' alma ingrata*, in which she speaks of the struggle within her of love and desire of vengeance. Its connection with the rest seems better here—for now working herself up to the proper pitch of feeling, we are prepared to hear from Leporello afterward, how she followed Zerlina into the chateau and told the peasants and company there all sorts of unpleasant truths about the Don.

2nd. The same writer discusses at length the point of the locality of the scene in the second act, in which Leporello tries to get away from Elvira and is first prevented by Ottavio and Anna, and afterwards by Masetto and Zerlina, and afterwards, to save his life, throws off the Don's hat and cloak, which he still wore and shows the face of the servant where all, especially poor Elvira, expected to see the master. Oulibicheff builds a half-ruined chapel out of the grave yard for these scenes, as being the only means he can think of, of explaining Elvira's expression: *Sola, sola in bujo loco*. Da Ponte's text makes all clear—the scene is in a *cortile interno*—the inner court of the house where Elvira is staying. This makes the entire action in this part of the opera clear.

SEPT. 17.—"Tell" was announced but not given the other night. But "Tancred" was given last night, and here is a letter about it and its author, written during the carnival at Milan, 1814, forty-one and a half years ago! I have found it very interesting.

"The Teatro Rè was opened on the 18th of Dec. (1813) with ROSSINI's opera seria, *Tancredi*. This work was given for the first time, during the last carnival, in Venice, and afterwards in several of the theatres of Italy, and always with much applause. Here in Milan it has had the same good fortune. The prima donna, Signora SPADA, and Signora BASSI (a native of Milan) who played Tancred in man's clothes and has a good alto voice, were especially applauded. I wish I could hear this opera with a good chorus and full orchestra.

"Herr Rossini, a native of Pesaro in Romagna, pupil of Father MATTEI in Bologna, is hardly twenty-four years old, and has produced during the last six years, a number of right fine operas. He sang previously, with his mother, in the Bologna theatre. I have made the acquaintance of this artist, and have found him familiar with every species of counterpoint and with HAYDN's and MOZART's music. (In respect to an Italian this is certainly worthy of particular notice.) Haydn's transitions he has succeeded especially in making his own. His music has pleasant melody and is in fact somewhat more manly (generally speaking) than that of any of the present Italian composers, Simon Mayer excepted. Unfortunately this talented artist does not venture far out of the common Italian style; and this because he is afraid of his public. At least he has stated this to me. Still I am not satisfied with this; for Mozart's operas make *furore* in Italy, and if it be true that some of the masterly numbers in them are only wondered at and not applauded, this is only because they are neither noisy, nor ending with the common Italian cadences, which *conditio sine qua non* seems very queer to a German. WEIGL and MAYER, who write not always in Italian style, are here heard with enthusiasm. My four years residence in Italy has convinced me, that the Italians are by no means enemies to our *robust* music (as they are in the habit of calling it,) and hear Haydn's "Creation" with just the same delight as many a beautiful feeble work. Why then shall a composer be so afraid of the public here? And where is the fault, that at present an opera so rarely pleases! It lies in this; that the public finds in every *new* opera and *old* one—that is—the same arpeggios, the same modulations, the same transitions, the same crescendos and fortes, the same cadenzas, and so on. How entirely different is this in Germany! However, I will pursue this topic no farther, and only remark, that a composer, who is at home in harmony and counterpoint, fully free from prejudice, but in other respects thoroughly Italian, may certainly take more pains in writing an opera, and need not fear to endeavor to lead an Italian public *by degrees* into better paths in the realm of Harmony."

Rossini's later works must have pleased the writer, whom I have been translating, for they contain no small portion of *robust* life—as well as animal spirits.

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But to *Tancred* and the impressions made by it.

This old opera has been revived by JOHANNA WAGNER, as the part of the hero, Tancred, is contralto, and she has opportunity to show in perfection her noble voice, her grand dramatic power and her magnificent person in the scale armor of the middle ages. She is so very large that she does not make a small man, even in comparison with the largest members of the company. It is a show piece for her, and last night was her first appearance since her vacation; and from one of the highest seats in the synagogue, which I occupied with the cockloft family, the opera house presented a truly magnificent spectacle—filled full, from those hightest seats, where I was, down to the people who had to sit close to the drummers and fiddlers!

But what is *Tancred* all about?

In those days when the Saracens were spreading their conquests towards the West, they came with good force to beleaguer Syracuse. Unfortunately for the Syracusans, there had been strife and quarreling between Arsir their prince, or the head man of their senate—just what he was does not appear, though he wears a sort of crown—and Orbassan, a powerful knight and one to whom all now look as their champion against the Turks. The opera opens with a chorus of knights expressing their joy that peace has been made between these characters, followed by a duet, with chorus, sung by them, in which in all sorts of roulades they swear to devote all to the cause of fatherland. Arsir presents Orbassan to the knights as their future leader. Orbassan exclaims that in the open field all will willingly stake life and fortune against the foe—but what security have they against treachery and secret perfidy? The old law, replies Arsir, which condemns every one, irrespective of age, sex and condition, who is found guilty of the crime of having an understanding with the Saracen. Then, says Orbassan, there is one whom he fears more than Solamir, the Saracen; and that is the banished Tancred, whom many of the Syracusans speak of with respect and love.

The dialogue then goes on so as to show the spectator that Tancred, at the age of five years, was banished from Syracuse, with his father, and has been reared at Byzantium, that the senate has endowed Orbassan with all the estates of the banished knight; that—how, when and where does not appear—Tancred, and Amenaide, the daughter of Arsir, have known each other only to love, and have loved, to be betrothed; that now Orbassan demands the hand of Amenaide, and the king is forced by the exigency of affairs to grant him his daughter.

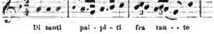
Amenaide is called into the presence of her father and the knights, and there informed that she must give heart and hand to Orbassan. She has a bosom friend, Isaura, whose business is to sing in the duets, trios and other concerted pieces of the opera, and to talk with Amenaide so as to let the audience know how matters in general are getting on—so Isaura is a very valuable personage—operatically considered.

See the wondrous art of the poet.

Arsir.—For thy hand, thy troth
Sues, as husband, Orbassan.
Amenaide.—Orbassan! *Dio!* Isaura!
Isaura.—Be on your guard!
Amenaide.—My letter!
Isaura.—To Tancred? Your messenger is already on his way.

During this by-play, Orbassan grows impatient for the young lady's answer—etc., etc., etc.: finally he gets the wedding put off until to-morrow.

Some changes. Coast of Sicily, view out at sea. A boat comes to the landing-place filled with warriors, among whom is one young, tall, straight, slender, clothed in scale armor, who comes on shore and the whole audience begins to clap as if crazy at seeing Johanna Wagner—I mean Tancred—on his native shores again. Tancred comes forward with his hand on his breast, bowing, I suppose, to fatherland, whom he immediately addresses in a recitative full of roulades,—speaks of his joy at seeing it, and the like; then he passes to his delight at the prospect of seeing Amenaide again, whom, for all that appears, he saw for the last time when he was five years of age. But the critics tell us we must not judge of human passion in hot climates by our own experience, so I suppose it is all right to an Italian audience. Then follows an air—the first six lines nothing particular, but—halloo! there is our old acquaintance, dating from that ancient time when I had the measles, flute mania and other contagious diseases of boydom. I *tooted* it up stairs and down stairs, and in my mother's chamber, in the garret, in the woodshed,—and, for aught I know, its ghost may even now at times sing softly in the ears of the strangers who occupy the dear old dwelling.



This will never do. I shall diarize all day at this rate.

Well. Tancred sends his servant to invite Amenaide to meet a strange knight in the grove, and orders his followers to plant his standard in the square of the citadel and proclaim that a strange knight has come to offer his services in aid of Syracuse.

Tancred steps aside, hearing Arsir with his daughter, and followers approach. Arsir tells her there is no use in crying, and all that sort of thing—she must reward Orbassan for his aid, and that their dangers are now greater, as Tancred is said to have landed—but he is a traitor, who is condemned by the senate, and if he is caught, will "catch it." She feels badly. Then every body goes away and leaves her out there in the woods. What if the Saracens come! She begins to pray that divine power will shield and save Tancred. Her prayer is interrupted by him, she expresses her fears for him, and all he thinks of is her love, his danger is nothing. She has to tell him that she cannot longer bestow that love upon him. So he feels badly too, and the first act ends with a duet, in which one must have the score to decide which has the most roulades and short corners to turn, and runs diatonic and chromatic, and cadenzas and all those various instruments for representing *deep* passion.

Act II. Tancred will, in spite of the arguments of Roderick, his servant, offer himself as a knight for the defence of the city and departs upon that errand. He finds Arsir in the midst of his knights just going to the marriage ceremony of his daughter and Orbassan. The young lady is in a fluster at seeing Tancred approach, and is so overcome by her love for him, that, when her father commands her to follow him (to church, I suppose) she exclaims, "O father, mercy! I the wife of Orbassan! Death rather!" Then Orbassan feels badly. He exclaims in a raging voice (he sings bass), "Yes, be yours the death of shame and disgrace!"

Then there is a tumult.

The upshot of the matter is that some of Orbassan's men saw a messenger hurrying to the Saracenic camp and shot him with arrows; upon his corpse was found a letter in Amenaide's hand and with her name signed to it, in which she invited some one—it is understood by all that this some body was Solamir—to come to Syracuse and reign. So she is condemned to death. There is a great deal of recitative and air in which she declares her innocence, and Tancred calls her traitor to love and duty and the like. It never occurs to her to tell Tancred that the letter was meant for him—a want of presence of mind upon her part, which gives an opportunity to the poet to make three acts of the play, and the composer to write two or three quartets and quintets with chorus.

Act III. Amenaide is in prison. Orbassan comes with soldiers and watchmen to conduct her to death. Arsir, overcome with his affection, comes to go with her and die. Tancred comes to throw down his gage to prove her innocence in single combat with Orbassan—though he believes her guilty. Orbassan, as accuser, cannot help himself; and we learn afterwards, by hearsay, that Tancred killed him, and, having delivered Amenaide, goes off into the mountains to hide himself, and like Don Quixote, reflect upon his unlucky love.

Now the people need a leader, and having found out, probably from Amenaide, that the strange knight is Tancred, they come out at night to seek him, with Arsir and Amenaide and others—Amenaide without ever throwing a shawl over her shoulders as a protection against the cold mountain air of night! Though Tancred will have nothing to do with his lady-love, he will go out and fight the Saracens. Then we have a scene in which some forty persons with straight swords and lances—Christians—run across the stage followed by about as many with crooked swords and turbans—Turks; and the Turks run back again, followed by the Christians, and swords are clashed against each other—and all the while the orchestra is playing what the text-book calls "battle music"—I am not going to say that this is inferior to the battle music in Beethoven's "Battle of Vittoria"—and Syracuse is delivered.

Then Tancred comes and makes love to Amenaide, and tells her that he killed Solamir with his own hand, and the dying Saracen assured him of her innocence,—and every body forgets that he, Tancred, is condemned as a banished traitor to death, and all ends happily!

As to the music, it is as *pretty* as one shall hear on a summer's day. Bostonians, who know "Moses in Egypt" by rote, have heard the whole of it—this is the bud, that is the flower. A thinner score one can hardly imagine. Everything is written for the voice, and for the voice to show itself off. Long passages occur entirely unaccompanied; others with a single instrument as in a quartet, where one clarinet plays the soprano note for note to keep all in tune; others still with the thinnest arpeggios. The contrasts with the high-sounding phrases of the poetry, which the light, jolly music is continually making, are funny enough.

No wonder that *Tancred* was so popular when it first appeared, for certainly, if the great object of music is to amuse the auditor and while away an evening pleasantly to the sound of sweet music, I do not know a piece better adapted to the end. I enjoyed it hugely. How much of this enjoyment arose from the interest I felt in it as a work notable in the history of music, how much from the fascinations of glorious Johanna Wagner, how much from the fun of comparing the music with the text and situations to which it is composed, how much from comparing Rossini, the youth, with Rossini, the man, and how much from the intrinsic excellence of the music—can only be determined after several hearings.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, OCT. 20, 1855.

Boston Public Library—Books on Music.

This new and excellent institution, already so useful to the thousands who seek knowledge "without money and without price," and so rapidly growing, seems to be as wisely managed as it has been munificently endowed. The plan of its founders and conductors meets with universal sympathy, and new means flow in from generous sources so continually that it bids fair before long to rival, and in some important features surpass the finest libraries in the country, and become what a public library should be,—a collection, freely accessible to all, of all the printed sources of information in every department of human knowledge; where the young mind possessed by whatever genius or direction towards any branch of literature or art or science, may find the books pertaining to its speciality; where the materiale of the broadest culture, of satisfaction or stimulus for every sort of healthy intellectual appetite may be had for the asking.

We are glad to know that the directors of the Library construe their duty in this large and liberal spirit. They mean that the young man, whose calling is in the direction of the mechanic arts, shall find the books he wants there, as well as the ordinary supplies of history, theology, metaphysics, and light reading.

Nor will the Fine Arts be neglected. Our purpose is at present only to congratulate those whom it may concern upon the steps already taken to supply *one* desideratum in all the libraries which we have hitherto known. We have many times spoken of the want of a good musical library in this country. It is a sign of the increas-

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ing regard for Music as a branch of social culture, that the directors of the Public Library have also taken this matter in hand. It has been our pleasant task, within a few weeks, to furnish, at their suggestion, a list of some three hundred volumes relating to Music, as a basis for purchases in that department. The list embraces most of the more important works of a scientific, historical, biographical, æsthetical, practical, or merely amusing character, which may tend to interest and instruct those who have any turn that way. Of course the most valuable of these are to be found outside of the English language, especially in the German and the French; but in all cases a good English translation, where it exists, will be preferred. There will be much which any one may read; but there will be also provision for the wants of the deeper and more enterprising student.

This is as it should be. This is a good beginning, if *but* a beginning. But it is contemplated to go still further, and as fast as practicable to embrace not only the literature and science of music, not only the books written *about* music, but also the most important printed or copied scores of music itself, from the earlier masters down, so that the history of the art may in course of time exhibit itself with some completeness upon the shelves of this general treasury of knowledge. Such a prospect must make glad the heart of our friend the "Diarist", who has written us in times past such glowing accounts of the royal library at Berlin, with its 50,000 works in the department of Music, and from that text has been urging upon us the importance of a musical library at home here in New England. Patience! the germ is started.

Mlle. Parodi's Concerts.

We have had two concerts this week, and are to have a third, by Mlle. Teresa PARODI, (whom some of our readers remember as a prima donna of the physical forcible tragedy school in Maretzek's opera some four years since), under the shrewd management and with the ear-tickling aid of the piano virtuoso, STRAKOSCH, and the additional attractions of Mme. AMELIA PATTI STRAKOSCH, Sig. LEONARDI, Mr. ARTHURSON, and M. APPY. As we remembered Parodi, she was far from being either the best or the worst of the many distinguished singers who have come over to us, and it was not without surprise that we read the very glowing accounts of these concerts in New York and Philadelphia, before they came to our turn. The wonder was soon accounted for, by the great increase in power, as well as richness, of the lady's voice, by the great physical and as it were passionate intensity which she throws into her strong passages, by her abundance of energetic, brilliant, rather than refined *bravura* execution, and by the popular kind of tact with which her programmes are made up.

The entertainments of Tuesday and Thursday evenings were ingenious and taking specimens of miscellaneous vocal virtuoso concerts. The programmes showed (rather rhetorically) a sparkling variety of pieces, of very various schools. Those of Tuesday, were, to be sure, rather hacknied, but perhaps none the less popular for that. At all events the Music Hall was more than half filled at the dollar price, and loud and long and frequent were the clappings of hands. There was something in every effort that touched just those who carry their hearts in their hands.

M. APPY opened the concert with the Andante of Mendelssohn's violin concerto;—an exquisite piece, and played with perfect finish, taste and purity of style; for this young Belgian is one of the best of the violinists, a modest, earnest artist. Next came the famous street-organ ditty: "I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls", sung in a rich, strong, clarinet-like contralto by Mme. STRAKOSCH, who has mastered English quite well, and made herself quite popular by singing several English ballads in the course of the two evenings. There is a certain force and simplicity in her singing, but not much delicacy, and you miss the graceful archness of "If a body", &c. Her "Brindisi" from *Lucrezia Borgia* was better, though lacking the fine poetic frenzy. Then came "*Ah, mon fils*" (in Italian) from the *Prophéte*, which we liked the best of any of PARODI's efforts. The richness and largeness of her voice told grandly in it, and there was a good deal of dramatic fervor and simplicity in her delivery. Her next piece was the everlasting *Casta diva*, which we had heard from three several hand-organs only the night before. But all the *great* singers sang it, therefore she must. There was lack of tenderness, of sentiment, and more of free and easy than of fine and graceful execution in the first part. But in the quick movement she carried her audience by storm, by the energy of her delivery and the ringing richness of her great voice. Mendelssohn's two-part song: "I would that my love", between her and Mme. Strakosch, rang richly also, but was greatly hurried. Sig. LEONARDI, with a strong, but rather dry quality of baritone, and apparently laboring under timidity, sang *Gran Dio!* from *Ernani*, quite acceptably. The tremendous bass song from 'Elijah': *Is not his word like a fire?* the next night, was too much for him, as for any but the greatest basses, yet he gave it with fair execution. Mr. STRAKOSCH, both nights, played several of his brilliant fantasia and variation pieces, mostly abounding in the same set patterns of rapid scales and arpeggios, upon a new Chickering Grand of very remarkable power and brilliancy, which seemed precisely suited to his touch and purpose. There is an exceeding purity, liquidity and brilliancy in his touch, and a happy study of euphony in his combinations; but he is more fond of glitter than of gold in his selections; (perhaps the gold comes after!) One of his pieces was fitly named 'Musical Rockets'. Of all we heard, his "Sylphide" had the most of grace and individuality about its sparkle. Mr. Strakosch was also accompanist general to all the other pieces, sometimes thumping rather ponderously in his basses. The second part we did not hear.

Thursday's programme was much richer in good things. One even fancied a reference to the LIND and SONTAG concerts, seeing the scena from *Freyschütz*, the romanza: *Robert, toi que j'aime*, Haydn's "With verdure clad," the trio from *Don Juan*, and duet from *Norma*, all set down for one prima donna. But however embitious the undertaking, one could not but be thankful for the distribution of so many real gems, German as well as Italian, among the merely taking matters. The Freyschütz scena: *Wie nahte mir der Schlummer*, was sung in Italian, without the depth of pious, love-fraught feeling, that pervades the music, but with a certain superb *abandon* and largeness of voice in the joyful finale, which more than atoned to the many.—*Robert* was quite effective. "With verdure clad" did not even elicit great applause; it lacked all the tenderness and sweetness and subdued fervor which even our largest concert-going public has long known how to associate with the exquisite melody. It was rather a coarse kind of execution, and there was more force than beauty in that long wild Indian sort of a trill in which she at one time indulged. We cannot agree with those who say that Parodi sings with feeling, that she has true dramatic fire and pathos, that she beats the greater singers by singing more directly to the *heart*. We are afraid we must explain the testimony by referring again to the *Home Journal's* happy expression: "something" in all men "which answers for a heart." We fear it was to that mainly that the appeal was made, for verily the heart, the real inmost soul and spirit of a man is often moved more deeply, and set to vibrating far longer by a subdued and quiet, than by such an energetic and demonstrative rendering of what we call passion. To those who feel most, and who most crave feeling, it sounds physical and cold. We only speak of it because of the unjust issue continually raised by those who preach up "music of the heart" *versus* the music which is coldly "classical" and "scientific". We must protest the coldness lies more on the other side, clapping of hands to the contrary.

That evening Mr. ARTHURSON, who sang that truly beautiful and soul-ful tenor aria: *Cara imagine*, from Mozart's "Magic Flute," and sang it in his usual chaste style, with true feeling, was (it was encouraging to see) heard through with attention and respect, but not immensely applauded. Was it not intrinsically the best thing of the evening? In the Trio from *Don Juan*, too, he sustained his part finely, although at odds against the outward brilliancy of the two soprano voices. The piece was warmly encored. The duettino by Wallace: "Love's approach," was a very sparkling affair, and given effectively by the two ladies. Mme. STRAKOSCH also sang a ballad by Kücken very prettily. The concert, as before, was opened by M. APPY, who played De Beriot's sixth Concerto in his artistic manner. The "Ricci" waltz variations were volunteered by Parodi, after an encore, and given in her dazzling, dashing style, as doubtless were the Variations *di bravura* by Hummel, which we did not stop to hear.

Musical Chit-Chat.

THE MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB announce their series of classical Chamber Concerts, and we hope all the lovers of such, who should be many, good and true by this time, will promptly bear their testimony on the subscription lists.... The preparations for the ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS are progressing favorably.... Miss PHILLIPPS has been giving concerts in Providence and New Bedford..... Miss HENSLER won substantial honors in *Masaniello* last week, and still more in the part of Adalgisa to LA GRANGE's Norma. The critics say we have never had so good an Adalgisa.... The *Prophète* is soon coming on at the Academy, but we hear nothing further of the engagement of ROGER, nor has CASTELLAN yet arrived.... GOTTSCHALK has been entrancing the Philadelphia critics by his pianism; his fantasias on *Lombardi* and *Lucia*, his interweavings of "God save the Queen", "Yankee Doodle" and "Hail Columbia", his *Bananier* and *Banjo*, &c., are as much admired as ever.

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Last Sunday evening the pious city of Providence for the first time broke the ice in the matter of Sacred Concerts. A vocal and instrumental concert, "exclusively of sacred music", was given for the benefit of the Norfolk and Portsmouth sufferers, under the direction of Mr. HENRY AHNER, ex-Germanian, now settled in that city. The programme for such a beginning, considering the necessity of various attraction, presented some fine features, and recalls the palmy days of the Germanians in Boston. An orchestra of twenty performed Mehul's overture to "Joseph", a couple of movements from Mendelssohn's Symphony: "Song of Praise", and concluded the concert with an arrangement of "Old Hundred". Those old German chorals, richly harmonized for orchestra, are among our most satisfactory reminiscences of the Germania Society. Miss BOTHAMLY, of our city, sang "Mighty Jehovah" from "David", and the song "Ruth and Naomi." Mr. MOZART sung Paesiello's "Fall of Zion"; and these with resident amateurs gave the quartet, *Quando Corpus*, and the prayer from "Moses". There was also a prayer by Otto, arranged for four instruments by Mr. Ahner, an Adagio Religioso played by SCHULTZE on the violin, and a cornet solo: *Cujus animam*, by Ahner. Good for Providence! We are glad to hear that Mr. Ahner intends giving more sacred concerts. The worldly stumbling-block of ticket-selling was ingeniously got over by the following passage in the advertisement:—"There will be no tickets sold after Saturday night. Any one wishing to procure a ticket on the evening of the concert can do so by leaving their name at the door. The tickets paid for at Leland's music store on the following day."

Some idea of the enormous amount of music publishing carried on in Boston may be formed from Mr. OLIVER DITSON'S catalogue. From this we learn that he publishes nearly 300 bound volumes. Of these, 69 are methods of instruction, studies and exercises for the piano, 11 for the organ, 27 for the voice, 8 for the guitar, 1 for the harp, 9 for the melodeon and seraphine, 6 for the accordeon and flutina, 13 for the violin, 10 for the flute, 2 for the clarionet, 1 for the fife, 2 for the banjo, 4 for the violoncello, 1 for the bassoon, 1 for the dulcimer, 5 for the bugle, 1 for the sax-horn, 1 for the post-horn, 1 for the cornopeon, 16 on harmony, thorough bass, &c., 24 collections of instrumental music, 36 operas, glee-books, &c., 5 juvenile introduction books, and collections of music, and 16 oratorios, masses and collections of church music. The Catalogue of Sheet Music is a large volume of 428 pages, filled with merely the names and prices of the pieces, each piece occupying but a single line. They are classified under their appropriate heads—songs, American and Foreign, duets, overtures, battles, sonatas, glees and choruses, rondos, airs, and opera music, variations, waltzes, polkas, quadrilles, gallopades, marches, quicksteps, &c.

Our tasteful tenor, Mr. ARTHURSON, is to sing in Philadelphia next Tuesday evening, in the opening concert of the "Musical Union" of Profs. ROHR, THUNDER and CROUCH. He is to sustain the part of Joseph in Mehul's oratorio: "Joseph and his Brethren," which has been translated by Prof. CROUCH.....Musical movements seem to be vigorously commencing in the City of Brotherly Love. The Harmonia Sacred Music Society announce three Concerts under the direction of LEOPOLD MEIGNEN, and Mr. MICHAEL CROSS as pianist and organist. Haydn's "Creation" is to be the main feature. Sig. PERELLI has commenced his singing classes for ladies in the Musical Fund Hall, and M. THORBECK, the classical pianist, is preparing his annual series of Chamber Concerts.....Fitzgerald's *City Item* states that the Centennial anniversary of Mozart's birth will be celebrated in Philadelphia, on the 27th of January, by a grand choral and instrumental festival, in which the Twelfth Mass will be a leading feature.

JOHANNES BRAHMS, the wonderful young pianoforte composer, whom Schumann pronounced the "Messias" of a new era, is about to make a concert tour through Germany as a Pianist.....RUBINSTEIN is in Dresden.....MARIE WIECK has returned from her Italian tour to Dresden, where she is to give some concerts.....In the list of new music published in Germany, we observe an overture to Longfellow's Drama: "The Spanish Student," for orchestra, and Piano for four hands, by ARTHUR O'LEARY, op. 3. ....The *Signale* speaks of a gigantic organ rapidly approaching its completion, for the cathedral at Ulm. It is built by WALKER, and is said to be larger than any organ in the world. It will have one hundred registers; 25 of them are already in a condition to be played upon. In quality of tone too it is magnifically fine.....A musical festival was to take place at Munich on the 4th and 5th of October under the direction of Herr LACHNER. The first Concert was to consist of Haydn's "Creation;" the second of Beethoven's C minor Symphony, a part of Gluck's *Orfeo*, a Psalm of Mendelssohn, Introduction from *Jessonda*, a Suite of Bach, &c., &c.; the performances to commence at noon each day.....A new History of the Greek Music, by C. F. WEITZMANN, has made its appearance in Berlin, and is highly spoken of, as containing all that is essentially known of the matter, without being pedantically minute. The subject is divided as follows: I. The obscure period, 1500 to 1000 B. C. The Hymns of the Priests. II. The Homeric Period. 1000—700 B. C. The heroic songs of the rhapsodists. III. The Creative Period. 700–555 B. C. Lyric Poets and Musicians. IV. The Period of full bloom. 555—440 B. C. The Drama. V. The Period of decline. 440—300 B. C. and following. The Theorists.

LEONARD MAELZEL, inventor of the Metronome, Automaton chess-player, Panharmonicon, (composed of 42 automata, which executed all the great musical scores, especially Mozart's *Don Giovanni*, Gluck's *Iphigenie en Aulide*, and Spontini's *Vestale*, and which is said to be now in Boston,) and who made ear trumpets for Beethoven, died the 7th September in Vienna, aged 79. He was born in Regensburgh in 1776.

Advertisements.

CHAMBER CONCERTS.—Seventh Series.

The Mendelssohn Quintette Club,

RESPECTFULLY inform their friends and the musical public of Boston, that they will give a series of EIGHT Chamber Concerts at Messrs. CHICKERING'S Rooms, to take place on alternate Tuesday evenings. Tickets for the Series, Five dollars. Single tickets, One dollar each. Lists may be found at the music stores on Monday, Oct. 22d.

ALTO VOICE

WANTED, *immediately*, for an Episcopal church in this city. No one need apply, who has not all the requisites of a good church singer. Salary according to musical capacity. Candidates may leave their address at this office.

ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS.

AT a meeting of gentlemen interested in the promotion of Orchestral Music, the undersigned were appointed a Committee, and have made arrangements to give a series of SIX CONCERTS at the BOSTON MUSIC HALL, during the coming winter, with an Orchestra of at least FIFTY MUSICIANS, under the direction of CARL ZERRAHN, and with the assistance of eminent Solo Artists, both vocal and instrumental, provided a sufficient number of tickets shall be subscribed for in season.

Price of tickets for the series, $2,50.

Subscription lists may be found at all the music stores.

Time of commencement and further particulars will be announced hereafter.

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J. B. UPHAM,
EDMUND A. GRATTAN,
JOHN S. DWIGHT, } MANAGING COMMITTEE.

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Boston, October 6, 1855.

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Respectfully announces to his former pupils and the public generally, that he is now ready to resume his LESSONS IN SINGING, on the same terms as the past year.
No. 6 Tyler Street, Oct. 6, 1855.

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BEGS LEAVE to inform the Musical Public of Boston, that he can devote a few spare hours to giving instruction in the higher branches of Music, such as the Sonatas of Mozart and Beethoven, with Violin accompaniment, Thorough Bass, &c. Residence, No. 14 Pleasant Street, corner of Spear Place.

MR. AUGUST FRIES,

Teacher of Music, will be ready to receive pupils after October 15th, and may be addressed at Richardson's Musical Exchange, 282 Washington street, or at his residence, 15 Dix Place.

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A. W. FRENZEL,

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MLLE. GABRIELLE DE LA MOTTE

Has the honor to announce that she will open TWO NEW CLASSES on the 8th and on the 10th of October, for the instruction of YOUNG LADIES on the PIANO-FORTE.

One Class in the morning, the other in the afternoon, for the convenience of young ladies attending School.

☞ *Terms, Fifteen Dollars for Twenty-Four Lessons.*

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Life of John Sebastian Bach;

WITH A CRITICAL VIEW OF HIS COMPOSITIONS, BY J. N. FORKEL.

CHAPTER I.

If ever there was a family in which an extraordinary disposition for the same art seemed to be hereditary, it was certainly the family of Bach; through six successive generations there were scarcely two or three members of it who had not received from nature the gift of a very distinguished talent for music, and who did not make the practice of this art the main occupation of their lives.

The ancestor of this family, which has become so remarkable in the history of music, was Veit Bach. He was a baker at Presburg, in Hungary: but on the breaking out of the religious troubles in the 16th century, he was obliged to seek for another place of abode. He saved as much of his property as he could, and retired with it to Thuringia, where he hoped to find peace and security. The place in which he settled was called Wechmar, a village near Saxe Gotha. Here he soon recommenced his trade of a baker and miller; but in his leisure hours he amused himself with his guitar, which he even took with him into the mill, and played upon it amidst all the noise and clatter of the mill. He communicated this inclination for music to his two sons, they again to their children, till by degrees there arose a very numerous family, all of whom were not only musical, but made music their chief business, and soon had in their possession most of the offices of chanters, organists, and town musicians in Thuringia.

All these Bachs cannot possibly have been great masters; but some members at least, in every generation, particularly distinguished themselves. Thus already in the first quarter of the seventeenth century, three grandsons of their common ancestor were so eminent, that the then reigning Count of Schwarzburg Arnstadt thought it worth while to send them at his own expense to Italy, at that time the great school of music, to perfect themselves. We cannot say how far they may have answered the expectations of their patron, since none of their works have come down to our times. In the fourth generation there were some members of this family who were still more distinguished, and several pieces of whose composition have been preserved, by the care of John Sebastian Bach. The most remarkable of them were—

1st. John Christopher, court and town organist at Eisenach. He was particularly happy in the invention of beautiful melodies, and in the expression of his text. In the archives of the Bachs, as they were called, which C. Ph. Emanuel possessed, in Hamburgh, there was among other pieces a motet of his composition, in which he had ventured to make use of the extreme sixth, which in his day was considered an extremely bold attempt. He was also an uncommon master of full harmony, as is proved by a piece of church music composed by him for Michaelmas-day, to the words "Es erhub sich ein Streit," &c. which has twenty-two obligato parts, and yet is perfectly pure in respect to the harmony. A second proof of his great skill in harmony is, that he is stated never to have played on the organ and clavichord with less than five necessary, or obligato parts. C. Ph. Emanuel had a particular esteem for him. It is still quite fresh in my remembrance how good-naturedly the old man smiled at me, at the most remarkable and hazardous passages, when he once gave me the pleasure, in Hamburg, of letting me hear some of those old pieces.

2nd. John Michael, organist and town-clerk, in the Bailliage of Gehren. He was a younger brother of the preceding, and, was, like him, a very excellent composer. In the archives just mentioned, there are some motets of his, among which is one with a double chorus for eight voices, and several single pieces of church music.

3rd. John Bernhard, musician to the Prince's Chapel, and organist at Eisenach. He is said to have composed remarkably fine overtures in the French style.

Not only the above-mentioned, but many other able composers of the earlier generations of the family, might undoubtedly have obtained much more important musical offices, as well as a more extensive reputation, and a more brilliant fortune, if they had been inclined to leave their native province, Thuringia, and to make themselves known in other countries, both in and out of Germany. But we do not find that any one of them ever had an inclination for such an emigration: temperate and frugal by nature and education, they required but little to live, and the intellectual enjoyment which their art procured them, enabled them to be content not only without the gold chains, which used at that time to be given by great men to esteemed artists, as especial marks of honor, but also, without the least envy to see them worn by others, who perhaps, without those chains would not have been happy.

Besides this happy contentedness, which is indispensable to the cheerful enjoyment of life, the different members of this family had a very great attachment to each other. As it was impossible for them all to live in one place, they resolved to see each other at least once a year, and fixed a certain day on which they were all to appear at an appointed place. Even after the family had become much more numerous, and many of the members had been obliged to settle out of Thuringia, in different places of Upper and Lower Saxony, and Franconia, they continued their annual meetings, which generally took place at Erfurt, Eisenach, or Arnstadt. Their amusements during the time of their meeting were entirely musical. As the company wholly consisted of chanters, organists, and town musicians, who had all to do with the church, and it was besides a general custom to begin everything with religion, the first thing they did when they were assembled, was to sing a hymn in chorus. From this pious commencement they proceeded to drolleries, which often made a very great contrast with it. They sang, for instance, popular songs, the contents of which were partly comic, and partly licentious, all together and extempore, but in such a manner, that the several songs thus extemporized, made a kind of harmony together, the words, however, in every part being different. They called this kind of extemporary chorus, "a Quodlibet," and not only laughed heartily at it themselves, but excited an equally hearty and irresistible laughter in everybody that heard them; some persons are inclined to consider these facetiæ as the beginning of comic operettas in Germany; but such Quodlibets were usual in Germany at a much earlier period: I possess, myself, a printed collection of them, which was published in Vienna in 1542.

Yet the above-mentioned cheerful Thuringians, as well as some of their later descendants, who made a more serious and worthy use of their art, would not have escaped oblivion, had not, at length, a man arisen among them, whose genius and reputation beamed forth with such splendor, that a part of this light was reflected upon them; this man was John Sebastian Bach, the ornament of his family, the pride of his country, and the most highly-gifted favorite of the musical art.

CHAPTER II.

John Sebastian Bach was born March 21, 1685, at Eisenach, where his father, John Ambrosius, was musician to the court and to the town. This J. A. Bach had a twin-brother, John Christopher, who was musician to the court and town at Arnstadt, and was so very like him, that even their own wives could not distinguish them, except by their dress. These twins were perhaps singulars in their kind, and the most remarkable ever known. They tenderly loved each other; their voice, disposition, the style of their music, and everything, in short, was alike in them. If one was ill, the other was so likewise: they died also within a short time of each other. They were a subject of astonishment to all who saw them.

In the year 1695, when John Sebastian was not quite ten years of age, his father died: he had lost his mother at an earlier period. Being left an orphan, he was obliged to have recourse to an elder brother, John Christopher, who was organist at Ordruff. From him he received the first instruction in playing on the clavichord. But his inclination and talent for music must have been very great at that time, since the pieces his brother gave him to learn were so soon in his power, that he began, with much eagerness, to look out for some that were more difficult. The most celebrated composers for the clavichord in those days were Froberger, Fischer, John Casp. Kerl, Pachelbel, Buxtehude, Bruhns, Böhm, &c. He had observed that his brother had a book in which there were several pieces of the above-mentioned

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authors, and earnestly begged him to give it to him; but it was constantly denied him. His desire to possess the book was increased by the refusal, so that he at length sought for means to get possession of it secretly. As it was kept in a cupboard which had only a lattice-door, and his hands were still small enough to pass through, so that he could roll up the book, which was merely stitched in paper, and draw it out, he did not long hesitate to make use of these favorable circumstances. But for want of a candle he could only copy it in moonlight nights; and it took six whole months before he could finish his laborious task. At length, when he thought himself safely possessed of the treasure, and intended to make good use of it in secret, his brother found it out, and took from him, without pity, the copy which had cost him so much pains; and he did not recover it till his brother's death, which took place soon after.

John Sebastian, being thus again left destitute, went, in company of one of his school-fellows, named Erdmann, afterwards Russian Resident in Dantzig, to Lüneburg, and engaged there in their choir of St. Michael's School as a treble or soprano singer. His fine treble voice procured him here a good livelihood; but he soon lost it, and did not immediately acquire another good voice in its room.

His inclination to play on the clavichord and organ was as ardent at this time as in his more early years, and impelled him to try to see and to hear everything which, according to the ideas he then entertained, would contribute to his improvement. With this view he not only went several times while he was a scholar, from Lüneburg to Hamburg, to hear the organist, John Adam Reinken, who was at that time very famous, but sometimes also to Zell, in order to get acquainted with the prince's band, which consisted chiefly of Frenchmen, and with the French taste, which was then a novelty in those parts.

It is not known on what occasion he removed from Lüneburg to Weimar; but it is certain that he became court musician there in 1703, when he was just eighteen years of age. He exchanged this place, in the following year, for that of organist to the new church at Arnstadt, probably to be able to follow his inclination for playing on the organ, better than he could do at Weimar, where he was engaged to play the violin. Here he began most zealously to make use of all the works of the organists at that time celebrated, which he could procure in his situation, to improve both in composition and the art of playing on the organ; and to gratify his desire of learning, even made a journey on foot to Lubeck, to hear Diederich Buxtehude, organist to St. Mary's church in that city, with whose compositions he was always acquainted. For almost a year he remained a secret hearer of this organist, who was really a man of talent, and much celebrated in his times, and then returned with an increased stock of knowledge to Arnstadt.

The efforts of his zeal and persevering diligence must have already excited great attention at this time, for he received, in quick succession, several offers of places as organist. Such a place was offered to him in the year 1707, in the church of St. Blasius at Muhlhausen, which he accepted. But a year after he had entered upon it, making a journey to Weimar to perform before the reigning duke, his performance on the organ was so highly approved of, that he was offered the place of court organist, which he accepted. The extended sphere of action for his art in which he here lived, impelled him to exert himself to the utmost; and it was probably during this period that he not only made himself so able a performer on the organ, but also laid the foundation of his great compositions for that instrument. He had still further occasion to improve in his art when his prince, in 1717, appointed him director of the concerts, in which office he had to compose and execute pieces of sacred music.

Handel's master, Zachau, organist at Halle, died about this time; and J. S. Bach, whose reputation was now already high, was invited to succeed him. He, in fact, went to Halle, to prove his qualifications, by performing a piece as a specimen of his skill. However, for what reason is not known, he did not enter upon the office, but left it to a noble scholar of Zachau's, of the name of Kirchhof.

[To be continued.]

The Band of George the Fourth.

From a Correspondent of the Brighton (Eng.) Gazette.

The Private Band of George IV. was, in its time, acknowledged to be one of the best in Europe. It was originally formed from the band of the 10th Hussars, of which regiment the king, when Prince of Wales, was the colonel. The prince, being a good amateur on the violoncello, and passionately fond of music, took the greatest interest in bringing this band to such perfection, that it was universally acknowledged "to have no equal," and became ultimately of European celebrity. No musician of any importance came to this country without visiting Brighton to hear the prince's band. Various methods were resorted to in order to obtain the most proficient talent. Christian Kramer, a Hanoverian and pupil of Winter, was placed at the head. He was a remarkable man. As an arranger for a large military band he was almost unequalled; the quantity that he did for this band was prodigious. Part of it consisted of the whole of Mozart's symphonies, all his overtures, the grand finales to his operas, besides all the choicest trios, duets, etc., all the symphonies of Haydn, several of Beethoven's, Rossini's and Paer's overtures, with the grand finales of their operas, Boieldieu's works, Cherubini's overtures, *Anacreon*, *Lodoiska*, and *Les deux Journées*, the whole of the opera of Mehul's *Joseph*, and the best of Handel's choruses. The books accumulated to such a degree that 300 were nightly given out in boxes placed beside the stands, which were made of solid mahogany, each lighted by two wax candles. No one knew the capabilities, capacities, and the good effects to be brought out of the various instruments better than Kramer; he played almost every one over which he presided, and could dictate the best mode of fingering any difficult passage that occurred. Like his royal master, Kramer was a great sufferer from the gout, and it was no unusual thing to hear the king, after a simultaneous attack, inquiring of Kramer what were the means adopted to rid himself of so troublesome a companion, and many were the jokes that passed between them on those occasions, for Kramer piqued himself upon being a wit, and was quite at ease with his royal master.

The ships bringing French prisoners from Spain were examined for the purpose of finding any musical talent that might be in them; and Eisert, a German, was transposed from a prison to a palace to become the first and most brilliant player of the clarionets. Kramer periodically visited Germany, and engaged the best talent he could find. The following was the strength of the band in its best days: 12 clarionets, 3 oboes, 3 flutes, 4 bassoons, 2 corni bassetti, 4 horns, 4 trumpets, 2 serpents, 4 trombones, bass, 2 trombones, alto and tenor, 2 drums; total, 42.

When it is considered that every individual of this number was of first-rate talent, some idea may be formed of the effect such an assemblage of wind instruments would produce. Most of the cleverest players had individually been masters of bands. Schmidt was allowed to be the first trumpet in Europe. *His flourish was the most terrific and appalling thing ever heard from a musical instrument.* The trumpets and kettle drums were of solid silver. The elder Distin was one of the trumpets. The horns, Messrs. Hardy, were very clever performers, whether as regards taste, tone, or execution. They are now the horns of her present Majesty's Private Band. The serpent, André, was one of the lions of the band. Kramer had taken great pains to render this hitherto difficult instrument more available. He invented an instrument that was played entirely with keys instead of holes for the fingers; and no musical visitor of any eminence came without hearing André's performance of one of Corelli's trios. Weitzig was the 1st Fagotto; he became afterwards master of the Guards (Blue's) Band. Albrecht, Schroeder, and Berhns were the trombones, and most efficient ones they were.

When the band was in its infancy, two celebrated horn players, the Rehn's, joined it; one, afterwards, the prince took much notice of. At that time it was no unusual thing to see the prince's arm linked in Rehn's, giving directions and instructions. In after years it was an interesting sight, when the king was visited by some of the ambassadors, such as Prince Esterhazy, Prince Lieven, etc., to see him conducting a symphony of Mozart's or Haydn's, as was often his habit. That was the time to hear the band to perfection. Bands do not every day get a regal conductor; and, on these occasions, every one did his utmost, which was sure to call forth flattering expressions from His Majesty, such as "Charmingly played," "That I call perfection," "You have outdone yourselves to-night." On other occasions, when affairs of State troubled him, the players were often made to feel his displeasure. One night, during the queen's trial, he was sitting close to the band, apparently paying little attention to what they were playing, when he surprised them all by suddenly saying, "I suppose, because you are all asleep, you think that I am. There is an old saying, that birds that can sing and won't sing, must be made to sing; and I will make you play that better. Now play it over again." Of course, this screwed up their attention and exertion to the highest pitch; and it was played to his satisfaction on the repetition.

"Kramer, what is the matter with Distin to night?" exclaimed his Majesty on another occasion. "Your Majesty, he has a bad lip." "Oh, I thought something was the matter, as I missed the trumpet in the last piece." From some disappointment, Kramer was obliged, one morning, to officiate at the organ in the chapel. "Who played the organ this morning?" inquired his Majesty. Kramer replied, "not the organist in ordinary to your Majesty; but your Majesty's *ordinary* organist." The old German would chuckle at his success. Little episodes such as these were often occurring, which served to prove the critical attention his Majesty paid to the performance. One evening with the Princess Lieven on his arm, standing close in front of the band, who were playing Handel's choruses, he said to the Princess, "How delighted my poor father would have been, could he have heard Handel's music played in this manner." Occasionally, of a Sunday evening, a selection of the sacred choruses was sung by a portion of the band and some of the choir of St. Paul's Cathedral. One evening they were surprised by his Majesty wedging himself between two of the performers, and, catching hold of one side of the book held by Spellerberg, the oboe player, his Majesty joined lustily in the bass part of the chorus to the end.

When Rossini visited England, he was commanded to spend three days with the King, who was then at the Pavilion. A very large party of the nobility were invited to see the great maestro. Before the band commenced, he said to Rossini: "You shall now hear an overture of a composer that we hold in the highest estimation." And the band played Rossini's overture to *La Gazza Ladra*, which had been previously agreed upon.

Sir Henry (then Mr.) Bishop, arrived one night at Kramer's residence, just as he was leaving home for the Pavilion. "Come with me to the palace," said Kramer. "I cannot, I am not dressed." He had a smart drab surtout coat, and was a man who took considerable pains with his toilet. "Come and hear the band; you have no occasion to be seen; you can stand at the back of the orchestra." Sir Henry consented. Upon the King's coming up to give some direction to Kramer, the latter (who was fond of a little mischief, where a dandy was concerned) immediately said to the King: "Mr. Bishop is here, your majesty, but he is not dressed, and does not wish to be seen." "Oh, hang his dress, ask him to come forward." Poor Bishop was obliged to present himself in his drab coat; but no one could say agreeable things with more grace than the King. He told Bishop he was most happy to see him, and directed the band to play his composition, the "Chough and Crow," adding, "I hope

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you will name whatever you wish them to play." The evening passed so agreeably to Bishop that he quite forgave Kramer.

Perhaps the most effective pieces performed by this famous body of instrumentalists were Beethoven's symphony in C minor—the grand military character of the last movement told with more effect on this than on a stringed band; Mozart's *Jupiter*, and his No. 5 symphony in E flat; the finales to the second acts of *Don Giovanni* and *Il Barbiere;* a chorus from Winter's *Proserpine;* the overture to *Anacreon* of Cherubini; "The horse and his rider" of Händel; the quartet from *Marino Faliero.* Nothing could exceed (in a military point of view—ED. *M. W.*) the volume of tone, the light and shade, and the vigor and brilliancy with which those pieces were performed.

The band used to practice daily from eleven to one in the palace during that portion of the year when the King was not in Brighton, but when the court was here the practice was discontinued, and they merely attended in the evening from nine until eleven. The expenses amounted to between six and seven thousand pounds annually. On evenings of attendance, each performer was provided with a supper, a pint of wine, and ale, in addition to his pay. In a fit of economy, on one occasion, the wine, allowed to the household up to a certain range, was ordered to be discontinued: it was consequently stopped from the band, and doleful were their looks when assembled for the evening. Whether designedly, or not, the vigor of their style was considerably diminished, and Lord Conyngham was sent by the King to say that he thought they did not play with their usual spirit. Kramer, who had been waiting for his opportunity, immediately replied: "How can they play with their proper spirit, my Lord, when they have cut off their wine." This, as was anticipated, was taken to the King, who ordered the wine to be allowed as usual, and it was never afterwards discontinued.

When the King ceased to reside in Brighton, the Band, much to their regret, removed to Windsor, where they continued until the King's death, occasionally playing at Cumberland Lodge, or attending His Majesty in those delightful fêtes on Virginia Water. At his death, some received a pension, others,of short service, a gratuity; but the Band was entirely broken up, several of the old Germans returning to Brighton: Brighton was everything to many of them. They had risen with the town, grown with its growth, had family ties and connections in the place, and they came here to end their days. Many of them are gone. It was a sad pity that so fine a body of musicians, brought to such perfection, should have been dispersed; but a spirit of economy came over the successors of George the Fourth, who, with all his faults, was a kingly, munificent, and real lover of music. As regards the Band, "Take it for all in all, we shall ne'er look upon its like again."

Another Letter from a Country Singing Teacher.

M——, OCT. —, 1855.

JOHN S. DWIGHT, ESQ.,

Dear Sir:—Your kindness in printing my letter leads me to trespass upon you again. You have proved that you are willing to let both sides be heard, and what is better, are willing yourself to grant a respectful hearing, even to those who are not always using the pen. I wish again to have my say about Psalmody, and that, too, in view of an opinion several times expressed in the course of your Journal, that a few dozen or scores of good solid choral tunes are all that we need. I think I am stating the idea correctly.

Now I am not exactly qualified, perhaps, to argue the matter from any general principles, and very likely I may be influenced by my personal interest. I am willing to grant this; but I can certainly come forward as a witness, simply stating what my experience is and has been, and if this testimony be reliable, it must have its weight so far as it goes.

I gave you a reason before, as a teacher of country singing classes, why I am in favor of allowing the book-making business to go on; I shall try now, as a leader of the singing in a country church, to give you a reason or two why I cannot agree with you in confining our singing to a few dozen solid tunes. I notice in reading the reports in your Journal of all sorts of musical performances, that the same piece is not very often repeated; but that when this is the case they are very soon spoken of as "hackneyed." As an instance, in noticing a certain concert, it is stated that the orchestra played the "hackneyed" overture so and so. On another occasion a humorous article offered a reward for a new tune for pianists and violinists to play. On another occasion one of your most frequent correspondents mentioned certain songs, which he said all the public singers sing, until he had "rather hear Yankee Doodle ground on a hand organ."

Now, Sir, imagine yourself living in the country, and following to the full extent our country habits, of going to church twice every Sunday, as well as on Fast days and Thanksgivings once. You would then have in the course of the year—as we sing three times to each service—318 times, not to mention the evening meetings, occasional sermons, and on most Sundays an extra service or lecture in the evening. Imagine this going on year after year, and if you, like many of the people who worship in the church where I am employed, were always there, rain or shine, I think you would in time wish to have your few dozen tunes increased by some of the newer article.

And, putting your tastes as a hearer out of the question, imagine yourself a member of the choir. When you first join the choir the feelings with which you rise and join in the hymn are those only of pleasure, and you look forward to Sunday with delight. But after a year or two, being one of the singers, or, as we express it, "sitting in the seats," loses its novelty, and gradually you find that to a certain extent this portion of the divine service is settling upon your shoulders, and you begin to feel it a duty which you must perform. Some of your fellow members of the choir move out of town, some are taken sick, some, I am sorry to say, will get put out with somebody or something, some will be led to join the choir in another church, and before you know it you have become a leading person in the singer's gallery, and more of the responsibility is resting upon you than you could wish. The tunes, which two years ago you thought so good, have lost their charm, and you grow tired to death of the same old thing over and over again. This cannot be otherwise.

But there are tunes which never can wear out, you may say; why not sing them? As to this point, Sir, we differ. We get weary of the best things, whether in singing or in anything else, if we can have no change. Now, what *I* call the best things, are not always what my singers feel to be such.—They have not the necessary amount of practice in singing all sorts of tunes to enable them to feel the truest and best, nor are they so widely advanced in the art of singing as to be able to give these best things that expression and taste, which is what makes them best.

I remember at Mr Perkins's church, at Weymouth Landing, some years ago, having heard what I then thought about the finest congregational church music I ever heard. That was easily accounted for. In that society a few really cultivated persons had taken the singing in charge years before and had remained true to their posts, so that the same faces and voices were to be seen and heard year after year, and with their experience their power of executing good music and their taste for it continually improved. They, however, in the matter of new music, held very different opinions from those I am opposing.

And this leads me to a point, which seems to have been forgotten by those who have written in the papers upon singing in the churches.

The amount of disposable force for the singing seats—so to speak—in our country churches, at least, depends upon the size of the congregation, as but a small number of the scattered inhabitants of a country town of farmers and small mechanics really make such attainments as to make them of service in singing. Now the great evil is that every fifty or sixty families must have their own meeting house. A few Methodists, a few Baptists, a few Unitarians, and a few Calvinists compose the town, and each sect has its church, and must furnish a choir—for, say what you will, our people have not yet attained so much musical culture as to keep up anything like congregational singing. The choir is necessarily small, and unfortunately the women's voices are almost invariably supplied only by the young girls and unmarried, for when they marry and the domestic cares of a farm fall upon them, there is at once an end of the singing in church.

We, then, in these cases, have neither the force for an adequate performance of your grand old chorals, nor have we, nor can we have the skill, knowledge, taste and experience necessary for really fine music. We *must*, Sir, do the best we can. If you can elevate the standard of culture any faster than we singing teachers are endeavoring to do it, we beg of you to do so. If it was possible to prevent the cutting up of one society of a respectable size into half a dozen little squads, there would be more hope. As it now is, I do not see any other way than to keep singing easy tunes, and as fast as these are worn out to buy new books and learn new ones. Where I am living, the town being larger and the society in which I sing being also large, other influences are at work, which, with your permission, I will try to explain at another time.

Respectfully Yours, P. E. G.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

THE BRIDGE.

FROM GRAF VON AUERSPERG.

There's a wondrous bridge, my lady,
In the softest clime I know,
Where with sweetest breath of balsam
Winds of Spring eternal blow.

From one heart unto another
Leads this bridge's wondrous way;
Love it is who guards the portal,
Opes to those who own his sway.

Love it is the bridge that buildeth,
Roses are the means supplied;
O'er it soul seeks soul in union,
As a bridegroom seeks his bride.

Love has spanned and capped the arches,
Decked it with its fair array;
Love, too, gathereth the taxes,
Kisses are the tolls to pay.

Wouldst thou willingly, sweet maiden,
See this wondrous bridge of mine,
Then it is that thou must lend me,
If we build it, help of thine.

From thy brow then drive the shadows,
Smile but on me, if thou wilt!
Then let's lay our lips together
And the bridge will soon be built. W.

M. Vivier at Baden.

After the fireworks and the illumination, the concert commenced.

On this occasion, M. Vivier arrived with his horn; not a false Vivier, not a second-hand Vivier, but the true Vivier, the only Vivier, in a word, Vivier. The public saluted him with thunders of applause before seeing or hearing him; but that was nothing to what they did afterwards.

There are some incredulous persons who assert

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that M. Vivier slightly resembles Schamyl; they are not sure that he really exists.

"He is a myth," say some; "He is a symbol," remark others. "In ancient times, Theseus was the personification of strength, and Pirithoüs of friendship. In the same manner, Vivier is the personification of the horn."

Now that Paganini is dead, how many people affirm that he never lived!

It is very certain that this theory has its inviting side, which is capable of shaking the most deeply-rooted conviction.

"Look for your M. Vivier," persons have said to me, "and find him if you can."

All of a sudden we heard that he was at Constantinople.

"A horn-player among the Turks! Is it likely? It is true that Schamyl is reported to be in Circassia, but who ever saw him?"

Another day there was a rumor that he had just given a concert at Moscow.

Now, every one knows that Moscow was burnt down.

Later, he was said to be at Smyrna or Liverpool. Why not at Quebec or Ispahan?

After all, however, Vivier—Vivier, body and bones, the real Vivier, alive and kicking, performed on the horn, last Saturday, at half-past nine o'clock in the evening, at Baden. Fifty people saw him.

He played very little, but he did play. The only piece he played, in the midst of the most profound silence, is entitled "La Chasse;" he composed it for himself, and I doubt if any living man but himself could execute it.

Formerly, Lucullus dined with Lucullus; at present Vivier works for Vivier.

Any person who has not heard him can form no idea of his playing. Tradition stops at it. His horn is not a horn; it is an instrument without a name, which sighs like a flute or thunders like the trumpets of Jericho. In the hands of Vivier, the horn is doubled—trebled. It is heard by his side, it is heard in the distance, it is heard here, it is heard there—it approaches, retreats, it bursts out, it calls upon itself, and it replies—it is the sound and the echo in itself alone.

Old chroniclers speak of fairy-horses, which were always running and could never die. M. Vivier makes me believe in fairy-horns: his is the soul of the Black Huntsman speaking.—*Assemblée Nationale.*

ELEGY.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
  In every clime, from Lapland to Japan;
To fix one spark of beauty's heavenly ray,
  The proper study of mankind is man.

Tell—for you can—what it is to be wise,
  Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain,
The man of Ross, each lisping babe replies,
  And drags, at each remove, a length'ning chain.

Ah! who can tell how hard it is to climb
  Far as the solar walk, or milky way;
Procrastination is the thief of time,
  Let Hercules himself do what he may.

'Tis education forms the common mind,
  The feast of reason and the flow of soul—
I must be cruel only to be kind,
  And waft a sigh from Indus to the pole.

Syphax, I joy to meet thee thus alone,
  Where'er I roam, whatever lands I see;
A youth, to fortune and to fame unknown,
  In maiden meditation fancy free.

Farewell! and wheresoe'er thy voice be tried,
  Why to yon mountain turns the gazing eye?
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,
  That teach the native moralist to die.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,
  Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
Laugh where we must, be candid where we can,
  Man never is but always to be blest.

MILWAUKEE, July 16, 1855.

A Curious Sermon.

The Brandon (Mississippi) *Register* reports the following curious sermon preached at the town of Waterproofs, not far from Brandon: —

I may say to you, my brethering, that I am not an edecated man, and I am not one o' them as bleeves that edecation is necessary for a gospel minister, for I bleeve the Lord edecates his preachers jest as he wants 'em to be edecated, an', although I say it that oughtn't to say it, yet in the state of Indianny, whar I live, thar's no man as gits a bigger congregation nor what I gits.

Thar may be some here to-day, my brethering, as don't know what persuasion I'm uv. Well, I may say to you, my brethering, that I'm a Hardshell Baptist. Thar's some folks as don't like the Hardshell Baptists, but I'd rather hear Hardshell as no shell at all. You see me here to-day, my brethering, drest as in fine close; you must think I was proud, but I am not proud, my brethering, and although I've been a preacher uv the gospel for twenty years, an' although I'm capting of that flat boat that lies at yure landing, I'm not proud, my brethering.

I'm not a gwine ter tell you *edzackly* whar my tex may be found; suffice it to say it's in the leds of the Bible, an' you'll find it somewhar 'tween the first chapter uv the Book uv Generations and the last chapter uv the Book uv Revolutions, an' ef you'll go and sarch the Scriptures, as I have sarched the Scriptures, you'll not only find *my* tex thar, but a great many uther *texes* as will do you good to read, an' my tex, when you shill find it you shill find it to read thus:

"An' he played on a harp uv a thousand strings—sperits of just men made perfeck."

My tex, brethering, leads me to speak uv sperits. Now thar's a great many kinds uv sperits in the world—in the fust place, thar's the sperits as some folks call ghosts, and then thar's the sperits of turpentine, and then thar's the sperits as some folks call liquor; an' I've got as good an' artikel of them kind uv sperits on my flatboat as ever was fotched down the Mississippi river, but thar's a great many other kinds of sperits, for the tex sez: —"He played on a harp uv a thousand strings—sperits uv just men made perfeck."

But I'll you the kind uv sperits as is meant in the tex, *its fire*. That's the kind uv sperits as is meant in the tex, my brethering. Now thar's a great many kinds of fire in the world. In the fust place, thar's the common sort uv fire you lite a segar or a pipe with, and then thar's cam fire, fire before yure reddy and fall back, and many other kinds uv fire, for the tex sez: "He played on a harp uv a *thousand* strings—sperits of just men made perfeck."

But I'll tell you the kind uv fire as is ment in the tex, my brethering—its *hell fire!* and thar's the kind uv fire as a great many uv you'll come to, ef you don't do better nor what you've bin doin'—for "He played on a harp uv a *thousand* strings—sperits uv just men made perfeck."

Now, the different sorts of fire in the world may be likened unto the different persuasions of Christians in the world. In the first place we have the Piscapalions; an' they are a high sailin' and a high falutin set, and they may be likened unto a turkey buzzard, that flies up into the air, and he goes up and up, till he looks no bigger than your finger nail, and the fust thing you know he cums down and down, and down and down, and is a fillin' himself on the karkiss uv a dead hoss, by the side uv the road—and "he played on a harp uv a *thou*-sand strings—sperits uv just men made perfeck."

And then thar's the Methedist, and they may be likened unto the squirrel, runnin' up into a tree, for the Methedist blieves gwine on from one degree uv grace to another, and finally on to perfeckshun, and the squirrel goes up and up, and up and up, and he jumps from lim' to lim' and branch to branch, and the fust thing you know he falls and down he cums kerflummux, and that's like the Methedist, for they is allers fallin' from grace ah!—and—"He played on a harp of a *thou*-sand strings—sperits of just men made perfeck."

And, then, my brethering, thar's the Baptist ah! and they hev bin likened unto a possum on a 'simmon tree, and the thunders may roll, and the earth may quake, but that possum clings there still ah! And you may shake one foot loose, and the other's thar, and you may shake all feet loose, and he laps his tail round the limb, and he clings forever, for—"He played on a harp uv a *thou*-sand strings—sperits of just men made perfeck."

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, OCT. 22.—Musical gossip is rife here, and I snatch a few minutes to give you some items. The Academy is languishing along with old operas and very poor audiences. Last night *Norma* was given "for the last time" (in America, I hope.) *Le Prophete* will soon be produced with great splendor, and the public hangs back for it. Meanwhile, the following new engagements are announced: Sig. SALVIANI, *primo tenore*, from Florence; Sig. CASPIANI, *primo basso*, Milan; Mlle. DELLI-PATAMA, *prima donna*, Munich; and Mlle. VESTVALI, *seconda donna* and *contralto*.

Mlle. RACHEL, on her return from Boston, will perform at the Academy on the off nights.

On dit, that MARETZEK is going to leave 14th Street, and, together with STRAKOSCH, PARODI and VESTVALI (who is not going to Mexico after all) open the Metropolitan as an opposition house to the Academy.

At Niblo's, the PYNE troupe close at the end of next week. To-night "Rip Van Winkle" was given for Mr. BRISTOW's benefit, to a crowded house I hear, and on Friday, Mr. HARRISON, for his benefit, gives Fawcett's adaptation of "The Barber."

At Burton's, there is a small English opera troupe, with Miss ROSALIE DURAND as Prima Donna. They have been performing an adaptation of Boildieu's "John of Paris" and have done it very well, it is said.

Mr. EISFELD has returned in good health, and weighs about two or three times as much as when he left. He will resume his quartet soirées during the winter.

Mr. BERGMANN and WILLIAM MASON intend giving a series of six musical matinées.

To conclude, I will give you a musical marriage announcement: Mr. STEPHEN LEACH, late basso of the Seguin and Thillon troupes, was united last Saturday evening to Mrs. GEORGIANA STUART, our amiable and talented Prima Donna. A long and happy career to them.

R.

Musical Chit-Chat.

The Orchestral Concerts in the Music Hall will commence on the 10th or 17th of next month. The orchestra of fifty is complete, the prospect of a large audience morally certain, and the leading features of a rich opening programme fixed. These will be Beethoven's Seventh Symphony; Mendelssohn's G minor Concerto, played by OTTO DRESEL; an overture by Mendelssohn (either "Fingal's Cave" or "Midsummer Night's Dream"); *perhaps*, too, the *Leonora* overture of Beethoven; probably the first finale (for orchestra) from *Don Juan;* and in each part some singing worthy of the occasion:—thus mingling the grave and the gay, the solid and the brilliant in attractive and edifying proportions..... Mlle. PARODI and STRAKOSCH had a third brilliant concert on Saturday evening, and have to a considerable degree kept up the interest through three extra concerts during this crowded "gala week" of Boston, and in spite of the nightly almost all-absorbing attractions of RACHEL....The old HANDEL and HAYDN SOCIETY, it will be seen, announce their annual series of Six Oratorio Concerts, in the Music Hall, at the exceedingly low price of *two dollars* for the series. The first oratorio will be Handel's "Solomon", never before given in this city, or this country. We have heard some of the choruses under Mr. ZERRAHN's careful drill, and found them full of beauty, variety and true Handelian vigor. The opening is fixed for Sunday evening, Nov. 18th.

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We are glad to learn that a series of six concerts, and five or six lectures for the people, at people's prices, are to be given in the Music Hall, under the auspices of the Artizan's Recreative Union, an excellent institution apparently, of which we shall have more to say. For the concerts Miss PHILLIPPS, Miss TWICHELL, Miss BOTHAMLY, Mr. MILLARD, Mr. WETHERBEE, Mr. ADAMS, Mr. MOZART, and the Germania Serenade Band have been engaged. Tickets *one dollar* for the series. That is the true way to keep out intemperance and vulgarity: preoccupy the moral elements that grow intemperate with wholesome, genial excitements. Provide cheap and refined amusements.

Messrs. SCHULTZE, JUNGNICKEL and CARL HAUSE gave a concert of classical and popular music in Worcester last week, assisted by the vocal talent of Miss BOTHAMLY. Mr. Hause played a piano concerto by Hummel, and the three the Andante with variations, from Beethoven's Trio in C minor. Instrumental solos, duets and songs made out the feast, which "Stella" says was a rich one; yet either politics stood in the way, or "some one had blundered", for

Into the City Hall
Walked but two hundred.

—"Stella" judges from the advertising columns of one of the New York dailies that the banjo is the favorite musical instrument in that city.

Congregational singing has been introduced at Rev. Dr. Alexander's church, Fifth Avenue, New York. One of Jardine's organs is placed behind the pulpit, and is played by WILLIAM MASON. Dr. LOWELL MASON leads the singing, and the whole people join, supported by some of the stronger voices which are placed in the front side-seats. The *Review* says that "the tunes selected are appropriate in their rhythmic and melodic structure," and describes the effect as being grand ...CARL BERGMANN, in his capacity of violoncellist, and WILLIAM MASON, as pianist, propose a series of six musical matinées in New York, with a view of extending the circle of those acquainted, as all refined society should be, with the masterworks of chamber music, especially "such quartets, quintets, trios, sonatas, and the like, as have not before been heard in New York in public." These must prove a valuable auxiliary to the good work going on under the auspices of the Philharmonic Society and EISFELD's quartet party, who are preparing to resume their classical soirées......

Signor Roncari's new opera company are to commence in Mexico next week. The operas for the first month are to be *Norma*, *I Montecchi e Capuletti*, *Luisa Miller*, *Semiramide*, *Lucrezia* and *Lucia*; each month a new opera will be produced, including *Rigoletto*, *Trovatore*, *Tancredi*, and *Prophète*. The troupe comprises: primadonnas, Mlle. Delmonte and Madame Manzini; contralto, Mlle. Vestvali; tenors, Graziani and Gianconi; baritones, Z. Winter and Walther; bass, Garone; an orchestra of forty, and a chorus of thirty-six: all under the direction of L. Winter, a son of the celebrated German composer.

A writer of musical reminiscences in the *Musical Review* recalls a remark of "old THOMASCHEK, in Prague, the master of so many masters in our art, who used to say, that whenever he heard an artist singing at one moment *pianissimo*, at the next *fortissimo*, it reminded him of a large door, which was softly opened, only to be shut immediately afterwards with a tremendous noise." There was quite a rage, he adds, among the artists to illustrate this remark; but of late years, with the exception of some Italians, all the singers seem to have got rid of the door-clapping style, except the celebrated baritone, PISCHEK, and the English tenor, SIMS REEVES.

Among the antiquities of Newport, R. I., is an organ, the gift of Bishop Berkeley, of which we find the following notice:

"It was also after his arrival in England, in 1733, that he presented the organ to Trinity church, at Newport, which is still surmounted by the crown of the olden time, and which bears an inscription that it is the gift of Dr. George Berkeley, late Lord Bishop of Cloyne. This organ was originally forwarded to America by the Dean as a gift to the town of Berkeley, in Massachusetts, which had been named after him. The select men of the town, however, were not prepared to harbor so dangerous a guest, and voting that 'an organ is an instrument of the devil, for the entrapping the souls of men,' declined the offer; when the Dean conferred it on Trinity. It still sends forth its strains from some of the old pipes.

"It is said that there is another claimant for the honors of the organ, in a church of Brooklyn, N. Y. The story goes that the Newport organ, being out of repair, was sent to New York to be put in order. A portion of the pipes were found to be so defective that it was considered expedient to replace them by new ones, which were provided, and forwarded in the old case. It afterwards occurred to a workman that the old metal should not be thrown away; so he restored the rejected pipes, and they were set up in a new case in the Brooklyn church. Mason states: 'The original case, of English oak, is still in use in the church, and it contains a part of the old works, with the addition of such pipes as was found necessary when it was rebuilt a few years ago.'"

....The Philadelphia opera house is fast becoming a reality; the *Bulletin* reports progress as follows:

The work on the splendid building for the American Academy of Music, at the corner of Broad and Locust streets, is progressing rapidly. The first story is nearly up, and the handsome brown stone front on Broad street gives earnest of what the structure will be when completed. The building is very large, and it will inaugurate a new era in Philadelphia in theatrical architecture. The city has never yet had a regular opera house, and the theatres that have been at times appropriated to opera purposes are generally small, inconvenient and not constructed with much regard to the laws of acoustics.

The following particulars in relation to the new Opera House will give our readers an idea of its size and capacity. The building has a front of 140 feet on Broad street, with a depth of 238 feet on Locust street. There will be regular seats for 3000 persons, and stool and standing room for 600 more. The orchestra will be 65 feet long, by 10 feet wide, and will afford ample room for seventy musicians.

The following are the dimensions of the principal parts of the structure:—

Width of stage department 150 feet; width of stage proper, 90 feet; depth 73 feet; width of auditorium between the walls, 90 feet; height to dome, 70 feet; depth from curtain to back of boxes, 102 feet; width of curtain 48 feet; height, 48 feet; width of lobbies, at proscenium, 9 feet, gradually widening at vestibule entrance to 13 feet; entrance of lobby on Broad street, 10 by 73 feet; two main stairways in vestibule, width of each 13 feet; width of same to second tier, 8 feet; to third, 7 feet. The grand saloon, which can be used for concerts, lectures, balls, &c., is 39 by 85 feet; height of same, 30 feet; the number of exit doors is 14, all of them opening outward, comprising a space of 117 feet; so that a full house can be discharged in from four to five minutes; the covered carriage way is 70 feet on Locust street, to curb; width of Broad street pavement, 18 feet; Locust street, do. 12 feet; stage excavation below the floor, 10 feet; under remainder of the house, 8½ feet; heated by steam generated in two boilers. The auditorium is to be illuminated by a circle in the dome, containing 500 jets, also by two rows of jets along the cornices, and by bracket lights against the walls.

There will be ventilating flues throughout the house, connecting with the main ventilating shaft, over the illuminating circle. The parquet entrances are, to wit: two at orchestra, 3 feet wide, gradually enlarging to 6½ feet at lobby, with two additional side entrances, each 5½ feet wide. Numerous other passages throughout the house, leading to seats, commence along the inner circle, being two feet broad, and gradually widening to 4 feet at lobbies. Restaurant in basement, 26 by 62 feet; height of the building to cornice 60 feet. The roof will be of iron, main span 90 feet; passage way on south flank 10 feet; passage way on rear to Westmoreland street 15 feet; a balcony on Broad and also one on Locust street, each 70 feet.

The Leipzig *Signale* gives an interesting account of music at St. Petersburg, from which we translate:

"The attention of the Russian rulers has long been directed toward music. Under Peter the Great already German musicians came into the country. Under the empress Elizabeth, about the year 1750, one of the best opera troupes from Italy was called to St. Petersburg; twice a week in the winter palace, in the theatre of the Hermitage, which is still standing, they gave representations, to which every respectable person was admitted gratis; the doors were not closed till the hall was full. Under Catherine II. there was one of the best Italian opera companies here, with which the great Cimarosa was connected as composer. At the same time lived here too the celebrated Sarti. At a later period, under Alexander, there was, besides the Italian, also a French opera here, to which belonged the excellent singer Philis-Andrieux, and Boieldieu as composer. Here this distinguished man wrote several of his best operas. At the same time there figured here three of the greatest violinists: Rode, Baillot and Lafont, as also Neukomm and Steibelt as chapel-masters, and the world-renowned pianist, Clementi, who brought here with him his best pupils, Field, Klengel and Berger. The first—the greatest piano-player of all times—remained in Russia till his death.

"Under such favorable auspices it was impossible that St. Petersburg should fall behind other royal residences in Europe in musical taste, and nearly all the celebrities (except Paganini) have visited this city, and several have settled down here for the remainder of their lives, among whom we may name the great singer, Mme. Mara.

That music at the present time is extremely well diffused in Petersburg, is proved by the existence here of twenty music shops, forty piano manufactories, and, it is said, about eight hundred music teachers. The piano here, as everywhere, is most generally in vogue. The most distinguished pianists are: Rubenstein (now in Germany), Gerke, Henselt, Lewy, Kündinger, Jr., Leschetitsky, Frackmann and Vogt. The best violinists: Maurer, father and son, Kontsky, Minkus, Albrecht, Schlosser, Pikel, Kündinger, Sen., Engel, Dmitrieff, Ofenasieff, Ludoff and Latischeff; the four last are Russian born. All the above named violinists are members of the Imperial orchestras, of which there are several here. Thus, for example, the Italian opera, the Russian opera, the German theatre, the French Vaudeville, the Ballet and the Circus, each have separate orchestras, of which Louis Maurer fills the place of general inspector. Each member of the orchestra receives, in proportion to his services, from 400 to 700 silver roubles yearly salary, and after fifteen years' service a pension for life of 600 silver roubles, which he may spend where he pleases.

"The Italian opera here consists of the *ne plus ultra* of the throat-artists of Italy and lasts only four months in the year; for which short season a Lagrange, a Grisi, a Mario or Tamberlik draws a salary of 20,—25,000 silver roubles. There is no Conservatory here, to be sure, but you find an equivalent in the theatre school, where separate classes are organized for singing, instrumental music, and the study of Harmony. Also among the Imperial educational institutions there is one in which pupils are specially formed for music. Of musical institutes or academies the following may be named: The Institute of Court singers, which has for its object to train voices for the divine worship of the Court church. Europe has scarcely the equal of this to point to, in all that concerns enchanting voices and perfection of harmony in the most perfect execution. Then there is the Blind Institute, in which there is a whole orchestra composed of the blind. Then the Symphony Society of the students, who every Sunday, under the direction of C. Schubert, give public performances in the splendid hall of the University. Besides this, there is a second Symphony Society of amateurs. Then there are the Sing-akademie of the Germans, which has been in existence these thirty-five years, and makes gratifying progress; the Ger-

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man Liedertafel; the Philharmonic Society for sacred music, and several small private musical societies.

"Nor is there any lack of public places of recreation enlivened by music. Among others, you find weekly musical soirées in three different Clubs; five or six different orchestras *à la Strauss* play in public gardens; twice a week there are concerts in the hall of the *Passage Steinbock*, where the peculiar, yet interesting half-wild song of the Muscovite gipsey bands is to be heard. From all this it may be perceived that music is not the least of the agreeable resources of the Palmyra of the North."

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, OCT. 27, 1855.

Sunday Evening Concerts.

We alluded last week to the fact that the ice had been broken in the matter of Sacred Concerts in the city of Providence, and a concert given there, for the first time, on Sunday evening of week before last, by Mr. Ahner, for the benefit of the Norfolk sufferers. Yet it appears that the ice was only broken, it was not altogether melted. Providence would seem to resemble in this respect one of those secluded vallies where the ice of centuries is stored up still to harden, while the sun makes summer over all the earth. The novelty of the thing, so common elsewhere, seems to have been startling. Various were the opinions called forth. Some approved, but others frowned. Several of the pulpits opened their batteries upon the dangerous innovation, editors of newspapers, forgetting politics and trade, grew scrupulously pious upon the occasion, and gave place in their columns to solemn protests against this unheard of desecration of the Sabbath. For instance, one concludes:

> In a word, we do not believe in the propriety of what are called Sacred *Sunday* Concerts. For whatever purpose instituted, they cannot be regarded as much short of actual Sabbath desecration. Like any other concert, we buy the music for *self-diversion and pleasure*. So far from *devotion*, it is actually *recreation*. Nor does the *sacred* character of the music necessarily make the exercise sacred. It is the music, the *vocal harmony* of superior voices, and not the words, that awaken the interest and gather in the people. Let us not be understood as condemning this, as anything *exceedingly* bad, but we say that connecting, as it does, the secular and the religious, *traffic* and *ostensible devotion*, it exerts a most deleterious influence upon the holy and solemn character of the Christian Sabbath.

Another thanks the writer, and among other things says these:

> God has given us nights enough, without taking up a portion of the Sabbath for such purposes. If we can find evenings during the week for the exhibition of Uncle Tom, and every thing else that comes along, then we can find a week day evening for a concert in behalf of Norfolk, and to pretend that we must take the Sabbath because we cannot get people out on a week day, is setting a very low estimate on the morals and liberality of Providence. * * * *
>
> We cannot believe in the doctrine, that the end sanctifies the means, hence because a *sacred* concert contemplates a benevolent end, therefore it accords with the design of the Sabbath, and may occupy that day. It is very evident that this concert was to be a sort of public entertainment, a time of recreation or amusement. Certainly it was not designed for religious worship in the Christian sense of worship. We doubt whether any one expected any religious services, whatever, as a part of the programme for the evening. It was to be a kind of social entertainment for a benevolent object. How could Christians look upon such an entertainment in any other light, than a secular affair, wholly irrelevant to the spirit and design of the Sabbath? How then could they patronize it? And how could they but speak out against it, as quite a number of our clergy did on the Sabbath? Let us have the concert, when we can go and not desecrate God's Sabbath and cast a stumbling block before men, which will be a greater evil than all the good we hoped to do.

Here and in most civilized communities it would seem unnecessary and a waste of words to argue such a question at this late day, as if the innocence of listening to good music on a Sunday needed to be proved! But for the sake of the good cause, begun so late in our sister city, it may be worth while to hint a few obvious considerations.

1. The position of these Providence moralists and preachers in this matter is peculiar. It is behind the age; an anomaly in civilized Christendom. America is but a part, the younger part of Christendom. All over Europe, if you except some islands, the Sabbath is not only a *holy* but a *holi*-day. Cheerful, thankful worship, rest, and innocent enjoyment, as of the great family of God's children, is the spirit of it. After the morning services, the day is given up to recreation. Do you protest that this is merely a Roman Catholic abomination, part of a sensual system? Then what have you to say of the example of Protestant Geneva, all whose institutions, manners, habits, bear to this day the stamp of Calvin. That stern reformer himself, it is said, played cards on Sunday. The people of Geneva spend the afternoons and evenings of Sunday in social recreations. In those famous schools for youth, those model schools, at Hofwyl and at Fellenberg, it is a part of the regime to have out-of-door exercises, games of ball, &c. on Sunday afternoon, and music and other social pleasures in the evening.

We have not gone so far as that. With our less genial national character, without our poor understanding (as a people) of the art of enjoying ourselves, we shrink perhaps wisely from the incidental dangers of excess in too much liberty of this sort. We cannot drink without getting drunk. We let liberty run into license. But we cannot suppress the innate craving and necessity for some sort of amusement, some sort of happy and *spontaneous* activity. Hence we do well to give the preference to those amusements which cannot corrupt, and which can and do essentially refine and educate and elevate. Such is Music. Whether "secular" or "sacred," does not altogether matter, (speciality of occasion being left out of the question,) so long as it inspires the soul, and does not merely tickle the ear and lift the feet—so long as it is not frivolous. But even here, even in Puritan New England, in our larger cities, where there are most churches, most schools and most charities, Sunday Concerts, Oratorios, and the like, have grown into a custom. In Boston and New York it is so, and shall they assume that they are so much purer in the half-way house between the two at Providence!

2. Is the moral atmosphere of Providence, then, so very much purer than that of Boston, not to say New York? Can any of those preachers, when he charges his hearers to keep the Sabbath holy after their old solemn fashion, congratulate them upon their higher average of spirituality, of sobriety, of temperance, of morality, of refinement, and disinterested virtue, as compared with Boston, where for forty years we have been "desecrating the Sabbath" by oratorios and concerts in the evening? Or will any one of them undertake to say he can perceive any new shade of wickedness that has come over the old city, since the concert for the Norfolk sufferers? If it is "setting a low estimate on the morals and liberality" of the Providence people to suppose they cannot have a charity concert without taking Sunday evening for it, much more so is it to suppose they cannot listen to pure, soul-satisfying music without being injured; that they cannot listen to inspiring harmonies without forgetting God; that they cannot quit the solemn posture of devotion without ceasing to be religious. Is religion a formal act, a formal abstinence, or is it a life? Is it a mere affair of *Sun*-days, or is it good in all weathers?

So much for the example of the world and the *exceptional* case of Providence. Now for the intrinsic merits of the case.

3. If it is *theoretically*, with our strict Sabbatarian friends, a question between concerts of music and "concerts of prayer," between seeking pleasure and seeking God, is it not *practically*, must it not ever be with the great mass of people, a question between innocent and edifying amusements on the one hand, and solemn torpor, ennui, idleness, or sneaking sensual recreations, beer-shops and the like, upon the other? If you would keep young people out of low and vulgar haunts of entertainment, you must open for them pleasureable opportunities which tend only to refine and elevate. It is but the lesson taught by the whole history of Christendom, the result of the whole social experience of mankind. Far better send the child to a theatre, than make him sit and suck his thumbs the live-long day in constrained idleness and mental, moral inanition, under the outward form of negatively keeping the day holy:—for this is practically all that the experiment amounts to in the majority of cases. You cannot expel nature with a fork, especially when you put nothing in her place.

4. Good music, even when enjoyed for itself, when unconnected with solemn services, is one of the best outside auxiliaries to all truly sanctifying services. Music in itself has a meaning, and carries a message and a heavenly influence to the heart, the soul. One of the writers quoted above is so ignorant of music as to think that any sacredness attaching to it resides only in the words to which it may be sung; and that since people go to concerts, not for the words, but for the music, therefore they are forsaking God. We most sincerely hope, as the kindest wish of Christian charity, that grace may one day be given to this writer to know and feel what music is.

5. "The concert is not a religious service." All the better that it is not. A whole day can not be spent in formal services. If it can, why do we eat? And must not the mind have its periodical refreshment as well as the body? The attempt so to spend it only ends in the reactions referred to, or in that idleness and listlessness in which the mind and the affections run to weeds. How much better to have something, to which the mind may spring with free attraction, and in which it finds, without any solemn purpose or pretence, a cheerful, wholesome aid and confirmation

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of all the solemn influences and lessons of the day! How much better music than emptiness and idleness, not to say than drinking, gambling and such popular alternatives!

6. There is such a thing as frivolous and foolish music, as music of a mere sentimental and unnerving character. But there is a plenty, both vocal and instrumental, which humanizes, braces and exalts the soul; which speaks to our deeper, better nature, and nourishes the heavenly faculties, the sympathies with all things great and good, the instincts whereby we feel our relationship with life and love beyond these accidents of time. Mr. Abner's selection, in the concert in question, was mainly of this kind, and those who really enjoyed the music, we doubt not, were so far the better for it, so far the better subjects for the stated ministrations of each following Sabbath. If they really drank in the strains, their hearts were softened, and the preacher should be thankful the next time he comes to sow his seed.

We trust therefore that the givers of such concerts will go on. It is only a question of time. They are morally sure to melt all opposition in the end; and even now they doubtless have the sympathy and the approval of the larger and the better number, in Providence itself, as well as elsewhere.

RACHEL.—Music this week has been entirely secondary to the excitement of the Drama: BEETHOVEN and MOZART to—not SHAKSPEARE, but to CORNEILLE and RACINE. Those old stilted French tragedies, with their "unities," and their everlasting sing-song Alexandrines, are what few of us, since they were school or college text-books, would ever have felt moved to read again;—rare works of Art they may be in their way, but that way is a dull and thankless one, and not cheered by the least spark of imaginative genius. Yet these old plays—would that they only were "classical," with any of the vitality of Æschylus and Sophocles!—heard in a foreign language, and with all their tedious dialogue, in which all characters discourse alike, have been made all alive to us, and filled with inspiration not their own by the consummate acting of one woman, whose silent by-play and mere magnetism of look, while she is not speaking, reflects light and meaning over all the rest. In common with all the lovers of high dramatic Art, we have wondered, and have thrilled under the in their way perfect impersonations of RACHEL. The phenomenon, until one has sounded her whole compass, (and we have only seen her Camille, Phædre, Tisbe and Andromaque,) is too strange, as is the physical woman in her beauty strange, for us to attempt yet anything like analysis. We would rather simply accept, wonder and admire. Great it is unquestionably, but in what precise way great, whether the greatest, whether as satisfactory as great, is what we would rather consider after all the evidence is in. Meanwhile we have no room for report of each evening's particulars, and are they not in all the newspapers? But we say, let no one miss the opportunity of seeing Rachel all he can during her short stay.

One word, however, which no one else may think of—it is our own speciality—in compliment to Mr. COMER's orchestra. We have been surprised and pleased at their classical overtures and interludes. One night they gave the overture to Mozart's *Titus*; the next night to *Zauberflöte*; and on the night of "Angelo" were played the overtures to *Iphigenia* (Gluck's) and *Don Juan*, besides any quantity of movements from Haydn's Symphonies. Classical music enough, between the acts of one play, for a Philharmonic Concert!

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WANTED, *immediately*, for an Episcopal church in this city. No one need apply, who has not all the requisites of a good church singer. Salary according to musical capacity. Candidates may leave their address at this office.

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Is prepared to receive Pupils for Instruction on the Piano, Violin, or Flute. He may be addressed at the Musical Exchange, No. 282 Washington Street, or at his residence, No 2 Hollis Place

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At the BOSTON MUSIC HALL, on SATURDAY EVENING, Nov. 3d, assisted by Mr. MILLARD and others. For particulars see programme.

Tickets Fifty Cents each, to be obtained at the usual places. Doors open at 7. Commence at 8 o'clock.

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THE Government of the Society announces that the usual series of SIX CONCERTS will be given at the Music Hall, commencing on SUNDAY EVENING, Nov'r 18, when Handel's Oratorio, SOLOMON, will be performed for the first time in America. Talented Vocalists and an efficient Orchestra have been engaged.

CARL ZERRAHN, Conductor; F. F. MUELLER, Organist.

Full particulars will be given in future advertisements.

Tickets for the series, $2—may be obtained at the Music Stores of Reed & Co., Ditson, Wade, Richardson and Miller; also of the Secretary. H. L. HAZELTON, Secretary,

Boston, October 23, 1855. Joy's Building

CHAMBER CONCERTS.—Seventh Series.

The Mendelssohn Quintette Club,

RESPECTFULLY inform their friends and the musical public of Boston, that they will give a series of EIGHT Chamber Concerts at Messrs. CHICKERING's Rooms, to take place on alternate Tuesday evenings. Tickets for the Series, Five dollars. Single tickets, One dollar each. Lists may be found at the music stores on Monday, Oct. 22d.

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ENCOURAGED by the success of his CLASSES in SINGING last year, proposes to resume the same at the Messrs. Chickering's rooms, on Monday, Oct. 1st, at 4 o'clock, P. M., to be continued at the same hour and place on Mondays and Thursdays.

As it is the intention of Mr. Corelli, to give young ladies the opportunity of practising Trios, Quartets, Choruses, &c., he has engaged the services of Sig. GENNARI as pianist and accompanist.

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NUTTING'S ÆOLICONS,

Capitalists, Manufacturers and Dealers, read, consider, and PRESERVE this notice.

THE Inventor, having now fully prepared the way for the successful manufacture of his Æolicons on a *large* scale, by applying to them the *severest tests* while manufacturing for six years, and showing them to, and receiving autograph recommendations from, about 275 of the most eminent musicians, manufacturers and dealers in 24 cities and 12 chief towns of 13 states, and many very positive editorial recommendations in the periodicals of the same and other places; and having himself little physical or pecuniary ability, wishes to sell the patent right for the U. S. except Vermont. From the following recommendations it is evident that the Æolicon, in 16 varieties, with from 4 to 7 octaves, 1 to 3 banks of keys, 1 to 24 draw stops, 0 to 3 oc. pedal bass, in size from 6½ inches square and 3 ft. long, to 6 ft. square, in price from $45 to $1,200, is well adapted to every occasion in life where a keyed instrument is wanted, and *must supersede* all other reed instruments as soon as extensively manufactured, furnishing profitable employment to *thousands* of workmen in the different departments.

New York, July 11, 1853.—We the subscribers having examined Mr. Nutting's Æolicons, very cheerfully recommend them to the public, believing that Mr. N. has by his constant labor for over 15 years succeeded in producing an instrument which very much excels all other instruments of the Seraphine or Melodeon class. Its capacity to produce musical *effect* by variety of expression and rapidity of execution; its clear, pure, distinct, and yet very powerful, voluminous and solid tone; its perfection of scale; its simplicity of construction and ease of operation are especially remarkable.

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Endorsed by WM. H. FRY, in *N. Y. Tribune*, Oct. 6, 1855.

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Albany, N. Y. July, 1855.—I have examined with much pleasure the Æolicon, and am most happy to add my testimony as to its excellence. In *mellowness* of tone, it is unequalled by any reed instrument I have ever seen, and its *power is truly wonderful*. Again, from its *repeating* qualities, the performer on *that* is able to execute as rapidly as on *any* instrument, the piano-forte not excepted. In short, I think there can be but one opinion in regard to it, viz: it is far in *advance* of any instrument of the Melodeon kind, and must *very* soon supersede them entirely. H. TUCKER,

Composer, Organist, Teacher P. F. & Ballad Singer.

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Life of John Sebastian Bach;

WITH A CRITICAL VIEW OF HIS COMPOSITIONS, BY J. N. FORKEL.

(Continued from p. 26.)

John Sebastian Bach was now thirty-two years of age; he had made such good use of his time, had studied, composed, and played so much, and by this unremitting zeal and diligence acquired such a mastery over every part of the art, that he stood like a giant, able to trample all around him into dust. He had long been regarded with admiration and wonder, not only by amateurs, but by judges of the art, when, in the year 1717, Mr. Marchand, formerly much celebrated in France as a performer on the clavichord and organ, came to Dresden, where he performed before the king and obtained such approbation, that a large salary was offered him, if he would engage in his majesty's service. Marchand's merit chiefly consisted in a very fine and elegant style of performance; but his ideas were empty and feeble, almost in the manner of Couperin, at least as may be judged by his compositions. But J. S. Bach had an equally fine and elegant style, and at the same time a copiousness of ideas, which might perhaps have made Marchand's head giddy, if he had heard it. All this was known to Volumier, at that time director of the concerts in Dresden. He knew the absolute command of the young German over his thoughts and his instrument, and wished to produce a contest between him and the French artist, in order to give his prince the pleasure of judging of their respective merits, by comparing them himself. With the king's approbation, therefore, a message was dispatched to J. S. Bach, at Weimar, to invite him to this musical contest. He accepted the invitation, and immediately set out on his journey. Upon Bach's arrival in Dresden, Volumier first procured him an opportunity secretly to hear Marchand. Bach was not discouraged, but wrote to the French artist a polite note, formally inviting him to a musical trial of skill: he offered to play upon the spot whatever Marchand should set before him, but requested the same readiness on his part. As Marchand accepted the challenge, the time and place for the contest were fixed, with the king's consent. A large company of both sexes, and of high rank, assembled in the house of Marshal Count Fleming, which was the place appointed. Bach did not make them wait long for him, but Marchand did not appear. After a long delay, they at last sent to inquire at his lodgings, and the company learned, to their great astonishment, that Marchand had left Dresden in the morning of that day, without taking leave of anybody. Bach alone, therefore, had to perform, and excited the admiration of all who heard him; but Volumier's intention, to show, in a sensible and striking manner, the difference between the French and German art, was frustrated. Bach received on this occasion praise in abundance; but it is said that he did not receive a present of 100 louis-d'ors, which the king had designed for him.

He had not long returned to Weimar, when Prince Leopold of Anhalt-Cöthen, a great judge and lover of music, invited him to take the office of master of his chapel. He immediately entered on this office, which he filled nearly six years; but during this time (about 1722) took a journey to Hamburg, in order to perform on the organ there. His performance excited universal admiration. The veteran Reinken, then near a hundred years old, heard him with particular pleasure; and in regard to the chorus, "*An Wasserflüssen Babylons,*" which he varied for half an hour in the true organ style, he paid him the compliment of saying, "I thought that this art was dead, but I see that it still lives in you." Reinken himself had some years before composed that chorus in this manner, and had it engraved, as a work on which he set a great value. His praise, therefore, was the more flattering to Bach.

On the death of Kuhnau, in the year 1723, Bach was appointed director of music, and chanter to St. Thomas's School at Leipzig. In this place he remained till his death. Prince Leopold of Anhalt Cöthen had a great regard for him, and Bach therefore left his service with regret. But the death of the prince occurring soon after, he saw that Providence had guided him well. Upon this death, which greatly afflicted him, he composed a funeral dirge, with many remarkably fine double choruses, and executed it himself at Cöthen. That in his present situation he received the title of master of the chapel from the Duke of Weissenfels; and in the year 1736, the title of court composer to the King of Poland, Elector of Saxony, is of little consequence, only it is to be observed that the last title was derived from connections in which Bach was engaged by his office of chanter in St. Thomas's School.

His second son, Charles Philip Emanuel, entered the service of Frederick the Great in 1740. The reputation of the all-surpassing skill of John Sebastian was at this time so extended that the king often heard it mentioned and praised. This made him envious to hear so great an artist. At first he distantly hinted to the son his wish that his father would one day come to Potsdam. But by degrees he began to ask him directly, why his father did not come? The son could not avoid acquainting his father with these expressions of the king's: at first, however, he could not pay any attention to them, because he was generally too much overwhelmed with business. But the king's expressions being repeated in several of his son's letters, he at length, in 1747, prepared to take this journey in company of his eldest son, William Friedemann. At this time the king had every evening a private concert, in which he himself generally performed some concertos on the flute. One evening, just as he was getting his flute ready, and his musicians were assembled, an officer brought him the list of the strangers who had arrived. With his flute in his hand he ran over the list, but immediately turned to the assembled musicians, and said, with a kind of agitation, "Gentlemen, old Bach is come." The flute was now laid aside; and old Bach, who had alighted at his son's lodgings, was immediately summoned to the palace. William Friedemann, who accompanied his father, told me this story, and I must say that I still think with pleasure on the manner in which he related it. At that time it was the fashion to make rather prolix compliments. The first appearance of J. S. Bach before so great a king, who did not even give him time to change his travelling-dress for a black chanter's gown, most necessarily be attended with many apologies. I will not here dwell on these apologies, but merely observe, that in William Friedemann's mouth they made a formal dialogue between the king and the apologist.

But what is more important than this is, that the king gave up his concert for this evening, and invited Bach, then already called the old Bach, to try his forte-pianos, made by Silbermann, which stood in several rooms of the palace. The musicians went with him from room to room, and Bach was invited everywhere to try and to play unpremeditated compositions. After he had gone on for some time, he asked the king to give him a subject for a fugue, in order to execute it immediately without any preparation. The king admired the learned manner in which his subject was thus executed extempore; and, probably to see how far such art could be carried, expressed a wish to hear a fugue with six obligato parts. But as it is not every subject that is fit for such full harmony, Bach chose one himself, and immediately executed it, to the astonishment of all present, in the same magnificent and learned manner as he had done that of the king. His majesty desired also to hear his performance on the organ. The next day, Bach was taken to all the organs in Potsdam, as he had before been to Silbermann's forte-pianos. After his return to Leipzig, he composed the subject, which he had received from the king, in three and six parts, added several artificial passages in strict canon to it, and had it engraved, under the title of "Musikalisches Opfer" (Musical Offering), and dedicated it to the inventor.

This was Bach's last journey. The indefatigable diligence with which, particularly in his younger years, he had frequently passed days and nights, without intermission, in the study of his art, had weakened his sight. This weakness continually increased in his latter years, till at length it brought on a very painful disorder in the eyes. By the advice of some friends, who placed great confidence in the ability of an oculist, who had arrived at Leipzig from England, he ventured to submit to an operation, which twice failed. Not only was his sight now wholly lost, but his constitution, which had been hitherto so vigorous, was quite undermined by the use of, perhaps noxious, medicines, in consequence of the opera-

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tion. He continued to decline for full half a year, till he expired on the evening of the 30th of July, 1750, in the 66th year of his age. On the morning of the tenth day before his death, he was all at once able to see again, and to bear the light. But a few hours afterwards he was seized with an apoplectic fit; this was followed by an inflammatory fever, which his enfeebled frame, notwithstanding all possible medical aid, was unable to resist.

Such was the life of this remarkable man. I only add that he was twice married, and that he had by his first wife seven and by the second wife thirteen children, namely, eleven sons and nine daughters. All the sons had admirable talents for music; but they were not fully cultivated, except in some of the elder ones.

[To be continued.]

AN OLD BALLAD.

We find the following in the "Curioss" collected for the Philadelphia *Bulletin*, by "Meister Karl," who says of it: "The following eccentric ballad is somewhat modernized from one given in the 'Songs and Carols, printed from a MS. in the Sloane Collection.' It was written about the year 1450."

I have a young sister
  Far beyond the see;
Many are the presents
  That she sente me.
She sent me a cherry
  Without any stone,
She sent me a pigeon
  Without any bone;
Withoute any thornes
  She sent me a briar,
She bade me love my lover,
  And that without desire.

How can a cherry
  Be without a stone?
How can a pigeon
  Be without a bone?
How can a briar
  Be without a thorne?
And who e'er loved without desire
  Since true love first was born?

When the cherry was a blossom,
  Then it had no stone;
When the dove was in the egg,
  Then it had no bone;
When first the briar sprouted,
  Never a thorne it bore;
And when a maiden has her love,
  Oh then she longs no more!

Letters from a Country Singing Teacher.

No. III.

M——, Oct. 29, 1855.

John S. Dwight, Esq.,

Dear Sir:—I promised, with your permission, to try my hand at giving you some idea of the difficulties we "psalm-singers" meet with in our endeavors to aid in the progress of a better musical taste. Heretofore a very strong prejudice has existed in the country towns against any one who devoted himself to the profession. Teaching music in any of its branches was considered derogatory, and the singing master especially was "a poor tool." When I was thinking of entering college, with small means, I had a conversation with an uncle, living forty miles from Boston, upon my prospects of being able to work my way through. I mentioned, among other means of earning something, the teaching of music. "Do anything that is honest and honorable," said he, "but don't think of turning singing master!" I can imagine what he would say, if he were still living, to see me making that my profession. I am not alone, however; many graduates of different colleges teach music, and, if I am not misinformed, even your so-called aristocratic institution at Cambridge has her representatives among us.

This feeling here in the country meets me at every turn, and in places like this, so large that society is divided into grades, the 'squires and other dignitaries' families are unknown lands to the 'singing master'.

Winter before last the Calvinist society here, which, with the exception of the Episcopalians, is the most aristocratic, and is indeed much the largest, employed me to teach a singing school, and I have the best reason to suppose that I gave full satisfaction,—namely, in that they have since employed me to take charge of the singing school in the church.

But I am before my story.

The cause of having a school at all at that time was the necessity of doing something to fill up the singer's seats, or, to speak plainly, to do something towards having any singing at all. In the Episcopal society two or three musical families, the most aristocratic people in the place, sustained the choir, sitting themselves in the seats, and making a sort of high-born affair of the thing. The result is very good music. In the Methodist society, where there is no aristocracy, all who can sing at all collect into the seats, and what they lack in science they make up in zeal; and there too it goes very well. The Unitarian society, small but rich, has a hired quartet, very rare in this region. But the large, rich Calvinistic society had had all kinds of trouble. As their numbers increased and some grew wealthy and sent their daughters away to be educated at academies and boarding schools, a gradual separation into ranks took place, until at length Miss Jones—not the real name to be sure—would not sit in the seat with Miss Smith! The one having spent a year away at school and being the daughter of the store keeper, and the other a girl who worked in Mrs. James's milliner's shop! So one after another left the seats, as I was told, on grounds of this sort. But another trouble was in the ambition of two or three would-be-"choristers" or leaders. The plan had been pursued of having the singers choose one of their number as leader, and parties had grown up, and sometimes one party sat below, sometimes the other, and at other times all. On one occasion, and that too when a stranger preached, the first hymn in the morning was sung by a single man, and the preacher gave out no more! An attempt was made to get the congregation to sing, but this proved a signal failure. At length the clergyman, who is one of those rarities, a preacher with a real love and understanding of music, declared he would not endure such a state of things, dishonorable to him, to the society, and to that Being whom they pretended to worship, and to whom they ought to sing praises.

Money was raised and I was employed to teach a school. I had some seventy pupils, and flatter myself that they made good progress; certainly Mr. A., the minister, complimented me highly. Great things were hoped from this school, and no sooner was it finished and I away, than an attempt was made once more to form a choir. For a few weeks all went well, but it was one thing to the young people to meet on a week day evening and have a good time, under the guidance of one who was paid to lead them, and quite another thing to come together on Sunday and undertake to sing under the lead of one who, they supposed, knew no more than they themselves, and who did not know just their favorite tunes and all that sort of thing. Then, too, the old rivalry returned between A, B, and C, and they were soon as badly off as before.

This led to a request for me to undertake the charge of the singing. I accepted, and upon a certain Saturday evening, according to appointment, I met such as felt disposed to join the new choir, and found to my astonishment the vestry full of people of all ages from fifty down to a dozen. Well, there certainly was too much of a good thing. It would be useless to tell all the steps taken to make a selection; it finally ended in my making privately a selection of some twenty-five of my best singers of the winter before, and in getting the ill will of at least as many more. The organist, I am happy to say, is a man of a thousand. At the outset he was kind enough to say that in all that concerned accompanying the vocal music he was entirely under my direction, but that he expected to have no interference from me in regard to his voluntaries and the like. To this I heartily subscribed, and no two ever got along better than we have done. This by the way.

Now came my task. The gentry of the parish continued to sit below. Young ladies, upon whose musical education had been spent I don't know how much, could not for a moment think of joining in the praises of the sanctuary, not they; *they* sit in the seats with common folks! Many of those who had been accustomed to sit there were utter strangers to me, and yet were offended at my not having sought them out, given them the chief places, and taken their advice. How could I do anything of the kind? I did not know them nor their capabilities. I did know what materials I had, just their worth, and their worthlessness. At all events, there was material of which something might be made. All were young; none capable of singing anything but very simple tunes, and with such tunes we made our first essay. My first request of the parish committee was for a set of new books, containing a higher grade of music than they already had; and, these obtained, there is no telling the labor and pains I took to drill the choir into some appreciation of the difference between good and bad, and into so much skill as would enable them to sing the good. In perhaps three months I began to feel some success attending my efforts. If I had had two young women of taste and musical culture at the outset there would have been no difficulty. But all such kept aloof, and the good girls who came to the choir meetings regularly and did the very best they could, and also came as much from a sense of duty as from any gratification, were laboring girls, "our noble Yankee girls", but of course without the sense of musical beauty which they had never had a chance to acquire.—I had two or three really fine voices, and it soon became a passion with me to develope them. Could my wife have been with me, it would have helped very much, but that was impossible.

But I am making this communication too long, I fear. Let me, however, mention one little incident that occurred some three months after I "entered office."

A Fair was held in the vestry for some charitable purpose, and great were the preparations. All the gentry took hold of it in earnest, and it was really a beautiful sight, as one entered the room and saw what taste could do, when the will was there. My new choir had practiced some good tunes and glees for the occasion, and of course I went over to assist. As I entered, here a face struck me which I had only seen in church or at the door, as a cat may look upon a king, now all wreathed in smiles, selling letters at the Fair post office. There another, the 'squire's daughter,, selling lottery tickets, like any girl, behind the counter, only they went by another name. There another young lady, who had relations in Boston, behind a table, serving out lemonade, tea and coffee, and so on. They were taking up the cross and humbling themselves all for the glory of God; but though they would take part in this work, sitting in the seats with the very young ladies with whom on this occasion they were on such intimate terms, that never could be thought of. Well, we sang "Hail smiling morn,"—very appropriate, you may think, to be sung at an evening fair! I did not select it, however. And several other pieces that were within our powers, and then, after a pause, it was buzzed about the room: "Miss Jones is going to sing." Whether that had been kept secret or not I do not know, I knew nothing of what was coming.

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Now came Miss Jones towards the piano, with a young man, who I afterwards learned was brought from the city for the occasion. I was standing close by the piano when the book was opened and put upon it. My heart leaped to see "With verdure clad"! It was long since I had had the opportunity of hearing anything of the kind, "cabined, cribbed, confined" to my daily task. The young man played delicately and well, and it was easy to see that he and the singer had full understanding, and that she would not suffer from any fault on his part. Oh, how sweetly she sang! Just that full, penetrating voice which goes to my heart, and withal fully imbued with that nameless something which speaks of refined and intellectual musical culture. A duet followed, sung by Miss Jones and Miss Adams, whose alto did justice to the soprano, and so some half a dozen pieces followed each other, each exciting me more and more, until the tears rolled down my cheeks. I stood there unnoticed by all save a few persons, who evidently were watching to see the effect all this would have upon "the new chorister." As the last piece ended and the singers rose, I forgot all about *the difference of rank*, and exclaimed to Miss Jones: "Oh, if you would only sit in the singers' seats!"

You should have seen the look she gave me!

Voice could not have said more plainly: "You singing master!" I am afraid my humility was not much increased by that look. It gave me tenfold energy, and I determined, if such a thing was in the bounds of possibility, my head soprano singer, a girl who wanted nothing but cultivation, should yet render Miss Jones's presence in the choir unnecessary.

Respectfully Yours,

P. E. G.

THE AUTUMNAL EQUINOX.

BY REV. N. L. FROTHINGHAM, D. D.

Room for King Autumn! Room!
Summer, the wanton queen, has run to doom,
And died. With warlike din,
The rude but bounteous conqueror marches in.
See how his banners fly,
The gonfalons of cloud and stain-streaked sky.
Hark to his pipe and drum,
On the fierce blast their stormy clangors come;—
They whistle and they beat
O'er the wide ocean, through the narrow street;
While to their terrible call
The surges mount, and tree and turret fall.
His cannon on the air
Flashes and roars. It is his signal! Room there!

Now he is sitting crowned;
And golden sunsets beam his brows around;
And ruddy noontide hours
Warm up the thin leaves of his mottled bowers.
At night the moon's pale face
Rises before its time, to do him grace.
Now plenteous fruits—not such
As those before them, mouldering soon from touch,
But hardy, ripening still
For use long hence—the patient garners fill.

O equinoctial time,
Whose days are southing towards the frosty clime
Of this strange life! In rains
Of storm and wrath at first thy power invades;
And at the ominous gale
Which Nature shakes at, a poor heart may quail.
New King, be good to me!
Let me thy mellow favors round me see,
And something laid in store,
When leaves have dropped and flowers will bloom no more.

And take not clean away
The genial glows that warmed a longer day.
Hunters' and Harvest moon,
Loath to desert, and coming up so soon,
Be emblems to my mind
Of love, that when most needed shows most kind;
And all that crimson West
Breathe of pavilioned hopes and no ignoble rest.

Diary Abroad.—No. 23.

BERLIN, SEPT. 26.—Last evening another of those delightful operas of common life, like Cherubini's "Water-carrier," Weigl's "Swiss Family," and Bellini's "Somnambulist." This is *Des Adler's Horst*, (The Eagle's Eyrie,) the text by CARL VON HOLTEY, the music by FRANZ GLAESER, born in 1792, at the time of Beethoven's death Kapellmeister at one of the Vienna theatres, about 1831 called to the Königstädtisches Theatre in Berlin, and in 1849 holding a similar position in Copenhagen.

Probably no theatre in the world ever surpassed the Königstädtisches in the variety and excellence of its performances for so long a period as ten years. SONTAG was for three or four years prima donna there, and the troupe in general was worthy of her. But I cannot stop to give a history of that concern. It is enough to say that in the winter of 1833-4, *Des Adler's Horst* was produced there, and that last autumn it was revived for JOHANNA WAGNER upon the stage of the Royal Opera. This is the story.

Away up on the Giant Mountains, just upon the line between Bohemia and Silesia, some thousands of feet above the plains below, lived the old herdsman, Father Renner, with his wife Veronica, his son Anton, and his adopted daughter, Maria. One summer came a young woman thither and entered their service. She was the wife of Richard, now the forester of the lord of that mountain tract; but he having deserted her, she had fled with her infant child from the taunts and calumnies of those who knew her and believed her not the wife but mistress of Richard. Her child she kept in a cave near the house of Renner, where she spent every spare moment of her time.

The play opens with her appearance at sunrise engaged in her duties as servant. A recitative and air make known her sorrows and her still living affection for her husband. It appears, but not very clearly, that her knowledge of Richard's pretensions to the hand of Maria—a match which Veronica is anxious to make, that Anton may get him a richer wife—is what led Rose to come hither for refuge. Rose's air is interrupted by the approach of Cassian, a smuggler, who comes clambering down the precipice behind the house. A scene mostly of spoken dialogue (thank the stars!) follows, in which Cassian will have a kiss from the new and pretty girl, and Anton comes angrily to her rescue, running into a trio and quartet, which is very natural and funny. The two smugglers, for Cassian is joined by Lazarus, Father Renner and his wife have parts full of comedy, and I do not know when I have had so good a laugh. In the second act is a most capital scene, where the smugglers produce a basket of Hungarian wine, each drinks a bottle, and Father Renner gets decidedly 'over the bay'. Richard, early in the first act, comes up the mountain on his way, if possible, to reach the nest of the eagle, away up there on the pinnacle of rock,—a place never yet reached by men, though it had been attempted with others by Father Renner.

In this scene, Maria tells Richard, in a trio, that she loves Anton; Richard, deprived of her love, offers his hand as a brother; upon which Rose rushes from the house and joins in the trio with, "Trust him not!" This is a very fine scene, and the music, though not *great*, is exceedingly fine and appropriate. The surprise of Richard, the astonishment of Maria, the offended womanhood of Rose, are excellently given. The scene is broken off, Richard hurrying up the mountains, by the approach of Anton with a crowd of villagers from the valley, who have come up to assist in the hay harvest of Father Renner. Singing and dancing and fun and frolic are the order of the day. Cassian takes out mother Veronica, and Renner, tripping along beside them with his fat carcass, finally gets so excited that he determines to join the dance, not with any of the maidens present, he has a partner in the house. He goes in, and partly by force, brings out Rose. Upon their appearance the dance ceases—"Rose, Rose; yes, 'tis she, the runaway, the scandalized, the dishonored," &c., from the chorus. Poor Rose; you should see Johanna Wagner's face, her shrinking, her agony! The dance ends, the hay-makers go into the field. Veronica is all indignation. Renner all pity. He has a long and extremely humorous scene of quarrelling with his wife, and then one in which he pities and consoles Rose; and the audience who have shaken with laughing at the first, shed tears at the second. Rose opens her breaking heart to the good old peasant and tells him her sad story. But now that Maria is safe from Richard, she calls Anton, and telling him that she is a wife, she joins Anton's and Maria's hands, and declares her intention of taking her child and going next day to a distant place, with a letter from Renner to a friend there, and there living as a widow among strangers.

There is a scene after this, in which Renner, having previously called his wife "a satan" in a maudlin state, makes up with her by averring that she is his "dear old angel", which convulsed the audience. The second act closes by the crowd of villagers coming rushing upon the stage, and shouting to Renner that the eagle has carried off an infant. The noise and confusion bring Rose from the house; all are pointing upward; she looks up into the clear heavens, and there, sailing towards his nest, is the eagle with her babe! The agony of her cry makes me shiver now to think of it. Rough human foot never trod those heights; she will attempt the rescue—a circumstance told by Scott as having actually occurred in Scotland—rushes through the crowd and disappears up the precipice, while the chorus seek ladders and ropes and everything that can aid in the ascent.

The third act opens with one of the most beautiful scenes I ever saw upon the stage—Alpine peaks enveloped in clouds. In the centre of the stage rise two cliffs, upon one of which is the eagle's nest, upon the other a dead tree. Rose appears climbing slowly up towards them; but her strength is almost exhausted, and overcome with fatigue and the cold she almost gives out. Now comes the sweet sound of the chorus far below, speaking hope, and with new strength she gives vent to her feelings in an air, the only accompaniment of which is the chorus in the distance.

The effect is superb.

She comes to the cliff with the tree. Too late she finds herself at the foot of the wrong peak, and though within a few feet of the nest, and she can see her child, a deep and impassable gulf lies between. Now, in despair, her voice sounds far and wide, and, as she calls the name of Richard, it reaches her husband's ears, who, spite of the thunder and lightning of the storm which is raging, has been drawing nearer to the object of his search, with a storm of repentance and sorrow more terrible raging in his breast. He calls, she answers. She tells him that she is there in hope of saving their child. Reconciliation takes place; she will return to him and forgive him if he will save the infant. Now the eagle settles down towards the nest and Richard fears to shoot. The lightning strikes, the old tree falls across the chasm—God has made her a bridge, He will direct the shot! Richard nerves himself,—fires,—the eagle drops; and Rose takes her child from the nest unharmed. Now comes up the crowd of villagers with ladders, planks, ropes, and the like, the chasms are bridged, Richard reaches Rose, and with a most beautiful tableau, amid the rejoicings of the chorus and the happiness of the re-united pair, and of good old Father Renner,—the opera ends.

I have found this beautiful both as a play and as an opera. I subscribe heartily to a criticism written in 1833. "The music is joined to a good but very copious text, its character is appropriate, only occasionally based a little too much upon the brilliant and striking instrumental effects, now so much the fashion; [this would not be thought of, however, in these days!] otherwise lively, melodious, for the prima donna very brilliant and well suited, and above all exceedingly well adapted for stage effect." And so on. It is long since I have enjoyed anything so much. I do not see why this opera, well translated and put upon the stage, with *good* scenery, and good chorus, and with such singers as I understand Miss HENSLER and ADELAIDE PHILLIPPS to be, might not run fifty nights in Boston. Perhaps, though, a Wagner is necessary to success. How magnificently she *did* act!

SEPT. 26.—This evening the "Messiah" in the Garrison church, for a charity. I take a grim satisfaction in recording that this famous society gave it most wretchedly. The only number which went very well

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was the *Amen*, and that difficult chorus, which I do not remember ever to have heard *well* at home, rolled out here magnificently. But as a whole how much better I have heard it in Boston! How incomparably better was it given in New York by JULLIEN's orchestra and BRISTOW'S Singing Society. None of the róles were good except those of Madame HAUNEMANN, who always sings beautifully.

But oh, Handel's Music!

SIGNS OF FALL.

BY B. P. SHILLABER.

The curious wind comes searching through the streets,
With bodings bitter,
Whirling around the quick pedestrian's feet
Whole heaps of litter.

The charcoal man has donned his thicker coat,
And gloves of leather,
And chilly strains, that trembling gush, denote
He's 'neath the weather.

The shopkeepers withdraw their fragile stock
Of lace and muslins,
Unable these to stand the stalwart shock
Of autumn's hustlings.

Delaines and thibets float upon the air
In tempting manner,
And Bay State plaids are floating everywhere,
Like many a banner.

And winter furs come on us unperceived—
Of fitch and sable—
And spous and the girls, their cloaks achieved,
Are comfortable.

And little Billy takes his winter boots
From where he 's thrown them;
Alas! he tries and finds that neither suits,
For he 's outgrown them.

The vine looks sickly on the trellis high—
The leaves all curling,
And every breeze that hastens rudely by
Sets them to whirling.

The old spout, hanging by a single nail,
Doth sigh and mutter,
As if in meek remonstrance with the gale,
That threats doth utter.

The summer birds have left their breezy haunt
Among our branches,
And moved upon their regular annual jaunt
To warmer ranches.

Huge heaps of coal defile the sidewalk way,
And we, confound 'em,
Must o'er their slippery heights a path essay,
Or travel round 'em.

And many bills thrust in their leech-like length,
With items fearful,
Testing the purse whose corresponding strength
Is never near full.

And white hats fade like flakes of falling snow
In spring's warm weather.
And fashion's votaries take another bow,
Or higher feather.

The biting airs the shrinking flesh appal
By sharp incisions,
And every thing proclaims the approach of Fall,
Except provisions!

That "Elegy."

My Dear Mr. Dwight:—The Cento verses, published in your most musical Journal, under the head of "Elegy," dated "Milwaukee, 1855," commencing

"The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
In every clime, from Lapland to Japan",

originally appeared in the Boston Morning Post in 1838. They were selected and dove-tailed by H. D. Johnson, Esq., of Washington. Since that time I have seen them copied in papers from all parts of the Union, and I observed they were also garnered in the "Salad for the Solitary." By your publication one might imagine they were just invented at Milwaukee. Yours Respectfully,

IMPRIMATUR.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, OCT. 31.—Concert music with us can only be spoken of as in prospect, and that, alas, rather dim and confused. The elements are still in tumult, and it takes a long time to clear the atmosphere for the winter's campaign. We hear of one plan and another that make our hearts glad, but no new enterprise seems to gain a firm footing. So the promised concerts of the MUSICAL FUND SOCIETY appear to have been but a mirage that deceived us music-thirsty wanderers, and the matinée plan of Messrs. MASON and BERGMANN meets with so little encouragement that there is small hope of its being carried out. But one enjoyment we are sure of; that is Mr. EISFELD's Quartette Soirées, which we all have learned to love, some from long habit, others for the pleasure and benefit derived from them. Mr. Eisfeld, who has returned from Europe in excellent health and with sundry additional pounds of "outer man", has already recommenced his usual activity, and promises us his first soirée, with a fine programme, early next month.

Two of the PHILHARMONIC rehearsals are among the things that have been. It was amusing while they were taking place, to watch the working of the new rule, mentioned in my last, against talking. The effect was different with different members of the audience. Those who came to hear the music could be distinguished by the severe aspect of their countenances at such undisturbed enjoyment; of the rest, some looked perplexed, others bored, and others again kept up with their eyes the conversation in which their lips might not indulge. The prohibition seemed to have kept no one away, for the hall was even more crowded than in former seasons. But if there was a forced silence during the music, the "flow of *speech*" was all the more rapid and unrestrained at the slightest pause, of which there were not a few, for Mr. Bergmann is remarkably thorough in his drilling of the orchestra. Now on the torrent rushed, at such times, until suddenly dammed up by the recommencement of the music.

Among the audience, last Saturday, we noticed GOTTSCHALK, the pianist, (who, by the way, seemed unaware of the rule spoken of above, and might have been benefitted by the admonition of an usher). He has, I believe, but recently arrived in our city, and it is to be hoped that he may remain sometime. If he does not care to give concerts on his own account, may we at least hear him in the first Philharmonic concert.

The MOLLENHAUERS have recommenced their soirées in Brooklyn, but with what success I am unable to say.

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NEW YORK, OCT. 31.—There is not much news this week, and I do not believe there will be until after the election. You may wonder what politics have to do with music, but here in New York at present everybody is perfectly mad with electioneering. I heard one of the first violinists of the Philharmonic make a political speech the other day, and I must confess I did not like his oratory half as well as his music. "And he played upon a harp of a *thou*-sand strings, sperits of just men made perfeck." Even our ladies leave their music and no longer sing arias to their admiring beaux, but (I am glad to say) entreat them to vote the Republican ticket. But in a week or two all this will be changed, the *Prophète* will be produced, and New York have something new to excite it.

Meanwhile there was an attempt at ballet and concerts, last week, at the Metropolitan. The Spanish dancers furnished the pedal, and Sig. ROBBIO (violinist), Signora VIETTI-VERTIPRACH, &c. the manual and vocal amusement. Last Monday, however, the bubble burst, Signor Robbio uttered his moans of complaint from the stage, interrupting his solo to do so, and the affair "fizzled."

BUCKLEYS have produced ADAMS's *La Chalet*, and done it exceedingly well. In my next I hope to tell you more about it. R.

PHILADELPHIA, OCT. 25.—You editors are clever fellows, I know, but at the same time I am very well aware that you do not learn every thing by instinct; like the rest of the world you have to obtain information before you can impart it. You like to make your Journal a record of musical events throughout the country, and I am willing and ready to keep you *au fait* in regard to matters in Philadelphiu. We are about to have a very brilliant season, particularly in the Sacred and Classical concert line, to which you have always paid so much attention in Boston, and it may interest your readers to be furnished with an impartial criticism from a person entirely disconnected with the givers of the various series. I am perfectly certain that such articles as I shall indite would be eagerly perused here, for, notwithstanding our Quaker principles, our papers never speak the truth in regard to concerts, unless free tickets have been scarce, when the actual defects of a performer are discoursed upon in most remarkable style.

To begin, then. We have, in the field of Sacred Concerts, two associations,—the MUSICAL UNION, and the HARMONIA SACRED MUSIC SOCIETY; the last a respectable chartered concern, with a convenient charter, plenty of money, a high standard of popularity, and any amount of energy; the former, a trio of musicians with very remarkable names—ROHR, THUNDER and CROUCH. You know CROUCH, the amiable Crouch, with his superfluous hair, and great voice; Crouch the unappreciated, Crouch the 'composer of Kathleen Mavourneen', as he so continually advertises himself.

THUNDER you probably do not know; a quiet, gentlemanly person, the organist of St. Augustine Catholic cathedral, and a performer of finished excellence; I know nothing against him in any way unless it be that he is unfortunate enough to be an Irishman, which after all is not so bad, now that the Know Nothings have been defeated. ROHR used to sing bass with the SEGUINS during the latter part of that company's existence, and was afterwards with Mr and Miss RICHINGS: a capital singer, too, with a delicious voice. These three have organized a series of performances, the first of which took place on Tuesday, the 28th inst., at Concert Hall, of course, where the large organ of the Harmonia Society is placed. Mr. Thunder presided at this instrument, which is, within a very few pipes, as large as the Tremont Temple organ, with the same number of manuals, and as great a variety of stops; it is badly placed, however, being compressed into the smallest possible of ugly cases, and packed up on a gallery, so that many of the pedals speak against the ceiling. The chorus of the Musical Union numbered, according to the bills, two hundred, according to appearances, a little more than half of that.

The oratorio selected was MEHUL'S "Joseph", and had not the night been inclement in the extreme, the hall would have been thronged; as it happened, about seven hundred persons braved the rain storm, and were scattered about the room. The music was very well done in the main; the choristers well drilled and efficient; the organist accompanying with much taste; but the solo singers were very inferior. Your tenor, ARTHURSON, seemed frightened out of his wits, and performed some very extraordinary gymnastics with his pretty voice; he evidently did not know his part, which was a difficult one, full of

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long uninteresting recitatives, which require to be sung in first rate style to make them acceptable. Then there was a *young* lady to sing the part of Benjamin; fortunately she had very little to do, as she had neither voice nor style, nor ability to comprehend the music. Some of the newspapers here do talk nonsense about her; for instance the *City Item*, "our musical organ", says she had "very little to do as Benjamin, but made that little great by the artistic conception with which she rendered the music of the part." This is most certainly "information for the people" who heard her. In our humble opinion the "artistic conception" would have driven the composer out of the hall, full tilt. Mr. Rohr sang Jacob out of tune, but with a degree of expression, a little marred by his Germanic pronunciation. Mr. RAINER shouted the scenas of Naphtali in a surprising manner, while conductor Crouch growled his part from his desk, with his back to the audience, so indistinctly as to be unintelligible. Fancy this quintet, friend Dwight, slaughtering Mehul's beautiful, classic, refined music.

"Joseph" is properly an opera, and is about as well suited for an oratorio as the "St. Paul" or "Elijah" for the stage. Consequently the music sounds tame, deprived of its action and scenic accessories. With all its beauties, it did not *tell* on the audience, for not a solitary encore was demanded from one end to the other, and the little applause that did manifest itself was highly suggestive of claqueurs. As the *Item* truly remarks in the course of the same article, (which, by the way, we would particularize as one of the most striking specimens of contradictory writing in our range of reading): "Throughout, Mehul seems to have composed more for an audience of cultivated musicians, than for the public at large." Notwithstanding the failure of the so-called oratorio, it is announced to be repeated on Saturday evening. The performers *may* avail themselves of the intervening days to practice their solos; if they do not, woe to those who go to hear them.

So much for the "state of the 'union'", and its perpetration of "Joseph". Unhappy Philadelphia! threatened with eleven more concerts from it.

Of the Harmonia we can say but little at present, as its first concert does not take place until next Monday. I tried to get into a rehearsal last Thursday, and certainly succeeded as far as entering was concerned, the doors being open to any one, for the policy of the association is politeness; but staying there was altogether another affair, every seat in the saloon being occupied, and every standing place filled. Not even "The Heavens are telling" could keep me, as I had to listen in an upright posture, consequently I departed as wise as I had come. The society announces HAYDN's "Creation" for its first concert, with the organ I have already mentioned, a full orchestra, the chorus, which has a high reputation, and the best solo talent to be found among the ranks of its members, no one being suffered to appear unless regularly belonging to the vocal department. I will tell you all about it in my next, but in every probability that "all" will be but "small", as I consider the Harmonia absurdly overrated.

The celebration of MOZART's Birthday is taken in hand solely by the German societies, although they confidently expect the assistance and concurrence of the Musical Union and Musical Fund Society. It will doubtless be a grand affair.

PARODI returns to us next week, and Mme. LAGRANGE is coming back to sing for the Philharmonic—perhaps. Yours. VERITAS.

[We shall be pleased to hear again from "Veritas," but we must require the writer's real name.—ED.]

Serenity, repose, grace, the characteristics of the antique works of Art, are also those of MOZART's school. As the Greek portrayed his thundering Jove with a serene face, so Mozart wields his lightnings.

R. Schumann.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, NOV. 3, 1855.

New York Philharmonic Society.

We have received the Thirteenth Annual Report of this now really flourishing society. Its history is not only full of encouragement to the high-toned musicians, who have labored through its instrumentality to make classical music a permanent institution in that great Babel of a city, and to those among its busy, care-worn population who hunger and thirst after good music, but it may furnish some good lessons to those of like wants and tastes in our own and other cities. The love for great orchestral music is sure to deepen and the audience therefor to widen, where such music can be frequently and well performed, and easily accessible. In each of our large cities there are given the desire for it on the part of many, and the capacity in more; there are given also the musical material and talent for such concerts. The only real problem is of organization, of bringing the demand and supply into some permanent and working form. The New York Philharmonic Society may not be by any means a perfect solution of the problem; its plan perhaps admits of many modifications for the better; yet it has wrought out a result instructive and encouraging.

By the Report it appears that the gross receipts from the four Concerts (with rehearsals) for the season of 1854-'55, amounted to the large sum of $6,400. This, after defraying all expenses, left a dividend of $65.00 to each member of the orchestra of over seventy musicians.—Since the beginning of the society the amount of $1,434.14 has been appropriated for charitable purposes, for the relief of members in distress, of widows and children of deceased, &c. The Report gives a list of 747 "associate members," as the subscribers for season tickets are called, who form for the most part a body of reliable supporters of the concerts season after season. There is also a list of 144 "professional members" and of 51 "subscribing members," whose relation to the affair we do not precisely understand. Some light, however, may be gathered from the opening paragraph of the Report:

We again have cause to rejoice at the liberal patronage our Society has received during the past season, which, indeed, has proved one of unprecedented success, the number of professional members having increased during that period from 555 to 747; the number of subscribing members, however, diminished from 62 to 51. As this last item may seem a contradiction when we speak of our increasing success, and as it may appear strange that the annual reports for several seasons should show a gradual but steady decrease in the number of subscribers, we will embrace this opportunity for assigning the true cause of it, for instead of considering it a feature for discouragement, it will be easily seen that we have cause rather to rejoice over it. At the time of the formation of the Society we had only *subscribing* members, whose privilege it was to attend the *three concerts* of each season, and who were quite satisfied with listening to our performances on these occasions alone; a few years later, however, a desire was manifested by many to attend also the *rehearsals* of the Society, so as to have an opportunity of hearing the works of the great masters several times before the final performance, in order to be enabled to enjoy and appreciate them more thoroughly, which fact at once induced the Society to create an *associate membership*, the additional advantage of which is, that all such belonging to this class of members have an admission to all the rehearsals of the Society; moreover the annual number of concerts was increased from three to four. From the moment this arrangement was consummated, the *associate* members increased rapidly from season to season, while the list of subscribers as regularly decreased. You will at once perceive that a most unmistakable proof is thus furnished of the great change which has taken place during the last fifteen years in the musical sense of our community, and of the increased interest that is now felt in our midst for truly good music.

Strange to say, this admission of audience to rehearsals, which operated so badly in the case of the Musical Fund orchestra in Boston, seems to have been the salvation of the Philharmonic. Yet it has not been without its attendant evils there. Can an orchestra be actually and sincerely *drilled* before an audience? Will the individual member submit with a good grace to be checked by the conductor and asked to try his lame passage over by himself in presence of the *beau monde?* Can the conductor feel as free to interrupt the music and the smooth enjoyment of the audience, as he would in private? Doubtless the Philharmonic, too, has had its share of this old difficulty; to offset which, in part, at least, the Government in their Report repeat the recommendation of separate (private) rehearsals for the string instruments alone. They have also found their business disturbed by the ungentlemanly and unlady-like behavior of some guests so privileged; and for protection against this outrage they have this season employed ushers in the hall for the express purpose of checking all such improprieties, in furtherance of the following recommendation:

4th. That the most efficient means be taken for preventing the disgraceful habit of talking aloud at the rehearsals while the performance is going on; which, to say nothing of such gross breach of good manners, has of late become such a source of annoyance, that it has provoked serious and just complaints, the more so, as this unwarrantable conduct seems to emanate from but a *few* of those present, who—to the detriment of the *many* true lovers of music—would seem to be more attracted and charmed by the sounds of their own voices, than by the inspiring, solemn, majestic tones of BEETHOVEN or MENDELSSOHN.

An excellent, because just and necessary, although unfortunately necessary, measure, which it would be well to introduce into Concerts, strictly so called, as well as into public rehearsals. We commend it to the directors of our own various orchestral and oratorio concerts for this coming winter. It will allow the quiet ones to listen to Mozart and Beethoven in peace, while the offending parties cannot possibly complain when checked, since a moment's reflection *must* show them that they and they only have been in the wrong. These are the two serious objections against the public rehearsal system. As to the third one, often urged, that they take off the edge of public appetite and spoil it for the concerts, by making these fine feasts too cheap and common, we see little force in it. The truth is that all great musical compositions require to be heard more than once to be appreciated; that the eager love for such great music "grows by what it feeds upon," and can only exist to any wide extent amid *frequent* opportunities of hearing it; that a symphony of Beethoven, where it has been heard

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again and again by thousands, will attract thousands, whereas when announced for the first time it will barely attract hundreds; and therefore we conclude that a well regulated system of admission of audiences to rehearsals, by familiarizing the ears and minds of people with good music, does really tend to recruit and educate fresh audiences for concerts. The perfect settlement of the question would be a system which should combine both private and audience rehearsals. The Philharmonic plan extends the privilege of rehearsals only to subscribers to the series of Concerts, or "Associate Members," and to others introduced by them, upon the payment of fifty cents for each such admission.

The success of the Philharmonic Society seems due to several causes, prominent among which are these. *First*, it has been fortunate from the start in the composition of its members, and particularly in the fact, that being a self-governing society of musicians, a class so seldom capable of managing the business of a society, it has found musicians gifted with the capacity for leadership, high-toned, gentlemanly, who had the spirit of devotion and of order, and whose wholesome influence was cheerfully seconded by all. *Second*, as regards the musical excellence and completeness of the orchestra, New York has so very large a body of musicians, from which such a society may draw. *Third*, their audience, although it has averaged very much smaller, until the last year, than our Boston audiences for such concerts, has *paid* very much better. The high price system has prevailed. A sort of exclusiveness has even been the policy of the society during the years of its initiation; it has been made a *privilege* to be enrolled among its auditors, like an admission into the true society and sphere of music-lovers:—a thing therefore worth paying well for, for the sake of listening in a somewhat congenial atmosphere and undisturbed. This has not been without its good result; it has given character and basis to the concerts, on the strength of which they can now afford to make themselves more cheap and popular, without catering to lower tastes.

But in and through all and above all is this success due to the high stand taken, and persistently maintained, by the artistic leaders who have given tone to the society; who, notwithstanding some inferior programmes, have ever had a foremost regard to the cultivation of a high and classical taste in music; and who have not compromised the dignity of Art by resorting to the extraneous means of brilliant superficial triumphs, to swelling advertisements and the like Barnumbian clap-trap. Content to persevere in doing a good thing and let the world find them out, they at length have their reward.

A League for Truth.—"Veritas," who writes to us from Philadelphia, complains that the newspapers there never will tell the truth about the concerts, unless their consciences are suddenly quickened by the withholding of "free tickets." The same thing is lamentably too true of newspapers in all our cities, nor is the case a great deal better when you go to London and to Paris. "Musical criticism" in newspapers, we all know, with a very, very few exceptions, and those exceptions sometimes only for a short spell, is anything but criticism, and anything but truth-telling. It is simply extra-bountiful advertisement, which the concert-givers have got spoiled and pampered into looking for as a part of the *quid pro quo* when they insert paid advertisements. In paying a business price, they expect not only to have their business done, but to have any amount of friendship and partiality and praise thrown in besides. Newspapers live by advertising, and so vie with one another in inconsiderate praise and compliment of artists and would-be artists and humbugs and all, rather than lose their patronage.

If a young man, with some sincere love of musical truth, reviews a concert for a newspaper, he is very apt to receive a hint from the employer that the article must be as complimentary and flattering as he can "conscientiously" make it; and he must stretch that conscience very far not to be told the next morning that he has been "terribly severe," let him write as kindly as he will. We blame no one; perhaps in the present state of things they cannot do better; perhaps it is impossible to swim against the tide. The truth is, musical *criticism*, in any true sense, does not pay. Very rarely does a newspaper see its interest in paying *for* it liberally enough to secure the services of persons qualified for such a task. They make light of it, are content with the loose and thoughtless paragraphs of any boy, who is glad to gratify his love of concert-going, and perhaps his vanity, getting free admissions and a few dollars to-boot for so easy a service as the fun of inditing the said paragraphs and reading them the next morning. The staple of the articles is praise, promiscuous and unqualified, in full chime always with the heralding announcements of Madame's or of Signor's enterprising, gentlemanly, generous agents. Sometimes a little personal spite or prejudice varies the color of the article, embittering its tone, but who will deny that we have faithfully depicted the prevailing practice? A third-rate prima donna comes, with shrewd associates and agents; *telegraphic despatches*, even, have forewarned us of her astounding triumph last night in another city; the laudatory echoes are caught up by paper after paper with the simplest, silliest good will; she sings, perhaps shows real merits, but the talk is started, the fashion is set, "it's the humor of it" (as Corporal Nym says,) and "peerless," "unapproachable" are the flaming epithets that break out over every newspaper. You would think that here was another Lind or Grisi; for all that was ever said of them is said of this one, and will be said again and again of others who shall follow at an humble distance after her.

Now we make a proposal to the conductors of our City Press; for we know that they all would gladly maintain the dignity of criticism in music as in other matters, in their columns, if they only knew they could. The proposal is simply this: let all the daily papers enter into a league together, that, whether concert-givers advertise with them or not, in their notices of artists and of concerts, they will all abide by one another in telling nothing but the truth, so far as they are able to find it out; that any suggestion from agents or managers of concerts as to the kind of notice expected, shall be treated as a discourtesy to the Press; as, in fact, so much impertinence. This will soon bring the agents to their senses, and show them their advertising is a business matter, and no favor. Now who will lead off in a League for Truth?

Musical Chit-Chat.

Miss Adelaide Phillipps gives a second Concert in the Music Hall this evening, assisted by Mr. Millard and an orchestra conducted by Zerrahn. She will sing the famous cavatina: *Che farò senza Euridice*, from Gluck's *Orfeo*; an aria from *Marino Faliero* (Donizetti;) *Non più mesta*; an English ballad; and duets from *Tancredi* and *La Favorita*. Beethoven's "Prometheus" overture will open the concert. . . . Mrs. J. H. Long, one of the most gifted and promising of our native singers, has been engaged, it will be seen, for the first of the Orchestral Concerts, which has been fixed for the 24th of this month. See announcement in another column, and make haste if you would secure season tickets at subscription price.

We have had peculiar satisfaction in viewing a statuette of Beethoven, in Paris bronze, by Wm. W. Story. The design is original and striking, and the execution admirable. Intended for a parlor and not a monumental statue in a spacious hall, it differs altogether in treatment from the colossal Beethoven of Crawford. The mighty little man, with the great head, is represented in a sitting posture, leaning over the arm of his chair, his chin resting on his hand, which grasps the ball surmounting the chair, as in the very agony of composition, all knotted up, and laboring with great thoughts, and a mighty, never-yielding will to execute them, as only a Beethoven could labor. The figure is short and rugged, as we have the actual man described, not lifted into any ideal nobility of stature; the dress, too, that of his time, until his latest years, that is, small clothes, open shirt collar, and a large skirted great coat thrown back, with pocket stuffed with music sheets. The head, for which the artist had the aid of a mask taken from the composer's face after death, is bigger in proportion, than in Crawford's statue, and perhaps more literally true, yet not essentially unlike, at least to *our* observation. It is of the noblest type, thoroughly German in its character, and thoroughly individual; full of fire, of genius, of deep-brooding sentiment and thought, of power and equally of suffering; the forehead covered with knotty protuberances and swollen veins; the face marked and furrowed with the lines of intense thought and emotion. One feels that this is truly Beethoven, and can admire it equally in its way with the colossal erect image designed for the Music Hall. We trust our friend will allow copies, both in bronze and plaster, of this satisfactory statuette, which was modelled while he was abroad, at the suggestion of the poet Browning, who is the appreciating possessor of the first copy.

We are happy to learn that Mr. Oliver Ditson is about publishing the complete four-part songs of Mendelssohn, with German and English words, in a handsome volume of some 200 pages. It will be the richest windfall to our hundreds of glee clubs and singing circles, that has occurred for many a year. We only hope that the English words used may be a somewhat fair representation of the German original; for song-writers like Mendelssohn and Franz and Schubert, commonly choose good poems for their subjects. It has been too common here for publishers, on the score of economy, to borrow any English words they might chance to find in London editions of the songs they undertake to reprint. . . . . J. A. Novello, (London and New York,) has just issued the theoretic works of Albrechtsberger, the great contrapuntist, the master of Beethoven and so many other masters, complete in one beautiful octavo volume, at the low price of $2.63, a work which in former editions has cost four times as much. The translation is by Sabilla Novello, and the book contains the treatise on "Harmony and Thor-

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ough Bass," and the "Guide to Composition," which may also be had separately, the former in one, and the latter in two volumes. A lawyer would almost as soon be without his Blackstone, as a musician without this foundation work.

At the Academy of Music during the past week Mme. LAGRANGE has appeared in *La Sonnambula* and *Linda*. The steamers Hermann and Ariel brought the new artists, whose engagement was mentioned in our last, viz: SALVIANI, first tenor, from Florence; PATANIA, prima donna, from Vienna and Milan; CASPANI, primo basso profundo, from Milan; and Signora VANTALDI, contralto; also Mlle. NANTIER-DIDIEE, contralto, who succeeded ALBONI at Covent Garden, and has been principal contralto with GRISI and MARIO for the past three years. The season will now set in in earnest. The *Prophète* will be brought out early next week, in which SALVIANI will make his first appearance as the Prophet, with Mme. LAGRANGE as Fides, and MORELLI as Zacharias. *Les Huguenots*, *L'Etoile du Nord*, *Robert le Diable*, and Verdi's last, the "Sicilian Vespers," are also promised.

The Philadelphia newspapers notice the performances of Mehul's "Joseph" in much more admiring terms than our spicy correspondent "Veritas."—Surely "Veritas" could have found a happier term to apply to Mr. ARTHURSON'S voice than "pretty;" the timidity, or nervousness, we can conceive possible, and without discredit to so good an artist. The *Argus* says of him:

> He has a fine tenor voice, a prepossessing appearance, and a thorough musical education. His notes are pure, and made without any apparent effort. His manners are easy and graceful, and, as far as we could observe, he had but a single fault, and that is a serious one. He has affectations of pronunciation which mar his singing most grievously. As an example of what we mean, take the simple word *into*. Mr. A. sings it as a word of three syllables, thus—*in-a-to*.

Of the second performance, on Saturday, the *Penn. Inquirer* says:

> The immense body of voices, and the executants, generally appeared to vie with each other in making the ensemble *perfect*, and never was a more glorious triumph achieved than on this second performance. Applause followed each successive piece in order, and the discrimination shown by the Conductor, fully convinced every listener present that he fully understood his subject, and the executants under him as fully comprehended the energetic wielding of his baton. The Choruses appeared like one vast piece of machinery, once set in motion, impossible to go wrong. Words and music rolled on in mighty majesty, and for once we heard distinctly the words emphatically given, agreeably to the text and common sense.

We have received a copy of the English version of the text of "Joseph," used on this occasion, made by Prof. CROUCH, who, we are happy to hear, proposes to publish the work by subscription. We are not familiar with the original, but the translation reads well. The week has been a very musical one in Philadelphia: Saturday, 27th, Musical Union, "Joseph;" Monday, Harmonia Sacred Music Society, "Creation;" Wednesday, PARODI, with STRAKOSCH, ARTHURSON, &c., a rich programme; Thursday, Miss C. SHEPPARD, with Messrs. THUNDER, CROUCH, and LA CRASSA, pianist, songs, glees, &c.; Friday, Parodi again; and Saturday (to-night) Arthurson and Crouch.

ALFRED JAELL was concertizing in the early part of last month, with his usual success, in Hanover, where, says the journal of that place, he had the honor to play before the king, who graciously presented the young artist with a costly ring.... OLE BULL has taken up his bow again. He has lately played in Providence, and gave a concert in Salem on Wednesday evening, assisted by Mlle. SOPHIE MARIANI, "favorite young prima donna and great vocalist from the principal theatres of Italy and Germany", Sig. MANZOCCHI, "first tenor of the grand operas of Madrid, Lisbon and Naples", and "the distinguished pianist and composer", FRANZ ROTH. .... A Philadelphia paper says of the concert mentioned in our correspondence, alluding to the by no means fair-weather names of some of the leading performers: "A terribly stormy, wet and disagreeable evening—probably an *elemental compliment* to Messrs. THUNDER, ROHR and RAINER—prevented a very large attendance at Concert Hall to hear Mehul's oratorio of "Joseph and his Brethren."

Advertisements.

Miss Adelaide Phillipps

Respectfully begs to announce that (by desire) she will give a

CONCERT

AT THE

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This (Saturday) Evening, Nov. 3d.

PROGRAMME.

Part I.

1. Overture: "Prometheus,".......................Beethoven.
2. English Ballad: "Then you'll remember me," from the *Bohemian Girl*,.......................Balfe. Mr. H. Millard
3. Aria: "Dio clemente," from *Marino Faliero*,.... Donizetti Miss A. Phillipps.
4. Canzone: "La Donna è mobile," from *Rigoletto*,.... Verdi. Mr. H. Millard.
5. Cavatina; "Che farò," from *Orfeo*,.................Gluck. Miss A. Phillipps.
6. Duetto from *Tancredi*, (by request)...............Rossini. Miss Phillipps and Mr. Millard.

Part II.

1. Overture: "Martha,"........................Flotow.
2. English Ballad: "The Village Bells,"...............Peed. Miss A. Phillipps
3. Romanza: "La Domanda,"......................Millard. Mr. H. Millard.
4. Rondo: "Non più mesta, from *Cenerentola*,........Rossini. Miss A. Phillipps.
5. Anvil Chorus from *Il Trovatore*,.....................Verdi.
6. Duetto from *La Favorita*,........................Donizetti. Miss Phillipps and Mr. Millard.

Tickets Fifty Cents each, to be obtained at the usual places. Doors open at 7. Commence at 8 o'clock.

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ENCOURAGED by the numbers who have already subscribed for season tickets, the Managing Committee respectfully announce that the proposed series of Six Concerts will commence on SATURDAY EVENING, Nov 24th, in the Boston Music Hall, and be continued once a fortnight.

The Orchestra of fifty-four of our best musicians has been organized, with CARL ZERRAHN as Conductor, and eminent Solo Artists will assist. The leading features of the First Concert will be Beethoven's Seventh Symphony, the Overture to *Tannhäuser*, and the Finale from *Don Juan*, for orchestra; Vocal pieces by Mrs. J. H. LONG; and Mendelssohn's Concerto in G minor, for Piano, by OTTO DRESEL.

Early applications will be necessary for Subscription Tickets, as the lists cannot be kept open after the 20th of November. Tickets for the Single Concert, Fifty Cents. Subscription tickets will be ready for delivery Nov 12th, at Richardson's Musical Exchange, 282 Washington street, where further particulars may be learned. By order of the Committee.

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Life of John Sebastian Bach;

WITH A CRITICAL VIEW OF HIS COMPOSITIONS, BY J. N. FORKEL.

(Continued from p. 34.)

CHAPTER III.

John Sebastian Bach's manner of managing the clavichord is admired by all those who have had the good fortune to hear him, and envied by all those who might themselves pretend to be considered as good performers. That this mode of playing on the clavichord must have been very different from that in use among Bach's predecessors and contemporaries, may be easily imagined; but hitherto nobody has explained in what this difference properly consisted.

If we hear the same piece played by ten equally skilful and practised performers, it will produce, under the hand of each, a different effect. Each will draw from the instrument a different kind of tone, and also give to these tones a greater, or less degree of distinctness. Whence can this difference arise, if all the ten performers have sufficient readiness and practice? Merely from the mode of touching the instrument, which, in playing on the clavichord, is the same thing as the pronunciation in speech. In order to make the delivery (as it may be called) perfect in playing, as well as in speaking or declaiming, the greatest distinctness is required in the production of the tones, as in the pronunciation of the words. But this distinctness is susceptible of very various degrees. Even in the lowest degrees we can understand what is played or said; but it excites no pleasure in the hearer, because this degree of distinctness compels him to some exertion of his attention. But attention to single tones or words ought to be rendered unnecessary, that the hearer may direct it to the ideas and their connection, and for this we require the highest degree of distinctness in the production of single tones, as in the pronunciation of single words.

I have often wondered that C. Ph. Emanuel Bach, in his "Essay on the True Manner of Playing on the Clavichord," did not describe at length this highest degree of distinctness in the touch of that instrument, as he not only possessed it himself, but because in this consists one of the chief differences, by which Bach's mode of playing on the clavichord is distinguished from all others. He says, indeed in the chapter on the style of performance: "Some persons play as if they had glue between their fingers; their touch is too long, because they keep the keys down beyond the time. Others have attempted to avoid this defect, and play too short, as if the keys were burning hot. This is also a fault. The middle path is the best." But he should have taught, and described to us, the means of attaining this middle path. I will endeavor to make the matter plain, as far as such things can be made plain without oral instructions.

According to Sebastian Bach's manner of placing the hand on the keys, the five fingers are bent, so that their points come into a straight line over the keys, lying in a plane surface under them, in such a manner, that no single finger has to be drawn nearer, when it is wanted, but that every one is ready over the key which it may have to press down. From this manner of holding the hand, it follows,—1st. That no finger must fall upon its key, or (as often happens) be thrown on it, but must be placed upon it, with a certain consciousness of the internal power and command over the motion. 2nd. The impulse thus given to the keys, or the quantity of pressure, must be maintained in equal strength, and that in such a manner, that the finger be not raised perpendicularly from the key, but that it glide off the fore part of the key, by gradually drawing back the tip of the finger towards the palm of the hand. 3rd. In the transition from one key to another, this gliding off causes the quantity of force or pressure, with which the first tone has been kept up, to be transferred, with the greatest rapidity, to the next finger, so that the two tones are neither disjoined from each other, nor blended together. The touch is, therefore, as C. Ph. Emanuel Bach says, neither too long nor too short, but just what it ought to be.

The advantages of such a position of the hand, and of such a touch, are very various, not only on the clavichord, but also on the pianoforte and the organ. I will here mention only the most important. 1st. The holding of the fingers bent renders all their motions easy. There can therefore be none of the scrambling, thumping, and stumbling, which is so common in persons who play with their fingers stretched out, or not sufficiently bent. 2nd. The drawing back of the tips of the fingers, and the rapid communication thereby effected, of the force of one finger to that following it, produces the highest degree of clearness in the expression of the single tones, so that every passage performed in this manner sounds brilliant, rolling, and round. It does not cost the hearer the least exertion of attention to understand a passage so performed. 3rd. By the gliding of the tip of the finger upon the key with an equable pressure, sufficient time is given to the string to vibrate; the tone, therefore, is not only improved, but also prolonged, and we are thus enabled to play in proper connection even long notes, on an instrument so poor in tone as the clavichord is. All this together has, besides, the very great advantage that we avoid all waste of strength by useless exertion, and by constraint in the motions. In fact, Sebastian Bach is said to have played with so easy and small a motion of the fingers, that it was hardly perceptible. Only the first joints of the fingers were in motion; the hand retained, even in the most difficult passages, its rounded form; the fingers rose very little from the keys, hardly more than in a shake, and when one was employed, the other remained still in its position. Still less did the other parts of his body take any share in his play, as happens with many whose hand is not light enough.

A person may, however, possess all these advantages, and yet be a very indifferent performer on the harpsichord, in the same manner as a man may have a very clear and fine pronunciation, and yet be a bad declaimer or orator. To be an able performer, many other qualities are necessary, which Bach likewise possessed in the highest perfection.

The natural difference between the fingers in size, as well as strength, frequently seduces performers, wherever it can be done, to use only the stronger fingers, and neglect the weaker ones. Hence arises not only an inequality in the expression of several successive tones, but even the impossibility of executing certain passages, where no choice of fingers can be made. John Sebastian Bach was soon sensible of this; and to obviate so great a defect, wrote for himself particular pieces, in which all the fingers of both hands must necessarily be employed in the most various positions, in order to perform them properly and distinctly. By this exercise he rendered all his fingers of both hands equally strong and serviceable, so that he was able to execute not only chords, and all running passages, but even single and double shakes with equal ease and delicacy. He was perfectly master even of those passages in which, while some fingers perform a shake, the others on the same hand have to continue the melody.

To all this was added the new mode of fingering which he had contrived. Before his time, and in his younger years, it was usual to play rather harmony than melody, and not in all the twenty-four major and minor modes. As the clavichord was still what the Germans call "gebunden," so that several keys struck a single string, it could not be perfectly tuned: people played therefore only in those modes which could be tuned with the most purity. From these circumstances it happened, that even the greatest performers of that time did not use the thumb till it was absolutely necessary in stretching. When Bach began to unite melody and harmony, so that even his middle parts did not merely accompany, but had a melody of their own, when he extended the use of the modes, partly by deviating from the ancient modes of church music, which were then very common, even in secular or chamber music, partly by mixing the diatonic and chromatic scales, and learnt to tune his instrument, so that it could be played upon in all the twenty-four modes; he was obliged to contrive another mode of fingering better adapted to his new methods than that hitherto in use, particularly with respect to the thumb. Some persons have pretended that Couperin taught this mode of fingering before him, in his work published in 1716, under the title of "L'Art de toucher le Clavecin." But, in the first place, Bach was at that time above thirty years old, and had long made use of his manner of fingering; and secondly, Couperin's fingering is still very different from that of Bach, though it

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has in common with it the more frequent use of the thumb. I say only, the more frequent; for in Bach's method the thumb was made the principal finger, because it is absolutely impossible to do without it in what are called the difficult keys: this is not the case with Couperin, because he neither had such a variety of passages, nor composed and played in such difficult keys as Bach, and consequently had not such urgent occasion for it. We need only compare Bach's fingering, as C. Ph. Emanuel has explained it, with Couperin's directions, and we shall soon find that with the one, all passages, even the most difficult and the fullest, may be played distinctly and easily, while with the other we can, at the most, get through Couperin's own compositions, and even them with difficulty. Bach was, however, acquainted with Couperin's works, and esteemed them, as well as the works of several French composers for the harpsichord of that day, because a pretty and elegant mode of playing may be learned from them. But he considered them as too affected, in the frequent use of the graces or ornaments, so that scarcely a note is free from them. The ideas which they contained were, besides, too flimsy for him.

From the easy, unconstrained motion of the fingers—from the excellent touch—from the clearness and precision in connecting the successive tones—from the advantages of the new mode of fingering—from the equal practice of all the fingers of both hands—and, lastly, from the great variety of his figures of melody, which were employed in every piece in a new and uncommon manner, Sebastian Bach at length acquired such a high degree of facility, and, we may almost say, unlimited power over his instrument in all the modes, that there were hardly any more difficulties for him. As well in his unpremeditated fantasias, as in executing his other compositions, in which it is well known that all the fingers of both hands are constantly employed, and have to make motions, which are as strange and uncommon as the melodies themselves, he is said to have possessed such certainty that he never missed a note. He had, besides, such an admirable facility in reading and executing the compositions of others (which, indeed, were all easier than his own), that he once said to an acquaintance, while he lived at Weimar, that he really believed he could play everything, without hesitating, at the first sight. He was, however, mistaken; and the friend, to whom he had thus expressed his opinion, convinced him of it before a week was passed. He invited him one morning to breakfast, and laid upon the desk of his instrument, among other pieces, one which, at the first glance, appeared to be very trifling. Bach came, and, according to his custom, went immediately to the instrument, partly to play, partly to look over the music that lay on the desk. While he was turning over and playing it, his friend went into the next room to prepare breakfast. In a few minutes Bach got to the piece which was destined to make him change his opinion, and began to play it. But he had not proceeded far when he came to a passage at which he stopped. He looked at it, began anew, and again stopped at the same passage. "No," he called out to his friend, who was laughing to himself in the next room, at the same time going away from the instrument, "one cannot play everything at first sight; it is not possible."

He had an equal facility in overlooking scores, and executing the substance of them at first sight on the harpsichord. He even saw so easily through parts laid side by side, that he could immediately play them. This he often did, when a friend had received a new trio or quartetto for stringed instruments, and wished to hear how it sounded. He was also able, if a single bass part, often ill figured, was laid before him, immediately to play from it a trio or a quartet; nay, he even went so far, when he was in a cheerful humor, and in the full consciousness of his powers, as to perform extempore, to three single parts, a fourth part, and thus to make a quartetto of a trio. For these purposes he used two clavichords and the pedal, or a harpsichord with two sets of keys, provided with a pedal.

He liked best to play upon the clavichord; the harpsichord, though certainly susceptible of a very great variety of expression, had not soul enough for him; and the piano was, in his lifetime, too much in its infancy, and still much too coarse to satisfy him. He therefore considered the clavichord as the best instrument for study, and, in general, for private musical entertainment. He found it the most convenient for the expression of his most refined thoughts, and did not believe it possible to produce from any harpsichord, or pianoforte, such a variety in the gradations of tone as on this instrument, which is, indeed, poor in tone, but on a small scale extremely flexible.

Nobody could adjust the quill-plectrums of his harpsichord to his satisfaction; he always did it himself. He also tuned both his harpsichord and his clavichord himself, and was so practised in the operation, that it never cost him above a quarter of an hour. But then when he played from his fancy all the twenty-four modes were in his power; he did with them what he pleased. He combined the most remote as easily and as naturally together as the nearest; the hearer believed he had only modulated within the compass of a single mode. He knew nothing of harshness in modulation; his transitions in the chromatic scale were as soft and flowing as if he had wholly confined himself to the diatonic scale. His "Chromatic Fantasia," which is now published, may prove what I here state. All his extempore voluntaries are said to have been of the same description, but frequently much more free, brilliant and expressive.

In the execution of his own pieces he generally took the time very brisk, but contrived, besides this briskness, to introduce so much variety in his performance, that under his hand every piece was, as it were, like a discourse. When he wished to express strong emotions, he did not do it as many do, by striking the keys with great force, but by melodical and harmonical figures, that is, by the internal resources of the art. In this he certainly felt very justly. How can it be the expression of violent passion, when a person so beats on his instrument, that with all the hammering and rattling, you cannot hear any note distinctly, much less distinguish one from another?

[To be continued.]

Letters from a Country Singing Teacher.

No. IV.

M——, Nov 5, 1865.

John S. Dwight, Esq.,

Dear Sir:—I learn that in the cities choristers have full power and their word is law. This is as it must be, to insure any degree of success in the music of public worship. This is well understood, I am told, by the singers, and so long as one has the charge, so long is he implicitly obeyed. Upon my first undertaking the choir here this necessity was fully explained, and I had every reason to suppose that the persons who sang with me fully understood it and were ready to act accordingly; that they saw, even if the leader was wrong in his views, it was better for the general effect and object to be gained to follow him implicitly, than to create confusion by doing, like the children of Israel in the time of the Judges: "every one that which was right in his own eyes." And for a time I had no cause to complain.

Our numbers increased, and every Sunday showed a decided improvement. By the end of the first half year it began to be remarked that our choir was really beginning to sing with the spirit and understanding, and the pastor was beginning to indulge hopes that his favorite plan, one in which I heartily shared, for the music of our Congregational churches, might become a fixed fact.

This plan was as follows:

After the congregation were seated and all was still, a short voluntary upon the organ; then a sentence or two from the Bible, as in the Episcopal church, to be followed by an anthem chant, or in some cases by a piece similar to the fine four, five, six part pieces, and the like, in the book published by Messrs. Baker and Southard a few years since; the sextet from Rossini: "Though the sinner," for instance;—then the usual short prayer, followed by the hymn. The two hymns before the sermon were to be sung to the best and most refined tunes we could compass, while in a short hymn after the sermon, both in the forenoon and afternoon service, the choir was only to lead off the congregation in some choral: "Old Hundred," "York," "St. Ann's," and the like. To accomplish this was the great end and aim for which I was working. I felt sure of soon having a quartet able to begin with, while the choir as a whole was becoming quite reliable for chorus singing. One of my troubles arose from my best bass singer. His voice was really very good, and he knew it. His great defect may be understood from what a neighbor said of him: "God had given X. a capital voice—pity he had not added some brains!" So long as he sang under the direction of another, his assistance was valuable. But as he felt the benefit of study and rigid practice, and saw his way more sure, he began to give himself airs, and took upon himself at times to strike off into the tenor part, to show how he, if he wished, could "drown every body out." The country chorister must put up with such things; he dare not say much, if he would keep his forces. Just at the time when we were thinking seriously of introducing our new order of singing, X. one Sabbath turned the seats actually into a place for display; nothing was to be heard of any body, so to speak, but him. The people below turned round and stared, and a general sensation was plainly visible. Now giving us bass like "the Bull of Bashan," now striking up into the tenor, utterly destroying all balance, by weakening one part and by adding his roar to the other already too strong, and crowning all by giving us a verse or two in the alto in such a falsetto as sets my teeth on edge to think of. After the second hymn, I must confess, with some heat, moved thereto by the smiles and even tittering of some of the younger people, who sat within reach of my eye, I spoke to him sharply. He rose, took his hat and walked off. I have not seen him at church since. I learned from another member of the choir, that he had been engaged previously to sing in one of the other churches at a small salary, and had come to ours once more only to show his vocal powers as a parting souvenir.

So there was an end of our quartet for the present; he had been so fully depended on that none of the other bass singers had met at the meetings for this particular practice, and he who was to have sung a second bass part, had not the necessary depth of voice. However, my two principal trebles, and the best alto, were making famous progress; especially the young lady mentioned in my last. Her voice developed daily, but that was little in comparison to the development of taste and feeling which her singing exhibited. Both the pastor, who often attended our singing meetings and took part in them, both in psalm tunes and glees, and myself, had taken the greatest pains to persuade each singer to think of the words which were to be sung, and I am much in the practice of getting the hymns beforehand and reading them carefully aloud, to show the proper emphasis and to point out the varying sentiment, and corresponding feeling with which the different stanzas should be sung. Our quartet had really made great progress in this respect, and my fine treble in an especial manner. Had she persevered I have no doubt that she would have finally made herself known, as I see by your Journal so many others are doing now. But as people began to notice her, strangers looking round to see the fine singer, and making afterwards flattering remarks, she grew vain. I urged her to the utmost to keep on her present course, that she was still but a pupil, and could she hear the good singers of the city she would see how

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far she still was from their point of excellence. This was taken as proceeding from merely interested motives upon my part, and though I offered to bring her to last year's Convention, if she would only stay with us, the offer of a small salary and a little dexterous flattery took her away from us long before the year was out. I am told that her singing has become coarse and harsh, as must naturally follow, when one, before she is fully able to go alone, has almost the entire treble to carry in a rather large church against some dozen or thereabouts of rough, unpolished voices, male and female.

This was a severe blow to me. I had depended so much upon her, had begun to cherish such strong hopes, I had taken such a world of pains, altogether the affair caused me a deep and bitter disappointment. I can truly say that my sorrow on her own account was not the smallest item with me.

And now I had again to begin the training of another to take her place; but where was the material?

My next best treble married, and from that moment sat below. My best alto moved out of town, and I found my bass, without X.'s powerful voice and "brass," feeble. The consequence was that Zenner's beautiful music, and most of the fine arrangements from great authors,—so often mentioned in the Journal,—which we had learned, had to go by the board, and we were reduced to the easy tunes and simple harmonies of the singing school. For the finer excellencies of singing we had no longer the leading voices, which I now found by experience had penetrated and governed all. The change was so great as fairly to astonish me, and the idea of going over all the labor again, which with such good materials had produced so much of good fruit as there was, was appalling.

But it did not end here. Our singing meetings lost their interest now that the quartet singing had disappeared, and we were forced to fall back upon the poorer music. I found that the taste and power of appreciation of my choir had far outstripped in their improvement their powers of execution; and the singing of poor music had no longer its old charm, while they felt their inability to undertake anything better. We could not always sing "St. Ann's," and "London" and "York," and "St. Martin's," nor could we forever repeat the brainless tunes, whose only excellence is a light tripping rhythm. So scarcely a year had passed before one after another dropped off, and but a scanty number was left as a nucleus around which to collect the best pupils from a new singing school.

We had our singing school. A new set of light, easy tunes was learned, a new set of younger singers brought up into the gallery, and all my last year's labor was to be performed again, but no longer with such materials. I have become rather an old story, and I should not wonder if I should soon have an opportunity to write you an account of the downfall of "a Country Chorister."

I have brought you down to last Spring in my recital, and there leave the subject for the present.

One topic I have omitted entirely, and I will not now waste words upon it. A simple reference to it is enough. Every man in my position, however, can tell you that one of his troubles and not the least either, is the petty jealousies and vanities of his volunteer singers. "This is my place," says one, "I have always sat here." "Yes, but you have been away for the four last Sundays, and Mr. G. said I might take the place." So Mr. G. has to offend one or the other. "Mr. G., *did* you say that Ann should sing in that duet in the "Portuguese hymn?" "I really don't remember; you can either of you sing it. I leave you to settle it; or perhaps it will have a good effect if you sing alternate verses." So both are about half satisfied.

Mine is a small kingdom, but

"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown!"

Respectfully Yours,

P. E. G.

A Rosary of Glees.

[Glee-singers generally, and the members of the "Salem Glee Club" in particular—an institution which has been famous hereabouts—will find amusement and revival of some sweet associations in the following extract from a letter from one of their "chief musicians," in reply to an invitation to a reunion of musical friends, at Salem, Mass., Dec. 1851.]

I shall be delighted to join my friends of the 'tuneful choir,' 'in undisturbed song of pure consent,' and 'harmony divine,' and with 'Glorious Apollo' 'strike again the lyre,' and 'loudly sound the golden wire,' for the dear sake of dear pleasant 'Auld lang syne.'——

Ah, 'Friend of my soul,' whither have fled those 'Happy days,' 'the days we never, never more shall see'? How often 'In this lonely vale of streams' do I think of them, 'In tears, with heart oppressed with grief,' and 'with earnest longings of a sorrowing soul,' again do 'I wish to tune my quivering lyre.' 'Ah! well-a-day!' 'Are those white hours forever fled,' 'that led me up the roseate steep of youth,' when 'all by the shady greenwood tree,' while 'the radiant Ruler of the day,' the 'Sun, was up,' and 'When winds breathed soft along the silent deep,' I heard the 'Foresters sound the cheerful horn,' and bade a 'Welcome to the sons of harmony.'—Ah! 'yes, dear Jack,' how often 'When the moon shines bright, in the clear cold night,' 'Sad memory brings the light of other days around me!' How often, 'As the shades of night appear,' 'When wearied wretches sink to rest,' 'When chough and crow to roost are gone,' when 'Sleep, gentle lady,' or 'Retire, retire, my love,' or 'Sleep on, sleep on,' or 'Love wakes and weeps,' in the 'Song of the Serenaders,'—how often, as I stand 'Alone on the sea-beaten rock,' and 'See our oars with feathered spray,'—or when as a 'Weary pilgrim' I 'roam through the forest,' 'By Celia's arbor,' do I 'Softly sigh,' as 'Slowly tolls the curfew's solemn sound,' 'Return, blest days, return ye laughing hours.' 'Ah! how sad the days appear,' when 'Far from home,' and 'Parted from those I loved,' those whom 'A generous friendship' 'Joined in harmony divine,' I bade 'Farewell to Lochaber,' and like the 'Three poor mariners,' or 'A weary pilgrim,' even 'A grey, grey friar,' who 'From a cheerful home doth part,' I journeyed 'O'er heath-covered mountains,' leaving far behind the 'Friends of my soul,' crying after me, 'Oh tarry, gentle traveller!' No 'Echo Song' gave back 'responsive notes,' for 'Gone was my heart,' and 'Desolate was the dwelling of Morna.'

Now since I am 'come unto these yellow sands,' how often 'Breathes my harp' 'the song of other days,' while memory summons up 'All the delights' that neither 'Dull repining care,' nor 'Crabbed age and youth,' nor 'Old King Cole,' nor the 'Queen of the valley,' nor time, 'the mighty conqueror of hearts,' can 'banish from my heart.'

'Why, sure there never met,' 'a truly jovial set,' 'more prone than we to laugh,

And quaff,

'and drink good sherry.' 'How soft were our delights!' 'How sweet, how fresh our vernal days!' 'How musical the air!' 'How merrily we lived,' and sang 'Hail, smiling morn!' bade 'Health to my dear, and long unbroken years,' and with 'The harp that once in Tara's halls' 'Waked the loud echoes' 'O'er the long resounding shore,' we sang 'How pleasant is the fisherman's life!' 'How merrily' while 'At early dawn' 'Blew gentle gales,' and 'with sighs each sweet rose' 'filled all the ambient air' 'with balmy sweetness' we 'Blest the fairy hours,' gave each to each 'A cup of the grape's bright dew,' danced o'er 'the yellow sands,' and drained 'The social glass."

Yes, 'Memory pours back its hours,' and 'I call to remembrance' 'The bold, bold outlaws' of 'Our musical club,' who at times, 'With phrase sad and soft,' like 'Nightingales that tune their warbling notes,' sang 'Softly sweet, in Lydian measure,' 'There is a voice of grief,' or 'How sleep the brave who sink to rest,' or who 'Murmured soft,' 'Say, brothers, say,' 'Where shall we make her grave?' Or who again, like 'Tigers crouching in the wood,' or like the 'Bold dragoons' of 'Lutzow's wild hunt,' 'When the ruddy sun had set,' and 'When the fair moon, resplendent lamp of night,' gave forth her 'Beam of light,' beat loud 'The Indian Drum,' struck 'The harp's wild notes,' and 'sang with lusty long,' in 'Laughing glee' and 'Merry catch,' the 'Wood notes wild' of 'Mynheer Van Danck,' or 'We soldiers think' that 'Amo amas' is 'As good as a glass,' so 'Away with melancholy.' 'For what have we to do, old Care, with such as you?' Yes, 'Ha, ha! ha, ha!' 'What do you want, my cocks?' Aint 'Life a bumper,' and 'Here's a thumper,' and since 'Little pigs lie on very good straw,' where 'They're all a noddin', nid, nid, noddin',' why then say I, 'Begone dull care!' 'Lillebulero,' and 'Hey down derry, we'll drink and be merry,' and here's a 'sweet kiss' for 'Dame Durden's three serving maids,' who will turn 'Each fair cheek,' and 'laugh while they cry': 'Sir, you're a comical fellow!' But enough, enough, 'Of such poor stuff.' 'In sadder strain I cry,' 'When shall we all meet again?' and 'In some cool grot or mossy cell,' 'Awake the Æolian lyre,' as the 'Bright morning star' arises 'From the orient wave,' or as in 'Dull declining day' the 'Shades of night appear.' 'Never, no never,' for 'This world is all a fleeting show,' and 'Time is like a river,' 'bearing us on,' and we shall soon hear the pealing notes of 'The last bugle's distant blast.' Then 'Hushed will be every tuneful voice,' 'Cold be Cadwallo's tongue' the 'Convent bells' will toll sad 'Requiems o'er our bier.' 'All, all in vain,' that 'loving friends and forms so fair,' shall have 'Smoothed our furrowed cheek,' or have cried in 'Accents wild,' 'Come, come away, Death!' In 'that dread hour,' while 'Sadly thinking and spirits sinking,' may no 'Fatal and dark despair' 'Cloud our sad heart,' but like 'Cherub fair,' may the bright 'Daughter of Faith awake,' arise, illume, 'The dread unknown, the chaos of the tomb,' and lead our 'willing souls' to that 'Fair vale, where spring eternal reigns.'

'Peace to the souls of the heroes.' H. K. O.

SOUND DOCTRINE.—The notion that those not "scientifically" musical cannot appreciate or enjoy *good* music, is well refuted in the following article, contributed a few years since to the *Athenæum Gazette*, Manchester, England, *apropos* to the lectures of our townsman, Mr. J. Q. WETHERBEE, who lectured upon music in all the principal English towns and cities.

To the Editor:

There is an opinion very generally prevalent, that for a correct appreciation of the purest forms of Art, something like a commensurate education is essentially necessary. This opinion, which I cannot but consider radically erroneous, arises probably from a want of due discrimination between what may be termed the mechanical or physical processes of Art, and the mental or æsthetical manifestations of it. My meaning in reference to the former may be illustrated by a few examples. In music, for instance, the mechanical or physical processes are those which are referable to the laws of sound, in connection with harmony, discord, rhythm, time, etc.; in painting, to forms, colors, perspective, chiar'oscuro, etc.; in poetry, to the structure and powers of language, in connection with rhythm, etc. Now, in all these it is abundantly obvious that education is essentially involved. No one is a competent judge of their degrees of excellence without a knowledge of them, and that knowledge the result

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of study. But it is otherwise with Art in reference to its æsthetic manifestations. Here the primary feelings, common to human nature, are *directly* appealed to; and, except an education *opposed* to the free developement of these feelings exist, the highest and purest works of Art are the most powerfully operative on all minds, educated and uneducated.

To suppose otherwise, is to suppose that there exists no natural connection between the mind which creates, and the minds which are addressed by works of Art. But it is not so—the sympathy is perfect; *and the only condition necessary to the most perfect enjoyment of the beauties of Art is that we keep our minds open and free to its operation.* The existence of national melodies, the most beautiful of melodies,—and popular ballads, the most perfect of ballads,—may be appealed to in support of these views. I therefore repudiate the notion that we must begin with *low* forms of Art, and gradually ascend to its higher regions. I have heard an advocate for this doctrine remark, that if you begin by giving the people good music, they will never afterwards be satisfied with what is poor and indifferent. Precisely so; and for that reason I would give it them. If you give only the bad, how can they have ideas of any other?

I have been led into these remarks by reflecting on the course of lectures now delivering by Mr. Wetherbee, at both the Royal Institution, and Athenæum, Manchester. The lectures themselves are, of course, not strikingly original, though abounding in good sense, and a pretty accurate knowledge of the historical details; but the illustrations are of the very highest class; they are drawn from the works of the greatest composers, and are sung in a style worthy of the composers, chaste, pure and expressive. Their effect on the large audiences to which they have been addressed—as evidenced by marked and earnest attention, and repeated applause—fully corroborates what I have said. There are no clap-trap embellishments, no trumpery roulades, cadences and trills, but pure and expressive melody, such as will live long in the minds and hearts of those who have heard it.

I trust that the Directors, in reference to the music of the Athenæum, will preserve this high character, so exactly in accordance with the character of the Institution. I am, Sir,

Yours, META.

Diary Abroad.—No. 24.

BERLIN, SEPT. 20.—One day last Spring the talk at the Library turned upon overtures, and RELLSTAB related (in substance) the following: Soon after MENDELSSOHN's return from that visit to England, during which he made the Scottish tour, and the composition of his *Hebrides* (Fingal's Cave) overture, in which he so beautifully gives utterance to the emotions which the sublime solitudes of those desolate islands and the surrounding waters awakened in his poetic nature, he and Rellstab met. Mendelssohn naturally asked the critic his opinion of the new work. Rellstab spoke favorably of it as a tone-picture, but asked him why he did not employ his powers in the production of works of the higher class of character-portrayal (*Schilderung*) Such for instance as BEETHOVEN's overtures to "Coriolanus" and "Egmont?" "Ah," said Mendelssohn, "that I cannot do!"

Nor could he. His was not a great creative genius. He knew his own strength and weakness, and his simple confession to Rellstab is a key to his own artistic character. "I like the *Athalia* best of all his overtures, for in this he has to the greatest extent ignored his own feelings and emotions and painted a character foreign to his own."

I do not pretend to remember Rellstab's words, but this was the idea.

To appreciate fully the distinguishing characteristics of Mendelssohn's music, it is necessary to keep in view the character of his mind. Though with but small creative genius himself, few men have lived who possessed talents so great for making all that had been done by others his own. He was not a greater "wonder child" as pupil of ZELTER and BERGER, than as the pupil of his other teachers. No man has lived, whom nature endowed with a higher power of poetic appreciation. His mind was a soil of extraordinary richness, cultivated to the very highest extent. Though he finally devoted himself to music, he was the embodiment of the idea, which we in English convey by the term *scholar*. The highest efforts of BULWER's fancy are those in which he exerts himself to paint characters of the stamp of Mendelssohn.

This order of mind is seldom if ever endowed in a high degree with what we call *creative* talent. I think of but one exception,—JOHN MILTON. Be it that the creative mind is too much occupied with its own creations to dwell upon those of other minds, or that the two orders of intellect are too diverse to often harmonize in one, I think the fact is unquestionable. It is rather the office of the *receptive* mind, through the high culture and extreme refinement of which it is susceptible, to act as commentator,—translator,—apostle,—of the creative. COUSIN and JOUFFROY interpret KANT and HEGEL; DANA and HUDSON fascinate audiences, who never read SHAKSPEARE; BRYANT holds communion with Nature and echoes her still voice to many a soul which otherwise would never hear it.

I read but little poetry, the gods not having made me poetical. I *cannot* read it. There are but three poets in all literature, whose works, complete, I have read (unless I count my school-boy task of VIRGIL;) SHAKSPEARE, MILTON, and—LONGFELLOW. Do I class the latter with the two great creative poets? By no means. But as Mendelssohn fascinates me above all other composers, so Longfellow fascinates me above all other poets. Mendelssohn is to me the Longfellow of musicians; Longfellow the Mendelssohn among poets. From the rich treasury of his learning, exquisite taste and refinement, Longfellow enriches me with the wealth of German, French, Spanish and other literatures. Not in servile translations alone, but in poems of his own, transfused with and breathing their spirit. He makes me a partaker in the delights of his scholarly pursuits. He goes into the forest, among rivers and mountains, and there interprets to me in clear and distinct terms the thoughts and feelings, which in my less poetic nature were little more than faint hints at and shadows of ideas and emotions. My "airy nothings" have now "local habitations and names." What if he do not create, and but gives utterance to thoughts and feelings awakened by the creations of others, (if you will have it so;) is it a small thing to be allowed to enter into the sacred places of a mind of such culture, to share in its emotions, to love, admire, pity, sorrow, enjoy with it? To go with it into the past, and the foreign, at home, to look with *its* eyes upon the spreading chesnut tree, to hear with *its* ears the noise of the distant city, to fancy with *its* imagination the presence of the loved and lost? I have found no German who will read "Hyperion;" its *Germanism*,—to coin a word,—which is its charm for us, ruins it for them; yet they read German works upon America with enthusiasm, which we cannot wade through. What Longfellow accomplishes in verse and poetic prose, Mendelssohn performs in music.

For instance; while still very young and fresh from the study of all that makes Italy the land of pilgrimage, he journeyed thither. His soul drank in her beauty, but sorrowed, almost as one without hope, over her fall and decay. His Italian symphony is but the musical expression of the feelings of the scholar, as he wanders amid the ruins of the world's sometime mistress, and mourns her present degradation.

The "Hebrides" overture is another outpouring of the very soul. We need not the story of its composition to show us this.

"Well, Felix," said his sister, "describe the voyage to us."

"Such does not let itself be described—I will play to you." And he sat down and improvised his recollections upon the pianoforte, and thus arose that lovely composition.

Of all my own journeyings, my visits to the great American lakes have left the deepest and grandest impressions. The wild, sublime solitudes of the waters and shores of Lake Superior have stirred up my fancy and fastened themselves upon my memory beyond all else. Nor am I alone in these feelings. Two years ago I crossed over to the shore north of Isle Royale upon a steamboat, and marked how the feelings which those forest-covered heights, rich in the most luxurious vegetation and carved by Nature's hand into the most exquisite forms, which those lofty islands rising abruptly, giant-like far into mid air from the gloriously clear, sparkling waters, which those little nooks and bays, worthy to be the chosen abodes of the loveliest water spirits ever born of human imagination,—which the mighty spirits of calmness and silence and peace aroused within my breast, feelings too deep and strong for utterance, gradually painted themselves in the expressive face of a young English nobleman on board, awakening him from his taciturnity, and calling out expressions of the highest admiration, even of astonishment at the world of beauty before us. Yet he was familiar with all that Europe has to offer of the sublime and beautiful. And thus writes a lady of high culture, lofty poetic nature, and with recollections of Switzerland and the ocean in her memory, of a single view upon that lake: "Shut your eyes," writes she, "and see with me that magnificent view from Copper Falls; that point of land with its soft meadows and dark forests running out adventurously into that magic lake, all mirage and fog along the great sweep of the horizon, full of fantastic changes, coldly glittering like Damascus steel, whose waves we see breaking into foam upon the dark, distant rocks, and upon whose surface lies couched Isle Royale, like a gigantic watch-dog. I suppose you have walked about through the woods as I did, listening to the mysterious confidences between the winds and the tree-tops, and wondering what the glistening brooks were laughing about." Yes, yes, that have I! And I have walked hours upon the pebbly beaches and sought in vain for evidence of another living thing on earth than myself, save when that most solitary of all sounds, the wail of the loon, came sweeping across the lake's motionless bosom.

The thoughts and feelings of those hours came rushing like a flood upon my memory, whenever the first still, half melancholy notes of Mendelssohn's "Hebrides" overture strike my ear. Those hours cannot be described, they can only be depicted in music, and Mendelssohn has done it.

HANDEL, like Milton, treated of the sublimest subjects; like him, mastered them and satisfies us fully. MOZART, like Shakspeare, dealt with humanity; and his creations, like those of the great poet, are each perfect in themselves and will endure until literature and music are swallowed up in the oblivion of all things. Beethoven gives utterance to the yearnings of the mortal and finite, for that which is immortal and without end. ROSSINI says: "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die!" His music is the voice of our sensual nature, but glorified, refined to most exalted epicureanism. But Mendelssohn, the artist, the scholar, familiar with all that elevates and dignifies, lifted far above and beyond the merely sensual and sensuous, dwelling in a region of crystalline purity, sings—himself! No glow of passion warms his music; its singular fascination lies in something else. The charm is of another kind. May it not be called an intellectual charm?

It impresses me as all that I know of Greek Art and literature impresses me; as the product of the highest intellectual perfection, the very embodiment of refined taste.

The other evening the *Antigone* was given with Mendelssohn's music. I cannot describe the singular impression that ancient play made upon me; so simple in its structure, yet moving on to its catastrophe with such a measured tread; so grand, so broad in its outline, and withal so cold! Fate brooding over its actors, untouched by sympathy with their woe, unmoved by their horror and despair. Just so simple, just so broadly conceived and executed, just so coldly beautiful and unsympathising seemed the music of that chorus of aged men. No other composer that has lived could so have entered into and caught that spirit. No other has had Mendelssohn's learning and mental cultivation. In "Elijah" how evident throughout is the effect of his national feelings, in his adaptation of his music to the poetry of the Old Testament. His God the Lord is the Jehovah of the Jews; his angels, spirits above human infirmity, the ministering spirits of the Holy One; his Prophet, the prophet of THE LORD! And yet—and to me therein consists much of the extraordinary charm

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of that oratorio—it is the product of the Mendelssohn whom I have tried above to describe. His exquisite taste in the use of his ideas is more striking than the ideas themselves. These do not always strike one as new. Look at the very effective *allegro con fuoco* of half a dozen bars, where "God the Lord passed by," and compare it with the short *allegro con brio* in the first movement of Beethoven's *Sonata Pathetique* for instance; and yet how exquisitely chosen for the piece.

It is in his chamber music, trios, duets, solos and the like, that Mendelssohn's lack of creative power is most felt. A thought which will make an exquisite song, may be utterly inadequate when made the basis of a long poem; a musical idea which may be truly beautiful in a song without words, for the piano forte, may become painfully tedious when dwelt upon in the Andante of a Trio. I was recently struck with this in a duet for piano and violoncello by our author, when the slight subject of the Adagio,—very pretty, tender and delicate,—was repeated over and over again, as if for no other purpose than to fill a certain amount of space upon the printed pages. Still it was always Mendelssohnic, though tedious. It is the hearing this class of his compositions within the past year, in greater number and variety than ever before, that has enabled me to understand why he is rated so much lower in the scale by the musical world here than in England or in our own country. When the composer is deprived of orchestral and choral masses he is forced to depend entirely upon the strength of his musical idea. A weak thought may be so embellished by the resources of a full orchestra, that its intrinsic poverty shall escape notice with the multitudes. It is with music as with painting; the mass will crowd a hall to see a diorama by JOHN MARTIN, crowded with figures in all sorts of melo-dramatic action, while only the appreciative few sit down to gaze by the hour upon a Madonna by RAPHAEL, or MURILLO. Yet the single figure or the small group is the test of greatness. Mozart spent more time upon the six quartets which he dedicated to HAYDN than upon his six great operas! and each of Beethoven's last quartets seems to have cost him as much time and labor as either of his last great works, save the second Mass. Chamber music, then, is the touchstone of the composer's creative power. When judged by this test, though few can love and enjoy his works more than I do, I must confess, however, unwillingly, that Mendelssohn did not reach the *highest* rank.

I have been led into this train of thought by hearing last evening, the work, which is here called his highest effort of *genius*; the work in which he went the most out of himself, and, having grasped the ideas of another, made them his own, and reproduced them in music; and this work is his overture to Shakspeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream." Various as are the opinions I have expressed in regard to his oratorios, symphonies, and his other more important works, all with one accord recognize in this not merely a wonderful production for a boy, but the work of a great composer.

Produced almost simultaneously with WEBER's overture to Oberon; both upon fairy subjects; the one the work of an inexperienced boy, the other that of a world-wide known composer; that of the boy towers mountain high above the other. It is possible that Weber may have heard the work of his young rival; but Mendelssohn could never at that time have heard the "Oberon." Yet the idea of "faery" is to a certain and noticeable extent conveyed by both alike.

It is seldom that I have enjoyed a performance more than the beautiful drama of Shakspeare last evening, both for its own sake and for the music. When I first heard it, some four years since, I was astonished to find the music during the play little more than an adaptation of the overture; but hearing it again, I see that it could not be otherwise; for as the overture is the history of the entire drama written in music, no other musical language could be found, certainly by the same composer, for the various situations. How beautiful, how nicely adapted the vocal parts! how superbly comic the funereal music over the dead Pyramus! how delicious the closing strains, as the fairies disperse through the palace of Theseus!

Shall I confess the truth about the famous Wedding March? Few pieces of music, so famous and so generally popular, are so positively disagreeable and offensive to my ear as this! With the exception of two passages of half a dozen bars each, which it is true are repeated several times (in the composer's usual manner) the whole composition affects me in the concert room, or when drummed upon a piano forte, as a piece of mere noise beyond anything MEYERBEER ever wrote. But just this makes it one of the most effective things, and most satisfactory to me, which Mendelssohn ever wrote, when heard in *its proper place*—upon the stage. It is another evidence of the fine instinct which he had in adapting his music, another proof of his refinement of taste.

We have been listening to the music of elves and fairies—music, every note of which breathed the spirit of SHAKSPEARE, and of TIECK. But now the scene changes. We are carried away back beyond the days of Grecian civilization to the rude and savage times of Theseus and the Amazons. The rough demigod will marry the bronzed Amazon, whom he has conquered in battle.

> "Hippolyta, I woo'd thee with my sword,
> And won thy love doing thee injuries;
> But I will wed thee in another key,
> With pomp, with triumph and with revelling."

They hunt, and their talk is of hounds, and the sweetest music they know is the voice of their dogs. The bride remembers how she

> "was with Hercules, and Cadmus once,
> When in a wood of Crete they bayed the bear
> With hounds of Sparta."

Fairies no longer, but rude men are before us, and come marching into the great saloon of the palace, with barbaric pomp and splendor, and, as it should be, to the clashing of cymbals, the beating of drums,—to a music barbaric as the court of Theseus. I felt this march, last night, to be one of the composer's triumphs; but deliver me from it out of the play house!

Query.—What modification in the views here expressed may further experience, reflection and familiarity with Mendelssohn's works effect?

Musical Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, NOV. 4.—In accordance with my last week's promise, I hasten to send you an account of "The Creation," as performed on Monday and Friday of last week, by the Harmonia Sacred Music Society. I have already given you some idea of this exclusive association, consisting of two distinct bodies of members, performing and administrative, the former doing the vocal business, and the latter forming the society itself; for be it known to you the performing members have not the least power of interference with the Directors, not even the right to vote. Oddly enough, the number of administrative members, (that is my own name for them,) is precisely sufficient to fill all the offices of the association, and it is a very difficult matter to procure an election into that august body. Rather a close corporation, is it not? However, there is a great deal of talent and enterprise among the Directors; the Treasurer is a real Rhode Island man, careful, pains-taking, and the actual heart of the Society, with the cause of music always in view. The President is one of our oldest, most respected and popular organists, a good musician, and an estimable person. The Secretary we are not acquainted with except by name. The musical profession is ably represented by several organists and composers, among them two young men, whom I have seen noticed in the *Journal* as having had the honor of playing at the opening of the Tremont Temple organ, last August a year,—I mean Messrs. M. H. CROSS and FRANK DARLEY; the first of these is the organist of the Society; the last the composer of some very clever music that has been brought out by the Harmonia. But I am talking of the Direction instead of "The Creation"; pray pardon me.

The first concert of the season was given on Monday evening at Concert Hall, a very fine room in Chestnut street, somewhat larger than the Musical Fund Hall, though not quite so good in its acoustic construction. Having understood that there would be a crowd, I profited by the hint, went early, and sat for three quarters of an hour, before the commencement, cramped up on a narrow bench, between two very stout gentlemen, the thermometer about 90, and the throng actually frightful. Every cranny and chink was occupied; the avenues choked with extra benches and stools; the private boxes filled; the orchestra, at the north end, overflowing with expectant auditors; and every standing place filled. Even the choir gallery and organ-loft, at the southern extremity of the hall, were invaded by the holders of standee tickets, and I heard that the very staircase outside was used as seats for those unable to penetrate farther.

I had brushed up my critical perceptions, and was prepared to speak out my exact opinions as to the merits, or I should more correctly say, the demerits, of the performance, but my first glance at the choir completely disarmed me, for there I saw—what?—a pretty screen of delicate pink and white lace, extending nearly across the front, thus announcing, in unmistakable terms, that the concert must be considered as an amateur effort, and commanding a certain allowance for the attempts of the singers thus concealed.

I was vexed at first, and with my prejudices in favor of your Boston method, of the choristers facing the public without the slightest description of shelter, I thought the screen an affectation, especially as nothing of the kind had been used by the Musical Union the preceding week. By degrees my objections vanished, and, by the time the performance commenced I really liked the appearance of the thin drapery; it makes a distinction between audience and performers not otherwise obtainable; it gives an air of exclusiveness and gentility, peculiar to the Harmonia's institutions; it also excites curiosity as to the identity of the vocalists, and makes the lady singers look like a troop of misty fairies, although some of those I saw come down at the close of the concert were very substantial and not in the least fairy-like; it is romantic, though it may be unnecessary; it is an apology for defects, and, after all, lends a certain air of charm and mystery that is by no means objectionable in these matter-of-fact days. Another feature, new to me, was a printed libretto of the oratorio, provided with copious notes explanatory of the music, and really quite an interesting, amusing and instructive pamphlet.

The Oratorio was produced with a good deal of care, with a very effective orchestra of an unknown number of musicians, as they were also behind the screen, and I could only see the scrolls of two or three double basses; but without doubt the performers were professional, and of good standing, as they played in first rate style throughout. Mr. Cross presided at the organ, and one of the papers states that he performed the entire oratorio a semitone higher than printed, in order to equalize the pitch of orchestra and organ, the instrument having been stupidly built that much below concert tone. Certainly such wholesale transposition is no slight task, and to have achieved it so successfully is not a little creditable. * * * The exact concord between organ and orchestra was admirable, and occasionally it was a difficult matter to say whether the former was used, so perfectly did the tones blend. The chorus was evidently not so large as that of the Musical Union, but it was well balanced, and very accurate. The difference of tone between this choir and that of the Union could not fail to be remarked, but is easily explained by the fact that the Harmonia is formed of singers in Protestant churches, and the other chiefly of Roman Catholics, a distinction that also applies to the audiences, and management. The fugues were given with great spirit, and effect, particularly "The Heavens are telling," although the final portion was taken more rapidly than I like, or than is usual.

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The lady vocalists, who performed Gabriel and Eve, were evidently accomplished musicians; and the full tone and clearness of the upper C in "The Marvellous Works" betrayed the identity of the singer, there being but one amateur in our city able to sustain that note with such power and truth. The same voice gave "With verdure clad" most tastefully; it was a pleasure to hear the music rendered with such fidelity. "On mighty pens," was sung by the lady who assumed the part of Eve, and in its performance she evinced the possession of a beautiful organ, not as yet fully cultivated, but susceptible of receiving the highest finish.

The music of Uriel was divided among several tenor voices, among them being easily discernible that of Mr. T. BISHOP, formerly of the Seguin troupe, but for two seasons the primo tenore of the Harmonia, and one of its most admired members. A German gentleman sang "Now vanish before the holy beams," but it was rather too low for his register; his pronunciation I forgot in the tasteful way he sang. Adam appeared to have a cold, but was otherwise good. Were it not for the screen I should criticize the performance of Raphael's music, particularly the recitatives; the solos were passable; it was also divided between two bassos. The concerted pieces were the least commendable portions of the oratorio, and can only be passed over on the score of that lace curtain; how I wish it had not been up, that my tongue could be loosened. Mr. LEOPOLD MEIGNEN conducted the oratorio, and certainly as an amateur performance it was decidedly creditable, fully equal to *some* professional trials I have heard; most undeniably it gave satisfaction, as it was repeated on Friday for the public, and was greeted by another full room, in spite of the rain, and PARODI's concert at the Musical Fund Hall.

I wish I had space to tell you about Parodi's *Marcellaise*, and the excitement her agents are creating by advertisements and free tickets. She sings for the Philharmonic Society's first Concert this evening. I shall go and report. The Musical Union gives Mozart's Twelfth Mass on Tuesday week at Concert Hall. Miss PYNE is expected to concertize soon, and on the whole we are more musical than ever.

VERITAS.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, NOV. 10, 1855.

Concert of Miss Adelaide Phillipps.

The skies frowned a second time upon the feast prepared for us by our young Boston *cantatrice*, and told more sensibly in a diminished audience, than the first time, when, in spite of weather, all went forth so eagerly to welcome her. This time there was a smaller, yet goodly number of listeners, who felt well rewarded for having braved the storm. The programme was made up of about the same kind of elements, in the same proportions, as before, with the addition, for the better, of an air by GLUCK.

BEETHOVEN'S ballet overture, "Men of Prometheus," (which, though composed for a ballet, has more meat in it than the overtures to twenty "grand" operas,) was played with more effect than one would have anticipated by a mere skeleton of an orchestra of twenty, under Mr. ZERRAHN. Had the quantity (of strings especially) been equal to the quality, there would have been nothing to complain of. Mr. HARRISON MILLARD followed with an English ballad, to wit: BALFE'S "Then you'll remember me," and sang it very sweetly; indeed we soon forgot the hand-organ and almost forgave the writer.

And now for the queen of the evening. *Dio clemente*, an aria from *Marino Faliero*, is one of the more interesting specimens of DONIZETTI melody, when you seek beneath the uppermost and hackneyed pieces in the pile. The worst of it is, the style of Donizetti altogether has grown hackneyed; and singers, we fear, choose it not so much to lend their voices for the illustration of good music, as for that they find it a convenient music to illustrate their voices. This is generally the public's fault, and not the artist's, who is so dependent on that public. People *will* go to the theatre to see BOOTH or MACREADY, and not Hamlet; RACHEL, and not RACINE, (in which case they are wise;) to the opera for GRISI, rather than for MOZART or ROSSINI; and why not to the concert for the voice, and not for what that voice interprets,—for the person representing, and not for the music, or the author represented? So people will do, and it will be the last and highest triumph of good taste, when we shall all do otherwise. Then, and not before then, we may perhaps have earned the right to call ourselves a really *musical* people. But we did not intend this digression. The piece was beautifully, artistically sung. We are more and more charmed with the quality of Miss Phillipps's voice. Some think it not so powerful as it was once; we think it is only that crude sound has been refined into *tone*; it is ten times more musical, more smooth and even, more expressive, than in her Museum days. GARCIA and Italy have not been lost on her. Her tones are powerful *enough* for any hall, and if the ear, the sense does not own their full power, the mind, the inner sense, the feeling does. Her execution, in ornate passages, is superior, but not faultless. There was always a certain thickness in her articulation, which she has not quite got rid of,—an affair of organization, it is likely,—and which causes a little indistinctness in her rapid running passages. Her *sostenuto* and her trill are good; her phrasing large and style in general satisfactory. We should think her forte, however, lay in the larger, simpler, nobler forms of melody, in oratorio and the like, (and what music so well worthy of the greatest artist?) rather than in florid operatic music. Of the simple ballad style too, she is mistress; witness the two little pieces, which she sang to her own accompaniment in the second part: "The Village Bells," by PEED, and that pretty version of "Home," which so charmed everybody at her first concert, and with which she this time answered the encore. Mr. Millard followed with VERDI's gay, gallant *La Donna è mobile*, which he tossed off with considerable grace.

A piece by GLUCK, the great master of dramatic music, was, strange to say, a novelty in Boston concerts. That a piece so famous as the Cavatina from "Orpheus:" *Che farò senza Euridice;* a melody so exquisite and so purely expressive, as the delight of that whole fresh audience bore witness, should now invite our hearing for the first time was indeed strange. Those who heard it, were, we trust, convinced that there is noble and effective melody outside of modern Italian opera, even in the oldest works which it is fashionable to let alone as "classical." Miss Phillipps gave the introductory recitative in a chaste, distinct, artistic manner, and the large, full-flowing periods of the melody seemed just suited to her voice. She sang it finely, only we would have preferred to hear it in its naked simplicity, without certain modern adornments, elaborate cadenzas, and here and there hurried tempos, which we suppose we are to credit to her teacher. As it was, it proved the great "hit" of the evening, and encouraged the hope that those famous operas of Gluck, so full of the music of character and nature, without any nonsense, or passages for mere display of singers—so simple, too, in their construction, and so easy in comparison with modern operas, may some day be introduced to an American audience. This very *Orfeo*, for instance: what could be more practicable or more charming? It has but three solo characters, Orpheus, Euridice and Amor, all of which are usually sopranos, although the music of Orpheus in the French editions is set for a high tenor. In Germany it is sung by contraltos or mezzo sopranos, like JOHANNA WAGNER. For the rest a series of simple, but most impressive choruses, of mourning friends, of shades and furies in Tartarus, of spirits in Elysium, &c., with instrumentation wonderfully expressive for the simple means employed, a few ballets, &c., are all that is required. Yes, one thing more,—a real mastery of recitative; for Gluck, like Handel, studied the significance of words and thoughts in every tone. We might have it in Italian or English. If the manager of our Boston Theatre is contemplating the production of English opera, with the aid of Miss Phillipps and other native artists, why not do a good thing for Art, as well as what *must*, if well done, also prove a popular and pleasing thing, by getting up the Ritter Gluck's lyrical representation of the beautiful old tale of Orpheus and Euridice? Turn back to our Journal of Dec. 23, 1854, and read our Berlin correspondent's description of it as performed by Johanna Wagner and others.

The First Part closed with the spirited duet from *Tancredi*, in which, as well as in the yet more brilliant and ornate *Non più mesta* (from "Cinderella") in the second part Miss Phillipps confirmed our first impression of her as an excellent singer of the ROSSINI music. She was well seconded by Mr. Millard.

Part Second consisted of FLOTOW's overture to *Martha*, of which the first bars promise somewhat, but which soon runs into the most shallow, hum-drum prettiness; the English ballads beforenamed; a romanza, *La Domanda*, composed and sung by Mr. Millard,—a melody which well hits the average style of current Italian melody, and of course well suited to his own voice; *Non più mesta;* the "Anvil chorus," which it is enough to have heard once, and by not stopping to renew the ringing whereof in our mind's ear, we also lost the duet from *La Favorita*. Upon the whole it was a very pleasant concert of its kind, but made us all the more desire to hear the fine voice and dramatic talent of ADELAIDE PHILLIPPS in concerts (that is to say in music) of a higher kind, as well as in opera.

Foreign Musical Intelligence.

LEIPZIG.—A correspondent of the London *Musical World* gives the following account of the first Gewandhaus Concert:

I have endeavored to trace back the history and origin of the Gewandhaus Concerts from their very commencement, but have not been able to gather more than a few particulars. Their origin is ascribed to Sebastian Bach, at that time *Cantor*, or music director at the St. Thomas Church here. The first took place, not in the present spacious building, but in the house of a private gentleman, and was considered a private

undertaking, with the limited number of sixteen subscribers, each to pay twenty thalers for ten concerts to defray all needful expenses; on the 11th of March, 1743, the number of applicants to become subscribers, however, increased to such a degree, that the room was found to become too small; it was enlarged in consequence, and about eighty years ago the concerts were removed to the present Gewandhaus Hall, where, through the influence of Mendelssohn and other eminent musicians, they have since attained a name among the best series of musical entertainments in Europe. Perhaps it might not be uninteresting to mention the names of the conductors of these concerts since Mendelssohn's time. They are in the following order:—Ferdinand Hiller, Gade, Rietz, David, Gade, and, at present, Rietz again conducts. This year's series commenced on Saturday, 30th September, to an unusually crowded audience. On entering the hall, we were surprised and delighted on seeing the comfortable change which had taken place in its appearance. The seats have been fresh covered over and almost all ticketed as reserved. Another chandelier has been added in the middle of the hall, and the whole has undergone a new painting, while conspicuously over Mendelssohn's likeness may be seen the appropriate motto, "*Res severa est verum gaudium.*" The programme was as follows: Part I.—Overture to *Genoveva*, R. Schumann; Recitativ ed aria from Haydn's *Creation*, sung by Mme. von Holdorp, "And God said;" Concerto, by Mendelssohn, performed by Herr Henri Wieniawski; Recitative e Duetto, from Mozart's *Entführung*, sung by Mme. von Holdorp and Professor Götze; Fantasie for the violin by Paganini, performed by Herr Weiniawski. Part II.—Symphonia Pastorale, by Beethoven.

At the Opera Meyerbeer's *L' Etoile du Nord* was given Oct. 4th: the principal parts by Mlle. Bartel, Mme. Richter and Herren Behr, Marloff, Schneider and Brassin. It was rather coldly received. The operas given in September were *Die Zauberflöte*, *Lucrezia Borgia* (twice), *Montecchi e Capuleti* (twice), Auber's *Maçon* (twice), and *Don Juan*, with Fräulein Grosser as Donna Anna.

PARIS.—The Théâtre Italien has opened with the *Moise* of ROSSINI. The Grand Opera repeats also the same work. The managers of the rival houses have each pressed the great composer to assist at the production of the opera, but he refuses. "I beg you," he said, in reply to further solicitations, "not to compel me to leave my 'attitude.' I wish to be like Austria." The only musical performances in which Rossini has shown an interest in Paris, have been those of the Cologne Männer-Gesang-Verein, to whom he wrote a note of warmest acknowledgment, thus showing that his tastes have not swerved from the new direction which they took in "William Tell." *Moise* failed at the Italiens, but *Cenerentola*, with Mme. BORGHI-MAMO in the place of ALBONI, was a great success.——CARRION, the Spanish tenor, does not sustain his Vienna reputation. SALVI, as manager, seems to have already got into trouble, VERDI having withdrawn from the theatre the liberty to perform his works. Paris is but too glad to fall back on Rossini.—The Duke of Saxe-Coburg's new opera, *Santa Chiara*, is not a little praised; but for a fuller account we hope to find room next week.

Musical Chit-Chat.

Miss LOUISA PYNE and company, it is rumored, are soon to give one or more concerts in Boston.... The first of the cheap people's concerts, given by the Artizan's Recreative Union, took place in the Music Hall on Wednesday evening. We have to gather all our information from the other papers. It appears that the songs of Miss PHILLIPPS and Mr. ARTHURSON were greatly admired, especially the ballads and comic songs; so too the pieces by the Germania Serenade Band. The audience was large, but the tone thereof somewhat noisy, the mistake having been committed of inviting the firemen in a body to occupy the galleries. Of course they brought with them firemen's habits, which are well enough in the street, but scarcely suited to a concert; cat-calls and cock-crowings, &c., being not particularly inspiring either as accompaniments or interludes to *good* music. The consequence can only be that the music must come down to the Bowery boy standard, and so the end of this in itself excellent movement, the elevation and refinement of the people, be utterly defeated. This need not be. Rightly managed, the experiment of refined amusement for the people must succeed; witness Mr. Barnard's concert in the same place a few weeks since. Let the firemen go and mingle socially and naturally, as quiet citizens, and not *as* firemen, and it will work much better.

The Classical Matinées of WILLIAM MASON and CARL BERGMANN in New York are definitively announced to commence on the 27th. They have the aid of Messrs. THEO. THOMAS, (first violin,) J. MOSENTHAL, (second violin,) and G. MATKA, (viola.) The later quartets of Beethoven, (so rarely heard—*never* in this country,) the works of Schumann, Schubert, Franck, Volckmann, Brahms, Rubinstein, and Berwald, will form the leading features of the programmes. The model followed is the celebrated matinées of LISZT at Weimar. Here will be something to gratify the newest curiosity of those who would keep the run of musical composers, and we heartily wish the plan success in such full measure as to overflow some day into *our* smaller city.

A Dublin paper states positively that SIMMS REEVES, with a soprano, baritone and basso, is on the point of sailing for this country, to give whether English operas or concerts it is not said, under the management of Dr. JOY.... We are disappointed in our New York correspondence and get no account of the *Prophète* at the Academy. From the tone of the newspaper notices the success, as regards the numbers and enthusiasm of the audience, has been moderate. All agree that it is put splendidly upon the stage, that the choruses are well drilled and the orchestra effective for its size. Mme. LAGRANGE, Miss HENSLER, and Sig. MORELLI are highly complimented, and the critic of the *Courier* says the new tenor, SALVIANI, has one of the sweetest and purest of not very robust tenor voices and is a very graceful singer.... OLE BULL is giving concerts in Canada.... The committee on piano-fortes at the American Institute awarded the highest prize to a German manufacturer in New York by the name of STEINWAY, of whom, the *Review* says, it never heard, as he does not advertise.... Mme. LAGRANGE has received an offer to sing in opera at Rio Janeiro forty-eight times, at the rate of one thousand dollars for a single performance, and expenses all paid.... REMINY, the Hungarian patriot, and a thorough Wagnerite, has received the appointment of violin solo to the Queen's band, London.

The Hartford *Times* (Oct. 16) has the following notice of two of our promising young native musicians:

Mr. LOUIS T. DOWNES, who has been for several years the admirable and efficient organist of Christ Church, in this city, and under whose direction the fine choir of that church has attained such a wide-spread reputation—has gone to Providence to act as organist in the church in which Bishop Clark officiates. Mr. Downes's eminent talent as an organist, and his well known efficiency in drilling a choir, will be appreciated in Providence.

MR. HENRY WILSON, who was formerly an organist at Greenfield, and more recently at Springfield, succeeds Mr. D. as organist at Christ Church, and played for the first time last Sunday. Mr. Wilson has been studying music in Germany, for the past eighteen months, and by the way, is said to be the writer of those excellent letters which appeared, from time to time, in the *Springfield Republican*, over the signature of W. With one or two exceptions we have never heard an organist whose style of playing was so perfectly satisfactory in all respects. He plays most admirably, and moreover, what is most extremely rare in this country, though almost universal abroad, he *accompanies* instead of leading the choir, and his accompaniments are expressive.

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Early applications will be necessary for Subscription Tickets, as the lists cannot be kept open after the 20th of November. Tickets for the Single Concert, Fifty Cents. Subscription tickets will be ready for delivery Nov 12th, at Richardson's Musical Exchange, 282 Washington street, where further particulars may be learned. By order of the Committee,

NATHAN RICHARDSON, Sec.

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Life of John Sebastian Bach;

WITH A CRITICAL VIEW OF HIS COMPOSITIONS, BY J. N. FORKEL.

(Continued from p. 34.)

CHAPTER IV.

What we have said of J. S. Bach's admirable performance on the clavichord, may be applied, in general, to his playing on the organ. The clavichord and the organ are nearly related; but the style and mode of managing both instruments are as different as their respective destination. What sounds well, or expresses something on the clavichord, expresses nothing on the organ, and *vice versâ*. The best player on the clavichord, if he is not duly acquainted with the difference in the destination and object of the two instruments, and does not know constantly how to keep it in view, will always be a bad performer on the organ, as indeed is usually the case. Hitherto I have met with only two exceptions. The one is John Sebastian himself, and the second his eldest son, William Friedemann. Both were elegant performers on the clavichord; but when they come to the organ, no trace of the harpsichord-player was to be perceived. Melody, harmony, motion, &c., all was different, that is, all was adapted to the nature of the instrument and its destination. When I heard William Friedemann on the harpsichord, all was delicate, elegant, and agreeable. When I heard him on the organ I was seized with reverential awe. There, all was pretty; here, all was grand and solemn. The same was the case with John Sebastian, but both in a much higher degree of perfection. William Friedemann was here too but a child to his father, and most frankly concurred in this opinion. Even the organ compositions of this extraordinary man are full of the expressions of devotion, solemnity, and dignity; but his unpremeditated voluntaries on the organ, where nothing was lost in writing down, are said to have been still more devout, solemn, dignified, and sublime. What is it that is most essential in this art? I will say what I know; much, however, cannot be said, but must be felt.

When we compare Bach's compositions for the harpsichord with those for the organ, we perceive that the melody and harmony in both are of an entirely different kind. Hence we may infer that, to play properly on the organ, the chief point is, the nature of the ideas which the organist employs. This is determined by the nature of the instrument; by the place in which it stands, and lastly, by the object proposed. The full tone of the organ is, in its nature, not adapted to rapid passages; it requires time to die away in the large and free space of a church. If it is not allowed this time, the tones become confounded, and the performance indistinct and unintelligible. The passages suited to the organ, and to the place, must therefore be solemnly slow; an exception from this rule may be made, at the most, in the use of single registers, as in a trio, &c. The destination of the organ to support church singing, and to prepare and maintain devout feelings by preludes and voluntaries, requires, further, that the composition and connection of the tones be effected in a different manner from what is practised out of the church. The common, the trite, can never become solemn, can never excite a sublime feeling; it must, therefore, in every respect, be banished from the organ. And who was ever more strict, in this point, than Bach? Even in his secular compositions he disdained everything common; but, in his compositions for the organ, he kept himself far more distant from it; so that here he does not appear like a man, but as a true disembodied spirit who soars above everything mortal.

The means which he employed to attain such a sacred style lay in his management of the old church modes, as they are called, in his divided harmony, in the use of the obligato pedal, and in his manner of using the stops. That the church modes, on account of their difference from our twelve major and twelve minor modes, are peculiarly adapted to strange, uncommon modulations, such as are fit for the church, may be seen by any one who will examine the simple four-part psalm tunes (Choral Gesänge) of John Sebastian. But what an effect divided harmony produces upon the organ will not be easily imagined by those who have never heard an organ played upon in this manner. By this means, a chorus, as it were, of four or five vocal parts in their whole natural compass is transferred to the organ. He produced with the pedal not only the lower notes, or those for which common organists use the little finger of the left hand, but he played a real bass melody with his feet, which was often of such a nature, that many a performer would hardly have been able to produce it with his five fingers.

To all this was added the peculiar manner in which he combined the different stops of the organ with each other, or his mode of using them. It was so uncommon, that many organ-builders and organists were frightened when they saw him use them. They believed that such a combination of stops could never sound well: but were much surprised when they afterwards perceived that the organ sounded the best so, and had now something peculiar and uncommon, which never could be produced by their mode.

This peculiar manner of using the stops was a consequence of his minute knowledge of the construction of the organ and of all the single stops. He had early accustomed himself to give to each of them a melody suited to its qualities, and this led him to new combinations of them, which, otherwise, would never have occurred to him. In general, nothing escaped his penetration which had any kind of relation to his art, and could be improved for the discovery of new advantages. His attention to the effect of great musical compositions, in places of a different nature—his very practised ear, by which he could discover the smallest error in music of the fullest and richest harmony—his art of perfectly tuning an instrument in so easy a manner may serve as proofs of the penetration and comprehension of this great man. When he was at Berlin in 1747 he was shown the new Opera-house. Whatever in the construction of it was good or faulty, as it respected the effect of music, and what others had only discovered by experience, he perceived at the first sight. He was taken into the great saloon adjoining: he went up to the gallery that runs round it, looked at the ceiling, and said, without first examining any further, that the architect had here introduced a piece of ingenuity, perhaps without intending it, and without anybody's knowing it. If a person at one corner of the saloon, which was in the form of an oblong parallelogram, whispered a few words against the wall, another, who stood with his face turned to the wall, at the corner diagonally opposite, could hear them distinctly, but nobody else in the whole room, either in the centre or in any other part. This effect arose from the direction of the arches in the cieling, the particular nature of which he discovered at the first look. Such observations could, and naturally did, lead him to attempt to produce by the unusual combination of different stops of the organ, effects unknown before and after him.

The union and application of the above-mentioned methods to the usual forms of organ-pieces, produced John Sebastian Bach's great and solemnly sublime execution on the organ, peculiarly adapted to the church, which filled the hearer with holy awe and admiration. His profound knowledge of harmony—his endeavor to give all the thoughts an uncommon turn, and to let them have the smallest resemblance with the musical ideas usual out of the church—his entire command over his instrument, both with hand and foot, which corresponded with the richest, and most copious, and uninterrupted flow of fancy—his infallible and rapid judgment, by which he knew how to choose, among the overflow of ideas which constantly poured in upon him, those only which were adapted to the present object—in a word, his great genius, which comprehended everything, and united everything requisite to the perfection of one of the most inexhaustible arts, brought the art of the organ to a degree of perfection which it never attained before his time, and will hardly ever attain again. Quanz was of my opinion on this point—"The admirable John Sebastian Bach (says he) has at length, in modern times, brought the art of the organ to its greatest perfection: it is only to be wished that, after his death, it may not decline, or be wholly lost, on account of the small number of those who still bestow any pains upon it."

When John Sebastian Bach seated himself at the organ when there was no divine service, which he was often requested to do by strangers, he used to choose some subject and to execute it in all the

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various forms of organ composition, so that the subject constantly remained the ground-work of his performance, even if he had played, without intermission, for two hours or more. First he used this theme for a prelude and fugue, with all the stops. Then he showed his art of using the stops, for a trio, a quartet, &c., always upon the same subject. Afterwards followed psalm tunes (choral), the melody of which was intermingled in the most diversified manner with the original subject in three or four parts. Finally, the conclusion was made by a fugue with all the stops, in which either another treatment only of the first subject predominated, or one, or according to its nature, two others were mixed with it. This is the art which old Reinken, at Hamburg, considered as being already lost in his time, but which, as he afterwards found, not only lived in John Sebastian Bach, but had attained, through him, the highest degree of perfection.

The office which John Sebastian filled, and partly also the great reputation which he enjoyed, caused him to be often requested to examine young candidates for places as organists, and also to give his opinion of new organs. He proceeded, in both cases, with so much conscientiousness and impartiality, that he seldom added to the number of his friends by it. The late Danish music-director, Scheibe, once in his younger years submitted to his examination on the election of an organist, but found his decision so unjust, that he afterwards, in his "Critical Musician," sought to revenge himself by a violent attack on his former judge. In his examinations of organs he was not more fortunate. He could as little prevail upon himself to praise a bad instrument as a bad organist. He was, therefore, very severe, but always just, in his trials of organs. As he was perfectly acquainted with the construction of the instrument, he could not be in any case deceived. The first thing he did was to draw out all the stops, and to play with the full organ. He used to say in jest, that he must first of all know whether the instrument had good lungs. He then proceeded to examine the single parts. His justice to the organ-builders went so far that, when he found the work really good, and the sum agreed upon too small, so that the builder would evidently have been a loser by his work, he endeavored to induce those who had contracted for it to make a suitable addition, which he, in fact, frequently obtained.

After the examination was over, especially when the instrument had his approbation, he generally, to amuse himself and those present, showed his skill in performing as above described; and, thereby, always proved anew, that he was really "the prince of all players on the harpsichord and organ," as the late organist, Sorge, of Lobenstein, once called him in a dedication.

[To be continued.]

Letters from a Country Singing Teacher.

No. V.

M——, Nov. 12, 1855.

John S. Dwight, Esq.,

Dear Sir:—I am afraid that I have taken up too much space already in your valuable and interesting paper, in recording the trials and troubles incident to the insignificant position which I occupy. But I have felt as if it was necessary for some one to speak plainly upon the subject. I am very decidedly opposed to the present fashion of leaving the singing to be done in the churches by a quartet as is now so much the case. The great end of church music in my opinion cannot be so obtained, and equally unsatisfactory have been the results, so far as I have learned, of attempts to abolish choirs and trust the congregation to supply the want. Yet the ill success that has attended my efforts shows that something must be done for the cause of our Protestant church music. I will not go into the details of what has taken place in our singing seats since last Spring. Toil and labor and discouragement have been my share, and yet every Sabbath has left me more dissatisfied than the last. We are all weary of the tunes we sing and so is the congregation. A quartet of good singers added to our numbers would put new life into all, and something might again be done. If I could be but sure that those whom I have had with me during the Summer could be persuaded to take hold in earnest, come with a single eye to doing their duty, and be willing to go on for two or three years, I should be encouraged. Some of them might do well, make really very good singers, and in that space of time acquire both a reasonable amount of skill and taste.

For the last two weeks a great revival of religion has been in progress in our society, and the other evening I attended one of the meetings in our vestry. The excitement is strong, the feeling deep, and nothing else is thought of but religious exercises.

Accordingly, when our pastor gave out the hymn:

"Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly dove,"

and led off to the tune of 'Cambridge,' the feelings of the crowded assembly found vent in joining in the well known melody, and it went splendidly. Among the young people particularly interested were the sweet singers of the Fair, of whom I wrote, and with their sweet and powerful voices penetrating every corner of the room, it was surprising to see with what new talents my feeble singers could join in. I am afraid my feelings at the contrast between this evening's singing and ours upon the Sabbath did not much partake of the nature of Christian humility and love. 'Squire Jones's daughter had no scruples *now* to sing with the poor sewing girl, not she! why should she have at other times? It is not to be supposed that the two young women educated so differently, possessing such entirely different modes of thought, moving in such different circles of society, and being surrounded by different influences, could enjoy each other's society, as friends and companions. But are they not equal in the sight of Him whom both profess to serve? Is it not the duty of the favored one to share her gifts with the other? However, I cannot very well argue the moral point. I do feel as though all who have had superior advantages of any kind are bound to do what good they can, and as several young ladies in our society have had every opportunity to cultivate their musical talents, upon the principles which they *profess* to have made the guidance of their lives, they are bound to exert those talents in divine worship. I can state the point, if not argue it, and it seems to me the statement is sufficient to carry conviction. I had a talk the other day with our minister, and told him plainly that when certain young ladies in the society could humble themselves so far as to sit, not only at his communion, but in the singers' gallery with Miss A., Miss B., and the others, I would begin to believe that some of the feeling they exhibited was more than a temporary excitement. Mr. —— looked grave.

"Now I know," said I, "that you look upon music in the church precisely as I do myself, as a part of the worship of the Most High, and that for us to stand up there Sunday after Sunday and make a noise called singing, which in a shilling concert would draw a shower of rotten apples, is turning off the Deity with pretty poor sacrifices."

"Don't speak so lightly, almost profanely," said he. "But isn't it just so?" I asked. "You rise in the pulpit and say: "Let us sing to the praise and glory of God—"

"No," interrupted he with a sad smile. "If you will bethink yourself, it is some time since I said anything about the praise and glory of God in connection with our singing, or indeed with any in any church where I exchange, now-a-days. All I say is, "Let us sing so and so," but whether I am not wrong in using the word *sing*, (with another smile) you can judge as well as I."

"That's a fact," returned I, "but you know I have done my best, and last year we were going on swimmingly. Too bad that we were so broken up."

"That has cost me many a sad hour," said Mr. ——, "and I sometimes think that the leaving of the —— girls was a proper punishment for a feeling of pride which was growing up in my heart. To confess the truth, I liked to exchange last year just that other clergymen might hear my choir and say afterwards, Brother ——, you have beautiful singing in your church; there is nothing else like it in our entire conference. But what were you going to say when I broke in upon you?"

"Oh, I was only about to say that when the minister rises and says let us sing to the praise and glory of God and we get up and sing some galloping tune, hitching along, with full organ behind us to make us do even that, that people must think that such praise and glory are no great shakes."

"Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings, you know," replied he good naturedly.

"When the 'St. Cecilians,' as they called themselves, came here last winter and gave their concert at twelve-and-a half cents admission, some of our society were there and helped hiss them for singing so shabbily. Their singing was not good enough for them at that price; but they seem to think ours good enough for God!" "Hush, hush! don't speak so irreverently. You are right though. It is wicked to call that worship, which I am condemned to hear, wherever I go, but feeble as it is in our church, I assure you it is no better any where else where I exchange, except at Mr. B——'s church in N., where they hire a quartet; but that does not seem to have the feeling in it. Sometimes you do very well; if you could only sing that beautiful devotional music, which we had last year! That used to do my heart good. I could preach after that. Whatever effect it might have had upon my hearers, I can truly say, that I rose in my pulpit a different man. Before you came, when all was at sixes and sevens, and I could not tell whether anybody but Smith with his two-penny trumpet voice, would pretend to sing, I used to rise and give out the first hymn with a heavy heart, fearing the torture my ears might be exposed to. Do you remember singing, the Sunday after Miss S. was buried, 'Time is winging us away,' by Zeuner? It made me weep like a child, and I think the marked solemnity, which pervaded the church all that day was owing to that hymn. I know not when I was in so heavenly a frame of mind."

"I remember that occasion very well," I said, "and the pains I took the evening before to impress upon my singers the full beauty of the words. I remember Miss —— was so affected, I was afraid she would not get through her duet the next morning, but after the first few notes her voice grew strong and her very emotion added a charm to her voice, such as I had never heard before. I hear that her singing is growing very coarse and screechy, and that the —— folks are getting tired of her."

"Her leaving was a great loss to herself as well as to us," said the minister. "I am afraid we cannot make her place good."

"How happens it, sir," returned I, determined to put an idea into his mind, which had long haunted me, "that those young women who sang so beautifully at the Fair last year, and who make such a show of their voices at the evening meetings, that they who so loudly profess themselves ready to give up all and follow Christ, cannot be induced to praise him a little in the church. You know my faith differs in some points from yours, but if I am capable of arguing from your point of view I should say, that if it is "a cross to be taken up," this sitting in the singers' seats; they have only to feel it a duty to sit there, to be forced by their consciences to join us or not join at the communion table. Whether it be their duty I don't undertake to decide."

The pastor looked at me very hard for a few mo-

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ments, and then simply said: "That is something to be thought of!"

He is a man that fears nobody. He will do what he thinks right, let come what will come, and knowing his intense love for good music, I made up my mind as he left with his face full of a certain look, which his people know well, that we shall hear from him when the signs come round right.

Respectfully Yours,

P. E. G.

THE AUTHOR OF "SANTA CHIARA."—We find the following in the Paris correspondence of the New Orleans *Picayune*, dated Sept. 27.

To-morrow, or Saturday night, the opera *Santa Chiara*, by the Duke de Saxe Cobourg will be given, and as I shall probably have to analyze it in my next letter, I must find room to-day for a sketch of the ducal author, Ernest IV. Augustus Charles John Leopold Alexander Edward, Duke of Saxe Cobourg Gotha, who in the special line of the Dukes of Cobourg is styled Ernest II., is the eldest son of the Duke Ernest III. (1st) and of the Duchess Louisa, daughter of the Duke Augustus of Saxe Cobourg and Ellenbourg, who died in 1831. This prince, like Prince Albert, his brother, who married the Queen of England, received a solid education, and after having well disciplined his mind by these studies turned his attention to Art. Both of the brothers are good painters, but Prince Albert has especially devoted his attention to the arts of drawing, and at the Exhibition several model farm houses planned by him were erected in Hyde Park; while the Duke Ernest turned his mind to music. In 1836 both brothers visited England and France, and resided at Brussels for a year at the court of their uncle, King Leopold. Thence Duke Ernest went to Bonn and studied law and philosophy, until he took the degrees of that celebrated university. He then entered the army as captain in the Saxon light horse.

Having made himself master of an extensive and serious curriculum of studies, and of the theory of the military profession, he abandoned himself almost entirely to the art of music, to which he has always been passionately attached. Dresden, which possesses one of the best theatres of Germany, was a good place to study, and he commenced his musical education with M. Reissiger, the accomplished chapel-master, who soon initiated him into the secrets of the art. After completing these studies, the Duke made another excursion abroad, visiting Spain, Portugal, Italy and Africa, determined to see everything before he settled definitively at home. He quitted the active service of Saxony, where he was Major General, and lived with his father. He married, in 1842, the Princess Alexandrina Louisa Amelia Frederica, daughter of the then reigning Grand Duke of Baden, who was in her twentieth year. His father dying in 1844, the Duke Ernest ascended the throne.

Having visited and studied Europe, and being a warm partisan of progress, his first efforts were directed towards ending the long conflict which existed between his father's Government and the States of the Duchy of Cobourg. He soon succeeded in introducing salutary reforms, which made the political institutions of his duchy conform to the liberal ideas which pervaded all the world, except Germany, which was chilled by the influence of Russia and Austria. In 1846, he spontaneously presented at the opening of the Diet of his States a common constitution for the two duchies, which abolished the old feudal customs and abuses. He had the satisfaction of seeing the storms of 1848–'49 pass over his calm and happy States. The Arch Duke John of Austria having made him Lieutenant General of the Empire, gave him the chief command of a division of the army in the war against Denmark, and he distinguished himself at the battle of Eckernforde. After this battle the plans for the re-establishment of a German Empire having signally failed, he adhered to the "Three King's Alliance," and recommended a congress of sovereigns at Berlin. There he sustained ideas too generous to succeed, and overmastered by reaction he returned home and practised what he had had in vain inculcated elsewhere. In the midst of deserved domestic calm he again resumed his musical studies, and in the course of time he composed four operas: "Zaire," whose "book" is arranged after Voltaire's play by M. Tenelli (the anagram of Millened's name, who is the private secretary of the Duke,) which was represented in 1846 at Berlin, with considerable success; "Tony," whose book is by M. Eisbor, has been represented at Dresden, Prague, Hanover, &c., with a popular success; "Casilda," whose book is by M. Tenelli, has been played in all the German theatres, and at Brussels and London. The book of the new opera ("Santa Chiara") is by Mme. Birch Pfeiffer, and is put into French by M. G. Oppel.

Halevy's Eulogy on Onslow.

The Paris correspondent of the *Atlas*, "Spiridion," sends a rich budget of musical matters in his letter of Oct. 11th. Among other things the following, which will interest our Chamber Concert goers. How will they like, though, to be told that a string Quartet never should be played in the presence of more than ten persons!

We have had the annual meeting of the Academy of Fine Arts, which was presided over by M. Thomas, the composer. The audience was unusually large and brilliant, and was composed of painters, sculptors, literary men, engravers, composers, architects. A symphony opened the meeting, and when it was over, M. Gilbert, the architect, read a criticism on the works sent home by the pupils of the Government School at Rome, which was deservedly severe. The prizes won at the Fine Art School, here, were then distributed; and afterwards M. Halevy, the composer, read an *éloge* on the late George Onslow. "There is, in the United States, in North Carolina, a county which bears the name of Onslow. The amateur of music, reading that name, dear to him, inscribed on those once distant shores, will rejoice to find the reputation of the author of the 'Quintets' already so profoundly established on the other side of the Atlantic. But this homage, this pious souvenir is not addressed to the artist. It dates from another age. There several generations of this family lived and died, and public gratitude sought to preserve the memory of old services and old affections." He gave some curious details about the establishment of the family of Onslows in France, and the marriage of the composer's father with a Mlle. Bourdeille de Brantome; he exhibited how difficultly and how slowly Onslow comprehended and felt music in his youth, though he afterwards attained eminent rank as a composer. A man of fortune and an amateur, Onslow was born about the period when the clavecin was being metamorphosed into the piano; and M. Halevy told us how young Onslow became fascinated by the piano, and how, absorbed by the material resources of the art, he long remained completely insensible to the pure and elevated sentiments of music. Mozart's finest productions left him cold and indifferent. He reproached himself for his indifference, and suffered cruelly by it, until he heard *Stratonice*, an opera by Mehul. This opera raised emotions in his breast it had never known, and initiated him into the mysteries of the art. Then he took Reicha as his master of harmony, and became a skilful composer of "chamber music." M. Halevy explained what this term means. He told the audience how, in a trio or quatuor written for stringed instruments, the great composers establish and maintain a sort of musical dialogue, where the theme, the subject, is at first presented simply, and then soon varied in its form and robed in the thousand shades furnished by harmony. These delightful reciprocations between three, four, and even so many as seven instruments (for there are some admirable septuors by Mozart,) delight those who really love music, as they are carried away and charmed when a poet or an orator, master of his subject, full of ideas, and with a felicitous diction, seems to prove himself right a thousand times as he presents his thought under striking and varied forms. M. Halevy said besides that this music has another, a singular charm; it is not composed for the multitude, and should be executed in a small room, a chamber, before a select and small audience; care should especially be taken to allow none of the profane, no musical gluttons, nor ill-timed flatterers to enter the sacred chamber; the audience should never exceed eight, or at most, ten in number, and even they should be introduced as it were into a sanctuary—then, and then only, that sympathetic satisfaction is established between the performers and the listeners which produces a masterpiece which leaves an impression time never effaces. I have with difficulty resisted the temptation of quoting the passage at length to you; I cannot refuse to lay before you his eulogy of the piano, which every cold wit lays hold of as an object for his dullness—the patient, good natured piano, which cheers so many winter's nights at so many hearths.

"The piano, on which all the sounds of the musical scale, arranged beforehand, await nought but the pressure of a practised hand to vibrate in sheaves of harmonious accords, or to sparkle in rapid gamuts, would be first of instruments, if the organ was not in existence. But the organ haunts lofty regions; it conceals itself in the dim religious light of the temple. To force it to utterance, we must penetrate its severe envelope, conceal ourselves there from every eye, breathe the air which gives it life. The piano, on the contrary, the guest of home, covered with holiday attire, opens to all its willing envelope, and as it is ready for the most frivolous pastimes, as well as the most serious studies, as it contains in its breast all the treasures of harmony, it is of all instruments, that which has most contributed to diffuse musical taste and to facilitate the study of music. Made popular by great artists, it is found in every house, it forces under its varied forms, every door. If it is at times a disagreeable neighbor, at least, it offers easy vengeance and always ready reprisals. It is the confidant, the friend of the composer, a rare and discreet friend, which never speaks except when spoken to, and knows how to keep silent at the right moment."

Diary Abroad.—No. 25.

BERLIN, SEPT. 28.—Dwight's Journal of Sept. 8th, just came to hand. "An unpublished opera of C. M. von WEBER, called *Silvana*, was recently performed for the first time in Dresden." "An Oratorio by HANDEL entitled "The Passion," hitherto unknown, as well as an opera called *Silla*."

Another mare's nest found in London. Pop! here goes one of the eggs.

"I composed," says Weber, "the opera, *Das Waldmädchen*, written by RITTER von STEINSBERG, which was given there (Munich) in November, 1800, and which spread further than I could wish (it was given fourteen times in Vienna, in Prague it was translated into Bohemian, and performed in St. Petersburg with much applause), since it was in the highest degree an unripe work, a weak production, with here and there perhaps some signs of a creative talent, and the second act of which I wrote in ten days." On the 18th of December following the performance of this work Weber completed his *fourteenth* year.

"Silvana, opera in three acts, in pianoforte arrangement. Schlesinger [publisher]. Completed Feb. 23d, 1810, in Stuttgart."

Weber's own catalogue of his works.

"Here (Stuttgart), being encouraged and excited by the friendly sympathy of the noble Danzi, I wrote an opera, *Silvana*, upon the subject of my early *Waldmädchen*, rewritten by Heimer";—also Weber's words.

Silvana was given under the composer's direction, for the *first* time, so far as I know, on the 16th July, 1813, at Berlin, and repeated several times within the next ten days with ever increasing success. In the Leipzig *Musik Zeitung* for August 26th, 1812, four and a half quarto pages are devoted to the work, and the notice of its publication by Schlesinger is contained in the next volume of that work.

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Whether the opera *Silla*, by Handel, is a mare's egg I cannot say—but here is a stone to smash the other.

The only oratorio written to German words by Handel was entitled *Der für die Sünde der Welt gemarterte und sterbende Jesus.* When Haydn was in London he was greatly interested in the collection of Handel's original scores, and the Queen made him a present of this, the original, of which Härtel, (firm of Breitkopf & Härtel) afterwards obtained a copy. In 1832 that firm gave notice in the *Musik Zeitung* that this work was never printed, but any one could have the privilege of copying it who wished. Perhaps this was not the "Passion" to which reference was made in the Journal. Well then, Handel wrote a cantata which was called "The Passion," on occasion of the death of some member of the royal family. This was published by Breitkopf & Härtel about half a century ago.

Fétis says, speaking of "The Passion," "the manuscript, not in the hand of Handel, is to be found in the collection of the Queen of England."

I should really like to know from what English paper the above paragraphs were taken. I should say the London *Musical World*—there is no mistaking the cockney character.

Speaking of Weber reminds me of a paragraph in the London *Athenæum* (Jan. 6, 1855), which stated that the *doubt* as to the composer's birthday had been removed, and it was now proved to be Dec. 18, 1786. An excellent thing to have doubts removed—but who had doubted?

I opened Gassner's Lexicon (1849) at Art. Weber, born at Eutin, Dec. 18, 1786; turned to the same article in Schilling's Lexicon (1838),—born Dec. 18, 1786; opened Marx's *Berliner Zeitung* (1826), no month given, but the year 1786; then looked into a sketch of his life, published at Gotha, 1829, still Dec. 18, 1786; and finally looked at his own account and read: "I was born at Eutin in Holstein, Dec. 18, 1786—."

Who doubted?

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, NOV. 13.—The *Prophète* has never had anything very attractive for me. Whenever I saw it in Europe it always had the same effect, a severe headache. A week ago last Monday it was produced at the Academy; but I was much too busy then to think at all about music. But now the rush is over and I can again frequent our beautiful opera house. Here the *Prophète* has been produced with several, what seem to me, great improvements. First of all I will mention that it has been immensely cut and thus brought down to a decent size. Secondly, the *sun* in the third act, (which in Paris cost 10,000 francs, while the music cost 5), is banished, to the great benefit of weak eyes.

The two new scenes, the one with the frozen lake, the snow-covered trees, and Munster in the distance, and the interior of the grand cathedral, are really superb, and show what a true artist we have in ALLEGRI. But I would suggest to the stage manager that an Italian city scene, where the balconies, the atmosphere and every thing else reminds the spectator of the "sunny South," will hardly do for a Munster market-place, with its surroundings of lofty peaked houses and quaint gabel ends. And how came Fides to be imprisoned, in the last act, in the same dungeon in which we were accustomed to see VESTVALI and BRIGNOLI in the *Trovatore?* But, on the whole, the putting on the stage pleased me much; the procession was fine; the choir of boys execrable, the skate-dances good and choruses excellent. LAGRANGE makes a capital Fides; HENSLER a charming Bertha, and Sig. SALVIANI, (the new tenor), a passable Jean of Leyden. His voice is pleasant, but weak, and his manner may please me more when I have heard him oftener. To-morrow is the last night of the *Prophète*, and on Friday Lagrange takes her benefit in *I Puritani*, in which the new basso, CASPIANI appears; on which occasion also RACHEL will play in "Racine's *Italie*," as the card has it.

Manager ULLMAN is out in a card, in which he threatens all kinds of awful things against MARETZEK's book, which is severe upon him. He is also going to prosecute those that sell it. The *Musical Review* finds fault with me because I gave the *on dit* that Vestvali was not going to Mexico. It of course should have been "*going to stay*" in Mexico. But when a person writes at one or two o'clock in the morning, in a crowded newspaper office, he can't always avoid a slip of the pen. However, I believe I never repeated the same anecdote *three* several times within a few months, and each time with the same misprint. Can the *Review* perhaps tell us about that?

Another improvement at the Philharmonic rehearsals. The last took place in Niblo's theatre, (instead of Concert room) last Saturday. And yet it was hardly an improvement. For the stage was not built out far enough, so that the music did not sound well. And besides, in the theatre you can see the audience (which is difficult in the concert room); and there were a plenty of pretty faces to be seen.

A new English opera company is announced to be here before long. It is to consist of Mr. and Mrs. SIMS REEVES, Miss JENNY BAUER, Mr. MANVERS, Mr. WEISS and others. Further particulars are not yet known.

At the Academy, next Monday, we are to have *Semiramide*, with the new contralto, Mlle. NANTIER DIDIEE, from London, as Arsace. It is auspicious for a début, as our New York favorite, Vestvali, first presented herself in this country in that rôle.

The *Huguenots* is also promised before long.

EISFELD's Quartette Soirée comes on Saturday, and that of MASON and BERGMANN on the 27th. The Musical Fund Concerts, I am sorry to say, seem to have been abandoned. R.

PHILADELPHIA, NOV. 10.—You have heard PARODI in Boston, and know how well she sings; you have seen her fine face, have heard her rich tones. In Philadelphia she has given several concerts since September, and all with success, owing to her "liberal and enterprising agent," who has distributed tickets, like the blind goddess, lavishly and without regard to persons. Well filled rooms have been the result, for the fact is acknowledged that the holders of free tickets do not mind the rain, or any such trifle. She gave half a dozen concerts on her first visit; then went to Boston; returned to give a "farewell" night, found that it paid very well, so said "good bye" again two evenings after, and took her leave, finally, at the Philharmonic concert on Monday. The Philharmonic is one of the old societies, almost coeval with that ancient fogy, the Musical Fund. It has an orchestra, principally amateur, but on Monday the professors outnumbered the tyros, and Dr. CUNNINGTON presided as conductor. Parodi sang, as she always sings, with animation and expression, giving as much pleasure to her hearers as if they had not paid to come in. The *Marseillaise* caused something like an enthusiasm, though I can find no beauty in this hymn, unless sung by a strong male voice. Madame STRAKOSCH seems to have a taste for singing Scotch and English ballads; it does not remind one of the times when she was "pretty PATTI," and all the young men went to see her play Maffeo Orsini. "Alas, those days come not again!"

At some of Parodi's concerts a little boy has played some solos, on the violoncello, with skill and considerable promise of future proficiency. His name is CHARLES SCHMITZ; it deserves record, though as yet his playing is boy-like.

The "third" concert of the Musical Union is to be given on Tuesday next at Concert Hall, the repetition of "Joseph" having counted as the second in the promised series of twelve. The Twelfth Mass of MOZART is to be done, and this time I believe it will be a concert worth hearing, for every member of the Union must be familiar with this inspired work. ROHR is conductor, vice CROUCH, resigned. Miss G——t, the lady amateur who sang for the Harmonia, is to sing for the Union, and is to introduce ROSSINI's anthem: *La Charité*, as an offertory. She is PERELLI's best pupil, and a teacher herself, at present, nearly equal to her instructor.

My first letter seems to have irritated some of the Union, for in to-day's *Argus* it is reprinted, with an answer signed by Mr. Crouch. I am sorry that truth is unpleasant. In one point I am willing to acknowledge an error. The celebration of Mozart's birthday is *not* taken in hand by the German societies, but by the "trio of musicians" with musical names; pray correct my mistake.

Next week you may look for the Twelfth Mass.

VERITAS.

Music Abroad.

London.

One of the first-fruits of the Limited Liability Bill has been the project of a "National Opera Company," to be started on a capital of 10,000*l.* in 10*l.* shares. From the prospectus which is before us, we take a paragraph or two of direct interest:

"The promoters of this undertaking, viewing the state of the lyrical drama in England as compared with that of even the smallest of Continental principalities, propose to establish a permanent English Opera for the performance of works of British composers and such foreign operas as may seem most appropriate for the English stage. * * A provisional agreement has been entered into with the proprietor of the Lyceum Theatre for a lease of that establishment. * * The operatic department will comprise the best vocal and instrumental talent. It is proposed that the season consist of forty weeks, and that there be six representations per week."

—The establishment is to be conducted by a Committee of Management, consisting of Mr. A. Mellon (Conductor), Mr. Henry G. Blagrove (Leader), Mr. G. A. Macfarren, Mr. J. Palgrave Simpson and Mr. A. B. Vyse.—*Athenæum.*

Paris.

GRAND OPERA.—The London *Athenæum* seems to express the opinion of intelligent and free-thinking people about the Duke of Saxe-Coburg's new opera, as follows:

'Sainte-Claire' would hardly have been produced had the score not been penned by the brother of the Consort of her Majesty; and its production, therefore, must be recorded as a mistake, however delicate the courtesy which dictated it. The story is one of those violent Russian stories, which, for awhile, bid fair to supersede the crime and romance of Venice as set forth in drama and opera. It was written by Madame Birch-Pfeiffer, and has been "imitated and adapted" for the French stage by M. Oppelt. How the *Czarewitch Alexis* (M. Merly) maltreats his wife, *Charlotte of Wolfenbüttel* (Madame Lafon),—how the Lady is beloved by *Victor de St. Andeau*, an officer in the service of Russia (M. Roger),—how the *Czarewitch* wishes to poison her, but is circumvented by *Aurelius*, a benevolent physician (*M. Marié*), who saves the Lady, and contrives her escape to the kingdom of Naples, where she lived (so tradition says) under the name of Clara, and was canonized as a saint;—all these things are told and shown in a forcible-feeble style,—of which the force is German and the feebleness French. The second act, however, which is devoted to the lying-in-state of the Princess, contains one of those situations and occasions for dismal effect which imitative musicians will continue to seek for many a day to come. A new eight-bar melody is as hard for them to find as the *Koh-i-noor*;—but who cannot make witch-music, or faëry-music, or (with trombones *à discrétion*, and an organ behind the scenes) funeral music?

The book, then, of 'Sainte-Claire' is not a good one. The music is little better than the book:—no advance on the music of 'Casilda,' from the same source, which was given in the Haymarket under Mr. Lumley's management. No trouble has been spared:—the scenery is superb—the dresses are magnificent—a ballet has been introduced to lengthen, strengthen, and brighten the third act—the Press has done its duty (as Press-duty is understood "under the Empire,")—the *claque* is peculiarly uproarious and enthusiastic; but all is in vain—'Sainte-Claire' is a failure, and a failure on which it would not have been worth while to bestow a line, but for the place and circumstance of its occurrence.—A word on pleasanter matters:—the new prima donna, Mlle. Lafon, is not undeserving of favor; she has a handsome presence, a soprano voice sufficient for the Grand Opéra, and the voice is fairly produced and has been fairly exercised.—M. Merly, too, impressed us agreeably both by his acting and singing. The next opera to be given, we believe, will be M. Biletta's,—after that, perhaps, 'L'Africaine.'

We take the following summary of musical matters in Paris from the correspondence of the *Atlas:*

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The famous Cologne singers, the Manner-Gesang-Verein, have quitted us. I am afraid they have reaped more fame than fortune. They sang once at the Grand Opera. Rossini applauded them in a most flattering letter. Nevertheless they did not "take" in Paris; the select and instructed "few" applauded them, but the "many" (whose mite is fortune) kept away.

M. Offenbach, some time leader of the orchestra of the French Comedy, has resigned that post, and is now the manager of a little theatre, which in the summer, will be placed in the Champs Elysées, and in the winter, in the Theatre Comte, in the passage Choiseuil. It is patronized by none but the aristocracy. The range of its performances is a sort of vaudeville-opera, and consists of short lively pieces with two or three characters, supported by a very small orchestra. It is an agreeable place to spend the evening; and it promises to be a useful nursery of artists for the Opera Comique. M. Offenbach has cleared $2500 a month by his theatre since its opening.

Paris now contains two artists of considerable merit—M. Stein, a German, long resident at Revel, whom the prospect of a bombardment scared from his Finnish home, an artist of great merit as a pianist, and an improviser; and M. Schwenke, the son of an organist of Hamburg, who has recently attained considerable rank here as an organist. Mme. Pleyel is here, and has given one concert with a good deal of success. We shall probably hear a good deal from her this winter, as she is introducing to the musical public her daughter, Mlle. Marie Pleyel, a young and beautiful girl, whose musical education is, however, not sufficiently advanced to warrant her mother's attempt to force her into the front rank of artists. Mlle. Marie Pleyel is destined for the lyric stage. Concerts generally this year have proved disastrous to their givers. Vieuxtemps and Servais announced a series of ten concerts at the Hotel d'Osmond; they gave one—nobody came to it, and they did not attempt to give another. Sivori, better advised, gave up the idea of giving a concert, although he had come here expressly to do so. M. Felicien David has been executing his works to empty houses. I may add, what I forgot to say in the proper place, Mr. Mitchell has lost $3,000 by bringing the Cologne singers here. M. Perrin has resigned the managership of the Theatre Lyrique, which has been given to M. Pellegrin, the manager of the theatres of the Camp of Boulogne. This change carries Mme. Cabel, the popular light singer, to the Opera Comique after January. The new manager has engaged Mme. Miolan. Mme. Lauters is to appear in a few days, in a new piece by M. Gevaert, and Mme. Cabel will appear in all of her parts successively until Mme. Miolan makes her appearance. The composers will be benefited by this change, as they will receive a larger per centage than they received from M. Perrin.

Our composers are in a rather bad humor that the government should elect Rameau, Gretry, Cherubini and Paër for the honors of statues in the Louvre. They urge that Monsigny, Delevsac, Boieldieu, Nicolo and Hérold are much better entitled to these marmorean honors, since they were Frenchmen, their talents were French, their fame is French; whereas the former have nothing French about them. M. Berlioz has gone to Vienna, to bring out several of his works there. M. Meyerbeer is here, and, I am sorry to say it, in very delicate health. I must not forget to record that the Duke de Saxe Coburg Gotha sent to M. Crosnier, the manager of the Grand Opera, the Commander's Cross of the Order of Saxe Coburg Gotha, and to M. Girard, the leader of the orchestra, the cross of officer; to M. Leroy, scene manager, the cross of chevalier, and to MM. H. Potier and Dietsch the gold medal of the order, with the right of wearing the ribbon. He sent also to MM. Roger, Belval and Marié splendid snuff-boxes; a costly ring to M. Merly, and valuable bracelets to Mmes. Lafon, Marie Dussy, Bonti and Plunkett. Smaller recompenses were distributed to every person who had a part in it—even the machinists received $100 a piece. M. Th. Lebarre has written an opera buffa, in two acts, for the Grand Opera. Mme. Fanny Cerrito has gone to St. Petersburg, where she has an engagement for five months.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, NOV. 17, 1855.

Handel's "Solomon."

By the enterprise of our old HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY, we shall to-morrow evening have an opportunity of listening to a famous oratorio never before produced in this country, and indeed but comparatively seldom heard abroad. "Solomon," composed in 1749, was the last but three of the twenty-six oratorios of HANDEL, all of which were composed in England. It was succeeded by "Theodora" in 1750, and by "Jephtha" and "Time and Truth" in 1751.—"Esther," the first of the series, bears date 1720; "Israel in Egypt, 1738; "The Messiah," 1741; "Samson," 1742; "Judas," 1746. Less uniformly sublime, in subject and in treatment, than the "Messiah," or "Israel," it has all the noble Handelian characteristics; choruses ranging through a great variety of expressions, from the most grand and solemn, or triumphant, to the most graceful, pleasing and descriptive; songs, duets and recitatives, which, though they must be somewhat tedious if given entire and by any but the very best of solo-singers, are yet full of character and beauty; instrumental accompaniments, limited to the orchestral resources of those days, and somewhat homely in their lack of richer modern coloring, yet always apt, and strong by the pure force of musical ideas. In England and Germany it has been customary for some competent musician to fill in new orchestral parts, whenever "Solomon" has been performed; but we shall be glad for once to hear a work of Handel in its simplicity, precisely as he wrote it. It will at least gratify a worthy curiosity.

For a text in this case Handel resorted neither to the Bible, nor to a great poet like MILTON. Who furnished the libretto we are not informed. But it is cleverly suited to the subject, which is treated in three distinct parts. (As given here, the indispensable cuttings have led to a two-fold division.) Part First celebrates the wisdom, piety, wedded love, happiness and splendor of Solomon. It is a sort of royal religious Idyl. Part Second is dramatic; its theme is justice, and it relates at length in recitative, solos, duet and trio, the judgment of the wise king in the case of the two mothers claiming the same infant. Part Third introduces the Queen of Sheba, and is mainly lyrical in its character, being largely occupied with a series of choruses, somewhat *a la* Dryden's Ode to St. Cecilia, illustrating the power of music in describing various passions.

A brief sketch of the contents of the work, gathered from a somewhat hasty perusal of the vocal and organ score, may interest our readers, at least those who do not mean to lose the chance of hearing "Solomon."

First we have an overture in the manner of the day, with its spare instrumentation, (chiefly strings, with flute, oboe and bassoon, and trumpet when needed)—vigorous and quaint, as Handel always is, forming a homogeneous prelude to the whole, and not an abstract of it, like our modern overtures: a simple Largo movement leads into a fugued Allegro, (4-4 measure,) which winds up with a few Adagio chords, and is followed by a moderate movement in 3-4, suggestive of coming pomp and majesty.

No. 2 is a double chorus, of priests, a spirited movement, commenced by the basses of both choirs in stately unison: *Your harps and cymbals sound, to great Jehovah's praise.* The voices cease, there are ten or twelve bars of lively instrumental symphony, and then the phrases: *Your harps*, &c. and, *Sound, sound*, are passed from chorus to chorus in light and joyous harmony; then while the tenors on both sides give out the syllables: *To great Jehovah's name*, in long, majestic notes, the sopranos of one choir introduce a new theme, with florid accompaniment by the altos: *Unto the Lord of hosts your willing voices raise;* the different phrases alternate from part to part, and the whole is worked up with great brilliancy and majesty, with all a Handel's learning, all the eight voices coming together upon long notes of plain harmony at the end. It is truly a sublime chorus, and the echoes take some time to spend themselves in the instrumental symphony, after the voices have ceased.

No. 3, rather a dull and lengthy bass air: *Praise ye the Lord*, &c. (sung in what character does not appear,) is wisely enough omitted. So too is No. 4, a double chorus in very laboriously prolonged notes (*Grace*): *With pious heart and holy tongue, resound*, &c., leading into a very difficult fugue, with short answers and long rolling passages;—an imposing piece it must be, well performed, but easily dispensed with.

No. 5 introduces us to Solomon, a part for baritone. It is a recitative, with beautiful, slowly flowing, pensive introductory symphony, in which he invokes God's presence in the "finished temple." No. 6, Zadoc, the priest, (tenor,) recites: *Imperial Solomon, thy prayers are heard*, fire from heaven lights the altar, &c., and then sings an animated, florid air:

> Sacred raptures cheer my breast,
>   Rushing tides of hallowed zeal;
> Joys too fierce to be expressed,
>   In this swelling heart I feel.

It has all the mannerism of Handel, the roulades, &c., but is full of expression, especially the second strain, in the minor, to the very ardent stanza:

> Warm enthusiastic fires
>   In my panting bosom roll, &c.

which however is separable, and will be omitted on account of the great length of this and other solos.

No. 8. Four-part Chorus: *Throughout the land Jehovah's praise record*, in uniform, quick-stepping *Alla Breve* time; a model of simple, noble fugue; as the emulous voices become heated they finally divide into double chorus. The whole is grand and solemn.

Nos. 9 and 10. Recitative of thanksgiving and air by Solomon:

> What tho' I trace each herb and flower,
>   That drinks the morning dew;
> Did I not own Jehovah's power,
>   How vain were all I knew:

An exquisitely sweet, chaste, tender melody, with reeds prominent in the accompaniment, which has hitherto been sung so acceptably in several miscellaneous concerts by Mr. ARTHURSON. There is a sort of appendix strain to this, too: *Say what's the rest but empty boast, &c.*, which is well enough dispensed with.

Now comes what we have called the Idyllic portion, of which the key-note is the bliss of wedded love. Solomon recites:

> And see, my Queen, my wedded love,
> You soon my tenderness shall prove:
> A palace shall erect its head,
> Of cedar built, with gold bespread.
> Methinks the work is now begun,
> The axe resounds in Lebanon.
> And see, bedecked with canvas wings
> The dancing vessel lightly springs;
> While Ophir's mines, well pleased, disclose
> The wealth that in their bosoms glows.

To this the Queen replies in a 6-8 Allegro, in A, quite fantastical in its rhythmical divisions, a sort of quaint and florid Pastoral, blessing "the day when first her eyes saw the wisest of the wise," and subsiding into a slower and more emphatic strain at: *But completely blessed the day, when I heard my lover say, &c.*, which leads back into the Allegro.

Nos. 13 and 14 are among the parts omitted. The first a recitative in which Solomon addresses his queen as "Thou fair inhabitant of Nile" and knows "no joy beneath the sun, but what's com-

prised io Solomon" (there's a decided *naïveté* in the words:) the second a tranquil and affectionate duet between the happy pair, of which the melody is certainly quite delicate. In the Recitative, No. 15, Zadoc moralizes on the transientness of mere outward beauty, and sings a sweet, pure, flowing 6-8 melody, in F sharp minor, still after the old cut, however, to the words:

Indulge thy faith and wedded truth,
With the fair partner of thy youth;
She's ever constant, ever kind,
Like the young roe, or loving kind.

Omitting Solomon's softly fervent, wooing air: *Haste to the cedar grove*, which is full of "pleasing gloom," "fragrant spices," "amorous turtles," and "tinkling rills," and which is really one of the most graceful of all the melodies, with an oriental luxury of quiet feeling about it, we come to No. 20, Air by the queen: *With thee th' unshelter'd moor I'd tread, ... Thy lovely form alone I prize, &c.*, a charming Larghetto, in 3-4 measure, simple, sweet and pensive. After which a single line of recitative, in no particular character—at least there is none named, informs us that: *never yet was seen so wise a monarch*, or *so chaste a queen*; and then comes what we apprehend will prove the most popular among the choruses; (No. 22)—not a *grand* chorus, but a delicious summer night's affair, with a prelude full of flute imitations of nightingales, and strings murmuring like breezes in the trees, to the words:

May no rash intruder disturb their soft hours,
Your odors around them diffuse, O ye flowers;
Ye zephyrs soft breathing their slumbers prolong,
While nightingales lull them to sleep with their song.

Truly a charming epithalamium! The soprano part at times separates into first and second voices taking up the strain, catch-wise. The syncopated rhythm seems to have caught the nightingale character from the outset; the light, buoyant harmonies, now soft, now swelling, spread over the broad surface of some hundreds of voices, have a fine breezy, all-pervading effect; while the occasional duet strain in thirds, first by all the female, then by all the male voices, gives you the sensation of listening through the night air to dainty sounds.

This in the original sweetly closes the First Part; but in our necessarily abridged performance, there is no occasion yet for any respite. So sleep shall seem to occupy no time in such a summer night, and we wake at once to the full morning splendor of the double chorus, No. 23:

From the censer curling rise
Grateful incense to the skies;
Heaven bless David's throne.
Happy, happy Solomon,
Live, forever, pious David's son, &c.

An exceedingly splendid, trumpet-tongued chorus, with a smart orchestral prelude and accompaniment, full of ringing exclamations and responses on the words "happy," &c., upon which a fugue sets in in the basses, with a very quaintly marked, emphatic subject, on the words: *live, live forever*, which is wrought out at considerable length and winds up magnificently with a repetition of the commencing strain. This is in the key of D major, like the Hallelujah and so many of the most brilliant and triumphant choruses. If well done, as it doubtless will be, it cannot but have a most inspiring effect.

—And here for the present *we* must halt, having travelled at a slower rate than we anticipated. Another day's journey must take us through.

CONCERTS.

MISS LOUISA PYNE.—This very favorite singer, with her sister and other members of her opera troupe, after a season of unprecedented length and uniform success at Niblo's theatre in New York, has started upon the grand concert tour through the States, West and South, with even California in the remote prospect. As usual on such tours, the party have commenced with making a little *detour* toward Boston, and on Thursday evening gratified a very numerous audience with one *positively only* farewell concert.

After a Glee: "When winds whistle cold," by way of overture, well begun, but not so well finished, by six male voices, came Part First, consisting entirely of selections from Mr. BRISTOW's new opera of "Rip Van Winkle," which has proved so successful in New York. These were altogether songs, ballads, and one duet, a string of seven of them, with mere piano accompaniment. Of course—without the orchestral parts, (for Mr. Bristow's instrumentation is said to be one of his strong points,) and without hearing any of the concerted pieces or choruses—we could get but a very imperfect idea of the music of "Rip Van Winkle." These songs, however, were decidedly pleasing and expressive in their different characters, the melodies well turned, natural and unforced, with a musician-like style about the whole. If they do not show original creative genius, they certainly do not sound hacknied, weak or common-place, not nearly so much so as the melodies of BALFE, for instance, nor would it be easy to trace the imitation of any particular model. In listening to them you might think sometimes of AUBER, sometimes of the best English composers, sometimes of a host of clever German song-writers; once even for a little while we thought of MENDELSSOHN,—in the symphony rather than the song; it was the second piece, if we remember rightly, the ballad: "When circled round," sung with such true expression by Miss PYNE, the sister, whose contralto seems richer than before. Certainly it was good evidence of the merit of these songs, that so many of them in succession did not become tedious. Much of the credit of course was due to the singers.

The first song: "The tears of the Vine," was sung by Mr. STRETTON, the Rip Van Winkle of the troupe, a robust, jovial-looking John Bull specimen, with a mellow, resonant baritone, and a finished style. Mr. HARRISON was really in tune for once, and gave occasionally such fine high notes and artistically finished passages, that we could imagine he has been at some time a superior singer. His ballad: "Nay, do not weep," was a tender lover's farewell, with a spirited patriotic close. The "Vivandiere Song" is a very sparkling affair, and was keenly relished in the bright, sunshiny, silvery tones of Miss LOUISA PYNE; she sang it with exquisite playfulness and grace. The duet by Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. Harrison was a delicious piece of smoothly flowing vocal melody; and the air and variations: "Hark, the merry bells," afforded her flexible, light voice an opportunity to revel in the most intricate mazes of vocal embroidery. She is one of the most complete mistresses of this art, infallible in all she undertakes of the sort, as indeed in everything she is a perfectly finished and artistic, if not a *great* singer, always pleasing, always natural and tasteful.

The Second Part, consisting of songs, duets, &c., from the "Crown Diamonds," the "Enchantress," Rode's variations, and other light pieces, we did not hear. The Variations could not have been more wonderful than those we *did* hear, and everybody knows how admirably LOUISA PYNE sings all these things. We wish her success everywhere and shall welcome her return always, especially in opera. Could she and her sister only join forces with SIMS REEVES and others who are coming, would there not be English Opera worth hearing!

ARTISANS' RECREATIVE UNION. We were present during a portion of the second of these cheap and popular concerts. The Music Hall was almost entirely filled, by as intelligent looking, well-mannered and attentive audience, apparently, as one often sees where so many are together. The firemen, with their families, sat in the galleries, and looked like other people, as if they understood and entered into the spirit of a quiet, musical occasion. Never have we witnessed heartier applause than followed the pieces that were particularly well played or sung. The Germania Serenade Band, expanded to an orchestra of twenty, with WILLIAM SCHULTZE for leader, played some sparkling pieces, *a la* JULLIEN, with rare precision and euphonious blending. Mr. MOZART sang a German bass song (in English): "Fairest Maiden," by WERNER, admirably, with most satisfactorily rich bass tones; this and the Quartet: "Morning Hymn," by Miss BOTHAMLY, Miss TWICHELL, Mr. ADAMS and Mr. MOZART, were justly applauded. The solos by the ladies we did not hear. Both instrumentally and vocally, in all its materials, the concert was a choice one of its kind, and it is a public benefit to bring such music at a low price within the hearing of so many, who have been strangers to the concert room.

Extra Cadenzas.

We ventured last week to remark upon the manner in which a fine classical aria, otherwise admirably sung, was injured by the addition of ornaments after the Italian fashion of the day. A friend sends us the following extract from his readings, which happens to be exceedingly pertinent to this very case, and backs our comment by an authority from which there can be no appeal. As a good lesson to public singers generally, we are happy to present it:

"Having been one of the audience at Miss PHILLIPPS's second Concert, in which she sang Gluck's exquisite aria: *Che farò senza Euridice*"—an aria whose simple, pure melody needs no more adorning than gold needs gilding—although much pleased with the general rendering, I was struck with the want of good taste shown by the introduction of certain ornamental passages. In afterwards reading Schmid's Life of Gluck, I came across the following passage, in the dedication of the opera of 'Paris' to the Duke of Braganza, which shows what Gluck himself thought of such 'painting of the lily.' He says: 'Slight variations of outline do not materially affect the expression of a caricature, but they entirely destroy the meaning of a noble countenance. As an example I will cite the aria from 'Orpheus': *Che farò senza Euridice.* The slightest change either in the style of delivery or in the movement, will render it an aria fit for a puppet-show.'"

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Cheap Concerts and the Firemen.

Mr. Editor:—In your notice of the Artizans' Recreative Union concert of last week, there is a complimentary mention of the Firemen and their behaviour at the said performance. I do not seek to palliate their offence, nor to justify their conduct; perhaps it is an honor to them to be spoken of at all in your polite Journal; but I would like to ask as a member of the fire department, if we are the ones alluded to as "*cheap people*," for whom perhaps these concerts are given with the philanthropic view to ameliorate our condition and ultimately to enhance the value of the class. And, if not too much, allow me to inquire if in your opinion the *cheap people* may, in the course of human events, be worthy to attend concerts that are given for the *dear people*, editors, "the appreciative few," &c., &c. Fireman.

Thursday, Nov. 15, 1855.

Cheap *Concerts*, friend, and not "Cheap *people!*" In other words, cheap concerts for the people. We found the concerts announced everywhere and spoken of as 'People's Concerts,' and much stress laid upon their being cheap, so that the people could go to them. We know of no "cheap people," unless it be about election time, nor need a "fireman" appropriate the epithet, unless the Bowery boy conduct referred to makes him *feel cheap.* Of "the dear people" we say nothing, since our patriotism never yet was warmed up to the office-seeking temperature.

Musical Chit-Chat.

Our Boston concert tide is now setting in in good earnest. Three of the more important serial courses commence during the coming week. To-morrow evening the Handel and Haydn Society, with a noble chorus of over two hundred voices, the same excellent conductor and organist as last year, and a goodly array of solo-singers, some of them new to a Boston audience, give us a first taste of Handel's "Solomon," which we doubt not will draw crowds for several Sunday evenings in succession.. ..On Tuesday evening the Mendelssohn Quintette Club give the first of this season's classical Chamber Concerts in the delightful Chickering saloon. All the faithful will be there. Among the principal features of the programme will be a Quartet of Mozart, not before played; a Quintet by Beethoven; the second Trio of Mendelssohn, and smaller piano pieces, played by Otto Dresel.....Next Saturday will come off the first of the Orchestral Concerts, with an uncommonly choice and brilliant programme, which may be found below. The rehearsals of the orchestra of fifty-four of our very best musicians have been very promising; there is a better balance, a greater number of violins, fuller and richer middle parts, (violas, &c.), and a more substantial, glorious body of basses, than we remember in any of our previous orchestras. The vocal selections are choice. We expect to see once more in the Music Hall the crowds and the enthusiasm of the best "Germania" nights.

We are glad to learn that subscription lists, privately circulated, for another series of Chamber Concerts by the "German Trio," (Messrs. Gartner, Jungnickel and Hause,) are filling up well, and that the first Concert will be given early in December, at the Piano-forte Warerooms of Messrs. Hallet & Davis. Three new pieces will be introduced to the audience, viz: a Trio for violin, 'cello and piano, composed by one of the youngest wonders of "Young Germany," Johannes Brahms;—a famous Duo Concertante, for piano and violin, by Liszt; and a Duo for violin and 'cello, on themes from *Les Huguenots*, by Vieuxtemps and Servais, which German musical papers pronounce one of the most effective concert pieces, that have recently appeared. We suppose full particulars will soon be duly announced.

It will be most welcome intelligence to a large circle of lovers of the choicest kind of music, that Otto Dresel, who kept his rare artistic talent so studiously private all last winter, is contemplating another series of his delightful Soirées.

Dwellers in Florence have been enjoying there a series of classical Concerts in the house of Frederic Tennyson, brother of Alfred, and himself a poet. ... M. Adolph Adam gives the following praise to the artists engaged by M. Boudousquié for the opera in New Orleans this winter: "Junca and Colson quit the Theatre Lyrique at the end of this month; they are engaged in New Orleans with Rousseau de La Grave and Chambade, who also belonged to the company of the Theatre Lyrique, and with Mme. Colson, who went to the Opera Comique, where she created with distinction an important part in the *Cour de Célimène*, by Ambroise Thomas, and in the *Pré aux Clercs*. Junca will be replaced with difficulty; his creations in *Si j' etais Roi*, and in *Le Roi des Halles*, and *La Promise*, and in *Jaguarita*, made him a distinguished character, which his person suited with admirably."

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PROGRAMME.
Part I.

1. Symphony in A, (No. 7.)......................Beethoven.
2. *a.* Recitative and Romanza from the second act of "William Tell,"..........................Rossini.
   b. Shakespeare's Serenade: "Hark! the Lark," Schubert. Sung by Mrs. J. H. Long
3. Overture to "Tannhäuser,"............Richard Wagner.

Part II.

1. Concerto in G minor, for the Piano,........Mendelssohn. Played by Otto Dresel.
2. Duet, from the second act of "William Tell,"... Rossini. Sung by Mrs. J. H. Long and Mr. Arthurson
3. Overture to "Der Freyschütz,"........C. M. von Weber.

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Chat with Rossini.

BY FERDINAND HILLER.

Translated for this Journal from the *Zeitung* of Cologne.

I.—PREFACE.—TROUVILLE SUR MER.

Trouville holds a medium position between a fashionable sea-bathing place and a quiet country residence. Enterprising heads will make of it in time an important harbor; but the sea will have to wet the beach and let it dry again a great many times, before it comes to that. Not a small number of noble French families have made here their retreat, some of them on the very edge of the sea, naturally only for the fine summer months—the autumn calls these much-afflicted ones away to the chase and to their festivities,—and in the winter there is of course no life outside of Paris. The oft-named eighty-six year old Chancellor Pasquier comes here every year, and the saloon of the Countess B., his ancient friend, is perhaps one of the most interesting in France. Wealthy and respectable families from Caen and Lisieux consider Trouville their Campagna, and twice a day the steamer brings in visitors from Havre. A sort of ocean-house, called the Saloon, unites a portion of the bathing guests, especially during the afternoon and evening hours. It is quite pretty, but furnished without great luxury. You find there a great number of French and some English newspapers, a billiard room, a dancing hall, which is used twice a week for balls and keeps the company assembled in the later hours of evening; chambers too, in which music and dancing are taught, but nothing like a restaurant. One pays for the privilege of frequenting the saloon—a necessary arrangement, since in immoral France there are no gambling hells at these watering places. A covered terrace, with the finest prospect toward the sea and Havre, runs in a crescent round the building, and here is sewing, tattling, whist and domino, reading, smoking, lounging, and all such other useful occupations. Moreover the nearer and remoter environs of Trouville afford opportunity for drives and little excursions of an historical, restorative or natural-historical interest. If one brings with him here an uncertain state of health and a various correspondence, he can spend his time excellent well. * * * * *

But the lion among the guests stopping here was the "swan of Pesaro," GIOACHIMO ROSSINI. For a quarter of a century with the French he has been unconditionally the greatest musical name, and neither his absence from France nor his inactivity have caused any change in that opinion. The so-called musical revolution dates from his arrival in Paris, and in *its* praise both ultra royalists and Red Republicans unite.—Meanwhile in all lands, where the music of western Europe is cultivated, there is no more wide-spread name than his, and a more popular opera than the "Barber of Seville" never has existed. With all the love and reverence which we Germans cherish for our own great masters, the most inveterate classicist will not be unjust enough not to recognize the great genius of Rossini; and the objections which we make to him, partly from the national and partly from the ideal standpoint, are very much weakened, if we judge him as an Italian composer compared with his predecessors and countrymen. But it is not the purpose of these lines to follow out such considerations; their design is simply to tell what an extraordinary attention the illustrious man excited here;—an attention in which curiosity and reverence were mingled, and which with all, who came nearer to him, increased to a really affectionate sympathy.—His heart-winning individuality, together with his suffering condition, subdued great and small to him. Persons newly arrived or passing through waited for the moment when they might see him; the settled visitors conversed of nothing more than of him, and if he chanced not to let himself be seen for half a day, they inquired for him with as much interest as they would for the latest news from Sebastopol.

There has been a frightful deal of fabulous report about Rossini's health during the summer. His taking four weeks' time and his own carriage and post-horses, to travel from Florence to Paris, furnished occasion for all sorts of comments. His finding it more than he could bear there, at a time when all Europe was rushing to the French capital, made many actually believe that they had got to give him up. The simple explanation of these eccentricities is, that Rossini's nervous system is much shattered, and that the noise of the locomotive is as unendurable to him as that which reigned this summer in the streets of Paris. When one has written operas for twenty years continuously, and for five and forty years has been continually worshipped, it is really no wonder if he feels somewhat unstrung. But a nabob, who loses a couple of thousand dollars, remains still a nabob, and so Rossini's mind is what it ever was; his wit, his memory, his communicative vital gifts are unimpaired. Because for twenty years past he has ceased to compose, he has at least given nobody the right to maintain, that his musical genius has waned;—the last work that he wrote was "William Tell."

Rossini is now sixty-three years old. His features are tolerably unchanged. You will hardly see a more intelligent countenance than his, a more finely cut nose, a more eloquent mouth, more expressive eyes and a more noble brow. His physiognomy has the Southern vivacity, really speaking, in joke and in earnest, irresistible in the expression of irony, moody humor, or roguishness. His organ is as agreeable as it is flexible; no South-German can appear more genial to the ear of a North-German, than Rossini, when he wishes. It is the most social nature one can possibly conceive of. I believe he never will grow weary of having men about him, of talking and telling stories and—what is much more meritorious—of listening. In all this he shows that habit of adaptation, which one only finds in Southerners; for children and old people, for noble and for simple he finds always the right word, without altering the style and manner of his deportment. He is just one of those happy natures, in which everything is inborn, and in which all modifications take place of themselves by an organic process. Neither in his music nor his character is there anything violent;—that is what has won so many hearts to both.

The veneration, that was shown to him here, expressed itself in every possible way. At concerts and so forth they always made room for him in the middle seat of the front row; when he seated himself upon the terrace, the most beautiful and elegant ladies gathered about him, and petted him. A high official personage from Caen asked me very seriously for my opinion as to which of the newly laid out streets of Trouville was the fittest to be adorned with the name of Rossini. Truly comical is the story of a tailor, M. Cailler, who had the honor to make for Rossini a pair of pantaloons. When he brought them home to him, he timidly begged permission to put upon his sign the honorary title: "Tailor to Sig. Rossini." "What in the world?" said the latter; "look at me! I look like a butter merchant. You will ruin your artistic calling, if you do that.

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But the tailor would not be diverted, he begged and entreated, the maestro laughed, the tailor was victorious, and the traveller now sees on the main street of Trouville a hanging sign with the inscription:

> **Tailleur,**
> TAILLEUR DE MR. G. ROSSINI.

I had been first introduced to Rossini, when as a very young man I came to Paris. There as well as afterwards in Milan I have seen very much of him, and he has everywhere and always shown himself in the highest degree kindly disposed and full of sympathy to me. During the two or three weeks I spent in Trouville, I passed the greatest part of the time in his society. We walked for hours together up and down the little terrace, by the sea-side, and this lounging at the most was interrupted only now and then to take part in a game of Domino. Even in this serious play the conversation hardly ceased, and Rossini was as inexhaustible in his communications, as he was insatiable in his inquiries about facts and persons of whom I could give him any information. Although I only a few times came to the point of making music, owing to the want of a good instrument, yet music and musicians furnished the principal matter of our conversation. Rossini's memory is, as I have before remarked, uncommonly strong; his knowledge of the most various kinds of works and composers much greater than most German musicians would suppose; his judgment from of old has seemed to me sharp, intelligent and impartial; he knows how to enter into everything and be just to all. That he has seen, heard and experienced infinitely much that is interesting, is natural in a career like his. I believe I shall be giving pleasure to many artists and friends of music, if I sketch down upon paper, while it is still floating fresh before me, what has particularly interested me and edified me in the communications of Rossini. I shall be pardoned if I introduce myself, although as little as possible, as a party to the conversation. They were no lectures that the maestro delivered to me; one word gave the other; and the unrestrained, aphoristic, discursive chit-chat I can only render in the same form, unless it is to become an altogether formless medley. For one thing I pledge my word, and that is the main matter, namely that I have put nothing essential of my own invention into the mouth of the maestro.

[To be continued.]

Life of John Sebastian Bach;

WITH A CRITICAL VIEW OF HIS COMPOSITIONS, BY J. N. FORKEL.

[Continued from p. 50.]

CHAPTER V.

There was a peculiarity in the melody of Sebastian Bach, which was owing to the peculiar mode of his treatment of harmony and modulation. Where several concurrent melodies are united, each equally smooth and expressive, none can so predominate as to be distinguished by the hearer apart from the rest. The attention must, as it were, be divided among them, so that sometimes one, sometimes another shall appear the most attractive, though its beauty may seem in some degree obscured by the accompanying parts. I say *seem* to be obscured, because it is not really so, but is rather relieved by them, when the ear is sufficiently experienced to listen to and comprehend the whole in one. There is another reason why Bach's melodies are so strikingly dissimilar to those of other composers, which is this—such a combination of several parts compels the composer to make use of certain turns in each single melody which are not required in single-part composition. No single part need ever force itself into notice, but each must in turn, with art and ingenuity, be made to bend and yield, in order to the harmonious combination of the whole. And this necessity it is, which, by producing these new, singular and before unheard effects, distinguishes Bach's melodies from those of another master. This originality is not calculated to please the taste of the multitude, but will, by the true connoisseur of the art, be reckoned a distinguishing merit, when it does not interfere with the smoothness and flowingness of the composition, and is not suffered to run into extravagance. All Bach's melodies, however, are not of this intricate description. What are called his free compositions, though all bearing the stamp of originality, have melodies so clear, so simple, that, however different to the melodies of other masters, they may be comprehended and appreciated by the most untutored ear. Such are the preludes in his "Well-tempered Clavichord," and most of the pieces in his greater and smaller "Suites." His "Passages" in themselves bear the same stamp of originality as do his melodies. They are at once so new and so varied, so unexpected and so brilliant, such indeed as are not to be found in any other composer. Examples of this kind abound in all his compositions for the clavichord, but are more strikingly distinguishable in the "great variations" in the first part of his "Practice for the Clavichord," in the "English Suites," and io the "Chromatic Fancy." As all passages are made up of dismembered chords, so their richness, newness, and variety must depend on the quality of the materials of which they are composed.

Bach's wonderful talent and judgement in the treatment of harmony and melody is sufficiently illustrated by his successful attempt to compose a melody of such a construction that it could not be harmonized by setting any part to it likewise containing a melody. It was at that time an established rule that every union of parts must make a whole, and use up all the notes necessary to the most complete expression of the contents; that no deficiency should anywhere be felt, which would render another part possible. This rule, till Bach's time, had only been applied to compositions in two, three, or four parts, and that but imperfectly. Bach applied this rule not only to two, three, or four-part compositions, but also extended it to those in a single part; and by this bold attempt produced six solos for the violin, and six others for the violoncello, which are without any accompaniment, and admit of none: for he has in a single part combined all the notes necessary to complete the modulation, so that a second part is neither requisite nor indeed possible. In consequence of these peculiar qualities, Bach's melodies never grow old. Whatever he has intermingled in his earlier works conformable to the taste of the times has grown antiquated; but in his later works, where he has suffered the deep resources of his art to develope themselves unshackled by the dictates of fashion, his melody is as fresh and new as if it were but the creation of yesterday, and this can be said of few compositions equally old. Even the works of Reinhard, Kaiser, and Handel, have grown antiquated sooner than might have been expected, or than the composers themselves would have credited. Composing for the public in general, they were obliged in some degree to comply with the public taste, and nothing is more capricious and variable than popular taste or fashion. Handel's fugues, however, are not yet become antiquated, while few perhaps of his airs would now be found to win the public ear.

To Bach's extraordinary management of harmony and melody was united a very great and varied use of rhythms. The composers of that period had ample opportunities of acquiring the perfect and easy management of different kinds of rhythm, by what were called the "Suites," which then held the place of our Sonatas. In these pieces there were between the prelude and the concluding jig many very characteristic French dance tunes, in which rhythm was the most important point. Composers were then obliged to be very well versed in time, measure, and rhythm, and to make use of a great variety of them (now for the most part unknown) in order to give to every dance its proper character and rhythm. In this particular also, Bach far outstript his predecessors and cotemporaries. He acquired such a mastery in this branch of the art, that he was able to give even to his fugues a rhythm as marked, as easy, and as continuous as if they had been minuets.

The greatness of Bach's genius is shown in his constant and easy application of all the above named means. Whatever the style he chose, his treatment of his subject was always equally simple and felicitous. Nothing appears to have been difficult to him; and he never missed what he aimed at. No one would desire to have a single note other than is written. I will illustrate what I have said by some single instances. C. P. Emanuel in his preface to his father's Psalm tunes for four voices (*Vierstimmige Choralgesänge*) says, the world expected from him none but masterpieces. And this praise is not exaggerated (though some reviewers seem to think so) when it is restricted to the productions of his maturer years. In many species of composition others have written pieces which may compete with his. For instance, there are *Allemandes, Courantes*, &c., by Handel and others, which are not less beautiful, if less rich, than those of Bach: but in fugue, and counterpoint, and canon, as relating to it, he stands entirely unrivalled and alone. There never yet was a fugue of any composer that could compare with his; indeed, he who knows not Bach's fugues, knows not what a true fugue is and ought to be. In fugue, in general, there is one set routine. You choose a theme, then put to it a second, gradually transpose both into the keys relating to the first, and make the other parts accompany them through all these transpositions with thorough bass chords. This is a fugue; such a one does not require much labor or art to compose or comprehend; and they who are only acquainted with such can necessarily form but a very poor opinion of the whole species. How different are the fugues of Bach! fulfilling as they do all the conditions which we commonly look for only in free compositions. A characteristic theme, from which is derived an unbroken and distinct melody equally characteristic from beginning to end; the other parts not mere accompaniments, but independent melodies harmonizing throughout with the rest. The whole progressing with perfect freedom, lightness and facility, combining the most perfect purity with the richest variety of modulation; not a superfluous or unnecessary note admitted, and a unity and diversity of style, rhythmus and measure; and, lastly, a vigor infused throughout the whole, that makes it seem to the hearer, or the player, as if every note were indued with life.

These are the excellencies of Bach's fugues—excellencies which excite astonishment and admiration in all who know what intellectual vigor is required for the composition of such works. And should not a work uniting in itself all the various excellencies which are found separately and singly in other works, according to their kinds, excite our especial admiration? But more than all this, though all the productions of Bach's mature years possess in common these distinguishing qualities, all are replete with excellencies of various kinds, yet each fugue has its separate and distinctive character; its own peculiar forms of harmony and melody. To know and play one of Bach's fugues is literally to know and play but *one*, whereas with the fugues of other composers it suffices to comprehend and familiarize the hand with *one*, and you may play and comprehend whole folios. To such powers and to such excellencies do the arts of counterpoint lead when rightly employed, that is to say, employed as Bach employed them. It was by them he learned to develope from a given subject a whole succession of resembling yet different melodies in every kind of taste and figure. Through them he learned not merely to begin but to continue and to end well; and through them he acquired such a knowledge of harmony and its endless transpositions, that he could reverse whole pieces, note by note, in all

their parts, without in the slightest degree impeding the flow of the melody or the correctness of the harmony. Through them he learned to make the most artificial canons in all intervals and in all movements, so light and flowing as entirely to conceal the art employed in their construction, and to make them sound like freer compositions; and finally through them he was enabled to bequeath to posterity a great number and variety of of works, which are and will remain models of Art till time shall be no more.

[To be continued.]

ECHO AND SILENCE.

In eddying course when leaves began to fly,
  And Autumn in her lap the store to strew,
  As mid wild scenes I chanced the muse to woo,
Through glens untrod, and woods that frown'd on high,
Two sleeping nymphs with wonder mute I spy!
  And, lo, she's gone! In robe of dark green hue
  'Twas Echo from her sister Silence flew,
For quick the hunter's horn resounded to the sky!
In shade affrighted Silence melts away.
  Not so her sister—Hark! for onward still,
With far heard step, she takes her listening way,
  Bounding from rock to rock and hill to hill.
Ah, mark the merry maid in mockful play,
  With thousand mimic tones the laughing forest fill!

Brydges.

A Cantata at short notice.

The following from the Paris correspondence of the New Orleans *Picayune:*

I have been a good deal interested in the account M. Ad. Adam (the well known composer) has given of the history of the cantata he composed for the gratuitous performances of the Opera Comique and Theatre Lyrique in honor of the fall of Sevastopol. They were given at 2 o'clock on Thursday. At noon Wednesday he was at the rehearsal of an opera of one of his friends, when the manager of the Opera Comique sent for him on pressing business. He went at once and found the manager busy sketching scenes and costumes. "I say" said the latter, "Are you a fellow who can give me a cantata on the fall of Sevastopol, to be executed to-morrow at the Opera Comique and Theatre Lyrique?" "Why not?" "Because there is not much time." "Then we must lose none. Where are the words?" "Michael Carré is writing them." "Who will sing them?" "At the Opera Comique, Faure, Jourdan, Bussine and Riequier." "At what time will you be ready? It is now 1 o'clock; If I begin at once I shall have finished it by 6 o'clock; but when will it be copied?" "In the evening. We rehearse at the Opera Comique to-night after the performance, and at the Theatre Lyrique at noon to-morrow before the performance, which begins at 2." "All right. I am off for Michael Carré's." "He in a hurry; I have two scenes and eight costumes to have made—no trifle." M. Adam posted to M. Carré's, expecting to find the cantata ready. He saw a person very much embarrassed, with half a sheet before him. "See here," said he, "I have written a dozen lines for a grand chorus, which will precede the strophes." "What, *malheureux;* twelve lines! a grand chorus! Why, it would take a whole day to write that, two days to copy it, and two days to learn it. I want three or four lines at farthest, and them not too long! I say, an idea strikes me! Take Gretry's *La Victoire est à nous!* which everybody knows, and imitate it at once. Ah! to imitate poetry takes a good deal more time than to write new lines which one may cast in any measure he pleases. Yes, but it is easier learnt; write it at once, I am going to make the arrangements with the copyists of the two theatres, and I shall return in a half hour. I take with me what you have written, and cutting it down by two thirds, and adding to it the words you are going to write on *La Victoire est à nous!* we shall have the first chorus."

M. Adam returned at once to the Opera Comique, reading the words as he went. Before he got to the theatre he had found the measure and melody of the introduction. He went to the copyist's room and wrote the chorus on detached sheets, which were transcribed as fast as he wrote, that he might carry the rough sketch home with him; he made arrangements with the copyists that they were to come for the MS. score at 6 o'clock, and he returned to Carré's. Here, said the latter are the chorus and the first stanza. Very well, I'm going to set to work; send me the other three as you write them. That's easy enough said, but I have no servant, and don't intend to open my door to anybody. Oh! then I'll call by the theatre and tell them to send you a boy, who will come here every half hour until all has been sent off; he will ring three times and you will open to him. M. Adam then went to the theatre and gave instructions to the servant, and at 3 o'clock sat down at his piano and began to write the first note of the cantata, whose instrumental score consists of not less than twenty pages. It was completed before 8 o'clock. He went at once to the Theatre Lyrique, where he made the actors rehearse their parts. At 10 o'clock he went to the Opera Comique to make the artists there rehearse; Jourdan and Riequier sang that night in *L'Etoile du Nord*, when they were on the stage, he took Faure and Bussine in hand, and quitted them when their comrades left the stage. At midnight all the parts were known; the copyists declared they could not be ready. The leader of the orchestra was sent for, and asked if the orchestra could not rehearse in the morning. Impossible, said he, at 8 o'clock we must rehearse the *Te Deum* at the Conservatoire, and be at Notre Dame at 11 o'clock. Oh! the orchestra can rehearse between the *Te Deum* at the Conservatoire and its execution. Then the chorus had to commit their parts to memory, and they were not crammed before 1 o'clock at night. After all these labors M. Adam went home to bed, but he could not sleep a single instant. At 10 o'clock A. M. he was at the Opera Comique; the orchestra were at their posts, but the singers had not come; the rehearsal took place without them, and the faults of MSS. were corrected at once; then the *mise en scène* took place without the singers who were at Notre Dame. At noon, he rehearsed the same *mise en scène* at the Theatre Lyrique; the chorus had received their parts only that morning, and they were obliged to learn them before thinking of making the orchestra rehearse—here a new difficulty presented itself: the performance would commence in half an hour, and the entrance to the theatre was so encumbered by the throng anxious to obtain places, the musicians could not get up at the door; police and soldiers had to be sent for to open a passage to some of them, and besides, all the wind instruments were out with the National Guard. All these difficulties were overcome, and the cantata had great success. This glimpse behind the curtain exhibits to you one scene of the fevered life of Paris, which wears and tears body and mind in a frightful way. They say all literary men, and composers here die of ossification of the heart, or softening of the brain; can it be wondered at?

Diary Abroad.—No. 26.

BERLIN, OCT 27.—The *Tribune* brings me nearly four columns upon BRISTOW's opera. Nobody can hope that it is a success more heartily than I, but this article I must read with a running commentary.

"Operas with spoken dialogue are termed comic, to distinguish them from grand operas."

Hem! Hem! Hem! So *Fidelio* is a comic opera!

"At the first go off we have some masterly modulations of the school in which VOGLER inducted WEBER and MEYERBEER, and which MOZART denounced."

When did Mozart denounce *the school* into which Vogler inducted Weber and Meyerbeer? Vogler's school was that of Padre MARTINI and Padre VALOTTI.

I suppose the above assertion rests upon this:—When Mozart was about twenty-two years of age he was in Mannheim, where he found Vogler holding the offices of court chaplain and vice kapellmeister. At this time Mozart, writing home to his father, reports a *Miserere*, composed by Vogler, "which every one tells me is perfectly intolerable to listen to, the harmony being all wrong." As every one who makes any pretension to musical knowledge has—or should be ashamed of himself if he has not—Holmes's Life of Mozart. I will simply refer to that book, (Harper's Edition), pages 122 and 124, for Mozart's estimate of Vogler. Now who was this Vogler? A young man of twenty-eight years, who accomplished no fame until long years after this period, when he had the works of MOZART and HAYDN as models.

The above 'fling' at Mozart is just as contemptible as it would be if HANDEL's opinion of an early work by GLUCK, long since forgotten, had been introduced for the purpose of insinuating that Handel condemned the 'Orpheus,' 'Alceste' or 'Iphigenia.'

"That [the drinking song] of "*Don Giovanni* has not a single bibulous or rollicking element to commend it."

Let expressive silence speak the praise of that assertion! The world has had many great inventors and discoverers, but the *Tribune* surpasses them all. It is a fortunate thing for a musical man to live in the age of that sheet which so ably sweeps away the world for sixty odd years back.

"Even on the continent of Europe, where every musical city has its firmly established opera house, in which native singers give habitually works in the native language—*besides its Italian opera house*, wherein the, &c., &c."

"Besides its Italian opera"—false, Mr. *Tribune*, utterly false. Here are some of the musical cities of the continent which have *not* their Italian opera house. Amsterdam, Rotterdam, Antwerp, Cologne, Mayence, Frankfort, Strasburg, Cassel, Hanover, Leipsic, Dresden, Berlin, Prague, Vienna, Munich, Augsburg, Stuttgart, Weimar, Bremen, Hamburg. Italian opera has for 150 years been ruining successive managers in London, and lives in Paris and St. Petersburg only by direct government assistance, and has died out (in the Italian language) everywhere else.

"Even there [on the continent of Europe], the young composer who, after years of laborious studies to qualify him for the task, has finally achieved it and holds his first opera written and ready for the stage, finds that his toils and trials have not even commenced."

The *Tribune* sees all Europe within the walls of Paris—or rather it can never see beyond those walls—it is a most rare thing that that paper has a musical article in which any allusion is made to opera out of Paris, that has not a blunder or two in it. Now no one will dispute the *Tribune*, if it avers that the Grand Opera at Paris is a Canaan into which an unknown, and especially an American composer can hardly penetrate; but when the averment is extended to every principal city on the Continent—pshaw, it is perfecly ridiculous!

Here is a report of the Royal Opera in Berlin for the year 1847, lying before me. In that one year were produced:

"Condemnation of Faust," by BERLIOZ. Damned.
"William of Orange," by CARL ECKERT. Semi-d'md.
"The Pretender," by KUCKEN. Damned.
"Zaïre," Anonymous. Damned.
"Just Right," by SCHAFFE. Damned.
"Anette," O. TIEHSEN. Semi-damned.
"Rienzi," WAGNER. Damned.

In spite of the ill success of that year, during the next were produced:

"Martha," by FLOTOW. Successful.
"Diamond Cross," by SALOMON. Disappeared at once.
"Rothmantel," by R. WUERST. ditto.

Besides these I find in the year 1849 the following works of, at that time, young or unknown composers introduced to the public of Germany: "Gitana," by BALFE, at Hamburg; "The Two Princes," by ESSER, at Berlin; "Forester," by FLOTOW, at Hamburg; "Guttenberg," by FACHS, Hamburg; "Conradin," by HILLER, at Dresden; "Brant von Kynast," by LITOLFF, at Brunswick; "Waffenschmidt," by LORTZING, at Dresden; "Undine," Lortzing, at Frankfort; "Grand Admiral," Lortzing, at Leipsic; "Prince Eugene," GUSTAVUS SCHMIDT, Frankfort; "Girl from the Country," by SUPPE, at Vienna.

Of course there is no golden road by which the composer can walk at once to fame; but that the *Tribune's* Paris experience is to be considered conclusive as to the prospects of a young composer all over the continent, is nonsense.

"The early struggles of MEYERBEER and VERDI are

but the type of those of nearly every composer who has achieved renown through the opera houses of Continental Europe."

Let us look a moment at this Meyerbeer business. On the day he was admitted member of the Berlin Sing Akademie as alto singer, that society sang a psalm of his composition. Before he was twenty a cantata, "God and Nature," by him was produced by the same association. His first opera, "Jephtha," which Weber said had extraordinary beautiful pieces, written in a thoroughly German and regular form, was produced about the same time in Munich, without success. In his 23d year his "Two Caliphs" was damned both in Stuttgart and Vienna. Three years later his "*Romilda e Costanza*," written in the Rossini style, met with a brilliant but short lived success at Padua. "Margaret of Anjou," and "Emma of Roxburg" followed and gained applause, on several Italian Theatres. The latter he produced at Berlin, and it was most unequivocally damned, though the opera house was filled with his friends and connections. Did any reader ever hear of Meyerbeer's "Exile of Granada?" That is another of his works at that period—produced at Milan in the winter of 1821–2. Another forgotten work was the "Semiramis," which was written for the Court Theatre in Turin about 1820. Then came "*Il Crociato d' Egitto*, which succeeded in Italy and Paris—and was damned *generally* elsewhere. In Berlin the Royal Opera had lost too much money by his previous attempts, and would not touch it. The Königstadtsches Theatre of that city took it up in 1832, and ran it some six or seven times, since which it has disappeared entirely. Then came "Roland the Devil"—he *did* have to buy its performance, that is true, and any manager, who would risk the enormous expense of putting such a work upon the stage,—the production of a man who had been so many times weighed and found wanting, would be a fool. It succeeded because Rossini, to win a bet, appeared at the grand rehearsal and applauded one or two numbers.

"The early struggles of Meyerbeer"—bah!

"In the production of Oratorios and Symphonies he [the English or American composer] encounters peculiar obstacles." Here follow two extracts from the London *Athenæum*. I agree with the first one freely. If I subscribe to a Singing Society without knowing before-hand that it will produce works not yet stamped as good, or to a Philharmonic Society with the expectation of hearing established Symphonies, and they palm off trash upon me for my money, I shall look out next time about subscribing.

It is the custom here for young composers to have a hearing thus: some society gives its gratuitous services for the vocal parts, an orchestra is hired, and the new oratorio is sung in a church, the proceeds being devoted to a charity. I have suffered the affliction of two such oratorios this month. But none of the established societies think of cheating their subscribers by taking their money and using it for the benefit of a young 'struggling' composer. And this I think is right. Symphonies get a hearing at Festivals where two or three of the best offered are tried and the best gets a prize. So GADE made himself known. I have heard some four or five such works—for after a work of this kind gets a prize, LIEBIG 'sandwiches' it between a Beethoven and a Haydn work, and we listen to the one for the sake of getting the others. Liebig sometimes gives us symphonies, which have not had prizes. Nobody thinks of demanding the productions of fledglings at our Royal Orchestra soirées, or at the Sing Akademie—and I hope for one that the New-York Philharmonic will always remain as exclusive as it is now—and in fact cut off what trash still gets into its programmes. Stop; let us go a little more at length into this matter, taking the articles copied by the *Tribune* as our text.

First, a correspondent of the *Athenæum* complains that as a subscriber to a series of concerts—his money being paid for the *quid pro quo* of works by Handel, Haydn, and Mendelssohn, whose excellence he knew—he was cheated by having served upon him a music of which he knew nothing, and which he did not wish to hear. Now unless the "Sacred Harmonic Society," which is for the purpose of producing standard oratorios, gives notice beforehand to the public that they shall also give such and such untried works, so that the public may subscribe knowingly, it is a fraud. If I subscribe to the four concerts of a society for instrumental performances, which advertises that it will give four symphonies in the four concerts composed by masters of established reputation—or in other words "classical works"—and I am put off with the composition of some new man, I am cheated, and will not subscribe next time unless they give me a list of the works to be given. And yet I will pay not only as much but even more to *another* series of concerts, at each of which a new book shall be given, for the sake of bringing out talent. The *Athenæum's* correspondent was right in spite of CHORLEY, and of the *Tribune*.

The Sing Akademie here, and the Boston Handel and Haydn Society are honest and honorable in this respect.

Secondly. So long as the press of London and New-York are unanimous in damning with faint praise every thing that is not BELLINI, DONIZETTI, and so on, and make all their criticisms(!) little more than puffs of this, that and the other singer, male and female, and so long as opera is only a *something* depending upon stars at enormous prices, who sing in an unknown tongue, so long must it continue an aristocratic affair, ruining managers as it has now done in London for 150 years, and never getting down to the real public. And so long as this is so, so long will it remain the height of folly for managers to spend $20,000 to 30,000 in bringing out new and unknown works, except in case of men who have given in some way proofs that they have genius and talent. The Paris Opera was perfectly right in refusing 'Robert the Devil," and so was that in London in refusing Smart's, or Fry's works.

Thirdly. The reference to the case of the painter who has but to hang up his picture to be seen and judged, tells on the other side—on my side. Just see. A paints a picture, B composes an opera; A invites his friends to see it in his studio, B invites *his* friends to his rooms to hear his work. Now unless A can find means of exposing his picture in public, he cannot sell it, as a general thing, that is if it be a large work—if it be in painting what an opera is in music. So artists and friends of artists found a society and collect funds for an exhibition, where the work is to be seen. To see it the public pays money. So A gets fame, and then his pictures sell. A's picture is not bought at a high price and put into the Boston Athenæum, or any permanent gallery—nothing of the sort. It is not the business of the great galleries any where in the world to buy the works of unknown men, nor do they do it. Make the application yourself to B's opera, which he wishes to publish and sell.

Fourthly. Let the musical artists do as the pictorial artists have done. Let them form a good chorus and orchestra, get good masters of scenic effects, (painters, &c.,) employ some of the fine American singers and songstresses, and then give a series of operas like Cherubini's 'Water Carrier,' Weigl's 'Swiss family,' Bellini's 'Somnambula,' Storace's 'Iron Chest,' and at reasonable prices, and it would not be long before an audience would be formed to whom two or three American operas might be annually presented. But do not find fault if the Grand Opera at Paris, or the Italian Opera in London, is unwilling to risk 'Robert the Devil,' Fry's 'Leonora,' or Smart's 'Berta.'

"The first opera by an American was *Leonora*." "It was a grand opera in the technical sense of the term—that is, without spoken dialogue."

So Leonora had all her woes to relate in recitative. Now the recitatives in this opera may be the best ever made—that is not what I am going to touch upon. I am simply going to say that nearly all the recitative I ever heard is the most intolerable bore—if in a language I can understand. If it is in Italian it makes no difference whether the dialogue is spoken or recited, as I am engaged at the time in studying the text book to find out what it is all about, though recitative has this advantage, that it gives me more time for study. But the moment recitative upon the stage (except in cases where it is fully accompanied and is in close connection with airs as in Gluck, Mozart, Weber and Beethoven, as here performed) takes the dialogue in English or German, my thermometer sinks to zero. Now, look here.

Every language has its peculiar rising and falling inflexions of the voice, its peculiar accents and means of strong expression through the tones in which the words are spoken. Porter gives a single question in which the accent, as it falls upon each word in succession, changes the nature of the answer which must follow.

Do *you* ride to town to-day? No, Mr. Brown.
Do you *ride* to town to-day? No, I walk.
Do you ride *to* town to-day? No, away from it.
Do you ride to *town* to-day? No, over to Dover.
Do you ride to town *to-day*? No, to-morrow.
Do you ride to town to-day? Yes, spite of the cholera.
Put No. 5 into German.
Ride you, *to-day*, to town?

Suppose you translate a *Grand* opera from the German into English, and you see at once that the recitative never for No. 5 will give the expression of No. 2. Now this is ten times more when you translate from Italian. What is true of translations is equally true of recitatives written to German or English words upon the Italian model. It requires the very finest ear to detect the inflexions of spoken sentences, so as to give them in music. Purcell and Handel set *English* words to *English* recitative. Such recitatives are to us what Italian recitatives are to Italians. I feel continually the disagreeable—disagreeable? the abominable sensation of hearing German words and and sentences recited to Italian inflexions. Nearly all the recitative I hear both in English and German produces about the same effect as it would to hear a broad Scotchman, a London Cockney, or a wild Irishman, declaiming Shakspeare. Now I never heard a single recitative in *Leonora*—nor can I aver but every one is not a hundred fold better than any Purcell or Handel ever composed;—but if they are nothing but imitations of the Italian inflexions and cadences—if they are all cut out after the regular pattern—they must be enough, unless the other music is superlative in its excellence—to damn the thing forever.

In conclusion, I know not whether I shall have the greater pleasure in hearing that the next attempt at establishing an Italian Opera after the manner of London and St. Petersburg in New York has broken down, or in hearing that "Rip van Winkle's" success is preparing the way for something national. I hope, however, that Italian Opera performed by enormously expensive troupes will be at length completely crushed out, as it is in nearly all the cities of the continent of Europe—spite of the *Tribune's* assertion—and that opera in the native language will take its place.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, NOV. 19.—Our festival days have commenced, and were worthily introduced on Saturday night by the first "Classical Soirée" of Mr. EISFELD. You will observe that the "Quartette" is left out, as the *entrepreneur* (it wouldn't do to say *undertaker*, would it?) proposes to introduce some quintets among the quartets this winter, for which purpose Mr. JOSEPH BURKE has promised his valuable aid. The first step towards carrying out this plan was made the other evening by the performance of MOZART'S Quintet in G minor, which closed the concert. We here in New York have never heard it before, and now certainly heard it to advantage, for it was very well played. How fresh, sparkling, and lovely it is, now reminding one a little of its brethren, as for instance of its namesake, the G minor Symphony, and then almost attaining to the loftier spirit of BEETHOVEN'S earlier works. The remaining instrumental pieces were CHOPIN'S Trio, op 8, with HOFFMANN at the piano, and Quartet Concertante, op. 12, of MENDELSSOHN. The gem of the latter, which, as a whole, did not altogether please me, is the charming Canzonetta, which we have heard on previous occasions, and always with great delight. But this time it was not played with very much spirit, and failed to elicit, as always before, a unanimous encore. I am sorry to say that in this number, as well as in the Trio, we were disturbed by that harshness and out-of-tune playing of the first violin, which was so frequently complained of by my predecessor of last winter. It is unfortunate that Mr. NOLL cannot learn to remedy this, almost his only fault, for, apart from this, there is so much character and vigor in his playing, that he could easily attain the highest rank among our resident violinists. As it was, every one felt it a relief to

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hear Burke's sweet, clear tones take the lead in the quintet. Yet Burke, on the other hand, lacks much that Noll possesses—the two would just complete each other;—pity that we cannot blend them into one.

Hoffmann continues to gain a firmer footing, in the esteem of the "appreciative few" with every appearance in public. His playing is really wonderful. Such vigor, such flexibility of finger, yet marvellous accuracy, such a calm, easy, and yet dignified demeanor at this instrument, it is seldom our good fortune to observe. His earnest striving to render himself a true interpreter of Chopin, whom so few can interpret, deserves the success which crowns it, is worthy of the highest praise. And that he is by no means one-sided, or entirely absorbed in this one composer and his peculiar style, to the detriment of his comprehension of others, was amply proved by the masterly manner in which he rendered Beethoven's "Kreuzer" Sonata last winter. I must not omit to mention that, with the exception of the above mentioned defect in the violin, Mr. Hoffmann was very ably supported in the Trio. This composition did not appear to me as characteristic of Chopin as his latter works. It smacked a little, a very little, of KALKBRENNER. This does not apply, however, to the Scherzo, which was wild, stormy, restless Chopin throughout—nor hardly to the commencement of the finale. The Adagio disappointed me; it was entirely devoid of that deeply romantic spirit which pervades all the composer's similar compositions, and was decidedly uninteresting.

The singing I regret to say, was, as is too often the case in these entertainments, the weakest part. Mrs. BRINCKERHOFF, whose voice is quite fine in its upper notes, but who sings too much from her palate and has very little school, rendered WEBER's "*Und ob die Wolke*," with tolerable precision and feeling; but gave us, for her first piece, a most common-place song: "The Tear." Why choose this song, when there were so many of MENDELSSOHN's or SCHUBERT's, to say nothing of other composers, to choose from? Whose the fault?

——t——

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 9.—Do not start when I tell you that the Union is dissolved! for I mean the Musical Union. There were three; an agreeable tetrachord, but it was soon found that there was a *superfluous third* that distorted their harmony; therefore the three became two at the expense of the Composer of "Kathleen Mavourneen." Yes, the sad truth is that the C. K. M. has accepted an invitation to retire into private life, and that the remaining concerts will be given by Ireland and Germany, in other words by Messrs THUNDER and ROHR, who announce the *Stabat Mater* of ROSSINI for the eleventh of December.

The Twelfth Mass was sung on the 13th inst. at Concert Hall, previous to the breaking up of the Union, and was listened to by a good audience. A few flower pots in front of the organ, apologized for the absence of the screen, and stood as a sign-board for the amateurs who sang the solos, so I am tongue-tied for the second time; I flattered myself that the horticultural show was for the purpose of shutting 'Veritas' up. I am very willing to praise, where praise is deserved, and am ready to praise the performance of the Mass, sincerely. The piece worst sung was the only one honored with an encore,—the fugue: *Cum Sancto Spiritu*; it was fairly done on the repeat, but was bad at first, the middle portion being weak and confused; it was taken too slowly by the conductor, Mr. Rohr. The *Benedictus* was sung complete; it is always curtailed in the Catholic church, as it is too long for the service at the altar. The chorus sung with correctness and in tune, but now and then the time was neglected. The distinctness with which the words could be heard, was something new in a chorus performance. It was an error not to repeat the Mass, as it drew a better house than "Joseph" did, either night, and pleased more generally.

The *Stabat Mater* is to be given at the Musical Fund Hall with orchestra, to ensure a full attendance.

No announcement has been made by the Harmonia for that Society's next concert, and so, I suppose, it will be one of their old fashioned miscellaneous concerts, one half sacred, and one half secular,—for this, read opera.

GOTTSCHALK played on Thursday night for a concert given by J. S. BLACK, formerly an agent of the New York Musical World, and was warmly applauded in his different pieces. He is the best pianist of the hammer-and-tongs school since DE MEYER. The vocalists at this concert, were from New York; perhaps, as they were volunteers, they should not be criticized, so I will only say that they were both very indifferent. Mr. Black, who is a bass singer himself, did not perform, but rolled the pianos about, and made himself useful in that way. The room was good; at least two thirds filled.

The next musical treat is to be a classical soirée at the Assembly Buildings, given by one of our oldest professors, Mr. CHARLES HUPFELD, for the improvement of his pupils. It is the first of a subscription series.

COLLINS was here last week at Concert Hall, with his company of singers; success only moderate. The Pyne troupe has postponed its visit until the 29th. Miss LOUISA PYNE has many warm friends here, and admirers by the thousand.

VERITAS.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, NOV. 24, 1855.

Handel's "Solomon."

[Concluded.]

The Second Part begins and ends with a grand chorus, the first of which (*From the censer, &c.*) we have already noticed. All between is dramatic, a, for this day at least, somewhat tedious stretch of recitative, song, trio and duet. Solomon, in a page of recitative, ascribes the praise of wisdom, which has just been sung to him, to God, and "bows enraptured to the King of Kings," alluding also to some of his stern acts of justice. This leads in a lovely song of praise, perhaps the best of all the airs in the part of Solomon, a flowing Larghetto, in G minor, with a mellow sunset tone of quiet, blissful, thankful feeling:

When the sun o'er yonder hills,
Pours in tides the golden day,
Or when quiv'ring o'er the rills
to the West he dies away—
He shall ever hear me sing
Praises to th' eternal King.

The triplets into which the three-four melody divides as he rapturously repeats "he shall ever, ever hear me sing," are full of fervor and of beauty. This pious resolution is commended by a Levite, who intervenes here for the first time, and after a brief recitative, sings a spirited bass air (Nos. 26–7), in A minor, common time, quite a patriotic sounding melody, to the words:

Thrice blest that wise, discerning king,
Who can each passion tame;
And mounts on virtue's eagle wing,
To everlasting fame.
Such shall a mighty pattern stand
To ages yet unborn;
To honor prompt each distant land,
And future times adorn.

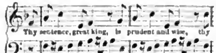
You will readily imagine that Handel's melody *does* "mount on eagle wing," and that this bass voice vigorously scales up through its whole compass, from its lowest depth, to reach those heights of "everlasting fame," and that there are plenty of old-fashioned, long-spun *roulades*, when the word "everlasting" last occurs. The only fault of the song is its length, which would not be felt, however, were it the only song, since the development of the melody is really interesting and not a monotonous protracting of one thought. With richer accompaniment it would be highly effective.

No. 28 opens the long dramatic scene of the two women claiming the same infant. Ushered in by an attendant (tenor recitative, here given to Zadoc), the first, the real mother recites her wrong. Song after this would seem unnecessary, but Handel has improved the situation to introduce a lengthy Trio, (No. 29), in which the first woman begins to plead, with simple pathos, and as she grows more earnest, repeating: "*my cause is just, be thou my friend*, she is cut short by the second woman: *False is all her melting tale*, in a vixen and accusing strain; these two characteristically distinct melodies are then mingled and alternated piecemeal, while *Justice holds the lifted scale*, in a long-drawn note, now on the key-note (A), and now on the dominant, in the low baritone of Solomon, who simply reiterates these words, by way of fundamental bass, as it were, to the Trio.

No. 30. Recitative. After hearing the second claimant, Solomon pronounces judgment: *Divide the babe*. And then breaks in the strangest air—more strange than interesting, though there is no telling what a *great* dramatic singer might make of it,—in which the second woman exults after the following amiable and motherly manner:

Thy sentence, great king, is prudent and wise,
And my hopes, on the wing, bound quick for the prize;
Consented I hear and approve the decree,
For at least I shall tear the lov'd infant from thee!

The sneering, syncopated melody, choking as it were with hate, and always with contrary accent to the bass accompaniment, has reference, we suppose, to the amiable state of mind of the singer; but it wants more instrumental background, and a little of that *tigress* stinging tone and action of RACHEL, to render it effective. Here are the first notes, which we give as a curiosity; the words are to the king, but the music, the real meaning of them, is addressed to the other woman:



Quite in contrast with this is the air of the real mother, who hereby proves herself such, singing (to odd words enough), after springing forward to "withhold the executing hand":

Can I see my infant gor'd
With the fierce, relentless sword?
Can I see him yield his breath,
Smiling at the hand of death;
And behold the purple tides
Gushing down his tender sides?
Rather be my hopes beguiled,
Take thou all, but spare my child.

It is really a song of great dramatic capabilities, and the closing phrases: *spare my child*, may be conceived of being sung so as to be full of pathos. No. 34, a recitative by Solomon, is of course necessary to set all right again, by giving virtue its reward. And by this time we may fancy that our audience has got pretty well weary of so long a stretch of solos, all so much after the old Italian

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cut, and destitute of all the stimulating richness of the modern orchestration. The truth is, this old melody, (that is the average of it, sung by average voices), though one may find meaning and character in it all, has a monotony to most ears, about as great as that experienced in reading those old conventional classic dramas of Corneille and Racine,—not that these are for a moment to be mentioned in the scale of greatness with a genius like our Handel. They need some rare Rachel of a singer to *create* them anew and bring out their meaning. The beautiful songs of the "Messiah" and some others are more agreeable, or have become so by frequent hearing, and through great singers. Besides they are incomparably finer. The songs of "Solomon" are by no means the best of Handel. It is the choruses which save the work; the life of it resides in them. Massive, elaborate and complex as they are, nobody fails to understand them, nobody listens to them with a vacant mind. The charm of personality, which makes solos and duets so popular, is outworn in these songs, and we await each chorus like refreshing rain in drought.

Our Handel and Haydn Society therefore do well to omit Nos. 35–40, including: a duet between Solomon and the mother; a chorus: *From the east unto the west, who so wise as Solomon?*; an aria *in extenso* for tenor, in which Zadoc, in such majestic, florid melody as you can fancy, compares Solomon to "the tall palm, its towering branches curling spread;" and a simple pastoral air by the first woman, about how: *Every shepherd sings his maid, Beneath the vine or fig-tree's shade*, which would seem more in place in one of his early love operas; and come directly to the chorus closing the Second Part:

Swell, swell the full chorus to Solomon's praise,
Record him, ye bards, as the pride of our days—
Flow sweetly the numbers that dwell in his name,
And rouse the whole nation in songs to his fame.

This chorus, like the opening one of this part, is in D major. Allegro, 6-4 measure; bold, triumphal, in plain harmony, without fugue, but full of grandeur. The last lines: *Flow sweetly*, &c., make a smoother episode, in 3-4 measure, with a running violin accompaniment, which soon imparts its movement to the bass voices, afterwards responded to by other voices, and after this smooth, gentle sprinkling of harmony, the bolder original movement returns.

Part III opens with an instrumental Symphony, of some length, in broad even-flowing 4-4 rhythm, without fugue, full and strong and joyous, with the usual Handelian quavering figures for the violins, strong up-buoying basses, relieved at intervals by bits of pastoral duet, in reedy thirds, by the hautboys. This by way of prelude to the visit of the Queen of Sheba. Recitative No. 43.

Queen.—From Arabia's spicy shores,
Bounded by the hoary main,
Sheba's queen these seats explores,
To be taught thy heavenly strain—

Solomon.—Thrice welcome Queen! with open arms
Our court receives thee and thy charms.
The temple of the Lord first meets your eyes,
Rich with the well accepted sacrifice;
Here all our treasure free behold,
Where cedars lie o'erwrought with gold;
Next view a mansion fit for kings to own
Surnamed the forest of high Lebanon;
Where Art her utmost skill displays,
And every object claims your praise.

AIR. [No. 44.]

Queen.—Every sight these eyes behold,
Does a different charm unfold;
Flashing gems and sculptured gold,
Still attract my ravished sight—
But to hear fair truth distilling
In expression choice and thrilling
From that tongue so soft and thrilling,—
That my soul does most delight

The "choice expression" of those last four lines is pruned away in our performance. For shortness the first part only of the melody, which is in G minor, and of not a little beauty, is sung without the major strain before the conclusion. And now comes one of the most interesting portions of the Oratorio:

Nos. 45–51. The monarch calls upon his court musicians to

Sweep, sweep the string, to sooth the royal fair,
And rouse each passion with th'alternate air.

And then follow a series of four choruses, of contrasted expression, illustrating the power of music in rousing or soothing the various passions. First a sweetly, richly flowing one in G, 3–8 time, the theme being first sung as solo by Solomon:

Music, spread thy voice around,
Sweetly flow the lulling sound.

Then he sings:

Now a different measure try,
Shake the dome and pierce the sky,
Rouse us next to martial deeds,
Clanging arms and neighing steeds
Seem in fury to oppose,
Now the hard fought battle glows.

Which words are immediately taken up in double chorus, with the same martial accompaniment, in D of course. The full chords have the quick and stately tramp of armies. At the idea of the "hard-fought battle" and the "clanging arms and neighing steeds," the instrumental masses echo each other with more animation, and the voice-parts tread upon each other's heels in uttering the same strong phrases, till the mind is filled with a bewildering yet harmonious image of general onslaught and confusion. The trumpets of course are not idle. The third is one of the finest and most impressive of Handel's choruses, although a short one. We quit the general battle for the sorrows of the private breast. The words are:

Draw the tear from hopeless love,
Lengthen out the solemn air,
Full of death and wild despair.

It is in G minor, a Largo movement, for five voices (there being two sopranos), and as these roll in like wave upon wave at first, you are reminded somewhat of *Behold the Lamb* in the "Messiah." The union of all the voices on the tonic chord at *Lengthen out the solemn air*, with the long swell on the word *air*, is sublime, and the abrupt modulations, diminished sevenths, &c., at *Full of death and wild despair*, have the romantic character of modern music, and almost make one shudder.—Finally, "to release the tortured soul," we have the air and chorus, in E flat:

Thus rolling surges rise
And plough the troubled main,
But soon the tempest dies
And all is calm again.

Also a chorus for five voices, in one or another of which the rolling surge continually resounds with right hearty Handelian gusto.

No. 52–3. Recitative by the Queen of Sheba: *Thy harmony's divine, great king*, and so on, in admiring strain, whereat the Levite, like Chorus in Greek tragedies, chimes in with another bass air, in admiration of both. *Pious king and virtuous queen*,—an air after the usual pattern, now quavering through several bars on the first syllable of *glory*, and now holding it at even height for the same space.

No. 54. Recitative and Air for tenor. Zadoc celebrates the splendors of the temple, and sings a melody ingeniously wedded to the following words, with instrumental figures corresponding:

Golden columns fair and bright,
Catch the mortals' ravish'd sight;
Round their sides ambitious twine,
Tendrils of the clasping vine.
Cherubim stand there displayed,
O'er the ark their wings are laid;
Every object swells with state,
All is pious, all is great.

No. 56 is another double chorus, in D, of the most magnificent character: *Praise the Lord with harp and tongue*, which might close the whole, sublimely enough, and without any sacrifice of unity or completeness of the subject. But Handel, writing for Englishmen, famous for strong stomachs and long programmes, must give heaped measure, and so Solomon must sing of "green pastures" and all the outward signs of his most blessed and prosperous reign, which we omit, together with the recitative, which should be very popular: *Gold now is common!* and the Queen must pray that peace may ever dwell in Salem, and sing a slow and florid air, with *obligato* flute and otherwise elaborate accompaniment:

Will the sun forget to streak
Eastern skies with amber ray?
When the dusky shades do break,
He unbars the gates of day.
Then demand if Sheba's queen
E'er can banish from her thought
All the splendor she has seen,
All the knowledge thou hast taught.

There is leave-taking, too, and a duet between Solomon and Sheba, which we omit, and now we have really reached the finale in the double chorus:

The name of the wicked shall quickly be past,
But the fame of the just shall eternally last.

A chorus which by no means caps the climax upon the preceding choruses, but is in fact less interesting than most of them, although there is something quite impressive in those little short ejaculations, with pauses between, of the syllables "shall quickly"—"be past." Another good reason for terminating the oratorio with the preceding grander chorus, No. 56.

As a whole we may speak of "Solomon" as an oratorio which contains much of Handel's best music, but too long, wanting in unity, and unusually overloaded with long level stretches of those conventional and ornate solos, which it requires the best of singers to lift into light and interest. The choruses are indeed wonderfully fine, and touch such various chords of human feeling, that they might furnish a complete enough entertainment of themselves. The oratorio as here given is curtailed one third. Why not curtail it still more? Why not abandon its *dramatic* plan entirely, and retaining only a few of the best solos, just enough to connect the choruses together, or rather to separate the mountains by vallies, reduce it to enjoyable proportions? Handel is himself in choruses, unlike, beyond all others; not always so in his songs. The fashion of their day, which is dross, cleaves to them; and though there be rich ore in the mass of them, it can hardly be apparent to the general listener, at least through uninspired interpreters.

CONCERTS.

I. HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY. The first performance of "Solomon" last Sunday evening was certainly a success, save that the oratorio proved too long—a fault which will be remedied, we understand, to-morrow night, by a still further reduction of the recitatives and airs. Having spoken at such length of the piece itself, we must be brief respecting the performance. The audience nearly filled the Music Hall, the chorus seats were full—over two hundred singers,—the orchestra on the scale of four first and four second violins; and as the conductor, ZERRAHN, took the stand, after a fine organ voluntary by

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MUELLER, there was a general look of eager expectation.

The overture was played extremely well, and indeed all the accompaniments were as effective as they well could be without the addition of modern instrumentation. The choruses were sung with precision, fair balance of parts, rich and full ensemble of tone, and plenty of spirit, bearing ample testimony to Mr. Zerrahn's thorough training. The more grand and splendid choruses especially, were well done, and the answers in the fugue parts taken up promptly and distinctly. There was room, however, for more light and shade. In that Nightingale chorus the *pianissimo* should have predominated; the words suggest it, and there was opportunity for the finest of choral effects, a broad mass of sound of many voices subdued to a whisper. Considering, too, the loudness and grandeur of most of the other choruses, it would have furnished contrast and relief.

Turning to the solos, the parts of the two queens were taken by Mrs. LEACH (late Mrs. GEORGIANA STUART), a favorite soprano in the concerts of New York. She has a silvery, even, flexible voice of large compass, without any very decided character of tone, but sweet and musical, and cultivated to a very clear and easy execution of the florid, trying melody of Handel. MRS. REED and MRS HILL represented the two women. The former has an agreeable, penetrating soprano, and sang the music with some feeling, but with a tendency to drag, which made what should be pathos seem sometimes like feeble sentimentality. Mrs. HILL has improved since we heard her last, and rendered her part truly and effectively, considering the rather ungracious character of the music. This was still more to be considered with regard to the solos for male voices. Mr. G. W. PRATT, our young townsman, recently from Leipsic, took the part of Solomon. He has a strong baritone, particularly rich and telling in its upper notes, and despite a little hardness and heaviness in the carriage of his tone, delivers his music in a correct, well sustained, clear manner. He has the great virtue of distinct articulation, and has studied well the art of recitative, though he might learn a grace or two, of lightness, elasticity and delicacy, from two such tasteful singers of the English school as Mr. LEACH and Mr. ARTHURSON. The former, new to us here, sang the two airs in the character of the Levite, with admirable taste and finished style. His bass is not ponderous, but musical and clear and flexible. Of Mr. ARTHURSON, as Zadock, there is scarcely need to speak. He is the model, among our present singers, in the delivery of Handel's music, especially the recitative. Style and expression make up for any want of power in his singularly sweet and musical tenor. He touches those old melodic forms and phrases, and at once they lose their sameness, and acquire the electric delicacy of life. In a succession of such solos it is commonly a relief when his turn comes. In his singing you could see the "columns fair and bright."

II. MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB.—The first Chamber Concert, Tuesday evening, was an auspicious opening of the *seventh season*. It has really got to be an institution with us. The night was fair; the audience large and eager and appreciative; the Chickering saloon pleasant as ever; the Club (let us name them all: AUGUST FRIES, CARL MEISEL, GUSTAV KREBS, THOMAS RYAN and WULF FRIES.) in good spirits, well prepared; the programme fine and just long enough, to wit:

PART I.

1. Quartet in G, No 1, (first time,)....................Mozart.
2. Second Piano Trio, in C minor,..............Mendelssohn.
Messrs. DRESEL, A. & W. FRIES.

PART II.

3. Andante Pastorale from Clarinet Concerto, No. 2,...Crusel.
THOMAS RYAN.
4. Piano Solos:.........................Chopin—Mendelssohn.
OTTO DRESEL.
5. First Quintet, in E flat, op. 4,..................Beethoven.

The Quartet in G, which we never heard before, is a cheerful, genial, charming specimen of MOZART, alike admirable for scientific mastery of four-part development of themes, for pure, abstract quartet character, and for free spontaneous expression. If not one of the greatest, it is one of the most genuine, pleasing and wholesome fruits of his fine genius. It was beautifully played, with good accent, light and shade, and smoothness in all the parts.—We have scarcely ever heard Mr. DRESEL to better advantage in a public effort. He played the MENDELSSOHN Trio with such fire and verve and delicacy, such expression and careful proportioning of all its lights and shades, and withal so *con amore*, that, well seconded as he was, the beauties of the work became more alive to us than ever before. He seemed more self-possessed and quiet in his strength than formerly. The light, fairy Scherzo, was exquisitely played.

The Andante for Clarinet was a charming bit of relief, short and sweet, not trivial, and played in a most rich, delicious tone, by Mr. RYAN. The smaller pieces selected by Mr. DRESEL were two which he was always fond of playing: the exquisite Adagio from one of CHOPIN'S Concertos, which was again much admired, although we *have* heard him thrid through its flowery mazes with a finer delicacy of finger,—the reason being, doubtless, that the piano this time, being an exceedingly brilliant one for larger uses, was less suited to a soft and delicate touch;—secondly, the bright little "Spring Song" of Mendelssohn, which he has his own way, not an uninteresting one, of humoring. It was a rare treat to hear the poetry of the piano-forte again.

The Quintet of BEETHOVEN, of course, was glorious. It was a smoother performance than we have had in past years, but lacked perhaps a little more of fire,—or was it that the listening brain was dulled by long sitting in the furnace-heated room?

III. ARTISAN'S RECREATIVE UNION.—A severe storm on Wednesday deprived many hundreds of the pleasure and instruction of Mr. J. Q. WETHERBEE'S historical illustrations of Operatic Melody. By the sprinkling of people in the Music Hall they were highly relished. The entertainment was partly lecture, partly song. But the spoken parts were merely brief connecting links, historical and critical, between the vocal illustrations, which covered, of course at rare intervals, the whole history of the Opera, from its origin about the year 1600 to the present day. Specimens were explained and sung, in the lecturer's rich and finely cultivated bass voice, from Monteverde, Galuppi, Handel, Sarti, Mozart, Weber, Rossini, Donizetti, Meyerbeer and Verdi. Of course, in one evening, and within the limits of a bass voice, there were more names left out than given. GLUCK especially seemed to demand a place.

We were sorry to lose the specimen from the first printed opera, by Monteverde. As we entered, the singer was in the midst of Handel's roulades, in which he is skilled. A sweet and quiet melody by Sarti was sung with chaste expression. But the comic song of Mozart's harem-keeper, from *Il Seraglio*, gave unusual delight and had to be repeated.—The dark song of Caspar from the *Freyschütz* contrasted well with Rossini's *Largo al factotum*. Of Verdi he sang a drinking song, new to us: *Mescetemi il vino*, and with fine effect. The piano accompaniments were by Mr H. S. MAY. Mr Wetherbee's pertinent and modest connecting remarks were in rather too colloquial a tone to be heard well in the great hall. We trust he will give our public further opportunities of learning a little of the history of music in so agreeable a way.

Need we remind our readers of the first ORCHESTRAL CONCERT in the Music Hall to-night? All the omens appear favorable. A richer programme or a completer orchestra we never had. One change has been necessitated in the vocal selections, owing to unexpected difficulty in procuring in season the orchestral parts for the duet from "Tell," before announced. It will be good, however, for another concert......On Monday evening, the MUSICAL EDUCATION SOCIETY commence their annual series of five concerts in the Meionaon. The programme, similar to those of the last two years, contains choruses from "Jephtha" and the "Messiah," with songs, duets, &c., by Mrs. HILL, Miss TIBBETTS, and Mr ARTHURSON. Mr. ZERRAHN is their conductor, and MUELLER pianist. These concerts have proved very attractive. They will give the "Messiah" on Christmas night........The "Messiah" is also to be given by the MENDELSSOHN CHORAL SOCIETY, who after vain negociations with the other societies about a combined performance, have taken time by the forelock and selected Sunday evening, Dec. 9th, for the purpose. They have a capital quartet of solos in Miss ADELAIDE PHILLIPPS, Mrs. LONG, Mr. ARTHURSON and Mr. WETHERBEE.

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Conductor...............CARL ZERRAHN.

PROGRAMME.

Part I.

1. Symphony in A, (No. 7.).......................Beethoven.
2. a. Recitative and Romanza from the second act of "William Tell,"..................................Rossini.
b. Shakspeare's Serenade: "Hark! the Lark," Schubert.
Sung by Mrs. J. H. LONG.
3. Overture to "Tannhäuser,"............Richard Wagner.

Part II.

1. Concerto in G minor, for the Piano,........Mendelssohn.
Played by OTTO DRESEL.
2. Cavatina from "Betly,"..........................Donizetti.
Sung by Mrs. J. H. LONG.
3. Overture to "Der Freyschütz,".........C. M. von Weber.

Tickets Fifty Cents each, to be obtained at the usual places. Doors open at 6½. Commence at 7½ o'clock.

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MENDELSSOHN CHORAL SOCIETY.

HANDEL'S "MESSIAH" will be performed on SUNDAY EVENING, Dec. 9, by the Mendelssohn Choral Society, at TREMONT TEMPLE.

The Society will be assisted by Miss ADELAIDE PHILLIPPS, Mrs. J. H. LONG, Mr. A. ARTHURSON, and Mr. J. Q. WETHERBEE, Vocalists, Mr. W. B. BABCOCK, Organist, and a full Orchestra, Mr. H. ECKHARDT, Conductor.

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Chat with Rossini.

BY FERDINAND HILLER.

Translated for this Journal from the *Zeitung* of Cologne.

II.

—These journalists! exclaimed ROSSINI, one day. Here has one of them been printing how, when I left Paris recently, I manifested almost as great an aversion to the railroad as to German music! What do they mean by that?

—That you would travel a great deal by railroad, dear mäestro, were that true, I answered.—

—Not only do I love the great German masters; I have made them my especial study in my earliest youth, and have let no opportunity go by to learn to know them more and more. How much delight you have already afforded me through the performance of BACH's compositions!

—I have never played his noble piano pieces with more pleasure, than when I was able to play them before you.

—What a colossal nature, this Bach! In *such* a style to write this *mass* of compositions! It is incomprehensible. What to others was hard, nay, impossible, was mere play to him. How is it about that fine edition of his works? I first heard of it through a family from Leipsic, who visited me in Florence, and probably through their mediation two of the volumes came to me. But I should like to have the following ones.

—Nothing is easier. You must subscribe.

—With all my heart!

—Your name among the members of the Bach society—that would be too good!

—Bach's portrait in the first volume is splendid, resumed Rossini; there is an extraordinary intellectual power expressed in it. Bach must have also been an eminent virtuoso.

—The most important composers of the present day are happy, when they have learned to play some of his pieces well—he improvised such, said I.

—The like of him is seldom born. Do you bring out many of his works in Germany?

—Not so many as we should—but yet a good many.

—Alas! such a thing is not possible in Italy, and less than ever now, complained Rossini. We cannot, as you do in Germany, collect great choirs of amateurs. Formerly we had good vocal forces in churches and chapels—that is all lost. Even in the Sixtine chapel, since the death of BAINI, things have continually retrograded. *Apropos*, how stands it with the controversy about the genuineness of MOZART's *Requiem?* Have they arrived, of late, at any sure results?

—No further than you already know.

—No other man but Mozart made that *Confutatis*, at all events, exclaimed the mäestro, singing over the beginning. That is magnificent! And the *sotto voce* at the end! Those modulations! I always had a special partiality for the *sotto voce* in chorus—but in this one, whenever I have heard it, I felt the icy chill creep down my back.—*Pauvre Mozart!*

—In a certain Biography, which concerns you particularly, it is stated that Mozart hardly ever laughed three times in his life. What say you to such nonsense? There are several things said there which you must explain to me. Is it true, for instance, that you asked your old teacher, the padre MATTEI, a short time since, whether you yet knew enough to write an opera, and upon his answering in the affirmative, that you got up and walked away?

—Nothing could be less true! I had studied three years at the Lyceum in Bologna, during which time, however, I had to do my utmost to pay for my instruction and support my parents. I succeeded, but it was in a pretty beggarly manner. I accompanied the recitative at the piano at the theatre, and got six paoli a night for it. I had a fine voice, and sang in the churches. Also I composed, besides the exercises which Mattei gave me, here and there a profane piece for a singer to introduce into an opera or sing in a concert; for example, for ZAMBONI and others, who gave me a trifle for the service. Now when I had toiled through Counterpoint and Fugue, I asked Mattei what he would set before me next. The Plain Chant and Canon was the reply. How much time shall I have to spend on them? About two years. But I was not able to keep on so long, and that I explained to the good Padre, who understood the case very well, and always remained attached to me. I myself have lamented, often enough since, that I had not labored longer under his care.

—You were able to make your way through, even without the canon, said I, laughing. Was Mattei a very able teacher?

—He was excellent with the pen in his hand—his corrections were exceedingly instructive. But he was terribly monosyllabic, and every oral elucidation had almost to be torn from him by force.—Have you seen any of his compositions?

—I have never come across anything of his.

—If you are ever again in Bologna, do not fail to take a look into them at the Lyceum. They are only church music, and the solo passages are not remarkable; but the *pleni*, as we Italians call it, are excellent.

—I must come back to your youthful days, dear mäestro. You certainly composed much before you came under the tuition of Mattei?

—A whole opera, *Demetrio e Polibio*, which in the series of my works has always been named later, replied Rossini, because it was first publicly performed, after some other dramatic attempts, four or five years after it was written. I composed it originally for the Mombelli family, without ever knowing that it was an opera. When I had begun my studies with Mattei, I was unable, during the first months, to bring any thing more to pass; I trembled at every bass note, and every middle part gave me a little shudder. Afterwards I recovered my early confidence.

—That was very fortunate. Had you begun already in Pesaro to learn music?

—I had left Pesaro in my earliest childhood. My father held the situation there in the Commune of town-trumpeter, he played the horn in the theatre, and all that went on decently enough until the arrival of the French, when he lost his place. My mother, who had a fine voice, availed herself of it to help us out of trouble, and so we left Pesaro.—The poor mother! She was not without talent, although she did not know a note. She sang as *orecchiante*, as we call it; that is, altogether by ear. I may say, *en passant*, the same is the case with eighty out of a hundred Italian singers.

—That is inconceivable!

—It is strange. To learn to warble a cavatina after another seems an easy affair; but how these people go to work to learn by heart the middle parts in *ensemble* pieces, is to me quite a puzzle.

—They must be either very musical or very unmusical; but pray, let us come back to yourself, said I, a little impatiently. Where did you begin to learn music?

—At Bologna.

—And with whom?

—A certain PRINETTI, of Novara, gave me instruction on the Spinet. He was a remarkable fellow. He manufactured some sort of *liqueur*, gave a few music lessons, and so worked his way

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along. He never owned a bed—he slept standing.

—What, standing? You joke, maestro.

—It is precisely as I tell you. At night he wrapped himself up in his mantle, leaned against some corner of an arcade, and so went to sleep. The watchmen knew him and did not disturb him. Then he came at a very early hour to me, pulled me out of bed, which I did not relish much, and set me to playing. Sometimes he had not *rested* sufficiently, and slept while I worked away upon the spinet, all the while standing. I took advantage of the opportunity, and crept back into my feather bed. When he woke up and sought me there again, he was pacified by my assurance that I had played my piece through without mistakes during his slumber. His method was not exactly the most modern; thus, for example, he made me play the scale with the thumb and the forefinger only.

—That seems to have hurt you quite as little as your neglect of the canon. But who, besides him, were your first teachers?

—A certain ANGELO TESEI taught me how to play figured bass, *l' accompagnamento*, and exercised me in *solfeggi*. A tenor, formerly of some note, BABINI, gave me the higher instructions in singing.

—You had a charming voice?

—I sang quite finely as a boy. At that time I went once upon the stage and performed the boy's part in the *Camilla* of PAER. But I did not get beyond that.

—Were any other notable artists among your schoolmates at the Lyceum? I inquired.

—The first year which I passed there was the last year of MORLACCHI'S studies, and my third year was the *first* year of DONIZETTI.

—I thought that DONIZETTI was a pupil of SIMON MAIR.

—He had made all sorts of attempts with him, but he received his real musical culture in Bologna. And that he learned something clever, no one will deny.

—Certainly not. But you must tell me a little more of your earliest youth time, dear maestro.—I am not easily satisfied in such things.

—Another time, *caro Ferdinando*. There comes my wife; it is our dinner time. After dinner let us smoke a cigar together!

[To be continued.]

Life of John Sebastian Bach;

WITH A CRITICAL VIEW OF HIS COMPOSITIONS, BY J. N. FORKEL.

(Continued from p. 59.)

What has hitherto been said refers chiefly to Bach's compositions for the clavichord and organ; but now perhaps the reader may like to hear a few remarks as to his vocal works. It was at Weimar he first found occasion to try his powers on vocal composition. Here he was appointed leader of the band, and as such it was his province to furnish church music for the court chapel. The style of his church music, like that of his organ pieces, was solemn, devout, and such in every respect as church music should be. He also adopted the very right principle of not studying the effect of single words, which is indeed but mere trifling, but sought to give the expression of the whole. His choruses are throughout magnificent and solemn. He often formed them by choosing a choral melody, and making the other parts accompany in fugues after the manner of motets. They have the same richness of harmony as his other works, only adapted to suit the vocal parts and instrumental accompaniments. His recitative is musical declamation provided with rich basses. In his airs, many of which are full of expressive melody, he seemed to have been shackled by the necessity of conforming to the abilities of the performers, who, nevertheless, made ceaseless complaints of their difficulty. If he had been so fortunate as to have had more able performers of his church music, it would have certainly left deeper impressions of its excellence, and have been like his other works still used and admired. The exhaustless stores of Art which they contain would have been thought worthy of longer preservation. Among many occasional pieces which he composed at Leipsic, I must mention two—one of which was performed at Coethen at the interment of his beloved Prince Leopold, the other at St. Paul's church at Leipsic at the funeral sermon, on the death of Christiana Eberhardine, Queen of Poland and Electress of Saxony. The former contains choruses of great magnificence, and of the most touching expression; the latter has only single choruses, but they are so charming that he who begins to play one of them will never get up till he has finished it. It was written October 1727. Besides these Bach composed a great many motets, principally for the choir of St. Thomas's school at Leipsic. This choir consisted of fifty singers and sometimes more, for whose musical improvement Bach provided like a father, and gave them such constant practice in motets, for one, two, and more voices, that in time they became both good and correct choir singers. Among them, motets for two choruses, written with this intent, which surpass everything of this kind in richness of harmony and melody, and also in life and spirit; but like all Bach's works, or rather like all great and excellent works of Art, they are difficult of execution, and must, to produce their due effect, be performed by a full orchestra. These are the most important of Bach's vocal compositions. For the inferior branch of Art contributing to social entertainment, he has done little or nothing; notwithstanding his friendly and sociable disposition. He is said, for instance, never to have composed a song. For this, however, a Bach was not wanted. These pleasing little productions of Art will never become extinct; Nature herself produces them, even without the plan of laborious culture.

CHAPTER VI.

There are many talented composers and clever amateurs of all instruments who are never the less incapable of teaching others what they know either theoretically or practically. Either they have not bestowed sufficient attention on the practice which developed their natural powers, or by dint of good teaching they have attained to a certain degree of technical ability without inquiring of their teacher why such and such things must be done in a certain manner and not otherwise. When such performers are well taught their practice may be very instructive to beginners, but they cannot impart instruction, properly so called. The tedious course of self-instruction, in which the student follows a thousand devious tracks ere he discover the right one, is perhaps the only method of forming a really good teacher. His frequent fruitless efforts and errors bring him gradually acquainted with all the resources of his art; he discovers every impediment to his advancement and learns how to avoid it. This method is the longest, it is true, but he who has the courage to pursue it, will, as the reward of his persevering toil, learn to attain his end by a means which will be more agreeable. All those who have founded a school of music of their own, have accomplished it by such fatiguing means. The new and more pleasing road was that which distinguished their school from others; and such and so distinguished was the school of Bach. He who knows much can alone teach much. He alone, who has made himself acquainted with dangers, and has himself attacked and overcome them, can successfully teach others how to avoid them. Bach did both; his teaching was in consequence the most instructive, sure, and beneficial that was ever known. All his pupils trod, in one or other branch of the art, in the footsteps of their great master, though none ever equalled, still less surpassed him. I will first speak of his instructions in playing. His first aim was to teach his pupils his own peculiar touch, of which we have before spoken. To this end he made them practice, for months together, nothing but simple passages for all the fingers of both hands, with constant attention to a clear and distinct touch. None could escape these exercises under some months constant practice, and it was his unalterable opinion that they should be continued from six months to twelve. But when he found, after some months, any one beginning to lose patience, he obligingly wrote for them little connected pieces in which these same exercises were combined together. Such were his "Six little Preludes for Beginners," and the "Fifteen two-part Inventions." Both were written down during the hours of teaching, in compliance with the momentary want of the scholar, but he afterwards improved them into beautiful and expressive compositions. With this exercise of the fingers, in either single passages or in little compositions of the same kind, he combined the practice of ornaments and graces with both hands. After this he immediately gave his scholars his greater works, whereon to exercise their strength. And to lessen their difficulties, it was his system to play through to them the piece they were about to study, saying, "This is the style," a system combining many advantages. If by hearing a piece played through with its true character the zeal and inclination of the pupil are awakened, this would be in itself no small advantage; but by giving him at once an idea of what the piece ought to be, and what he has to aim at, the advantage is greater still. The understanding is brought into play, and the fingers act much better under its direction than they could do without it; and many a young performer, who, without this aid, would scarcely know how to make sense of such a piece at the end of a year's practice, would learn it very easily in a month, if having it played to him he had been at once enabled to acquire a just idea of its style and character.

Bach's plan of teaching composition was equally excellent and successful. He did not commence with the dry, unnecessary counterpoints, as did other masters of his time, neither did he hinder his scholars with calculations of the proportions of notes, which were in his opinion more useful to the theorist and instrument-maker than the composer. He proceeded at once to pure thorough bass in four parts, insisting particularly that these parts should be written out separately, as the best means of rendering the idea of the pure progression of the harmony evident to the learner. He then proceeded to choral melodies, or psalm tunes, to which he at first set the basses himself, leaving only to the pupils to invent the alto and tenor to them. By degrees he let them set the basses also. He constantly insisted, not only on the greatest degree of purity in the harmony itself, but also on natural connection, and flowing melody in all the parts. It is well known what models he himself produced of this kind; his middle parts are often so smooth and melodious that they might be used as upper parts; he made his pupils aim at the like excellencies in all their exercises, and till they had attained a great degree of perfection in them he did not suffer them to attempt inventions of their own. Their sense of purity, order, and connection in the parts must first have been tried on the inventions of others, and have become in a manner habitual to them, before he conceived them capable of applying these qualities to their compositions. He took it for granted that all his pupils were qualified to think musically, and those who had not this necessary qualification were sincerely and earnestly advised by him not to attempt composition. And accordingly he refrained from beginning with his sons, as well as any of his other pupils, in the study of composition till he had seen attempts of theirs, in which he thought he could espy this musical ability or genius. Then when the before mentioned preparations in harmony were ended, he took up the study of fugues, beginning with those in two parts, and so on. In all these exercises in composition he kept his pupils strictly so. 1st. To compose entirely from the mind, without the aid of an instrument, and those

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who wished to do otherwise, he termed, in ridicule, "Harpsichord Knights." 2ndly. To pay constant attention, as well to the consistency of each single part, in and for itself, as with regard to its relation to the parts connected and concurrent with it. No part, not even a middle part, was allowed to break off before it had entirely and fully expressed all it had to express. Every note was required to have a connection with the preceding. If any one appeared of which it was not clearly evident whence it came, and to what it tended, it was summarily discarded as suspicious. This extreme degree of exactness in the arrangement of every single part, is precisely what marked Bach's harmony a manifold melody. The confusion of parts, by a note belonging to the tenor falling into the counter-tenor, or the reverse; the senseless falling in of several notes in simple harmonies, which, as if dropped from the sky, suddenly increase the number of the parts in a single passage, to vanish again in the next, and having no connection with the whole, is not to be found either in his own compositions or in those of his scholars. He looked upon his parts as persons forming a select company and conversing politely together. If there were three, each could in turn be silent and listen to the others, till he had again something *apropos* to say. But if in the midst of the most interesting part of the conversation, some uncalled for and importunate notes stepped forward, and attempted to say a word, or even a syllable without sense or propriety, Bach regarded this as a great irregularity, and taught his pupils to consider that it was not allowable.

Notwithstanding his strictness in this point, however, he in other respects, allowed his scholars great license. In the use of the intervals, in the turns of the melody and harmony he permitted them to do whatever they could and would, provided only they admitted nothing which could impair the musical euphony, and the perfectly just and unequivocal expression of the sense, for the sake of which all harmony is sought. As he himself attempted whatever was possible, so he liked to see his pupils do the same. Other teachers of composition before him, Berardi, Bononcini, and Fux, for instance, would not permit such liberties. They feared their pupils might get entangled in difficulties; but they thus, it is evident, prevented their learning to overcome difficulties. Bach's mode is therefore unquestionably better, and leads the pupil farther. Those who desire to become acquainted with Bach's method of teaching composition in its fullest extent, may find it duly explained in Kirnberger's "Kunst des reinen Satzes," or "Art of pure Composition." Lastly, as long as his scholars remained under his direction, he did not allow them to study, or even to become acquainted with any but classical works, except his own compositions. The understanding, through which alone we appreciate the really good, developes itself later than the feeling, and even this latter may be misled and vitiated by being frequently employed on inferior productions of Art. The best plan, therefore, in instructing youth is to accustom them betimes to what is excellent. The due appreciation of it comes in time, and their matured judgment confirms their early taste for none but the genuine works of Art.

[To be continued.]

How shall the Orchestra or Choir be Placed?

Berlin, Nov. 2, 1855.

My Dear Dwight:—In your paper of Nov. 6, 1852, is an article from my pen, the text to which is the bad *effect* of the singing in the New York Tabernacle on the Sabbath, owing to the position of the singers' seats in respect to each other; rising as they do (or did then) at a very steep pitch, bringing the tenors and basses so high above the female voices that in most parts of the house there was positively no blending of the parts whatever. This led to some remarks upon the proper position of the members of an orchestra, or chorus, or of both, when meeting together in oratorio or other grand performance. Your correspondent, "Legato," two weeks later misunderstood me, and spoke of my "Scheme for making harmony depend upon the position of the seats." Now I said nothing about harmony, my subject having been the *effect* of harmony, or the blending of the instruments or voices from which proceed the different tones of which the composer forms his harmony.

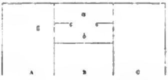
I have never lost sight of this subject, and at all grand musical performances I pay special attention to the point, and that too after reading all I can find which will bear upon the subject in acoustical works and in the long series of English, American and German musical periodicals for the last sixty years. I have never, however, found an article which has this particular point for its topic; but all the laws which regulate the transmission, dispersion and reverberation of sound, bear more or less directly upon it, and lead us theoretically to the conclusion that the *effect* of a chorus, orchestra, or both combined, *does* depend, in some measure, upon the position in which the various singers and instruments stand to each other.

I shall not trouble you (at this time at all events) with the theoretical discussion of the matter, as I am devoting my fragments of time to the translation of a new and most admirable German work upon musical acoustics, in which a place, I hope, will be found for a discussion of this particular point by an eminent American scientific and mathematical scholar. I shall content myself now with some results of my observations.

The concert hall of the theatre in Berlin is the place where the royal orchestra give their famous "Sinfonie Soirées." I have also in the same place heard a vocal concert from STERN's Singing Society, and an instrumental concert by RUBINSTEIN. In this hall the main floor, the narrow gallery on three sides of the room and the broad gallery at one end are perfectly flat. The orchestra is ranged upon a perfectly flat platform, all one and the same floor, there being no rise at all from the first violin to the last trombone.

It follows that we, who sit back of the first row of seats in the broad gallery, never see the performers. We are more than paid; for such blending of all parts, brass, wood and strings, you never heard. That this is not entirely owing to the perfection of the artists engaged, is proved by the fact that this blending was almost as noticeable in Rubinstein's and Stern's picked up orchestras, and that it is not so excellent when the royal orchestra play in the opera house.

LIEBIG's orchestra, both at Hennig's garden and at Maeder's saloon, affords an excellent example to the point. Perhaps your printer can give these few lines, rudely representing the hall at Hennig's, or rather one end of it:



A, B and C are the three long rooms of the concert hall, side by side, and made into one by huge arched openings and doors. *a* and *b* are the level platform, elevated some four feet from the floor, upon which the orchestra is arranged. *a* seems to have been originally intended as the stage for small theatrical performances, as *c c* stand there partly partitioning *a* from *b*, as I have represented. Above *a* is a balcony *d*, or gallery.

Now the violins are ranged upon *b* each side of the director, extending quite across the stage, and the other strings as nearly in front as possible. The consequence is that the stringed quartet plays freely and directly into the hall. Behind, come first the reed and wood instruments, and back of all the brass and the drums. I promised not to go into theoretical considerations, so I will only say that the blending is remarkable, and the small body of violins, which this orchestra has, balances the rest of the orchestra far better than ofttimes double the number. In Maeder's Saloon, Liebig has a stage constructed precisely in the same manner. The hall is larger, much better constructed acoustically, and the melting of the brass, wood and strings into each other strikes every American as wonderful.

Now per contra. Our new "Orchester-Verein," under Stern, gives its concerts in a new hall much like Maeder's, but with no such recess. Consequently we have the orchestra ranged along against the wall at one end, with nothing to throw—to force the sound waves of the noisy instruments of the back row into and through the sound waves of the others. Though the number of violins is much larger than at Liebig's, they are much less prominent, and the balance not so good. But the effect of the orchestra as a whole, when accompanying the chorus or the solos in the vocal performances, is very fine. The chorus takes the front place, and the vocal tones of course come out into the hall full and fresh, only supported and inter-penetrated by the sounds from the instruments upon nearly the same level behind. Fortunately, I have had opportunity to renew nearly all the observations which I mentioned in my article three years ago. In the Cologne Cathedral, where I was so ravished last autumn with the mass, the singers' gallery is level, and the vocal and instrumental tones are all thrown out into the church in a single body. But one of the most decisive examples is one I formerly referred to, and which within a few weeks back I have had a chance of verifying. I refer to the Garrison church of this city. This edifice is perfectly rectangular, the length being to the width, I should judge, nearly as two to one. A broad gallery runs round of nearly equal width on the sides and at the ends. The difference of the ends is that the one containing the organ has a steep rise, while the other is in three levels, rising each some three feet above the other. The 'Messiah' was lately sung at the organ end. The female voices were low in front, and crushed by the weight of the men's voices above them. These in turn were almost crushed by the orchestra high above them, and the drums, trumpets and other loud instruments (MOZART's arrangement being used,) stood out from their lofty pedestal high and distinct from every thing else. The effect was abominable. At another oratorio last week the performers took the other end; it was bad enough in this respect, owing to the separation of the whole into several masses, but by no means so bad as before.

Now, last evening, the oratorio was in the Sing Akademie, and the same singers told a very different story.

In this hall the rise of the seats is very gradual.—The chorus, some 250 to 300, filled all the space up to the level platform. On this, Liebig's orchestra, with additional performers, was arranged in lines extending the entire width of the room, and occupying, with the strings and wood, the whole space. Behind the centre of the stage is a room, separated from the main hall by two superb Grecian columns, sustaining heavy curtains. On this occasion the curtains were removed, and, though there was, in fact, no want of space on the platform, yet all the trumpets, trombones, drums, and the like, were placed in this room. Though the work which was given us has little of HANDEL, HAYDN, or even MENDELSSOHN, in it, yet the perfection of the effect of the vocal and instrumental masses rendered it a very interesting concert. This carrying the brass into the space

back is a new idea. Five years since an unlucky trombone or two and the trumpets used to have a place on the corner of the platform close by the wall, and every time they entered with their sonorous sounds, I shuddered—because they blended with nothing. It was always so in the old Metropolitan Hall in New York. From the concave wall behind the stage, away up above every body else, the brass used to roar you like any thing rather than Bottom's "sucking dove." All chorus singers know how much easier it is to sing when brought together on a level stage, or upon a floor, so that each feels the influence of the mingling and blending of the different parts and voices; all hearers, who have had opportuty to notice, will recollect also the improved effect when the chorus is thus arranged.

In the summer of 1849, I was present at the ceremony of baptizing the new halls of a Catholic church at Bonn. The choir, on this occasion, took its place in the church choir, in front of the grand altar, and the music of PALESTRINA, LASSO, and other ancient masters, never sounded to me more deliciously than on that occasion, when all came to the ear blended into one compact, harmonious mass.

Tuesday evening, in Mozart's "Idomeneus," the chorus numbered about seventy, and in one place in particular they were grouped together on one side of the stage, looking out upon the harbor of Sydonia, and singing of the stillness of the sea. Here again the blending of the voices was perfect; and, in general, a chorus, (that is, a *chorus*, and not a little choir of fourteen or sixteen voices, all told) "makes itself out" better on the stage (in the matter of blending) than in most other places; and yet, no one will pretend to deny that hardly so unpropitious a place for choral singing is to be found as among the scenery and flies of a theatre.

Sounds and tones are delicate things to handle.—And you may rely upon it that voices and instruments depend very much upon their position to each other for the perfection of the general effect—taking all the auditors of a large room into account—notwithstanding the article in your Journal three years ago was the first ever written to call attention to it. The expense of deciding the matter by full experiment, before the great organ comes into the Boston Music Hall, might be defrayed by a concert or two for the purpose, and Boston might have the honor of not only building the best large hall in the world, but of deciding a question which, in these days of large choral societies, is one of importance.

A. W. T.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, NOV. 27.—Our Philharmonic, under the intelligent and indefatigable drill of CARL BERGMANN, has made rapid strides, so far as light and shade, careful pianissimo, crescendo, and diminuendo, are concerned, and the rendering of Gluck's *Iphigenie* overture, at the first concert for Saturday last, was quite satisfactory, while the *Tannhäuser* also came well out; but the Pastoral Symphony was wanting, strange to say, even in the mechanical part. There was great confusion in the Adagio and the storm scene, especially among the basses, and inaccuracies, which could only result from carelessness on the part of the performers. This may have been owing, in part, to their familiarity with the work, and to a fatiguing rehearsal so recent as the morning of the day of performance. However this may be, the performance of the Pastoral, although well directed, and a decided improvement in the pianissimo passages, was still far from satisfactory. Our Philharmonics must be somewhat less democratic, and more studious; there is no government suited for an orchestra but an absolute one. The solos of the evening were Mr. OTTO FEDER, vocalist, and the Brothers MOLLENHAUER. The latter are unrivaled in a duo, and are always warmly encored; but I confess to having become somewhat satiated with the music they give us. Musical gymnastics, and agility of finger and elbow, lose their attraction by frequent repetition. Mr. Feder is a German baritone, possessing a full, round voice; but the aria from *Paulus* was an unfortunate selection, coming in contrast with the symphony that preceded it.

The Philharmonic society, I am rejoiced to say, is still in the full tide of success. Its subscription list numbers some hundreds more than last year even, and the first concert was really a jam. Niblo's was filled from parquet to dome, and every seat had an occupant, and a *paying* one at that. Is this not encouragement sufficient for an increase in the number of their concerts? Let the government take the Academy of Music, and give us a monthly treat.

The *Prophète* is resumed at the Academy this week, but I have no hopes of this opera's making up for the previous losses of the management. MEYERBEER is not here to see that the most important rôles, (the several spectacles,) are well filled; and without these the opera loses all its attractions. There is a suspicion of a melody in the finale of the third act; also in the coronation march; but you do not get the whole article, and the evidences of "sturdy manufacture" are too evident throughout. Then the *Prophète* was mangled shockingly by the orchestra, for which thanks be to MARETZEK. Really I shall begin to give credence to a report which is whispered about, to the purport that the "Indefatigable" Max is dissatisfied that he is not lessee and manager of the establishment, nor his numerous family employed, and is determined that things shall go badly at any rate. *Certes* I have never listened to such conducting before.

The glorious melodies of *Semiramide* were a refreshing contrast to the barrenness of Meyerbeer's last; and afforded another triumph to Mme. DE LA GRANGE. How each new rôle adds new laurels to the already abundant wealth won by this talented and wonderful vocalist! In the fiorituras, and bravuras of ROSSINI she was in her element, and her declamation of the throne scene suffered not by comparison with that of GRISI. This opera was given for the debut of Mlle. NANTIER DIDIEE, our new contralto, the successor of ALBONI, at Covent Garden. Mlle. is young and handsome; her voice, though not so gloriously contralto-ish as that of ALBONI, is round and full, and very sympathetic in its higher tones; her method is excellent, and her rendering good, saving a little coldness. The debut was a triumph; her audience were evidently delighted, and her success was undoubted; but the management, in its wisdom, has withdrawn her for the present, and until the excitement raised shall have abated. This is another blunder added to the many already committed.

The first of Messrs. MASON & BERGMANN'S Classical Matinées was most successful, to-day at 2 o'clock. It was an occasion of much interest to our dilettanti and the profession; familiar with Carl Bergmann's excellence as a conductor, much interest was felt to hear a quartet of his training. I think the most sanguine expectations were not disappointed. Dodworth's pleasant hall was completely filled; with the exception of many well known professionals, chiefly with ladies; the audience was so large that many had to stand throughout the performances. It was a very attentive and apparently interested audience, if I may judge from the fact that nearly if not quite all remained during the two hours occupied by the programme, notwithstanding the heat of the room, and also from the applause most heartily given by the fair sex, who usually take no part in such matters. The Quartet prepossessed all in their favor by their personal appearance; young and intelligent, (the first violin, Mr. THOMAS, is not twenty, I believe, and Mr. MOSENTHAL looks no older,) all had the appearance of enthusiasm for their art.

The programme I enclose to you. You will notice that the selections were all new, to a New York audience at least.

1. Quartet in D minor, for first and second Violin, Viola, and Violoncello (Œuvre Posthume. 1 Allegro 2 Andante 3 Scherzo. 4 Presto ...... Franz Schubert. Messrs. THOMAS, MOSENTHAL, MATZKA and BERGMANN
2. Romanza from Tannhäuser: "O du mein holder Abendstern," ....Richard Wagner. Mr. OTTO FEDER
3. *a.* Fantasie Impromptu. (Œuvre Posthume... F. Chopin *b.* Deux Preludes D flat and G, op. 24....Stephen Heller Mr. WILLIAM MASON.
4. Variations Concertantes for Violoncello and Piano-Forte, opus 17...............................Mendelssohn. CARL BERGMANN and WILLIAM MASON.
5. Song: "Feldwarts flog ein Vogelein,"...........O. Nicolai Mr. OTTO FEDER.
6. Grand Trio in B major, opus 8, for Piano-Forte, Violin, and Violoncello 1. Allegro Moderato, 2 Scherzo. 3. Adagio. 4 Allegro Agitato........Johannes Brahms Messrs. MASON, THOMAS and BERGMANN.

I will not undertake any criticism upon the pieces themselves, as the greatest novelty, the BRAHMS Trio will be brought to your own notice during the season. I will only remark that the Trio is not novel in its form or construction, and reminds me, especially in the Adagio, of BEETHOVEN. There is a good deal of taking melody in it, which perhaps was hardly expected from 'Young Germany,' and the Scherzo, particularly, would be attractive to any audience. This composition, as well as SCHUBERT'S Quartet, was heartily relished by all; many of our leading musicians who were present, I noticed listened with great attention and many applauding at the close of each movement.

The performances at the Matinée were throughout highly satisfactory. It was the first appearance of the Quartet in public and after only six weeks of practice together, and I was prepared to make allowances for them. These, however, were unnecessary; in light and shade, in delicate pianissimos, careful diminuendos and crescendos, in boldness and vigor, the rendering of Schubert's Quartet surpassed anything I have heard in America. The close of the Adagio was the most perfect *pianissimo* I remember to have heard. The Duo for 'cello and piano was good; BERGMANN'S instrument gave out a sonorous and rich tone, which was not too much (as at times it had been in the quartet for the violins,) for the piano forte. But the Trio was perhaps the best rendered of all; Mr. MASON played with a fire and vigor; a spirit, that left all thought of mere technicals far behind—such as he had not been supposed capable of, and he was ably seconded by Messrs. Thomas and Bergmann.

There is now reason for hope that a taste for classical music may pervade our city. With the Philharmonic Concerts, the Soirées of Mr. EISFELD, and these Matinées of Messrs. Mason and Bergmann, opportunity will not be wanting to hear something higher than ear-tickling Italian melodies, or feet-moving waltzes, polkas and schottisches; in short, that which is really music, the poetry, the soul of music.

MILANO.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, DEC. 1, 1855.

First Orchestral Concert.

The first of these festivals of great instrumental music, (for such they truly may be called, to distinguish them from the common run of miscellaneous and "star" concerts,) took place on Saturday evening. It was a great success, so far as character of music and of audience went, though not decisive as to the will or the ability of Boston to support good music on so grand a scale. We

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have seen larger and more paying audiences in years past for concerts on the same plan, when it has not been half so well carried out as it was this time. Whether the public taste has retrograded or not, we cannot say; but, certain it is, that the twelve hundred in the Music Hall that evening, ought to have drawn twice that number with them to make good the old music-loving character of Boston. Howbeit the twelve hundred showed themselves the most appreciative for such a number, that we can remember upon any such occasion. Such attention, such discriminating applause, such pervading sympathetic satisfaction, *too* deep and too real to vent itself in those noisy hand-clappings which it commonly requires so little to inspire, were the best assurance of the best kind of success. Should no more hundreds come up to the rescue of true music, the memory of these twelve shall remain sweet as that of Tennyson's "six hundred."

We do not hesitate to pronounce the concert, as a whole, about the best one of its kind that ever has been given in our city. There was a unity and completeness in the programme, an absence of all that was trivial and hacknied, a well-contrasted variety, and an abounding richness and brilliancy and piquancy in the selections which made the most solid fare enjoyable and stimulating and nourishing. There was but one opinion, one feeling, in the audience; all were delighted; all pronounced that it was good to be there. No one, after *that* experience, has the right to say that "lighter music" would have pleased the audience better. The most taking medley of witching waltz and sentimental song would have proved tedious and heavy, after the bracing stimulus and never disappointing fascination of that so-called "classical" BEETHOVEN symphony.

The execution was in the main worthy of the selections. The new orchestra of fifty-four musicians was larger, more select and better balanced than we have ever had before—leaving, of course, JULLIEN's out of the comparison. Eight first and eight second violins, with six each of violas, 'cellos and double basses, were a fine ground-work for an orchestra. There is truth in the remark, certainly, that half as many more of violins would have made the balance much more perfect. But we had all the good violins that were attainable—certainly all that the Boston public has as yet shown itself disposed to *pay for*. That the basses were *too* powerful we do not agree with some critics; we doubt if six double basses would drown a *single* violin; if the strings could not be strengthened sufficiently in the upper parts, it was still well that they should be in the lower, helping the whole family of strings to withstand the outside barbarian pressure of the brass. Let our public do its duty by this orchestra, and it will naturally attain to full growth and symmetry by another year. We liked Mr. ZERRAHN's arrangement of his forces; the violins facing inward on each side of him, flanked by 'cellos and contrabassi at each end, with violas, 'cellos and basses again behind, forming a wall of basses round the strings or heart of the orchestra, while the wind band occupied a sort of extramural place behind all. Would that it were not also *above* all! for we cannot but think our Berlin correspondent right in the idea that drums and trombones, placed upon the same level close behind the strings, would come sifted through them with a mellower and less disturbing sound, than in the usual arrangement, where they ring out from a clear height over the heads of all the softer instruments. Mr. Zerrahn's arrangement, however, was excellent for such a stage, and quite imposing to the eye. It was soon apparent that a great deal had been accomplished in the two weeks of rehearsal. What was wanting here and there in fine precision of detail was made up in telling general effect, and in the way in which the spirit of each composition was essentially brought out.

First came that wonder-work of instrumental composition, the Seventh Symphony of BEETHOVEN, in A. Never have we heard it here, familiar as it is, when it has seemed both so great and so new. It was in the main admirably played.—Not that there were no faults; but these were scarcely thought of in the power and breadth and beauty, in the light and shade, the spirit of the whole rendering. There was some slight swerving from the pitch, at first, in some of the brass instruments, coming as they did from a cold into a warm room. There were little blurs and draggings now and then in single instruments in the first Allegro, while the general tempo of the movement seemed, if any thing, a shade too fast. It detracted a little from its full swelling joyfulness, sweeping all things into its own lyrical, exalted, happy movement—for joy is the key-note of the seventh symphony as much almost as of the ninth; but joy of a soul how deep, how great, how knowing to great depths of suffering! In that mysterious second movement, Allegretto, too, which seems like a fond lingering in the memory of old glooms and trials for the sake of the wonderful resolution that follows into that strain of celestial peace and sunshine,—the sweeter that the sad sub-basses still throb through the strain—the tempo was a little fast. The Scherzo, which is the very bounding, musical pulse of joy, joy spiritually conscious of itself in every vein and every fibre, and anon fainting into ecstacy, was taken just right and most satisfactorily rendered. But here again, when it came to that sublime episode—perhaps the sublimest in all instrumental music, where that *A* of the violins sustains its level height throughout the whole, until the trumpet takes it up—a passage which we never hear suddenly occurring in the midst of that wild merriment, without thinking of "And the heavens opened," for you are in a new sphere, encompassed by eternal glories—here again, especially, we felt the time too fast; the simple, solemn grandeur of the passage held back of itself erelong, establishing its own movement. The jubilant finale was taken at the right time; it could scarcely be too fast; and if in the leading violin phrase of the melody the ear continually caught only the accented notes, and lost the notes between, it was but an instance of the want of a still larger mass of violins. As often as we have heard this symphony, we do not remember a time when the effect of this passage was not partly lost. And yet, in spite of all this, we must thank Mr. Zerrahn and his orchestra for giving us a new sense of the beauty and the greatness of this inimitable work.—Long will it ring in the soul of many an auditor of that night, inspiring nobler faith and worthier aims through life.

Two pieces were now sung by Mrs. J. H. LONG. First the Recitative and Romanza: *Selva opaca*, from the second act of "William Tell," recalling the Matilde of STEFFANONE. Both were executed to a charm, considering that she had but one rehearsal with the orchestra; and it was the first time that this young native vocalist, whose voice and talent have been much admired by all who knew her, has been placed in so important a position before the really musical public. Her voice, improved since we last heard her, is a soprano of good compass, of mezzo soprano richness, very musical and telling, resonant in every part of that great hall, and capable of much dramatic power. It is not equally and always rich, some of the loud notes sounding a little pinched and hard, like a pinched reed; but the half voice is always beautiful, and some of the highest tones were held out to the vanishing point with exquisite beauty. Few lovelier or nobler melodies could have been chosen, and it received good justice from the singer, and was crowned with very general and sincere applause. Turning then to the piano, Mr. DRESEL accompanying, she sang Shakespeare's "Hark, the Lark!" to music full of ecstacy and day dawn as the poem, by FRANZ SCHUBERT. Shakespeare knew the beauty of his little song, and must have had Schubert's music in his mind's ear when he introduced it there in "Cymbeline."—Here is the passage:

Cloten.—I would this music would come I am advised to give her music 'o mornings; they say, it will penetrate.

[*Enter musicians*.]

Come on; tune. If you penetrate her with your fingering, so; we'll try with tongue too; if none will do, let her remain; but I'll never give o'er First, a very excellent good conceited thing; after, *a wonderful sweet air, with admirable rich words*,—and then let her consider.

SONG.

Hark, hark, the Lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs,
On chaliced flowers that lies.
And winking marybuds begin
To ope their golden eyes;
With ev'ry thing that pretty bin,
My lady sweet, arise!

This little song, of scarcely two minutes' length, would have been felt and remembered as a moment's ecstacy in the midst of greater things, could it have been fairly heard. Never were words and tones more happily wedded; the accompaniment is full of larks. But the singer was hardly so happy in this piece; the ecstacy was wanting, there were some little sins against the faultless beauty of the words, and moreover, coming directly after a song with orchestra, it was too short to win the audience fairly over to its mood.

RICHARD WAGNER's overture to *Tannhäuser*, the much admired and much hated, but generally from the first admired in Boston, was splendidly played, employing all the extra brass and Janissary forces of the orchestra. It was the first time we had heard it in any thing like its full proportions, and even now the want of a still larger body of violins was felt in those reiterated, strong accompanying figures. The low reed tones in the opening theme were true and beautiful, and rich and warm as mellow sunset was the passage where the violins flowed in above them. At the climax of the *diablerie* of the Venus Mount, the tumult of passion was indeed terrible, swelled by the colossal *Bombardine*, a monster of the Sax family, of a civil though remarkably sonorous tone. So much the more beautiful was the return of the religious Pilgrim strain, and the finale was sublime.

MENDELSSOHN's delicious Piano Concerto in G minor, developed beauties, points of strength and

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delicacy, which we had never observed before, in the conscientious, finished and poetic tendering of OTTO DRESEL. A select orchestra conspired well with him, so that it came out a clear poetic whole, full of unity and of beauty. It was received with enthusiastic applause, and nothing but the disappearance of the player the instant the last chord was struck, prevented a repetition. Mr. D. seems to have conquered that nervousness which was all that ever interfered with his appearing what he was, our best interpreter of classical piano music. Yet the *large* concert room is not the peculiar sphere of talent such as his.

The only blemish in the programme, that is the only mere parade piece, was the Cavatina: *In questo semplice*, from DONIZETTI'S "Betly;"—a sparkling little *tra la la* affair, to show off the bright high notes of the voice; and that (as our readers know,) had to be adopted at short notice in place of the duet from "Tell," because the orchestral parts could not be had. Mrs. Long sang it well, but the accompaniments had not been sufficiently rehearsed. The applause, which in ordinary concerts follows such trifles chiefly, was, to the credit of the audience, moderate. It is a pleasure to be able to associate so fine a talent as Mrs. Long's with music so much better as the romance from "Tell." The never-failing favorite, the overture to *Freischütz*, was most effectively performed throughout. The quartet of horns was beautiful, and the precision and energy of the finale all that could be desired.

The impression of that concert, as a whole, will not soon be forgotten. It cannot but awaken a more general desire among our citizens to share the pleasure of the remaining concerts.

The Don Quixote of Opera.

CROTCHETS AND QUAVERS: or *Recollections of an Opera Manager in America*. By MAX MARETZEK. New York: S. French. (Sold by Redding & Co., Boston.

The "indefatigable Max" has written a book! and a wittier, saucier, more entertaining and romantic book, although it deals professedly with facts, we have not read for many a day. It will afford many a good laugh, and not a little valuable information; for it is in fact the history of Italian Opera in this country for the seven years in which Maretzek has borne a leading part in it as manager or as conductor: a period embracing about all our important opera seasons, from the famous Havana troupe to these days of the New York Academy. Verily another seven years' war! Max turns the opera inside out, takes us behind the scenes, shows us the difficulties that beset the managerial path, the foibles, the intrigues, and almost incredible perversities and jealousies of those spoiled children of the pleasure-seeking public, the Italian opera singers. The story is humiliating, but it is also very entertaining.—Whether Max wrote it to pay off old scores, and get sympathy by showing the world what a wild beast menagerie he has had to manage; or to revenge himself on rival managers, some of whom he hits very hardly; or whether he did it from the mere humor of the thing, (for the tone of the book is laughing and good-natured,) we cannot say. It is not more vain and egotistical than such "Confessions" always are; and it is more amusing and instructive than the most of them. The book abounds in anecdotes and personalities, which the public will find piquant, though the parties interested may esteem them libellous. Max certainly has had enough to try the patience of a saint, and if he lets the spirit of retaliation go no farther than good-humored satire, he deserves the credit of a philosopher. His portraits of the principal singers who have figured on the American stage are lively and in the main correct, though sometimes terribly severe. His portrait of the public, too, the fashionable New York public in particular, one must own true. He is not always just to persons, and there is no telling how far he has given to each history the coloring most favorable to himself. The book is exceedingly well written, in a fluent, easy style, and shows the literary talent of a very clever feuilletonist. We did not know that Maretzek possessed such; but he alludes to his early classical education in Vienna, and that he had *some* aid in writing it he confesses when he says he took with him to Staten Island for this summer task an English dictionary and grammar with an English friend. Of the style and happy temper of the volume, take the following passage from the Preface as a specimen. Alluding to the fact that he has been called the "Napoleon of Opera," he declines the title and accepts that of its "Don Quixote," though whether his career has been as disinterested as that worthy knight's is open to conjecture. He proceeds:

As far as concerns my operatic and musical Don Quixotism, it can, however, scarcely be said that I arrived in the United States by any means too late. On the contrary, little in the shape of Italian Opera had previously been attempted here. My naturalization in this part of the world has, in all probability, been a trifle too early. At all events, until the advent of my Cervantes, I accept right willingly the title of the "Don Quixote of Opera" in America. My Dulcinea del Toboso has been the Art of Music. As for my Rosinante, who can doubt but that this was indisputably the patronage of "Upper Tendom"—a meagre and lazy mare who would not go ahead, in spite of corn and spurs. My agents were veritable Sancho Panzas. They looked after their own interests, and while I was absorbed in the dream of my Dulcinea, kept their eyes wide open and most unpoetically fixed upon the possible loaves and fishes. Many first *tenors* were there, whom I had fancied giants, that turned out to be nothing but wind-mills, while the *prime donne*, who had been rated by me as faithful maids of honor to my Dulcinea, proved too often to be but little better than dairy-maids; and the enemies whom I had to encounter, not unfrequently exhibited themselves, ere the conclusion of the combat, as mere Italian barbers or hotel-waiters in disguise.

The book consists of a series of letters addressed to distinguished impresarios and artists in Europe. The first, to HECTOR BERLIOZ, describes his arrival and first year's conductorship at the Astor Place opera house, in 1848, while the enterprise was in the hands of Mr. E. P. FRY. We do not think that he does justice to that gentleman, nor does he help his own cause in the eyes of all good men by his express leanings to the *N. Y. Herald*. He gives a humorous relation of the TRUFFI and BENEDETTI conspiracy, which defeated Mr. Fry's too sanguine efforts. We quote his sketches of these favorite artists:

The Signora Truffi was a lady singularly prepossessing in her appearance, and of the most distinguished manners. Had you looked on her abundant fair hair, and sunned yourself for a moment in the glance of her bright and azure eyes, you would rather have believed her some sentimental maiden from Northern Germany, than an Italian *Prima Donna*. Judged simply as an artist, she was one of that kind which seldom palls upon the ear, but never electrified the soul of the listener. She rendered certain parts which do not admit of a *fiasco*, such as *Elvira* in the "Ernani," and *Lucrezia Borgia*, well, carefully avoiding all she imagined might not suit her capacity. In quality her voice was a rich *soprano*, and she had considerably augmented its register by a careful musical cultivation.

Benedetti had a manly and robust figure. Indomitable, energetic, quarrelsome as a gentleman who has recently come from the South of Ireland, conceited with the inevitable self approval of a first *tenor*, and cunning as either a monk or a weasel, he possessed a strong voice. Its degree of cultivation was extremely mediocre. Did he chance to sing a false note, or commit an error in intonation, he would look daggers at some unoffending member of the orchestra, or if the humor seized him, publicly rebuke an innocent member of the chorus, for the purpose of inducing the public to believe that one or other of them had dragged him into a false key. Whenever he could not keep time, he had the trick of beginning to beat it himself, although he literally never knew the difference between a six-eight and a two-four movement. This was for the purpose of showing the audience that the fault, supposing they discerned it, lay with the conductor. You may imagine that such a vocalist was an almost priceless *tenor*. Yet he, for so Mr. Fry had told me, was a favorite with the public.

The second letter, to M. FIORENTINO, of Paris, shows up the New York "Upper Tendom" and the net amount of its supposed liberal support of opera. Some queer features are revealed. And there is some good criticism here as elsewhere on MOZART and other great and small composers. We cannot forbear quoting Max's testimony to the paying popularity (so often questioned by newspaper critics) of "Don Giovanni." He says:

The Opera of "Don Giovanni" brought me support from all classes, and attracted persons of all professions and every description to the Opera House. Fourteen consecutive evenings was it played to crowded houses. This opera, alone, enabled me to conclude the season and satisfy all demands made upon my exchequer.

Nor is this the first time Mozart's matchless masterpiece has saved some poor devil of a manager from ruin. It is truly wonderful how, not only the music, but the mere plot of this Opera, interests the public, in all and every country in which it may be performed.

And again:

To prove this, let me tell you that the "Don Giovanni" had the greatest success of any Opera which has been brought forward, in my time, in America. This argues, as you must admit, well for the public taste in this portion of the world, and promises even more for their future musical development. Everybody was delighted. Even a little mercantile acquaintance of mine, who was an enthusiastic admirer of Opera, and had a positive standing among amateurs, as a man of recognized judgment in musical matters, was literally carried away. Upon the first night, when the Opera had come to an end, he scarcely seemed to know whether he stood upon his head or his heels. My step was not heard in the lobby, ere he rushed up to me like a diminutive madman. Grasping both my hands in his, and shaking them with a very painful fervor to myself, he there and then gave me his opinion about Mozart. It was delivered by him in these terms:

"My dear Mr. Max! That music of Mozart's! A-h-h-hh! Oh-h-h-h-h! Indeed—I nev-v-v-ver!"

Letter third is addressed to LABLACHE, and is devoted to the period of the LIND *furore*, and a sharp criticism of BARNUM'S Autobiography; in the course of which our author näively confesses his own attempt (he is "proud to say, the only time") to practise the Barnum method in manufacturing a reputation for PARODI. In the next letter he recalls his own earlier years; describes the successful opera managers in Europe, and then passing to Don FRANCESCO MARTI, of Havana, introduces the famous STEFFANONE, BOSIO, SALVI, BADIALI troupe. He appreciates the artists, but is terribly severe upon them personally, particularly SALVI.

A letter to BALFE, in London, exposes the tricks of humbugging "musical agents" in America, a class of unprincipled adventurers called into existence by the dazzling speculation of Barnum. For this Max deserves public thanks. He then speaks of CATHARINE HAYES. LOLA MONTEZ has a place too.—And the opera at Niblo's leads him into a critical comparison of MEYERBEER'S and ROSSINI'S music. His operatic adventures in Mexico, told in a letter to Mr. GYE, of London, form a tale almost as romantic as "Arabian Nights." How much is fact and how much fable we have no means of knowing, but few modern novels offer a chapter more amusing.

To CARL ECKERT, of Vienna, he addresses what he has to say about the enterprise of Mme. SONTAG, whose manager or agent he spares not. Finally, in a "postcript to the public" Max gives his criticism upon the construction and management, thus far, of

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the New York Academy of Music,—a chapter full of instruction, and not particularly encouraging to those who hope to make Italian Opera a permanent institution in our cities.

Mr. Maretzek appears, on the whole, to like American life and character, if he does amuse himself (and us) somewhat wittily at our expense, upon the side of our artistic aspirations and pretensions.

CONCERT OF MR. AND MRS. LEACH.—A charming little "quiet concert" of old-fashioned English music was given on Friday evening of last week, in the Meionaon, by these accomplished singers, with the aid of Mr. ARTHURSON, and of Mr. HAYTER, senior, as accompanist. The selections from HANDEL's "Acis and Galatia," too seldom heard among us, were particularly interesting, and had excellent interpreters. Mr. Arthurson's singing of "Where shall I seek," and "Love sounds the alarm," was in his best style. Mr. LEACH, with his finely cultivated, though not powerful, bass, is a master of such songs as "Oh ruddier than the cherry," and made the jealous rage of Polyphemus quite effective in the exquisite Trio: "The flocks shall leave the mountains." Mrs. Leach, too, is more satisfactory in this kind of music than in oratorio; her manner is graceful and modest, and she was warmly applauded in "As when the Dove." The scene from "Freyschütz," however, did not seem exactly in her sphere. The Trio, "This magic wove scarf," from BARNET's "Mountain Sylph" is one of the most pleasing pieces of light English concerted music, and was charmingly sung. Very quaint and curious was the florid old duet: "Haste my Nannette," by TRAVERS, sung by Messrs. Arthurson and Leach. The latter gentleman revealed a fine comic talent in an English version of Figaro's song: and Mr. Arthurson surprised us by an extravaganza *à la* JOHN PARRY and HATTON, to-wit "Fayre Rosamond," which he sang, recited and accompanied on the piano with much *gusto*.

We are glad to see that these clever singers have formed a "Vocal Quartet" by the acquisition of the charming contralto, Miss TWICHELL, and announce a varied programme for this evening. We trust it will prove but the beginning of a successful series.

HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY.—The second performance of "Solomon" was unfortunate in weather.—A severe storm thinned both audience and chorus, especially the female parts. Yet the oratorio went off with spirit, and several of the solos were better than before. Some reduction had been made in its length by the further omission of a chorus, and a few songs and recitative. It might be abridged still further to advantage; the whole of the dramatic scene, of the two women and the trio, although the music rewards study, is ineffective without more accompaniment and very superior singers, and could well be spared. The choruses improve upon acquaintance, and even under the circumstances went finely. "Solomon" will be given again to-morrow night, and we urge every one to hear it.

THE MUSICAL EDUCATION SOCIETY.—The first concert of the season took place in the Meionaon on Monday evening; Mr. ZERRAHN conducting, Mr. MUELLER accompanying at the piano. The programme was rather a singular medley of the grandest and the lightest. The first part comprised two of HANDEL's great choruses from "Jephtha," followed by a VERDI barcarolle, an air by LEE: Hark, the "nightingale," with flute *obligato*, sung by Mrs. HILL, and a romanza by AUBER: "Young Agnes," sung by Mr. ARTHURSON. These we lost, but heard the second part, which consisted of a variety of vocal sugar plums, songs by very young ladies furiously applauded by young gentlemen, and so forth, packed between two great Handelian choruses. The choruses, from the "Messiah": *All we like sheep*, and, *And the glory of the Lord*, were sung by a large, well balanced and well drilled choir, with good unity and precision, though with a certain hardness of sound, which perhaps would become mellowed in a larger hall. But why so slow a time, particularly in a chorus of so much natural momentum, as *All we like sheep have gone astray!* We think these concerts may be made highly interesting and improving, but would suggest that the smaller miscellany of the programme was not up to the character of last year's concerts. Some songs, a little less incongruous with the choruses, and above all some good quartets and trios would leave a better impression of the whole.

Musical Chit-Chat.

Our advertising columns show a formidable array of coming Concerts. To-night the "VOCAL QUARTET," of which elsewhere....To-morrow night "Solomon" again....Monday night, (rumor says) there will be light English opera, to wit, "The Devil's Bridge," in which ADELAIDE PHILLIPPS is to sing....Tuesday night, the MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB, with the aid of Mr. G. W. PRATT....Saturday next, the second ORCHESTRAL CONCERT (not 'Orchestral *Union*,' as some papers have it) with another brilliant programme....Sunday, the 9th, the "Messiah," with portions of "St. Paul," by the MENDELSSOHN CHORAL SOCIETY. Music-loving visitors could not time their visits to this city better than just now.

The letter of our New York correspondent came too late for the printer this Thanksgiving week. It will be good another week, and, meanwhile, we have an interesting letter from another source.

ROSSINI, as the newspapers have told us, fled from Paris, in the summer, to the sea-shore resort of Trouville. There he met an old friend, one of the first of living German musicians, FERDINAND HILLER, whose most interesting report of conversations with the maestro we commenced translating in our last. Let no one omit to read them. Some will open their eyes when they see how the great Italian talks about the mooted question of Italian and German music. PALESTRINA and ROSSINI are the two great musical names of Italy! are they not its opposite poles—as opposite as possible?

Our enterprising contemporaries of the *Musical Review* publish in their last number the first of the eight songs, selected by a competent committee, from the hundred or more sent in in competition for the prizes of $200 and $100, offered by them for the two best. After all the eight are published, the subscribers to the paper are to award the prize, the polls being kept open till the end of March. If all the eight are half as good as this first candidate, a charming lullaby to Tennyson's "Sweet and low, wind of the western sea," the publishers, who retain the copyrights, will have made an excellent speculation; and if the mass shall award intelligently, they will have helped the cause of Art among us.

Advertisements.

MR. ARTHURSON

RESPECTFULLY submits the following Programme to his friends and the public, and announces to them that the FIRST CONCERT of the VOCAL QUARTET, assisted by Mr. WULF FRIES, will take place SATURDAY EVENING, Dec. 1st, at the Meionaon, Tremont Temple, and will commence at 7½ precisely, and terminate by 9½ o'clock.

PART I.

1. Quartet: See the Chariot at hand,.................Horsley.
2. Ballad: Kathleen is gone, (Miss Twitchell,).....Maynard.
3. Duet: As I saw fair Clora, (Mr. Arthurson and Mr. Leach.)
4. Canzonet: My Mother bids me bind my hair, (Mrs. Leach.) Haydn.
5. Solo: Violoncello, (Mr. Wulf Fries,)..........Beethoven.
6. French Romance: My soul to God, my heart to thee, (Mr. Arthurson) Clapisson.
7. Quartet: Ye spotted snakes,......................Stevens.

PART II.

8. Song: The Wanderer, (Mr. Leach,)..............Schubert.
9. Duet: When thy bosom heaves a sigh, (Mrs. Leach and Mr. Arthurson,) Braham.
10. Trio: Turn on old Time, (Miss Twitchell, Mr. Leach, and Mr. Arthurson,) Wallace.
11. Song: The Nightingale, with Violoncello Obligato, by Mr. Wulf Fries, (Mrs. Leach.) Zeller.
12. Quartet: Here in cool grot,..........Lord Mornington.
13. Extravaganza: Blue Beard, (by request.) A tale of Infantile History. (Mr. Arthurson.) John Parry.

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On account of the unfavorable weather at the second Concert, tickets numbered *two* of the regular series will be received on this evening. Members of the Choir are requested to be in attendance at 6¼ o'clock.

Tickets 50 cents each—may be obtained at the principal Music Stores and Hotels.

Doors open at 6; to commence at 7 o'clock.

H. L. HAZELTON, Secretary.

CHAMBER CONCERTS.—Seventh Series.

THE MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB'S SECOND CONCERT will take place on TUESDAY EVENING, Dec. 4, at Messrs. CHICKERING's Rooms, (Masonic Temple,) assisted by GEORGE W. PRATT, Vocalist. Mr. Pratt will sing the Prayer by Alessandro Stradella, and the "Song to the Evening Star," from the Tannhäuser. Beethoven's Quartette in G, first time,—Mendelssohn's Quartette in F minor,—Mozart's Quintette in E flat, etc. will be presented.

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Conductor ....CARL ZERRAHN.

PROGRAMME.

Part I.

1. Symphony No. 3, in A minor, op. 56, (Scottish Recollections,)..........................Mendelssohn.
2. Aria from "Zauberflöte,"......................Mozart. Sung by Mr. ARTHURSON.
3. Overture to "Leonora,"......................Beethoven.

Part II.

1. Overture to "William Tell,"....................Rossini.
2. Scena from second act of "William Tell" including
 a. Romanza (by request,) sung by Mrs. J. H. LONG.
 b. Duet, by Mrs. LONG and Mr. ARTHURSON.
3. Finale from first act of "Don Juan," (Orchestra,). Mozart.

Tickets Fifty Cents each, to be obtained at the usual places. Also, in sets of six, good for any of the remaining concerts, at $2.50 per set.

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MENDELSSOHN CHORAL SOCIETY.

HANDEL'S "MESSIAH," (excepting only the least interesting portions,) and a selection of several gems from Mendelssohn's "St. Paul," will be performed on SUNDAY EVENING, Dec 9, by the Mendelssohn Choral Society, at TREMONT TEMPLE.

The Society will be assisted by Miss ADELAIDE PHILLIPPS, Mrs J. H. LONG, Mr A. ARTHURSON, and Mr. J. Q. WETHERBEE, Vocalists; Mr. W. R. BABCOCK, Organist, and a full Orchestra, Mr. H. ECKHARDT, Conductor.

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Chat with Rossini.

BY FERDINAND HILLER.

Translated for this Journal from the *Zeitung* of Cologne.

III.

—What MOMBELLI family was that, for which you composed *Demetrio e Polibio?* I began in the evening. Families, for whom one writes operas, are not found very often.

—MOMBELLI was an excellent tenor, said ROSSINI; he had two daughters, one of whom sang soprano, the other contralto. They associated a basso with them, to complete the vocal quartet, and, without further help, gave operatic representations in Bologna, Milan, and other cities. They first appeared in this way in Bologna, in a little, but very pretty opera by PORTOGALLO.

—A Portuguese composer?

—O no, an Italian. He was not without talent, and understood how to treat the voice parts particularly well. Many distinguished singers were very partial to his compositions. My first wife, MME. COLBRAN, had some forty pieces of his in her repertoire. The way I became acquainted with Mombelli was quite pleasant, and since you take an interest in my little history, I will relate it to you.

—Tell it, mäestro, I beg you.

—Though still a boy (I was thirteen years old) I was already a warm admirer of the fair sex. One of my early friends, protectresses, how shall I call it? wanted to have an aria out of that opera produced by the Mombellis. I went to the copyist and begged him to write it out for her, but he refused. Then I applied to Mombelli himself, but he also put me off. You can't help yourself, said I to him; I will hear the opera again this evening, and write down all I like of it. We will see, said Mombelli. But I, undaunted, listen to the opera once more with all attention, and then put a complete piano-forte arrangement of it upon paper and take it to Mombelli. He would not believe his eyes, cried out treachery on the part of the copyist, and what not. If you will not believe this, said I, I will hear the opera a couple of times more and then write down the full score, but under your own eyes. My great, and in this case, perfectly justified self-confidence conquered his suspicion, and we became good friends.

—I have often had occasion to convince myself of your extraordinary musical memory, said I; but to write down a whole opera, that is altogether astonishing.

—It was no score like the *Nozze di Figaro*—but I may well boast of my strong musical memory at that time.

—A peculiar gift! I have known great musicians who did not know by heart their own compositions, which had been played a hundred times, while others carried about whole libraries in their head. MENDELSSOHN belonged to the latter class; he once accompanied BACH's Passion music from memory.

—With the oratorios of HAYDN, said Rossini, I would have undertaken to do that when a young man. The "Creation," especially, I knew by heart even to the least bit of Recitative; to be sure I had accompanied and played it through often enough.

—But I must come back again to *Demetrio e Polibio*, mäestro. You see I have a turn for archæology. Did Mombelli, then, commission you to write this opera?

—He gave me words now for a duet, now for an arietta, and paid me a couple of piastres for each piece, which spurred me up to great activity. So I had got out my first opera before I knew it. My singing master, BABINI, gave me much good advice about it. He had a particular and passionate dislike to certain melodic figures then in vogue, and he used all his eloquence to make me avoid them.

—A quartet from this *Demetrio* had a sort of celebrity when I was in Italy, and was particularly cited as a proof of your early maturity. And did you do nothing more to it, afterwards, when the opera came upon the stage?

—I was not present; Mombelli gave it at Milan, unbeknown to me. What people admired particularly in that quartet was the fact, that it ended without the usual closing cadence, with a sort of exclamation of the voice parts. There is also a duet in it, which was much sung for a long time; it was very easy, and that is a great thing.

—You grew up, mäestro, in the midst of singing and the stage; as you had a fine voice, it is singular that you never thought of becoming a stage singer.

—I thought of nothing else, my dear friend; but I wanted to become more thoroughly grounded in my art, than most of the singers I then knew. It was an easy matter. I already at an early age filled the place of *Mäestro al Cembalo;* transposing and arranging came occasionally, my attempts at composition met with favor, and so I fell almost by accident into the career of the composer. I adhered to that, although I had opportunity from the first to see how immeasurably better paid the singers were, than one of us.

—That heaven knows! BEETHOVEN hardly got as much for his collective works, as they give CRUVELLI at the Grand Opera.

—They were not quite so crazy then as they are now, to be sure, but there is little change; if the composer got 50 ducats, the singer received 1,000, said Rossini in a vexed tone. I confess I never could help smarting under the sense of this injustice, and often enough have I vented my ill humor against the singers. You good-for-nothings, I would say to them, who don't know how to sing as well as I do, and yet earn more in an evening than a whole score brings me in! But what good did that do! The German composers, too, do not grow rich!

—By no means, mäestro! But they get situations, which, if they do not pay brilliantly, yet make one easy about the necessaries of life. Upon the income of his operas no German composer ever could have lived. But it seems better now in Italy than formerly.

—Incomparably better. The earlier Italian opera composers could write God knows how many operas, only to live in want. With me it was scarcely otherwise, until my engagement with BARBAJA.

—*Tancredi* was the first opera of yours that really made its way, mäestro; how much did you receive for it?

—Five hundred francs! And when I wrote my last Italian opera, the *Semiramide*, in Venice, and bargained to receive 5,000 francs for it, I was looked upon not only by the management, but by the whole public, as a sort of highway robber.

—You have the consolation, that singers, theatre managers and music publishers have become rich through you.

—A pretty consolation! Except during my stay in England, I have never made enough through my art, to be able to lay up anything. And in London I made money not as a composer, but as an accompanist.

—Yet, it was *because* you were a famous composer!

—So my friends told me, to persuade me to it.

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It may have been a prejudice, but I had a sort of repugnance to receiving pay for accompanying on the piano, and I have only done it in London. Moreover, they only wanted to get a peep at my nose, and hear my wife sing. For our participation in musical soirées I had fixed the rather high price of fifty pounds — We took part in about sixty such soirées—that was well worth the pains. In London, too, musicians do all sorts of things to make money, and I have had some queer experiences there.

—One often cannot trust his eyes there, and still less his ears, said I.

—For instance, continued Rossini, they told me, the first time I undertook the accompaniment at one of those soirées, that PUZZI, the famous hornist, and DRAGONETTI, the still more famous contrabassist, would be present also. I supposed of course, that they would play a solo. But no such thing! they were to help me accompany. Have you, then, accompanying parts for all the pieces? I asked them. God forbid! was the reply; but we are handsomely paid and we accompany as we think fit. These improvised attempts at instrumentation, however, were rather dangerous to me; so I asked Dragonetti to content himself with snapping a few *pizzicatos*, when I winked my eye, and Puzzi, to strengthen the closing cadences with some tones, which he, as a good musician, found quite easy. In that way it went on without any further bad mistakes, and everybody was contented.

—Delightful! But the English, as it seems to me, have made great progress in a musical regard. Nowadays they bring out a great deal of good music in London,—they perform it well and listen to it with attention—that is to say in public concerts. In the saloons music always plays a mournful part, and many utterly untalented men strut there with incredible audacity, and give instruction in matters of which they understand next to nothing.

—I knew in London a certain X., who had made a great fortune as teacher of the piano-forte and singing, said Rossini; all he understood was how to blow the flute a little and quite wretchedly. Another, who had an immense run as a singing teacher, did not even know the notes. He kept an accompanist, who had to drum over to him beforehand the pieces which he afterwards taught, and who accompanied in the lessons; but he had a fine voice.

—You are of the opinion, perhaps, maestro, that really good singing masters are among the rare phenomena? They are even obliged to form the instrument with which the music must be made —a doubly difficult task!

—Most of the important singers of recent times, replied Rossini, have owed their talent more to their happy nature than to cultivation. Such was RUBINI, such was PASTA and many others. The peculiar art *del bel canto* ceased with the *castrati;* this one must admit, although we may not wish them back again. To these people their art *had* to be their all, and so they expended the most assiduous industry, the most unwearied care upon their cultivation. They always became competent musicians, and when their voices failed, at least excellent teachers.

—Who are the best singing teachers, with whom you are acquainted now? I asked.

—I esteem PIER MARINI in Paris very highly. LAMBERTI in Florence understands admirably how to prepare one, who is is no longer a beginner, for the stage. Have you an able teacher at your Conservatory in Cologne?

—Our REINTHALER understands his business, as few in Germany; morever he is a distinguished composer. But I have a proposition to make to you, maestro?

—What may that be?

—Do you undertake a singing class in our music school—I should have to do something too for you. You shall have three hundred thalers salary and free lodgings to-boot. Is not that enticing?

—In the highest degree, my good Ferdinando; we will speak of particulars hereafter.

[To be continued.]

Life of John Sebastian Bach;

WITH A CRITICAL VIEW OF HIS COMPOSITIONS, BY J. N. FORKEL.

(Continued from p. 67.)

Through this admirable system of teaching, all Bach's scholars became great artists, some indeed greater than others according to the degree of instruction they received, or their subsequent opportunities and encouragements to improve upon or apply it. His two eldest sons, however, William Friedemann, and C. Ph. Emanuel, were the most distinguished among them; certainly not because he bestowed more pains on them than on his other pupils, but because they had from their earliest youth opportunities of hearing in their father's house much good music and no other; whereas others, before they could participate in his instructions, had either heard nothing good, or were already spoiled by bad or common compositions. And it is a proof of the goodness of the school that, notwithstanding these disadvantages, even these pupils all acquired a great proficiency in their art, and distinguished themselves in one or other of its branches. His oldest scholar was John Caspar Vogler, who received instructions of him at Arnstadt and at Weimar. He was, by his master's own testimony, a very able performer on the organ. He became organist of Weimar, and afterwards burgomaster of that city, still, however, retaining his post of organist. Some choral preludes for an organ with two rows of keys and a pedal were composed by him and published in 1737. Bach's other pupils who obtained celebrity were 1st. Homilius in Dresden, not only an excellent organist, but a celebrated composer of church music. 2nd. Franschel in Dresden. He was a fine performer on the clavichord, and a very good teacher.—There are six polonaises by him in manuscript which, except those of William Friedemann, excel all polonaises in the world. 3rd. Goldberg, from Koningsberg. He was a very clever performer on the clavichord, but had no decided talent for composition. 4th. Krebs, organist at Altenberg. He was not only a very good organ player, but a prolific composer of organ, clavichord, and church music. He was fortonate enough to enjoy for nine years the benefit of Bach's instructions. 5th. Altnikol, organist at Naumberg, the son-in-law of his master. He was, it is said, a very able organist and composer. 6th. Agricola, Prussian court composer. He was less reputed for his compositions, than for his knowledge of the theory of music. He translated Tosi's "Instructions for Singing," from the Italian into German, and enriched the work with some acute observations. 7th, Muthel, in Riga. He was a skilful player on the clavichord, and also composed for that instrument, of which his "Duet for two Clavichords," and his sonatas, which appeared still earlier, afford proofs. 8th. Kirnberger, court musician to the Princess Amelia of Prussia, at Berlin. He was one of the most distinguished of Bach's scholars, full of the most useful zeal, and genuine enthusiasm for his art. The world is indebted to him, not only for his development of Bach's method of teaching composition, but also for the first and only tenable system of harmony, which he has gathered from his master's practical works, entitled "True Principles for the Use of Harmony." He has rendered service to the art by other writings and compositions, as well as by teaching. The Princess Amelia was herself his pupil. 9th. Kittel, organist in Erfurt. He is a very solid if not a very fluent player. He distinguished himself, however, by the composition of several trios for the organ, which are so excellent that his master himself would not have been ashamed of them. He is the only pupil of Bach's now (1802) living. 10th. Voigt, in Anspach, and also an organist by the name of Schubert, were named to me by C. Ph. Emanuel, as scholars of his father; but all that he knew of them was that they came into his father's house after he had left it. I have already said that Bach's sons were his most distinguished pupils. The eldest, William Friedemann, came nearest to his father in the originality of his ideas. All his melodies have a different turn from those of other composers, and yet they are at the same time as natural as they are ingenious and elegant: and when played with the delicacy with which he himself performed them they cannot but enchant every real lover of music. It is only to be regretted that he preferred playing from his fancy to committing his thoughts to paper, as therefore his compositions are but few. C. Ph. Emanuel ranks next to him. He went early into the great world, and thence learned how to compose for a numerous public. In the clearness and intelligence of his melodies, therefore, he makes some approaches to the popular style, but he never descends to become common. Both the elder sons frankly acknowledged to having been obliged to form a style of their own, as they could never have hoped to rival their father in his. John Christopher Frederic, master of the concerts at the court of Buckeburg, imitated Emanuel's style, but not equal to his brother. He was, however, according to the testimony of William Friedemann, the most skilful performer of all the brothers, and one who played most readily his father's compositions for the clavichord. John Christian, called Bach of Milan, and afterwards of London, being the youngest son of the second marriage, had not the advantage of having the instructions of his father. The original spirit of the Bachs is not therefore in any of his works; he became nevertheless a popular composer, and was universally admired in his day.

CHAPTER VII.

Bach not only distinguished himself as a performer, composer, and teacher of music, but had besides the merit of being an excellent father, friend and citizen. These virtues he displayed in the careful education of his children, the conscientious discharge of every civil and social duty. His acquaintance was desired by everybody; and every sincere lover of his art, whether foreigner or native, was free to visit his house, and sure to meet a kind reception. All his high reputation and social virtues seldom left his house without visitors. He was an artist extremely modest and, notwithstanding the superiority he possessed, and could not but feel over the rest of the profession, and in spite of the admiration and respect constantly shown for his talents, he was never known to assume upon it. When asked how he acquired so great a mastery of his art, he used generally to reply: "I was compelled to be industrious; and whoever is equally industrious will succeed equally well." He did not seem to pay much regard to his great natural genius. His opinions of other artists and their works were always just and liberal. Many works necessarily appeared to him trifling, because he was almost exclusively engaged on the higher branches of the art, yet he never permitted himself to express a harsh opinion of them, unless to his pupils, to whom he thought himself obliged to speak the real unvarnished truth. Still less did he suffer his consciousness of his own superiority to seduce him into bravado, such as is too often practised by a great performer when he thinks he has an inferior to deal with.

So far did he carry his modesty in this respect, that he never voluntarily mentioned the musical contest he had with Marchand, though in this case he was not the challenger. Many absurd tricks are related of him, as that, for instance, he some-

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times dressed himself like a village schoolmaster, and, going into a church, begged the organist to allow him to play a psalm tune, for the sake of enjoying the astonishment of those present at his performance, and to lead the organist to say that he must be either Bach or the devil, &c., but these tales are evidently mere inventions. He himself disowned everything of the kind. He had too much respect for his art thus to toy with it; besides, an artist like Bach does not thus throw himself away. In musical parties, where he was not otherwise engaged, he used to have great pleasure in playing the tenor in quartets or other concerted pieces. With this instrument he was placed, as it were, in the middle of the harmony, whence he could best hear and enjoy it on all sides. Sometimes, when an occasion presented itself at such parties, he would accompany a trio on the harpsichord. And sometimes, if in a cheerful mood, when he knew that the composer, if he chanced to be present, would not like it amiss, he would extemporize out of the figured bass a new trio, or of three single parts make a quartet. It was in this manner alone he proved to others how strong he was. A certain Hurlebusch, of Brunswick, a vain and arrogant clavichord player, once came to visit him at Leipzig, not to hear him play, but to let himself be heard. Bach received him kindly, and listened with polite attention to his very indifferent performance, and when on his taking leave he presented Bach's eldest sons with a printed collection of sonatas, urging them to study them with diligence (they who had studied things so superior!) the father only smiled to himself, without in any way altering his behavior to the conceited stranger.

He was fond of hearing music of other composers. In a church if he heard a fugue for a full orchestra, and one of his two eldest sons chanced to stand near him, he always, as soon as he had heard the introduction to the theme, told him beforehand what the composer ought to introduce, or what he possibly would introduce, and if the composition, was a good one, it happened as he had predicted, and he rejoiced and jogged his son's elbow to make him remark it. This too is a proof that he valued the ability of others. We have already named the composers whom he admired and studied in his youth. As he advanced in age, and his judgment became more matured, he had other favorites, such as Fux, the leader of the emperor's band, Handel, Caldara, Rhein, Kayser, Hasse, the two Grauns, Telemann, Zelaka, Benda, and he was well acquainted with all the distinguished composers of the time, living at Dresden and Berlin; personally, with all but the four first named. In his youth he was very intimate with Telemann. He had a very great esteem for Handel and desired much to be personally acquainted with him. As Handel was a great performer on the clavichord, and organs, many amateurs in Leipzig and its neighborhood wished to hear these two great men together. But Handel could never find time for such a meeting. Three times he came from London to Halle, his native town. His first visit was about the year 1719; Bach was then at Coethen, only four German miles from thence, and when informed of Handel's arrival he lost not a moment in paying him a visit; but Handel had left Halle the very day that Bach entered it.

At the time of Handel's second visit, somewhere between 1730 and 1740, Bach was lying ill at Leipzig; he however immediately dispatched his eldest son, William Friedemann, to Halle, with a very pressing invitation to Handel to come and visit him at Leipzig; but much to their mutual regret Handel could not do so. At Handel's third visit to Halle in 1752 or 1753, Bach was dead. Thus, his wish to be personally acquainted with Handel was not gratified, any more than that of numerous others who would have gladly seen and heard these two great geniuses together. At the period when Hasse was director of the chapel at Dresden, both it and the opera there were very effective and brilliant. Bach had there from his earliest years many acquaintances and devoted admirers. Hasse and his wife, the celebrated Faustina, came several times to Leipzig, attracted by their admiration for his great talents. He was, therefore, always received most honorably at Dresden, and frequently went thither to hear the opera, generally taking with him his eldest son. He used to say to him jestingly before his departure: "Friedemann, shall we go again and hear the pretty Dresden songs?" Innocent as was the remark in itself, he would not, I am convinced, have made it to any one but his sons, who already knew perfectly how to distinguish between what is really great in Art and what is merely pretty and pleasing. Bach did not make what is called a brilliant fortune; he held, indeed, a lucrative office, but he had a numerous family to maintain and educate, and he neither had nor sought other resources. He was too entirely engrossed by his office and his art to think of pursuing those means which, for a man like him, and especially in his times, lead to wealth.

If he had chosen to travel he would, as even his enemies allow, have attracted the admiration of the whole world. But he preferred a quiet, domestic life, the constant and uninterrupted occupation afforded him by his art, and was, moreover, as we have said of his ancestors, contented with a moderate competency. Notwithstanding this he, however, enjoyed during his life very many proofs, not only of love and friendship, but of respect and honor. Prince Leopold of Coethen, Duke Ernest Augustus of Weimar, and Duke Christian of Weissenfels, were all most sincerely attached to him, which was the more honorable to him, as the princes were not mere lovers, but also good judges of music. At Berlin and Dresden he was universally honored and respected. And if we add to this the admiration of those connoisseurs who heard him, and were acquainted with his music, it may be easily supposed that a man like Bach, "who sang only for himself and the muses," had received from the bands of Fame all he could desire, and of a sort that had more charms for him, than the doubtful honors of a ribbon or a golden chain. It would be scarcely worth the mentioning that, in 1747, he became a member of the "Society of the Musical Sciences," founded by Mitzler, did we not owe to this circumstance his beautiful choral melody; "Vom Himmel Hoch, &c." He presented this melody on his admission to the society, and afterwards had it engraved.

[To be continued.]

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

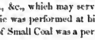
Scraps of Musical History.

At the first Quintette Club concert we were favored with a very pleasing Andante, composed by Bernard Crusell, for clarinet, with quartet accompaniment. Perhaps few, if any of the audience, ever heard of the composer before. Being myself among the number of the ignorant, I looked into Fétis's Dictionary, and there found that Crusell is a distinguished clarinetist, at present attached to the chapel of the King of Sweden. That he was born in Finland in 1778, studied in Berlin, and afterwards resided in Hamburg, until he finally removed to Stockholm. His published compositions are all for the clarinet, obligato or concertante.

There is another person connected with the history of music at a much earlier period, of whom, perhaps, many of your readers have never heard. I refer to the man who originated concert-giving in London; the man who sold coal about the streets out of a sack, which he carried on his back; the man who was distinguished as a chemist, as a bibliopolist, who associated with noblemen and gentlemen, when his day's work was done; who was never ashamed of his humble calling, but laid aside the coal sack to devote himself to the examination of curious books, or to listen to, or perform in, one of the concerts which he originated.

This man, whose history is among the most curious of his times, was Thomas Britton, "the famous Musical Small Coal Man," as Hearnes's Appendix styles him. "Hearnes's account is given by one who knew him well," says Hawkins. He was born about the year 1654, and having come up to London very young, from Northamptonshire, apprenticed himself to a Small Coal man. His apprenticeship lasted seven years, and he then returned home, having received a sum of money from his master not to practice his trade. Having spent his money, he however returned to London and rather dishonestly broke his promise, by commencing the charcoal business on his own account, having hired a stable which he converted into a dwelling house. He spent his leisure hours with the "savans" and artists, whose acquaintance he had made.

His neighbor, Dr. Garancier, taught him chemistry, and Britton even constructed a moveable laboratory, which was highly approved of by all who saw it. When not occupied by chemical studies he visited the bookstore of a certain Christopher Bateman, when leaving his empty coal sack upon the "bulk" of the shop window, he joined the lovers of book-lore who assembled there, and often afterwards adjourned with them to dine at "the Morning Bush at Aldergate." He had a passion for music; "played on the viol di gamba, and could tune a harpsichord." And his Collection of Music, copied by himself, was so considerable, that at his death it was sold for £100. Britton's concerts were given in the upper rooms of his own house, the lower being filled with charcoal. It was situated on the south side of Aylesbury street. The stairs leading to the upper story were on the outside of the house, and the ceiling of the room was so low that a tall man could hardly stand upright in it. Here with the co-operation of Sir Roger L'Estrange, "a very musical gentleman," he soon had for his audiences on concert days the most brilliant society of London. Noblemen and gentlemen, duchesses and marchionesses crowded with enthusiasm to the concerts of the charcoal man. At first Britton refused to receive money for admission to them, but he was obliged in order to pay his expenses, to fix a sum of ten shillings a year as the subscription price, and then allowed his visitors coffee at one cent a cup. Handel often played the harpsichord there, assisted by the most skilful musicians of the day. Fétis says that Britton played himself upon the "clavecin," but Dr. Hawkins tells us that it has been questioned whether he played upon any musical instrument. Hawkins gives an immense catalogue of the music sold from his library after his death. In it we find the works of Purcell, Corelli, Dr. Croft, Lock (the author of the "Macbeth" music), &c., &c., which may serve to show what sort of music was performed at his concerts.

His cry of Small Coal was a perfect consonance, the octave  and he was so well known that when passing through the streets "in his blue linen frock, with his sack of coal on his back, he was frequently accosted with such expressions as these: There goes the famous Small Coal Man, who is a lover of learning, a performer in music, and a companion of gentlemen."

His life appeared so singular to many people, that they scrupled not to bestow upon him the

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epithets of Conspirator, Atheist, Jesuit, and Magician.

His death was as singular as his life.

Mr. Holt, a magistrate of Middlesex, who often formed one of Britton's audiences, introduced a blacksmith named Honeyman, who was a ventriloquist, into his house, in order to frighten our poor friend. A deep and solemn voice, crying out, as if from the invisible world, announced to Britton that his end was near, unless he fell upon his knees, and recited the Lord's Prayer. The poor man fell upon his knees indeed, but could not proffer a syllable for very fright. His tongue clove to the roof of his mouth, and being carried to his bed, he died some days after, in the year 1714, aged 60 years. His concerts had lasted for forty years, and, as the first established in London, are of great interest. Under a print of him are written, by Mr. JOHN HUGHES, who had frequently played at his concerts, the following lines which may serve instead of an epitaph.

Though mean thy rank, yet in thy humble cell,
Did gentle Peace and Arts unpurchased dwell;
Well pleased, Apollo thither led his train,
And Musick warbled in her sweetest strain.
Cyllenius so, as Fables tell, and Jove
Came willing guests to poor Philemon's Grove.
Let useless Pomp behold, and blush to find
So low a Station, such a liberal Mind.

C. C. P.

MLLE. NANTIER DIDIÉE.—Of this new prima donna contralto at the New York Academy, the *Mirror* gathers the following notices from *The Entr' Acte*, a gossipping little sheet distributed gratuitously amongst the audience.

She is a native of St. Denis, in the Isle of Bourbon, and was born in 1832—consequently she is now in her twenty-third year. At an early age she exhibited a remarkable fondness for music, and became, when quite young, a student in the *Conservatoire*, in Paris, having Duprez, the renowned French tenor, as her master. In due course, she *debuted* at the Academie, and obtained the most marked success. But the peculiar quality of her voice required a wider scope for action than French opera afforded; and on the earnest advice of friends and professors of eminence, she determined to forsake the French for the Italian lyric stage. She therefore proceeded to Italy, and, after completing the necessary studies, made her first appearance at the Theatre Carignano, Turin, in the rôle of Pippo, in *La Gazza Ladra*. Her success was beyond the most sanguine anticipations of those on whose advice she had acted; and her subsequent performance of Giulia, in *La Vestale*, so thoroughly confirmed it, that offers were immediately made her from all parts of Italy; but these she declined, preferring to accept a brilliant engagement as prima donna in an Italian company then about to give representations in the principal cities in France. While performing at Lyons, M. Corti, the Director of the Italian Opera, Paris, arrived there for the purpose of judging of her merits, her fame having already reached the capital, and was so delighted with her performance, that he tendered her an engagement, and succeeded in getting her current one cancelled. She appeared at the Italian Opera as The Duchess, in *Luisa Miller*; and notwithstanding the slight interest attached to this rôle, she made so much of it that her efforts were greeted with enthusiastic applause. Mr. Gye, the Director of the Royal Italian Opera in London, was then in Paris, in search of new artists to commence his season with. He heard of Mlle. Didiée, and was so satisfied of the success she would achieve in the English capital, that he gave M. Corti a handsome consideration to surrender her engagement to him. The opening character at Covent Garden was Armando, in *Maria di Rohan*; this was in 1853, and one of the leading journals remarks of her voice:

"The crisp distinctness of delivery which marked the few words of 'Gondi,' preclusive of the *Per non istare all' ozio*, scarcely prepared us for the finish, the precision, the facility of execution, and the rare natural quality of voice, with which this popular *morceau* was executed. The house unanimously called the *cantatrice* at the close of the first refrain.

She next appeared as Maffeo Orsini, in *Lucrezia Borgia*—and the London Times says:

"Mlle. Nantier Didiée—next to Alboni, the best Maffeo Orsini we have heard at the Royal Italian Opera—sang the famous *brindisi*, 'Il segreto per esser felice,' with great spirit, and was unanimously encored. But still more to our liking was the plaintive romance in the first scene, 'Nella fatal di Rimini,' which was given by Mlle. Didiée with an unobtrusiveness of style that betrayed a strong artistic sentiment. On the fall of the curtain, she was recalled, with Madame Grisi, and well deserved the honor."

At the close of the season, she accepted a re-engagement for the following year, and in the interim proceeded to France and Belgium. During the season of 1854, she continued to win the plaudits of London audiences, and subsequently visited Madrid, where she achieved a great triumph in the part of the gipsey Azucena in *Il Trovatore*, and Climene in *Saffo*. During the past season Mlle. Didiée accompanied Madame Grisi and Mario in a professional tour through England, Scotland, and Ireland, and everywhere called forth the highest eulogiums from the press.

The lady has a highly attractive personal appearance, and is altogether the most beautiful and charming artiste that has ever visited America. She is a perfect blonde, and her face is not only strikingly handsome, but highly intellectual. Her manners are remarkably graceful and lady-like. Her voice is a highly cultivated *contralto*, of immense range; indeed, so extensive is its compass, that she can sing soprano and mezzo-soprano parts without difficulty, and is unquestionably, with the exception of Alboni, the greatest contralto in the world.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW-YORK, NOV. 27.—It was a matter of life and death to penetrate through the dense crowd that filled the vestibule of Niblo's theatre on Saturday, the night of our first PHILHARMONIC concert, and at a very early hour every nook and corner of the house was occupied. This is of course encouraging, but holds out a dire prospect of future inconvenience and loss of much time to the audience, unless a larger house be taken. The concert was, as a whole, quite satisfactory, although some single features might be found fault with. The orchestral pieces were the "Pastoral Symphony," GLUCK'S Overture to *Iphigenia in Aulis*, and WAGNER'S to *Tannhäuser*. The first was well and spiritedly played, with the exception of the Andante, in which some confusion in the time was observable. Some call the Pastoral the most insignificant and least interesting of BEETHOVEN'S Symphonies—but I cannot find it so,—there is a gushing freshness, a cheerful repose in it that makes it actually sound like the country, and which vividly recalled to me all the last summer's placid rural enjoyments. Between the two overtures there was a strange contrast, the one so crowded with full instrumental effect—the other appearing almost meagre in a close comparison, and yet so severely, chastely beautiful. I think it was taken rather too slow, although, as I hear, the tempo was fixed by Wagner; but I like it better when played more rapidly, as I heard it from one of the first orchestras in Germany. The *Tannhäuser*, and Mr. BERGMANN'S conception of it you know much better than we do. I can tell you nothing new about it, but only express my regret at its having been placed at the end of the programme, and that not even its popularity could prevent many persons from leaving during its performance. In addition to these pieces by the orchestra, the brothers MOLLENHAUER gave us a duet, and Edward Mollenhauer a solo, both of their own composition. This was hardly appropriate for a Philharmonic concert. It is a great pity that these gifted brothers do not apply their really admirable talent to something higher than mere trickery and effect. The solo was particularly full of these; it was called "La Sylphide"—but can you tell me whether sylphs were ever known to dance polkas? For the final *motif* of this piece was unquestionably a good dance-able polka. Mr OTTO FEDER, who sang the beautiful Bass Aria from MENDELSSOHN'S "St. Paul," and a couple of songs by DESSAUER and SCHUBERT, has a voice of good quality, but small compass, and unfortunately sings out of tune very often, particularly whenever the voice comes in again after a bit of instrumental symphony. What I admired most in his performance, was his remarkably distinct enunciation; but that was all lost on the greater part of the audience, as he sung in German.

Concerts come thick and fast now. For to-day I have to record MASON and BERGMANN'S first Matinée, which took place this *afternoon* (rather paradoxical, that!). There was quite a good audience assembled, and I, for one, enjoyed myself very much, notwithstanding that the *ensemble* performance was not entirely satisfactory. But as this may be ascribed, in a great measure, to short practice which the players have had together, and this is a fault which is constantly being remedied, the least said about it the better. The opening piece, and the gem of the concert, was SCHUBERT'S posthumous Quatuor. I had long known it well from ROBERT FRANZ'S pianoforte arrangement of it, and was highly gratified at this opportunity of hearing the original. It is one of the most characteristic of Schubert's works, full of originality, in the lovely, flowing Allegro, the crisp, pert Scherzo, and rushing, breathless Finale, as well as in the heavenly theme of the Andante, which, with its few, simple modulations and chords, and almost monotonous melody, yet seems to bring peace and rest to our souls, and leave room for none but good and pure thoughts. Mr. Mason played several solo pieces—a *Fantaisie Impromptu* by CHOPIN, and a couple of short, pretty little Preludes of STEPHEN HELLER—exceedingly well. In the first, particularly, one of the composer's most dreamy, delicate effusions, he adapted himself entirely to the true spirit of the work. Besides these he played some Variations by Mendelssohn, with Bergmann (violoncello), and took part in the Trio by BRAHMS, the Man of the Future. I can hardly judge of this composition on a first hearing, and with no previous acquaintance with the style of its author. Suffice it to say that I was agreeably disappointed in not finding it as difficult to understand as I had anticipated, and in its very pleasing and original melodies. Mr. FEDER sang the Aria from "Tannhäuser": *O du mein holder Abendstern!* which cannot be at all appreciated without an orchestral accompaniment. Also a very florid and brilliant song by O. NICOLAI. The remarks made above apply also to this gentleman's singing at to-day's concert, and I would add to them the regret that he should sing so many compositions which reach above the agreeable compass of his voice, and thus injure its quality as well as its effect.

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PHILADELPHIA, DEC. 3.—I was absent from the city last week, and unable to send you my customary report; indeed I returned only in time to attend the PYNE Concert on Friday evening last.

The hall was full, and Miss LOUISA PYNE was applauded to the echo each time she sang; she is the best vocalist of the brilliant execution school who has visited the United States in English opera; others have had better voices, but none such good training. The programme was principally selected

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from Bristow's opera, "Rip Van Winkle"; one duet and five ballads, all pretty, pleasing and very much like each other; no one can complain that Mr. Bristow did not write them all at one inspiration. They were all good, all singable, but in the most common place song style; such songs as one expects when Ethiopian Minstrels sing with unblacked faces. Mr. Stretton's song of "The Tears of the Vine," has,—as the *Tribune* remarked,—not a solitary bibulous trait in it, but is more like a sentimental ditty about the tears of the heart, or some such tombstone music. The second part of the concert was from different composers—"Rode's Air," "The Skylark," "We may be happy yet," "The Bay of Dublin," &c.; nearly everything was encored by the good-natured audience, which even put up with Harrison's nasal efforts; he gave as an *encore* to "We may be happy yet" the favorite "Thou'lt remember me," laying peculiar stress upon the last pronoun, as if there was any danger of the audience being fortunate enough to forget him. The only blot on the programme was a comic song from Horncastle, more suited for the saw-dust and pea-nuts of a circus, than the Musical Fund Hall.

On Saturday evening the Musical Fund Society gave its second Concert, with Brignoli, Aldini, Hensler, and Gottschalk. The orchestra was out of tune and out of practice, and completely spoiled all the accompaniments; the overtures were tolerably performed,—"La Violette" by Carafa, and Lindpaintner's "Vampire,"—the first light, the second heavy. Miss Hensler was warmly received. Gottschalk is getting more noisy than ever, breaking strings and pounding as if music had to be beaten out of the piano. His rendering of Chopin's delicate, sympathetic Funeral march and Scherzo, was nothing more than discreditable to any one pretending to the rank he claims; in his own compositions he can be listened to, in other people's he is less than indifferent. Brignoli was the bright particular star of the evening, though he deserved a scolding for keeping the audience waiting so long for him. Did you ever see anything to compare with Gottschalk's airs and graces? his piano moving, his gloves, his handkerchief, his upturned head and rolling eyes? all these affectations growing with his growth and strengthening with his strength.

The Musical Union will give the *Stabat Mater* on the 11th, with full orchestra, despite the loss of the C. K. M., who is endeavoring to start a society for his own personal benefit.

Another new Sacred Music Society has been formed, I hear, in the northern part of the city, called the Handel and Haydn; president, Mr Coolidge, an amateur. Meignen is vocal instructor.

The Harmonia's second Concert is announced for Saturday evening. The feature is the new oratorio of "The cities of the Plain," by F. T. S. Darley, the organist of Christ Church (and a director of the Society.) It has been in rehearsal for two seasons, and is said to be a heavy work by those who have heard it,—his first Cantata of "Belshazzar" was anything but heavy, almost too light. Another feature of the concert is the "Marseilles Hymn," rather an odd anthem for a sacred concert. I shall lay myself out on this entertainment, as a native oratorio is a novelty. Veritas.

Berlin, Oct. 30.—It seemed like old times this evening, and I was carried back to Boston again, as Alfred Jaell took his seat at the piano, and scattered showers of tone-pearls upon the audience in "Arnim's Saloon. I need say nothing about his playing, but the same life, spirit, and joyousness, that ever characterized him, are his characteristics still. He looks just as handsome, and happy as ever, nor have his twinkling fingers lost a jot of their lightning speed. Here is the programme, in the plain and primitive form of German programmes.

1) Trio for piano, violin and 'cello, in G minor, by Rubinstein, played by the Royal Concert-masters Herren L. and M. Ganz and the Concert-giver.
2) Song piece.
3) a. Second Barcarole; b. Prayer of Elizabeth, from Wagner's "Tannhäuser," Transcription; c. Italian Serenade. } composed and played by the Concert-giver.
4) Song piece.
5) a. Prelude No. 15, by Chopin; b. C minor Fugue, by Bach; c. Scherzo in B♭ minor, by Chopin. } played by the Concert-giver.
6) Song piece.
7) Paraphrase, from Wagner's "Lohengrin" and "Tannhäuser," composed and played by the Concert-giver.

Herr Jaell.

The songs were an air from Gluck's "Orpheus;" "Welcome" by Curschmann, and "He is come" by Franz—sung by Fraulein Jenny Meyer, sister-in-law and pupil of Stern, the excellent head of the singing society bearing his name, and director at the Orchester-Verein Concert. Fraulein Meyer, a fine, large brunette, has one of the finest of the younger contralto voices in Berlin, and is destined, I think, to become a favorite oratorio singer.

As to Jaell, it is better to record part of Rellstab's notice of him, than to repeat what we Americans have so long and so often said.

"The Concert-giver" says he, "exhibited himself as a *master of the first rank* in three salon pieces, which he performed solo. * * * He played all three numbers, of greatly different character, with what may be called *perfect* beauty. * * * The bell-play in the Italian Serenade was a new and delicious effect. True, it was only *play*, but given in such perfection as to attain artistic rights."

The hall was well filled, and the applause was clearly heartfelt, which was specially pleasing to me as confirming the judgment passed upon the artist in America. Another point noticed by Rellstab, was the extreme beauty of tone which was drawn from the instrument, a characteristic which all Bostonians will remember.

From something that he said to me, I should not wonder if we by and by had Jaell as a permanent resident in Boston, a city of which he speaks with heartiest satisfaction and fond remembrance.

A. W. T.

Nov. 10.—What can I say? I am too excited, too much 'carried away,' and yet would fain record, that hereafter I may recall in some faint degree, the feelings with which I have heard Clara Schumann and Joachim again. Have I sneered at virtuosity? Never at such as this! Where and how to begin? The language of the critics is like Sanscrit to me, I can neither use it myself nor understand it in others. I must—as I can with truth—comprehend all technical description in one phrase—there are *no* difficulties to them in their respective instruments. What are difficulties to other performers are so easily overcome, are played with such perfect calmness and *rest*, and glide away so unnoticed from their fingers that you cannot think to wonder at them. Let me go back a week.

It was a concert with orchestra in the Sing Akademie. Again, as last winter, I found it so beautiful in them, when all was ready, to come down to their places in front of the orchestra, so modestly and simply as if the audience was but a meeting of friends—with no display, no evident wish to be greeted with applause, no zany-like contortions of body, nor tossing of heads, but quiet and calm in their strength, without anxiety, without triumph. The overture to Byron's "Manfred", led by that excellent director Stern, and played by our new 'Orchester Verein', opened the concert. A powerful work, expressive of struggle and commotion of spirit. Schumann's strong side, as it seems to me. Then followed his Concerto in A minor, for piano-forte and orchestra, which she played. I was badly seated to get the proper effect of the work, but not to see the mastery with which the pianist ruled her instrument. What force and what delicacy! How wonderfully those handfuls of notes spoke out the deepest thoughts of Robert Schumann! Here a sigh, and there a tear—here the struggles of a giant, there the soothing voice of an angel. It is this wondrous power of entering into the very soul of the composer, which makes Clara Schumann what she is. Others can equal her in the technicalities of playing, but no woman approaches her in this thing.

I met a lady a day or two after, who asked me how Madame Schumann appeared?

"She seemed to me care-worn and sad; as well she may, poor woman!" said I.

"She appeared just so years ago, when she was a young girl, and came here to triumph over all," said the lady. "She never had a childhood. Her father was determined to make a virtuoso of her, and the joyousness of youth she never knew. Even then her countenance showed her secret sorrow."

Is not this the reason that she plays Beethoven as no other living? Does she not feel that great struggling spirit in his music? does it not sympathize with her, and share every trouble, and soothe, and calm and speak peace? When she plays his music, you think no more of composer and performer than you do of Shakspeare when reading his dramas. On this evening she only played some variations by the great master, in C minor. No mere finger-work, but full of feeling and beauty.

Joachim's first piece was a sonata for the violin solo, by Bach. I had heard it a day or two before, when he played it to an audience of two, curled up upon the lounge; and as he now stood up before the large audience, there was no change in his demeanor, no variation in his manner of playing; all was just as simple and unaffected as before, and what is the secret of this, but his love for the music? And truly I begin to have some faint conception of that man Bach's greatness. What power, depth and quaint beauty in this work! The first movement has a grand, sweeping power, producing an effect that one could hardly expect from the instrument. Then follows a quaint fugue, on four subjects, I think; but can that be possible? I heard it twice and hardly dare say it; and then an Adagio, full of soul, and a finale, capricious and wild, and full of technical difficulties hardly to be imagined. One never would imagine it from the manner of Joachim. Rellstab says of the performance: "The poet says:

'In him have I
The model of a perfect man beheld.'

"We can quote these words in relation to this artist, in whom we honor a model of perfect performance. Not the storm of applause at the close, but the breathless stillness during the piece praised him the most. In the solution of his problem not only did no note of the smallest importance fail him, but no stroke of power, no spark of fire, no breath of tenderness; it was the most perfect Daguerreotype of the work."

But it was in the last piece that I felt his mighty power to the fullest extent. This was that grand work of Beethoven's ripest years, the Concerto for violin and orchestra, op. 61, in D. I had heard it at a concert of the Orchester-Verein not long before, the solo by Concert-master Laub, from Vienna. He had played it with distinguished skill and it had not failed of making its due impression. But now! Still as the tomb was that house, the audience being prepared for the noble orchestral opening by the delicate variations before mentioned, which immediately preceded it. This work was written at that period when Beethoven's genius proved in the fourth Symphony, that as a mere artist, a simple writer of music, he was behind none. So in this work the deep sorrow of the later period does not appear. The giant is there in the Allegro, but a giant rejoicing in his strength. What tenderness, what unheard-of depths of human feeling in the Larghetto!

"You need not be ashamed of your wet eyes," said

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Miss G. to me, "there are many others here in the same state."

If Joachim would only put on a few artist airs, one could think of *him*; as it is, the stream of music carries us along with it and the very heart strings are vibrating to every tone of that marvellous instrument. If he would not be so calm and utterly buried in his own feelings, there would be some escape. But no. He seizes upon you by his very personal appearance, and after the first tones all escape from his enchantment is impossible. And so the Larghetto ended and the people waked from their trance—the magic bonds were loosed. The deepest feelings had been excited. The British Spy wondered how the audience of the blind preacher could be brought down from the pitch of excitement to which his eloquence had raised them. Had any one but Beethoven written that Larghetto, or had any other than Joachim played the Rondo (Finale), I should have feared like the British Spy. But when did Beethoven ever fail in placing just exactly the right thing after one of his heart-reaching, soul-thrilling Andantes or Adagios? With what abounding life and joyousness did the Rondo spring from beneath Joachim's bow! His own figure, calm as it was, seemed to feel in every nerve the change. The orchestra was inspired to a man, and the audience were electrified. That the "*gloomy* Beethoven!" This last movement is the very champaigne of music; Joachim poured it out to us, until we were "like Bacchus, crowned and drunken!" A. W. T.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, DEC. 8, 1855.

CONCERTS.

MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB. The second concert, for which the Messrs. Chickering's Saloon was again filled with the best sort of an audience, on Tuesday evening, was one of the most interesting of the many feasts of classical "chamber music" for which we have been indebted to the Club for several winters past. The programme was of just about the right length, the pieces choice and in the main extremely well performed, and we perceived no signs of weariness unto the end. On the contrary, a quiet and keen relish, without any particular vehemence of outward applause, characterized the audience. Here is the programme:

PART I.

1. Quintet No. 5, in E Flat............................Mozart.
   Allegro—Tema con variazioni—Minuetto—Finale, Allegro.
2. Two German Songs:
   a. "Der Neugierige,"..............................Schubert.
   b. "Widmung,"......................................Schumann.
   G. W. PRATT.
3. Quartet in E minor, No. 2. op. 44............Mendelssohn.
   Allegro appassionata—Scherzo—Andante—Finale, Presto agitato.

PART II.

4. Prayer; composed in 1667 by ....Alessandro Stradella.
   G. W. PRATT.
5. Quartet in G, No. 2, op. 18, [first time,]........Beethoven.
   Allegro—Adagio cantabile and Allegro—Scherzo Allegro—Finale, Presto.

The opening of MOZART'S Quintet was somewhat marred by lack of perfect harmony in the strings and roughness in the upper part; but the fusion of the elements was more complete in the beautiful Andante, with its variations full of the subtlest invention and delicacy of Mozart; after which all went smoothly, and the playful, almost jolly finale, so child-like in its gayety, left the listeners with a fresh zest for what might follow.—The Quintet in E minor seemed to us one of the very best of MENDELSSOHN. There is such a depth of thoughtful sadness in the first movement, that it seemed scarcely possible that it was composed at so early an age as the *opus* number would indicate. It tells of the deep experience of the tried and mature man. The Scherzo opened in that same Midsummer Night's Dream fairy vein, which is at once the most original creation of Mendelssohn's fancy, and one of his common-places to one who hears him much and meets it recurring in quartet, quintet, trio, overture, everywhere. But this time the idea is worked up with marvellous skill and interest as it goes on, and is really one of the happiest of his Scherzos. The finale, too, is admirable, in perfect keeping with the impassioned introductory movement. The whole Quartet was very finely played; the violoncello passages were singularly expressive.

That early Quartet of BEETHOVEN, in G, (how comes it that we have never had that before, having so often drawn from the treasures of that op. 18?) full of the cheerful strength of youthful genius, contrasted finely with the Mendelssohn, and made a most acceptable conclusion. It is as clear, and elegantly finished as Mozart in its structure, and in its spirit as musically abstract as Oulibicheff himself could well desire. To the Adagio, with the moody interruption of a bit of Allegro, he might possibly take exception, as betraying the cloven foot of a dramatic tendency, which he would sacredly exclude from the Quartet; but it is a most beautiful Adagio, full of feeling.

The songs by Mr. PRATT revealed his conscientious Leipzig studies, and showed the talent of the singer to more advantage than the oratorio music in which alone he has before appeared. That *Widmung* (Dedication) of SCHUMANN, however, so passionate and so delicate, in which the lover calls the mistress of his heart: *mein guter Geist, mein bessres Ich*, was hardly suited to a heavy-moulded baritone voice, and being transposed so low, lost much of its fire and fineness, although it was rendered with chaste expression and gave evidence that the character of words and melody had been faithfully studied. The song by SCHUBERT, (from his charming cycle of songs, under the title of *Die Schöne Müllerin*), of the *Neugierige*, or curious lover, who questions the brook whether his love is returned, was a happier selection. But the most satisfactory was that old prayer of ALESSANDRO STRADELLA, of romantic memory, which, with quartet and flute accompaniment, had the charm of a deep-toned old painting by one of the religious masters. It was sung with true expression. The upper tones of Mr. Pratt's voice are quite musical, but his manly organ tone is not free from a certain huskiness, and yields reluctantly as it were to delicate and subtle modulations of feeling. There is the conscientious manner of the artist about him, and we rejoice that we have one who cultivates so earnestly and so intelligently the nobler treasures of the vocal art.

To accommodate those who would attend Mr. Thackeray's lectures, the third concert of the Club will take place on Monday, Dec. 17th.

HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY.—Handel's "Solomon" drew a very large audience at the third performance. The choruses were finely sung. That "nightingale" serenade chorus, particularly, and that short one in G minor: *Draw the tear*, are among the most beautiful of all choruses, as others in the same work are of the most sublime. Of the solos, there are about two songs each in the parts of Mr ARTHURSON, Mr. LEACH and Mr. PRATT, which improve continually upon acquaintance. The latter gentleman sang: *What though I trace*, with much expression: the effect of that song is much brightened by a richer instrumentation than the rest; new orchestral parts having been tastefully added by Mr. HAYTER. More and more we are convinced that the dramatic scene of the two women adds only to the tedium of the performance.

VOCAL QUARTET. Quite an encouraging audience attended the old-fashioned English vocal medley of Messrs. ARTHURSON, LEACH, &c., at the Meionaon, last Saturday evening. The programme was given in our paper last week. We were only present during the singing of an Italian-opera piece by Mrs. LEACH, substituted for the canzonet of Haydn; a French Romance, by CLAPISSON: "My soul to God, my heart to thee," a melody of much sweetness and pathos, finely sung by Mr. ARTHURSON; and a very good performance of an old English quartet: "Ye spotted snakes," by Mrs. Leach, Miss Twichell, Mr. Arthurson and Mr. Leach. These things have their admirers, and four good singers, singly or combined, are an attraction; but we must say that few things musical come over us with such a drowsy influence as a continuous succession of those English songs that charmed an older generation, before other music was much known among us.

Ferdinand Hiller.

The interesting conversations with ROSSINI which we have been publishing, will doubtless render some notice of the reporter of those conversations acceptable to the readers of the Journal. FERDINAND HILLER, like MENDELSSOHN, is of Jewish descent, the son of a rich Frankfort am Main gentleman, and was born there in 1812. His early inclination to music was fostered by his parents, by affording him every means of developing his talents and taste. The first public notice we find of him is of his appearance in Paris in 1829 as pianist, where he seems to have made a very good impression. Afterwards he returned to Germany and exhibited his command of his instrument in various places, but settled again in Paris in 1833. Five years later we find a notice of him in Milan; in 1842 he was in Rome; the next year he had come back to Fatherland and become a teacher in the new Conservatorium in Leipzig, where in 1844 he was one of the directors of the Gewand-house concerts. In 1847 he was called to Dresden as director of a series of subscription concerts, and soon after accepted the place of music director at Düsseldorf, whence he removed to Cologne. For the few past years he has been at the head of the new Conservatorium there, and is known as the director of the great Rhine musical festival at Düsseldorf.

Among his works are the operas "Conradin," "The Miller and his child" and "Romilda," performed in Milan. Neither of these seems to have had any great success. His oratorio, "The Destruction of Jerusalem," was much praised by the German papers. His works for the concert room are numerous,—overtures, two or three symphonies, and the like, and he has written much for the pianoforte and with a considerable degree of success.

We have not the means of judging very decidedly of the merit of his compositions, but at present incline to the opinion that they exhibit more knowledge and musical learning than original genius. Most composers of the highest rank have already made their mark firmly and decidedly before reaching the age to which Hiller has already arrived.

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Musical Chit-Chat.

The music-lover in our city is bewildered by the announcements of concerts, great and small, which appeal to him on every side. There is danger that the thing will be overdone and that the regular series of concerts of the highest kind of music, which depend on large and regular patronage, may suffer through so many musical distractions. Surely there is no kind of musical entertainment in itself so interesting, so effectual in creating a true love and taste for music, so strengthening to the higher artistic tone and purpose of the musicians themselves,—none which has been so much a matter of true pride to Boston hitherto, as the concerts of a grand orchestra, in which the leading feature always is a symphony by some great master. The success of this class of concerts quickens all the others, which are at all worthy to succeed. Let the grand orchestra concerts go well, and we are pretty sure of a good musical season generally. Let these fail and the season will be dull, however many irons there may be busily turning (to small purpose) in the fire. First, therefore, to interest as in order, is the Second ORCHESTRAL CONCERT, at the Music Hall this evening. The impression produced a fortnight ago by the noble orchestra of fifty-four, under CARL ZERRAHN, and by the fine rendering of that glorious programme, will make hundreds eager to listen to an equally rich feast to-night. MENDELSSOHN's 'Scotch' Symphony is always a favorite; BEETHOVEN's *Leonora* is about the grandest of overtures; the overture to "Tell" and the Finale to the 1st act of "Don Juan" (including the Trio of maskers, the Minuet, the ball-room scene, &c., &c.,) even in an orchestral arrangement, are always popular. This time not only the Romanza, the entire scena from "William Tell," including the duet, will be sung by Mrs. LONG and Mr. ARTHURSON; which, with the exquisite tenor aria from MOZART's "Magic Flute," will make the vocal entertainment worthy of the instrumental.—At the urgent request of many music-lovers, who live out of town and who have no railroad accommodations in the evening, the Committee of the Orchestral Concerts have decided to give soon an afternoon performance, in which the Seventh Symphony and one or two other features of the first programme, together with some graceful music of a "lighter order," will be given at afternoon prices.

Next in order come the oratorios, to which three several societies invite us. We are only sorry that the excellent plan of uniting all three in the production of the "Messiah" at Christmas time has failed. Meanwhile the opportunity is close at hand, even to-morrow evening, in the Tremont Temple, of hearing the "Messiah," as well as extracts from "St. Paul," performed by the MENDELSSOHN CHORAL SOCIETY, who have been signally successful in their productions of that sublime work heretofore. Their quartet of solo-singers, too, is quite superior, including Miss ADELAIDE PHILLIPPS, for the first time in oratorio, besides Mrs. J. H. LONG, Mr. ARTHURSON and Mr. WETHERBEE....The HANDEL and HAYDN SOCIETY announce for the same evening, for the fourth time, "Solomon", with Mr. MILLARD in the place of Mr. Arthurson; also the "Messiah" for Sunday evening before Christmas, with Miss PHILLIPPS, Mrs. WENTWORTH, Mr. and Mrs. LEACH and Mr. MILLARD.... Finally, on the evening of Christmas the "Messiah" will be given a third time by the MUSICAL EDUCATION SOCIETY, with the aid of Mrs. WENTWORTH, Mrs. LONG (in "Rejoice greatly," "I know that my Redeemer," &c.), Miss TWICHELL, (contralto), Mr. ARTHURSON and Mr. PRATT. No one can complain that HANDEL is neglected here this winter.

At the Boston Theatre this week they have been giving what were once called "English operas," that is to say, old-fashioned comedies and melodramas, in which action, scenery and startling surprises are the main thing, and the music merely incidental and subordinate, limited to a number of songs, which rather interrupt than interpret or help on the plot; and those mostly in the one character sustained by Miss ADELAIDE PHILLIPPS, who certainly sings finely what she undertakes, and what with her good acting powers besides, constitutes about all the interest of the occasion. It is a solo vocal concert, (unless we count in a few wretchedly sung choruses, comic songs, &c., by members of the stock company), —a solo concert with a background of scenery and story. The fact that MALIBRAN, some thirty years ago, drew crowds by this sort of thing, before the taste for real opera was formed, was not good warrant that it would prove attractive now. The houses have been thin. Neither the scenery and stirring incident of "The Devil's Bridge," nor the farcical action of Sheridan's "Duenna," with all the well-sung medley of our fair contralto, seem to have created much enthusiasm.... We understand there is a Sacred Concert shortly to be given in the Rev. Dr. Putnam's church in Roxbury, under the direction of Mr. BAUMBACH, and with the aid of Mr. and Mrs. LEACH, Mr. ARTHURSON, Mr. L. H. SOUTHARD, the Quartet Choir of the church and an efficient chorus. Romberg's Cantata: "The Transient and Eternal," selections from the "Messiah," "Creation," *Stabat Mater*, &c., &c., will be performed.

Master PAUL JULLIEN, with his violin, and little ADELINA PATTI, the singer, are engaged to appear at the Drury Lane theatre in London, next month.. Mr. BORRANI, late Basso of the Pyne and Harrison Troupe, has organized an English opera company, with Miss BEHRENS as prima donna, and Mr. HARRISON MILLARD, tenor. They are soon to commence in Philadelphia, with Bristow's "Rip Van Winkle."

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The London *Musical World*, having completed the republication of our translation of OULIBICHEFF's "Review of the History of Music," of course without credit, has begun in the same manner upon the Analysis of "Don Giovanni." We are happy to be of service, and congratulate the London editor upon his easy labors....The grand scheme of a National Opera Company in London has fallen through....Sig. SALVI, in consequence of the VERDI difficulty, has been deposed from the managership of the Italian Opera in Paris.

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Chat with Rossini.

BY FERDINAND HILLER.

Translated for this Journal from the *Zeitung* of Cologne.

XI.

In the summer of 1836 ROSSINI came to pass a week at Frankfort. FELIX MENDELSSOHN was there at the same time, and I had the pleasure of seeing these two men, the one of whom had written his last, the other his first great work, together almost daily in my father's house. The engaging manner of the celebrated mäestro had its effect also upon Mendelssohn, and he played before him as much as he wanted, and what he wanted, both of his own and others' compositions. Rossini thought with great interest of those days, and often led the conversation back to the master snatched so early from us. He told us he had heard his Octet well performed in Florence, and I had to play to him the Symphony in A minor, for four hands, with a very clever *pianiste* from Paris, Madame PFEIFER, who was then in Trouville. With what fineness, what *esprit* Mendelssohn knew how to treat the smallest motive! said he after it was done. But how comes it, that he wrote no opera? Had he not applications for them from every theatre?

—You do not know our German theatrical management, dear mäestro. We try the works of all times and nations, from GLUCK to BALFE, to VERDI, and let the living German composers make a trial when they can; to order an opera is a thing which seldom occurs to any theatre direction.

—But, exclaimed Rossini, if young talents are not encouraged, if you do not give them opportunity to get experience, nothing can ever come of it!

—And nothing *will* come of it, I answered. A BEETHOVEN, a WEBER write for once a couple of masterpieces, but from a living and progressive German national opera we are as far now as ever. Moreover I believe that the German composers will always incline mainly toward instrumental music.

—They commonly begin with instrumental music, said Rossini, which perhaps makes it hard for them to accommodate themselves afterwards to the conditions of vocal music. They have difficulty in being simple, whereas it is hard to the Italians not to be even flat.

—You are very severe, mäestro; indeed it may be the most difficult of problems to remain noble in simplicity. Speaking of that, I must come back again to my lament, that you did not continue after "William Tell" to write for the Grand Opera. Had you not the intention to compose a *Faust?*

—It was long a favorite thought of mine, and I had already sketched out a whole *scenario* with JOUY. Naturally upon the basis of GOETHE's poem. But about that time a real Faust mania sprang up in Paris; every theatre had its *a parte* Faust, which quite destroyed my relish for it. Meanwhile came the July revolution; the Grand Opera, formerly a royal institution, passed into the hands of a private impresario, my mother had died, my father found it intolerable to live in Paris, since he understood no French,—so I dissolved the contract, which pledged me to furnish four more grand operas, preferring to remain quietly at home and cheer the last years of my aged father. I was far away from my poor mother when she breathed her last; that had been an unspeakable grief to me, and I felt the greatest anxiety lest the same thing should happen to me with regard to my father.

—And so you went home to your Bologna, where I found you in '38, when you were signing cards of admission to a public rehearsal at the Lyceum. You took great interest in that institution at the time.

—I have done all that was in my power for it during my whole residence in Bologna down to the year '49. It was the school in which I got my education! And I had my fun also in having all sorts of works played to me by the pupils, who formed a complete orchestra. It often sounded, to be sure, like greens and turnips; still it was young and fresh and entertaining.

—You preferred Bologna to Florence for a residence? I asked.

—Bologna is my proper home, and an unconstrained and genial activity prevails there. Florence is more of a court city, and that is nothing to me, although I like to think of all the friendliness continually shown me by the Grand Duke.

—But it appears to me, you never found it very irksome, *illustrissimo mäestro*, to have intercourse with high and even supreme powers, and you have had opportunity enough for it. In fact you took part in the Congress of Vienna.

—I went there at the invitation of Prince METTERNICH, who wrote me a most amiable letter. Since I was *le Dieu de l'harmonie*, it ran, he hoped I would come there, where there was so much need of harmony. If Cantatas could have done the thing, I should have accomplished it. I had to compose for them at the shortest notice five pieces, for the *Negozianti*, and for the *Nobili*, for the festival of Concord—and what not?

—But how did you contrive to do all that?

—In part I patched old things together and put a new text under it—yet that too was a labor, with which I could scarcely get through in season. In a chorus about Concord it happened, that the word *Alleanza* (Alliance) stood beneath a sorrowful chromatic sigh; I had no time to alter it, but I thought it fit to warn Prince Metternich beforehand of that mournful trick of accident.

—He recognized in it perhaps the work of a higher destiny, said I.

—At all events he submitted to it smilingly, proceeded the mäestro. But the festival, which took place in the arena, was wonderfully beautiful, and is still vivid in my recollection. The only thing that plagued me there, was that I, to direct my Cantata, had to stand under an enormous statue of Concord, in constant terror lest it should fall upon my head.

—Concord would certainly have had a downfall then!

—*Merci!* But there were fabulous carryings on at that time in Verona. I was presented there among others to the emperor ALEXANDER. He and king GEORGE THE FOURTH of England were the most amiable crowned heads that I ever met. Of the personal attractiveness of the latter one can scarcely form an idea. But Alexander also was a splendid, really imposing man. I went from there to Venice, to write *Semiramide*. There again I found many of those high personages, and also Prince Metternich, who interested himself in an uncommon degree for music and really understood something of it. He was present every evening in the Fenice at the rehearsals of my new opera, and seemed to be very happy to be able to escape there somewhat from his political circles.

—*Apropos* of that story of the chromatic *Alleanza*, said I, it occurs to me it used to be related how, during the occupation of the Church States by the Austrians, you received an order from the new governor of Bologna for a Cantata, and

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you executed the commission in such a way, that you roguishly set the new text to a much sung patriotic song of your composing.

—There is not a word of truth in it. They left me quiet, and I really had no desire to joke with those stern gentlemen. I have never mixed myself up in any way in politics. I was a musician and it never occurred to me to wish to be anything else, although I take the liveliest interest in what is going on in the world, particularly in my country's fate. In truth I have lived through and seen all sorts of things.

[To be continued.]

Life of John Sebastian Bach;

WITH A CRITICAL VIEW OF HIS COMPOSITIONS, BY J. N. FORKEL.

(Continued from p. 106.)

CHAPTER X.

I have already noticed the careful manner in which Bach, all his life through, revised his works. I have had repeated opportunities of comparing together the various copies of the same work written in different years, and have felt both surprised and delighted at the diligence and ingenuity with which he contrived to make the indifferent good, and good better, and the better perfect. Nothing is more improving than such a comparison for the connoisseur, and the student eager in the prosecution of his art. It would be a very desirable object to add to the complete edition of Bach's works, a supplement containing the most important and instructive variations from his best works. And why should not this be done with the composer, the poet of tones, as well as with the poet in words.

In some of Bach's earlier works it not unfrequently happened that he repeated the same idea as it were in other words; as for instance, he perhaps repeated the same modulation in the same octave or in a lower one, or with a different turn of melody. In his maturer age he could not tolerate such meagreness; and wherever he found faults of this sort he never failed to discard them, no matter into how many hands the piece had passed, or however highly it was approved. Two most remarkable instances of this occur in the two preludes in C major, and C sharp major, in the first part of the "Well-tempered Clavichord," both of which are in this manner shortened by one half, while they are thus freed from all useless superfluities. In other pieces it sometimes occurred that Bach did too little; his idea was not fully expressed nor sufficiently carried out. I find a remarkable example of this in the prelude in D minor, in the second part of the "Well-tempered Clavichord." I possess several copies of this piece. In the oldest of them the first transposition of the theme into the bass is wanting, as well as several other passages which were necessary for the complete development of the thought. In the second copy this transposition of the theme into the bass is inserted whenever it occurs in the modes most nearly related to the original one. In the third several passages are more fully expressed, and more neatly connected together. Still there remained some turns and figures of the melody which did not agree with the style and spirit of the rest; and these inaccuracies are so carefully amended in a fourth copy as to render this prelude the most beautiful and perfect in the whole collection of the "Well-tempered Clavichord." Many persons preferred the piece in its original form, and thought it disimproved by these successive corrections. Bach, however, never suffered himself to be thus misled, but persevered in his corrections till it pleased *him*. At the beginning of the last century it was as much the fashion to overload instrumental music with running passages on single principal notes, as it has since been with vocal music, and Bach showed a passing conformity to this fashion, inasmuch as he wrote a few pieces in this style. One of these is the prelude in E minor, in the first part of the "Well-tempered Clavichord;" but soon returning to his own natural good taste, he altered it to the form in which it is now engraved. Every period of ten years has some new form or style of melody peculiar to it, but which quickly grows out of fashion. A composer who wishes his works to descend to posterity should avoid these transient peculiarities. Bach, however, did not escape this rock in his early years. His first compositions for the organ, as well as his two-part Inventions in their original form, are full of flourishes agreeably to the taste of that day. His organ pieces have remained as they were, but his Inventions have been much improved. The public will soon have an opportunity of comparing the ancient with the later form, as the publishers have formed the praiseworthy resolution of suppressing the first edition, and delivering to subscribers an improved one in its stead. The methods of improvement hitherto spoken of extend, however, merely to the outward form; for instance, to the redundant or unsufficient expression of an entire thought. But Bach frequently employed means to perfect his works so nice and refined as almost to defy explanation. Unity of style and character are often marred by the admission of one single note which, though it could not possibly be objected to by the most rigid musical grammarian, would yet offend the nice perception of the connoisseur. The most commonplace passages may frequently become the most elegant by the substitution, addition or subtraction of a single note. But such cases can only be decided by the purest feeling and most finished and experienced taste; and these qualities Bach possessed in an eminent degree; and he gradually so improved both, that no single idea was tolerable to him which, in all its points and bearings, did not agree and harmonize with the rest. His later works, therefore, are as if all cast in one mould; so smooth, even and harmonious is the rich stream of the most diversified ideas artfully blended together. This is a pinnacle of perfection in the art, which none has ever so effectually attained to as John Sebastian Bach.

(Conclusion next week.)

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Signor Masoni.

FROM THE PRIVATE PAPERS OF THE LATE MR. BROWN.

(A FANTASY PIECE.)

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III.

Upon reflection I clearly saw that the cause of Masoni's unhappiness lay in the false step of concealing his origin. Had he come into society as a rescued slave, this fact alone would have won him notice, and his noble and beautiful mind and character, leaving out of view his great artistic powers, would have done the rest in securing for him all of happiness that falls usually to the lot of man. I had afterwards a long and serious conversation with him upon the subject, and advised him to let his history be made known, and thus drive the "devil," as he expressed it, from his imagination. For him, however, this was a step of almost unconquerable difficulty. The trace of African blood in his veins, which, however, it was utterly impossible for the most experienced overseer or negro-trader to detect, had during the years that he had passed on equal terms with the students at Leipzig, and other places, become a bugbear of portentous size. As the idea became familiarized to his mind, it lost in some degree its terrors, and I think success would have crowned my efforts, had not opposing circumstances intervened. But I must give the outline of Masoni's story. He was born on the plantation where I had first seen him—was the pet plaything in the family until he was five or six years old—was then turned out among the other children until he had grown up a pretty boy, when he came again into the house for a few years, and was thence transferred to the stables. His master always treated him kindly, and he still cherished some degree of affectionate remembrance of him. His turn for music was remarked while he was still very young, and time and opportunity were given him to practice the fiddle with superannuated old Pompey, and to fit himself to succeed him as plantation fiddler—then the height of his ambition—when the old man should "hang up the fiddle and the bow," which event happened when Masoni was still but a boy. Pompey's course of instruction was hardly one which would be admitted into an European conservatory;—hence the great excellence the pupil attained was owing to a never-tiring industry and perseverance, in seeking the means of expressing upon his instrument the tones which, sleeping or waking, were always ringing in his inward ear. No one—and he a slave—could be more happily situated than he; yet something within refused to be contented with his lot, and ideas of freedom, vague and uncertain—whence they came, how begotten, he knew not—began to mingle in his dreams and musings, and make him miserable. Upon such topics he could not speak, but his thoughts and feelings began gradually to find utterance in strange tones and peculiar effects of his instrument. The discovery of his power over those who heard him play, drew him on to new efforts. He gave himself so entirely to this one object of his existence, as to bring him into difficulty with his master.

And for a time his fiddle was taken away.—"What I suffered then! what I suffered then!" exclaimed he; "I believe no tophet could be fuller of torment." The loss of his instrument affected his health seriously, and at last his good-natured master, partly on his own account, partly for the sake of the other slaves, whom he would not deprive of this small enjoyment, ordered it to be returned, cautioning him to beware how he allowed it to spoil him for his daily tasks.

Mr. Mason was a good-natured, easy man, proud of his descent, proud of his fine plantation, of his horses, his dogs, his social position, and of his well-fed, contented slaves, because nature, beyond a very handsome personal appearance in his youth and early manhood, had given him nothing else to be proud of. His wife and children were all, like him, very moderately endowed with mental advantages—good, respectable, fashionable people—save the second daughter, Miss Sarah. Masoni, speaking both from recollection and from the representations of Father Gutmann, pictured her as possessing all the intellectual gifts denied to the rest of the family, and as being proud, headstrong, and domineering in like proportion. While still a little girl of some ten or twelve years, she was more feared and disliked by the people, than all the rest together. It is one of the great disadvantages of plantation life, that unless the mother is able to understand, appreciate and guide the development of a rich and productive intellect, it is in a great measure left to its own resources, and being surrounded by so many unfavorable influences, the chances are many to one that the results will be in a high degree unfavorable. Miss Sarah was a source of infinite perplexity to both father and mother. She tyrannized over them, and over her brothers and sisters—how much more, then, over the poor people of the plantation. Her teachers could do nothing with her, and yet she by the mere force of her

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talents far outstripped the other children in her acquirements. She had one passion — Music. Tired of the shallowness and pretensions of the successive teachers she had had, and whom she had one after the other fairly driven from the place, the winter when I was at the Christmas festival before described, she was spending in Philadelphia, that she might at length find some one able to afford her such instruction as she felt she needed. There she found Father Gutmann. He saw at once her capacities, and won her respect by introducing her immediately to the best piano-forte music of his "Fatherland." She soon found in him a man who was disposed to treat her airs and domineering tone with a cool contempt, which at the same time incensed and attracted her. She found it was a matter of entire indifference to him whether a girl of fifteen was disposed to continue her lessons or not, and after one scene, in consequence of which she was forced to humble herself to him, or lose the delights of the new world into which he had brought her, she treated him with perfect respect. When Spring came, she would take no denial from her father or from Gutmann—he *should* go with her to Virginia, and continue his instructions until the usual period when the family left home for the summer tour. Thus it came that Father Gutmann became acquainted with Masoni, and discovered his genius.

"My highest delight," said Masoni, "at that time, was to leave the stables after my work was done, and listen under the window to the (to me) wonderful music of the piano-forte and Father Gutmann's violin. The new world was thus opened to me also, and when I had a leisure moment for my own practice, oh how I labored to reproduce the musical thoughts I had heard! The old man took no notice of me, as I then supposed, nor could I in my position as slave presume to speak with him upon a subject which filled my thoughts night and day. He did, however, observe me, and as it afterwards proved, most carefully, and would gladly have set me free, had it been by any possible means in his power. The time came for Gutmann to depart. He had made himself respected and liked by every member of the family, who could not in their hearts thank him enough for his restraining influence upon the daughter and sister, whom they could not comprehend, and who lorded it so haughtily over them all. His request therefore, that Dick might drive him to the stage office was at once allowed, and to my joy I first found myself alone and in a position to speak with the good old man. For some time little was said as we drove along. But just before reaching the office he began :—

"So, Dick, you are the musician there, it seems."

"Yes, massa."

"And you are quite a famous player, they say."

"Oh! massa."

"Dick, I have heard more of your music than you think. If you were only free, I would make a man of you. Let's see: I say, Dick," and here he fixed his eyes full upon mine," if—*if* you should ever find your way to Philadelphia, go to the first shop in whose windows you should see a collection of musical instruments, present this letter, which is directed to me, and you will hear where I am. Mind, I say nothing of running away, and following the North star into Pennsylvania; I only tell you that should you happen to be in Philadelphia, don't forget, I'll make a man of you. Let no living soul see the letter, except the man in the music store, or it may be the worse for you and for me." Nothing farther was said, and Father Gutmann bade me good bye in the presence of the stage-office people as unconcernedly as if he had never seen me before.

I had been so happy in the possession of my fiddle again, as to be quite content with my lot, and this encounter with Miss Sarah's music-teacher, strange as it was to me, was soon almost forgotten. But after the return of the family from their tour, things were changed. Miss Sarah was prouder, haughtier, less amiable, if that was possible, than ever. The monetary crisis of 1837 in the commercial world had at length reached in its influence many of the Virginia planters; my master among the rest. Cabin after cabin began to lose a tenant, sold away. My situation became less easy. My leisure hours became fewer. The order to stop that eternal fiddling was issued. And so the idea of being "made a man of" and of seeking out Father Gutmann, became more and more prominent in my mind. Still this idea would probably have led to nothing, had not an accident happened to Miss Sarah's horse, for which I was in truth not to blame, but for which, with eyes flashing and face flushed with rage, she demanded that I should be flogged. There could be no peace in the house until this was done, and so for the first time since I was a small child, I was stripped, tied up and flogged. Yes," continued Masoni after a pause, in a husky voice, "flogged until the blood ran in streams. The scars are there now, and" with his eyes gleaming with a fierceness which I had never seen in them before, he added, "I would give my life willingly for revenge!" "According to the reckoning of old mammy,—of my own mother I know nothing—I was then about nineteen years, and felt as much like a man as a slave can; and the injustice done me at the instance of that young girl quite changed my nature. I began to brood over the words of Father Gutmann, and at last—I *did* run away! Night after night as so many others have done, I followed the North star, and was so fortunate as to reach Pennsylvania in safety. But I was far from Philadelphia. Luckily I was so white as to avoid suspicion, and as I had succeeded in retaining my old instrument, I fiddled my way to the great city. My letter was safe, and I presented it at several shops where musical instruments were displayed, and at last found one where the address was known. Father Gutmann was in New York!

"I fiddled my way to New York, and after repeated efforts, learned in the same manner that the old musician was somewhere near Boston. I fiddled my way to Boston, but there I sought him in vain. He was not known there."

In Boston he made his case known to some of the anti-slavery people, who procured a place for him in a stable at the North End, the owner of which was a kind-hearted man and gave him time to earn many a quarter of a dollar as the musician of the poorer people. It was in the winter of 1840–41 that a distinguished German violinist came to Boston and announced a series of concerts, (I think this must have been Herwig.) Masoni had been long enough in the free states to feel in some degree a full man, and to find that no one suspected his faint trace of African blood. He heard the new artist spoken of by his masters's customers, and an irresistible longing seized him to hear him play. With a trembling heart he asked permission to attend the concert. The request was received with a laugh, but granted. It was interesting to hear him describe the feelings with which he joined the crowd at the door of the Melodeon, and by slow degrees made his way to the ticket box, half afraid, notwithstanding that he was well, nay, handsomely dressed, and looked quite the gentleman, of a repulse, with the rough question, "What the nigger was there for?" But no, as he laid down his dollar a ticket was handed him, and he passed in, taking a programme at the door, which he only knew was right end up by noticing that other people had the large letters at the top.

"The happiness and misery of that evening are not to be described—happiness at hearing the real powers of the violin, and seeing what it was to be "made a man of"—misery at the idea of having lost Father Gutmann forever. On the whole, however, I was enchanted. The vocal pieces, indeed every thing but the tones of the master fell upon deaf ears—for *them* I was all ear. I trembled, laughed, cried, and the people near me in my distant corner looked upon me doubtless as a crazy man or a fool. And now my only thought was of the old music teacher; where to seek him; how to find him; I repeated my visits to every music store in the city—the same old answer—the name upon that letter, now becoming well worn, though kept as my greatest treasure, was unknown to them.

I heard that the last concert of the artist was announced. I could not withstand the temptation, and went; but not a note of the music did I really hear; violin, voices, pianoforte appealed to senses too much preoccupied, for as I cast my eyes upon the audience below, from my seat at the end of the gallery, they fell upon the serene features of Father Gutmann, who sat in a chair directly in front of the stage. Heart in mouth, every nerve quivering, the last note had hardly ceased to sound, when I hastened down, pushed my way through the retiring audience, regardless of the black looks of the people whom I crowded anything but gently, and reached the space in front of the stage only to see the good old man pass the door of the private room, whither the virtuoso and his countryman had retired. For a moment I hesitated. But I could not lose him now—it would kill me. I rushed after him, he was talking with the great man in German, but turned at the noise I made in entering, and recognized me at once.

"Oh Massa Gutmann! Massa Gutmann!" was all I could say. He laid his hand so gently and kindly upon my head. "So Dick, my boy, you are here at last. You want to be made a man of, then?"

"Oh, Massa Gutmann!"

"Well, Dick, tell where you are to be found I will see you to-morrow."

I told him.

"Go home now, I wish to talk with this gentleman. I will certainly see you to-morrow.

"Do you think, Brown, that I slept that night?"

The next day the North End stable keeper lost his musical servant. Mr. Gutmann took him to the small country town where he was then living, placed him under the care of the clergyman of the village, by whom he was instructed, and

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whom he repaid by his labor as boy and man of all work. Mr. Bigelow's family was small, consisting entirely of women, except the head, and as is, or was, common with New England country clergymen, no distinction of rank between master and servant was made, and Dick's great industry and engaging qualities soon made him more like a son than a servant.

After my return to America I sought out Mr. Bigelow, and had a long conversation with him in relation to his former pupil.

Father Gutmann had confided to him the history of the young man, but, though at that time the notorious fugitive slave bill had not been passed, it was judged the safer course to keep that history secret. The name Masoni grew naturally out of Gutmann's German pronunciation of Mason. Mr. B. described Dick's progress in learning as the greatest phenomenon he had met during a long life, in which since his academy days he had seldom if ever been without pupils. It was but natural that such rich soil so long fallow should produce abundantly. For three years (the happiest of my life! said Masoni), he had his daily lesson in literature from Mr. Bigelow or his daughters, in the German language and in music from his protector. And then when Father Guttmann felt that his pupil had reached the limits of his powers of instruction, he took him from the quiet routine of his New England village life, brought him to Paris for a few months to give him rest and relaxation, to show him somewhat of the great world's life, and to lay a good foundation for the study of the French language. Thence they came to Leipzig, to Mendelssohn, as before recorded.

"But why was your history still kept a secret?"

"I don't know whether Father Gutmann had any special reason for it. In fact the matter had rather passed from our memories, so occupied were we both with other absorbing topics of thought. It may be that the old gentleman, who hated the system of slavery beyond description, had some vague idea of proving through me, that, had we the same advantages as our masters, we should not fall behind them in other accomplishments, and only in case I took the high position he hoped, did he intend to lay bare the secret. But his plans now lie buried with the old man in the *Gottesacker* at Leipzig. While he lived the evil spirit kept at bay, but his death changed everything to me. You cannot conceive what it is for one, whose whole life has been spent either in the condition of a slave or under the care of such a parent or protector as I had, to be thrown at once upon himself and his own resources. My grief at my loss had hardly in some degree subsided, when the feeling that I am but a runaway slave began to gain possession of me. I cannot conquer the weakness. I want some one to lean upon; oh, if I could be always with you!"

"You would find me but a poor support!" said I. "I am alone in the world, and this evil in my lungs is already warning me to look forward with calmness and resignation to the day when I shall lie down, I hope to pleasant dreams, with the rest of the Browns, in the little churchyard at Hildale. A poor support I! But you must not give way thus. Get Satan behind thee—get out of your false position, and you will find no need of support."

"Perhaps!"

After some minutes' silence he continued: "To confess the truth, I have been growing better, since we parted last Spring. Whenever the demon gets possession of me, the smart of that flogging seems to return, and a terrible desire for revenge is strengthening itself gradually. Every time the idea that a great gulf does in fact separate me from those with whom I associate, though they know nothing of it, comes up, this craving for revenge is sure to accompany it. I have in fact been brooding over this thought for many weeks past, and your presence is a blessing from heaven, as it relieves me from that idle torment. That I have labored hard to improve myself you know—you see the fruits of these labors—and yet the motives to them have been continually becoming weaker. I am a fool, but the knowledge of the fact does not help me."

Under the influence of the foolish idea which had possessed him, Masoni had sunk quite into a state of despondency. There was in him a constitutional want of energy; or rather, a tendency when the critical moment came, to fail, through a latent suspicion of his own powers, a suspicion which only at such moments exerted any actual influence. He could push through any and all difficulties in search of the golden apple, but when it hung directly over his head he hesitated to stretch forth his hand to pluck it, from fear that it was beyond his reach. I have known such men in literary walks; conscious of their own powers, yet gaining no credit for them, because they needed the recognition of them to give the strength to prove their existence. Like Masoni, they need some one to lean upon, some one to encourage them. Are they not the Churchills of Longfellow's recent tale? Masoni's affection for Father Gutmann had made him supernaturally strong and enabled him to press onward with a steadiness and perseverance, which neither ambition nor his love of music might have given him. Just now some new motive was necessary to elevate him from the state into which he had sunk, and push him onward in his career.

That motive came.

[To be continued.]

The Opera in New York.

In the *Tribune* of the 5th inst. there is a long and interesting article from the pen of W. H. Fry apropos of the close of the season at the Academy. He reviews the whole history of the attempts to establish Italian Opera in New York, points out the causes of their failure, and hints at sounder and more practicable methods, in a style and with a force of argument, which certainly claim the thoughtful consideration of all interested in the great lyric problem for our country. Its great length forbids our copying entire, but we commence making extracts of the more important parts. And we are moved to this the more, that we copied not long since an article from the *Courier and Enquirer* from the opposite point of view from the present writer, who advocates the democratic system of low prices, in opera as in all things.

The following is matter of history and is interesting and instructive enough to stand on record in a Journal of Music.

The attempts to establish an Italian Opera as one of the public amusements in New-York have been numerous, from the first one in the year 1825 to the present time. In that year and the one following, the company of Garcia, of which his daughter, the Malibran, was prima donna, gave 79 representations twice and thrice a week at the Park and Bowery Theatres at the following prices of admission: Boxes, $2; pit, $1; Gallery, 25 cents. The total receipts were $56,685. The largest nightly receipt was 1,962; the smallest $250; the average, $717. In those days the public had the good taste not to require a new opera every three nights; for during that season *Il Barbiere* was performed twenty-three times; *Tancred*, fourteen; *Otello*, nine; *Don Giovanni*, ten, and other operas four or five times each. The next attempt, we believe, was that made in 1832 by Montressor's Company at the Richmond Hill Theatre. In that season of 35 nights the receipts were $25,603; an average of $731 a-night. Next the Italian Opera House at Church and Leonard streets was built, and during its first season of six months in 1833–'34 under Rivafinoli's management the receipts averaged $750 a-night. During its second season of five months, in 1834–'35 under Porto and Sacchi's management, the receipts averaged $450 a-night. The project of maintaining this as an Italian Opera House was then abandoned; it was rented for theatrical purposes, and in 1841 was destroyed by fire.

Signor Palmo next erected an Italian Opera-House in Chambers street, which opened in 1843-'4, with a season of twenty-seven nights, the gross receipts of which were $13,525—an average of $501 a night. During the first twelve nights of the next season at the same house the receipts averaged $432, and during the season of 1845-6 about $500. Palmo's Opera-House being voted too small and too far down town for the fashionables, was then abandoned, and became some years later what it now is—Burton's Theatre. A hundred and fifty gentlemen next subscribed to support the Italian Opera for seventy-five nights a year during five years. Upon the strength of this subscription Messrs. Foster, Morgan and Colles built a very elegant Opera-House in Astor place, near Broadway. This house had accommodations for nearly 1,500 persons seated, viz: in the parquet 308, in two stage-boxes 28, in the first-tier balcony and boxes 277, in the second-tier private and open boxes 246, and in the third tier or amphitheatre 600. The five seasons, commencing with the Winter 1847–8 and ending with the Winter 1851–52, were given, and the receipts on the average were about $850 a night.

These were all for what may be termed the legitimate attempts to establish Italian Opera as one of the institutions of New-York from 1825 to 1854; beside these there were several chance seasons by Alboni, Sontag, and the Havana Company and others, who had no interest in establishing the Opera in New-York, but calculated on making a large sum in a short time and carrying it out of the country to be spent. The prices of the above regular or legitimate seasons were various, ranging from $2 to $1, the last sum being the lowest ever charged to the best places. Most of these seasons ended disastrously the expenses exceeding the receipts. When the five years' subscription for the support of the Astor-place Opera House expired that building was converted to its present use—a library. It was then proposed to build an opera-house capable of accommodating three times as numerous an audience, in order to make the experiment of a cheap Opera. In favor of building such an opera-house many arguments were presented, the chief of which was that if the Opera could at all be established here as a permanent institution it must be democratic, that is drawing its support from many people, and not from a limited number of private-box holders; accordingly a house of great size was required by which numbers could be accommodated at prices of admission within the means of all. Some years before application had been made to the Legislature for an act of incorporation for this object which had been refused: it was now renewed and obtained.

The stockholders, too, supposed the Academy of Music was to be a democratic theatre, "to seat comfortably from four to five thousand persons," as appears from their articles of association.

So far for the present. We shall continue these extracts next week.

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Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JAN. 12, 1856.

Truth before Effect, or "Lind versus Italy."

We published a short time ago a private letter of Mme. JENNY LIND GOLDSCHMIDT, containing some very admirable advice to a young American lady going abroad to learn to sing; and exhorting her, among other things, to learn *music*, as well as singing, to become familiar with great music of great authors (that is the amount of it, not as she expressed it), and closing with these words:

What I therefore wish most earnestly to impress upon Miss ——'s mind is, that she should try to combine Italian song and German music, the one being as necessary as the other; that she should try to avoid false pathos, as the same law exists, to its fullest extent, in Art as in life; that she be true to herself, try to find out the beauty of truth, as well in the simplest song as in the most difficult aria; and the great secret will be here—the most powerful protector against envy and malice will be on her side."

One would think there could be no mistaking the pure and simple purport of these words, and no gainsaying their great truth and wisdom. Yet the London *Musical World*, in copying the letter from our columns, fancying it necessary to find deep and hidden allusions in the most plain and direct speech, appends the following exquisite stupidity—if it be not malignity:

Without pretending to know what the accomplished artist intends to convey by "the most powerful protector *against envy and malice*," (which fairly eludes our closest investigation) we must own that we agree with much that she advances True, a stanch admirer of Sig. Verdi might point to the quasi failure of Sig. Verdi's opera *I Masnadieri* (*The Freebooters*), at Her Majesty's Theatre, in 1847, in which Mlle. Jenny Lind played the principal character; but that would be rather wicked than logical, and savor not a little of the "envy and malice" against which the renowned cantatrice so mysteriously inveighs in her letter to the young lady.

Whereat some good soul of a subscriber, in the next number of the *World*, replies from a simple common-sense point of view, and with fatherly patience enlightens the editorial darkness. There is something so genuine in the feeling of this reply, that we think it worth preserving:

SIR,—The perusal of the artistic and truthful letter of the renowned soprano, which appears in your current number, has afforded me so much gratification, that I trust you will pardon my anxiety to rush in at the end as interpreter of her concluding phrase "which" (says your Journal) "fairly eludes our closest investigation."

The remark of the writer is that *the most powerful protector against envy and malice will be on the side of* the young lady on whose behalf she is advising, if she pursues a given course, the essence of which is *to find out the beauty of truth.*" Now this remark strikes me as being in itself so beautifully just and true, that I would fain see its illustrious originator honored by a Professorship at Oxford or Cambridge, either in music, morals, or philosophy, *or all three.* But the sweet song-bird needs no such elevating props—statuary gods and goddesses must be placed on columns reared by men of earth; but gifts created in heaven can soar aloft on ether's wing, and only return to earth at intervals to bless it with dreams of the spirit-land.

I must however, come to a matter-of-fact statement why I appreciate the remark; and it is this. If a heaven-born gift be possessed (say, by the lady advised) and the possessor be true to herself, avoiding the exaggerated style against which her kind friend so wisely counsels her, seeking (to re-quote the words) *to find out the beauty of truth, as well in the simplest song, as in the most difficult aria,*" she will assuredly fill all hearts, worthy to be called human, with so much of loving admiration, as to leave no place for the rank roots of envy. Can we deem it possible that the all-beneficent Creator hath so fashioned even *the least* of His gifts, that it could excite so foul a passion? Much less, then, can we suppose such a thing of the *angelic* gift of song! I, for one, feel assured that if an artist is not more *loved* than *envied*, he or she has something yet to learn, or else much to unlearn.

It is this view of the case which so greatly charms me, and makes the entire letter such an enjoyable one as to render me anxious that none of its beauties should be lost upon either the sex addressed, or the sex that must ever rejoice to admit its inferiority, *even with the pen*, when a really gifted woman employs it as the winged messenger of her soul's pure thoughts.

Though in haste, believe me to remain, dear sir, yours very faithfully, CHORALE.

4th Dec., 1855.

CONCERTS.

FOURTH ORCHESTRAL CONCERT.—A barometrical sign has become almost as much a matter of course at the head of a concert notice, as the metronome mark at the beginning of a piece of music. Saturday night was *the* snow-storm of a score or two of years; yet near a thousand people braved its fury and forgot it in the Music Hall. The concert appeared to give pretty general pleasure, although the programme was decidedly inferior to either of the preceding, and below the standard of this class of concerts for years past. The Symphony in F, by GOUVY, we liked so much, that we could like to hear it again; but *not* in the place of the *great* Symphony which one always expects to form the *pièce de resistance* in such a series as this; not at the expense of one sixth of our whole year's symphony supplies. It is a light, euphonious, pleasing composition; shows a decided talent for instrumentation, using all the modern resources of the orchestra, and using them (the brass especially) so that they enrich without offending. It shows also close familiarity—close, not intimate—familiarity with form, method, structure, and not with the spirit—with the great masters of the Symphony. Here you have preparations like Beethoven, but no Beethoven result, no considerable result at all follows. Thus in the Scherzo, the most striking of the movements, really clever in its first part, the sinking upon a mysterious prolonged monotone would fain raise expectation like the *Leonora* overture, but the episode (Trio) that ensues is a sentimental, sweetish sort of melody (duet of horns), which would not seem much out of place in some *Anna Bolena* or *Lucia* scena. Here again, in the Larghetto, he floats, like so many young composers, in something like a Mendelssohnian atmosphere; but the resemblance is superficial; yet there is sweetness, tenderness and grace in it. German in his studies, M. Gouvy seems entirely French in character, in spirit. Many times, in the first movement especially, you may fancy you are listening to an overture of Auber or of Adam. Familiar as he is with classic *form*, he does not appear master of it; there is not real logical development of musical thought; things do not follow as by innate necessity from germs of thought once started; growth, proportion, climax, (by which every work of a great creative mind impresses and commands you, whether you understand it quite or not, as surely as a great personal presence)—these are not. And this simply from the lack of genius, from the poverty of pregnant ideas, musical ideas. Instead of this you have a striving after ideas; how remarkable this in the very first theme of the Allegro; the would-be melody lifts and lifts itself a little, and each time falls back, like the first efforts of a half-fledged bird to fly; it seems to promise well; seems as if out of this yearning would be born something memorable; as if invention were indeed about to soar; but it does not; you lose all interest in the theme started, think little of it in what follows, and please yourself as you can while he goes on "making music."

This is no criticism *ex cathedrâ*; we would not presume so far as that; but such were the impressions which we could not help bringing away from this new Symphony, heard after those masterworks of genius with which, thanks to our orchestras for years past, we have been made familiar. The audience, too, made spontaneously the same comparison, for nothing all that evening was devoured with such an appetite and so spontaneously applauded as the next orchestral piece, the charming and poetically *light* Allegro from the eighth Symphony of BEETHOVEN.—Both pieces were in the main finely played. Between them was the famous Aria from GLUCK's "Orpheus": *Che farò senza Euridice*, sung by Miss ADELAIDE PHILLIPPS. Her rich tones and artistic style could not but give pleasure in such noble melody; yet we regretted that she still, as on a former occasion, marred the pure perfection of the song by ornaments after the modern Italian fashion, not profiting by the instructions of Gluck himself with reference to this very piece, which were cited in this Journal some weeks since. We do not, however, blame the singer. We can suppose she only knows the song as written out for her and taught her by her Italian teacher (Garcia?) abroad. We blame the modern school, which teaches each young singer to consult *effect* more than the truth of Art. As Gluck wrote it, there is not the slightest ornament or cadenza either in recitative or air. Moreover the time was taken somewhat too slow in general, and with arbitrary variations, rather than those indicated by the composer. It is a pleasing and a striking fact with regard to Miss PHILLIPPS, that in precisely the music, which has not been taught to her, in the songs of the "Messiah" (which oratorio, we are told, she never in her life had heard), music which she sings directly from the notes, *simply*, as it is written, she has sung the best. Here she respected the composer, respected the truth of Art, and did not make the music a mere vehicle of the modern singer's little outfit of *effects*. We hope Miss Phillipps will study and produce more songs of this kind, and produce them simply, loyally, as she has done the songs of Handel.

Part Second opened with the overture to *Semiramide*, one of ROSSINI's best, and always popular; partly on account of the beautiful horn quartet, which was finely played, except perhaps a little too *staccato;* and partly for its fascinating little melody, its voluptuous coloring and the Rossini characteristics generally. It was very effectively and nicely played, (except a slip in one very simple horn passage,) and barely escaped an encore.—The remainder was rather of the nature of ordinary miscellaneous "star" concerts.—There was an unfortunate sweetish sameness, and hence a tediousness in the three last pieces. Between the somewhat hacknied *O mio Fernando* of DONIZETTI, (which Miss Phillipps sang admirably in the slow movement, executing well also, if not in her best style, the brilliant finale added to it, it is said, by BOTTESINI,—though a more soprano pitch would seem essential

to the brightness of such a piece of vocal fireworks)—and the orchestrally arranged DONIZETTI finale to *Lucia*, came a Violin Concerto by SPOHR, also *in modo di scena cantante*, that is to say, more in the singing operatic than the instrumental spirit, monotonous with "linked sweetness long drawn out," like most we ever heard of Spohr. Yet an excellent composition in its way, could it have come in stronger contrast with things before and after. It is indeed full of melody. Mr. CARL GARTNER played it smoothly and expressively, showing a great mastery of the fine points of execution.

OTTO DRESEL'S FIRST SOIREE.—The third season (we had none last winter) of these exquisitely choice entertainments was opened on Wednesday evening,—an unfortunate time for not a few of the subscribers, whom previous engagements kept away. Yet there was a fine audience, and a more delighted one seldom sat together through so much. The programme was long, but no one felt its length; there was so much *piquant* individuality and novelty (to most of us) in the selections, so much variety as well as solid wealth, that new refreshment still anticipated fatigue. Such a programme may be preserved as a model in its way:

PART I.

1. First Movement from the Concerto for two Pianos, in C, with Quartet Accompaniment,............J. S. Bach.
2. Aria, with Violoncello,..........................J. S. Bach.
3. Piano Solos: a. Rondo, op. 16....................Chopin.
   b. Fughetta,....................R. Schumann.
   c. Gigue.........................Mozart.
4. Second Sonata for Piano and Violoncello.... Mendelssohn.
   Allegro molto animato—Allegretto—Adagio—Finale.

PART II.

5. Sonata for Piano: "Les Adieux, l'Absence, et le Retour,"....................................Beethoven.
   Adagio—Allegro—Andante—Allegro vivace.
6. Aria: "Dove sono," from *Le Nozze de Figaro*,.. Mozart.
   And "Slumber Song." (Words by Tennyson.)
7. Romance for Piano, with Quintet Accompaniment, from the first Concerto by.........................Chopin.
8. Quintet for Piano, violins, viola, and violoncello, R. Schumann.
   Allegro brillante—Tempo di Marcia funebre—Molto animato—Finale.

For unavoidable reasons the Sonata by MENDELSSOHN was played first; a singularly beautiful composition, full of verve and impetus, pervaded by a delicate and subtle fire from beginning to end, and very difficult. It was admirably played by Messrs. DRESEL and WULF FRIES. The movement from the concerto by BACH, for two pianos, had all the cheerful, wholesome life and strength and sunshine of the profound, yet ever childlike master;—buoyant, sparkling with a myriad happy wavelets in incessant motion, never resting, never troubled, like the sunny bosom of the broad sea. Such a piece of music you do not remember consecutively, but as a continuous happy state, a present in which past and future are absorbed. It was played with consummate neatness and truth of accent by both artists (Messrs. DRESEL and TRENKLE.)

The three little piano solos, played to perfection by Mr. Dresel, were finely contrasted, and each original and charming in its way. The Rondo of CHOPIN, however, is not a little piece, but a long and difficult bravura handling of an arch and piquant little theme, without the inconsequence or emptiness of most bravura pieces. The Fughetta by SCHUMANN, one of his early little inspirations, has a short march-like rhythm, subdued and mysterious in its tone, very clear and taking in its form. The *Gigue* by MOZART is a fascinating, merry thing, much in the manner of old Bach's happy humors.

Mr. Dresel deserves thanks if only for introducing to his audience another Sonata of BEETHOVEN. The titles of the movements: "Parting, Absence and Return," indicate its sentiment. But there is no common-place and feeble pathos about it. It is the deep, poetic, delicate passion of a Beethoven that inspires its sadness and its uncontainable ecstacy. It is a perfect love poem from beginning to end, admitting of no break between the parts, music in which you forget the player (if he plays it truly, as Mr. Dresel did,) and are transported by the exquisitely imaginative dream of passion. It has not the breadth and grandeur of many of Beethoven's works, but reveals no less a genuine side of him, and to those who know it well has always been one of the most interesting, though perhaps not one of the most readily appreciated by listeners for the first time. It is extremely difficult, played so very fast as it must be in the Allegro and Finale; for Beethoven wrote musical ideas, and not piano passages.

The Romance by CHOPIN was heavenly; the melody, of his most subtle, delicate, and dreamy, floated on the air so purely, and stole so sweetly on the listening soul, that one scarce thought of the cunning, sympathetic fingers that discoursed it; and against that soft, misty background of the quartet of muted strings, the effect was perfect. Mr. Dresel is one of the few and therefore best pianists, who makes you hear the music, not himself. In this piece, as well as the Bach Concerto, he was finely accompanied by the MENDELSSOHN QUINTET CLUB; also in the closing piece, that grand and overwhelming Quintet by Schumann, which produced so great an impression when played two or three times here a few years since, and a much deeper now. Whatever may be thought of Schumann's later works, there is no questioning the originality, the imaginative power and beauty, of this work. The *marcia funebre* is profoundly touching.

The vocal selections, sweetly sung by Mrs. WENTWORTH, who did not seem, however, in her best voice, were very choice. That gleesomely pious aria by Bach, to words (in the German) as quaint as some of the old Methodist hymns, the burden being, "My Jesus is here"! sounds as fresh and new as any melody we know. The air from *Figaro* was perhaps better sung, bating the long recitative, in which the singer seemed not quite to trust herself; and the (anonymous) lullaby to TENNYSON'S words: "Soft and Low, Wind of the Western Sea," was found to be a little gem in its way, words, melody, and accompaniment being most aptly wedded.

☞ APOLOGY.—Owing to a multitude of accidents, failure of gas, sickness of printer, &c., it has been impossible to get this paper out in season for the usual mails.

Musical Chit-Chat.

The fifth Orchestral Concert, next week, offers a richer programme than the last—indeed a very attractive one. The old C minor Symphony, the first love of Boston, will be hailed with joy by hundreds. The series will close with festival commemorations of great composers, which will pique public interest not a little. We suggested in our last the propriety of making the sixth concert a commemoration of MOZART, the one hundredth anniversary of whose birthday occurs on the 27th inst. But the regular evening of the concert comes on Saturday, February 2d; and February 3d is the anniversary of MENDELSSOHN'S birth. The directors therefore have decided to unite the two occasions in one on Saturday, February 2d, and make the concert commemorative of those two great masters, the selections to be taken purely from their works: such as the "Jupiter" symphony, *Zauberflöte* overture, &c., of the one; the Piano (with orchestra) Capriccio, Overtures, &c., &c., of the other. A seventh extra Concert will be given on the evening of Saturday, March 3d, which will be a grand BEETHOVEN FESTIVAL, for the inauguration of the Statue in the Music Hall, when the "Choral Symphony," the Choral Fantasia (for piano, to be played by the donor of the statue), will be given with grand orchestra, a select chorus, and distinguished vocal aid, besides other instrumental and vocal masterpieces of the great man. A poetic prologue, too, has been prepared by one who is both artist and poet, and will be recited on the inspiring occasion.

The announcement of nine nights of ITALIAN OPERA at the Boston Theatre, commencing on the 21st, is at length formally before us. The prospectus is a tempting one; the singers the same of whom we have heard so much at the Academy in New York, a brilliant galaxy of names, headed by the incomparable LAGRANGE, and including our own ELISE HENSLER, who comes to us in opera for the first time, three good contralti, of whom NANTIER-DIDIEE is new to us and famous; two principal tenors, BRIGNOLI and SALVIANI—the latter new to us, and one of the old Rossini school of tenors—besides several secondary tenors; and such well known and esteemed baritones and basses as MORELLI, AMODIO, ROVERE (the comic), and GASPARONI. Our handsome "Don Quixote of the Opera" comes as Conductor again. The list of the pieces to be produced, though to the cultivated music-lover it offers very little novelty, is yet one to prove very popular, and includes three well-known operas of Bellini, two of Donizetti, the *Trovatore* of Verdi, the *Semiramide* of Rossini, the *Don Juan* of Mozart, and for one grand novelty the *Prophète* of Meyerbeer. Why not give us also, with such means, the ever-fascinating, the immortal "Barber?" There are to be Saturday afternoon performances; is not the mere tradition of that GRISI and MARIO afternoon in *Il Barbiere* enough to create a demand for it? The prices, though not down to the popular standard, are yet more reasonable than they have usually been, considering how costly and how strong the troupe.

The next conductor of the London Philharmonic Concerts, it is said, will be Mr. WILLIAM STERNDALE BENNETT, the composer of the *Naiades* overture and many classical works in quite a Mendelssohnian vein....JULLIEN is still giving in London his "Mozart nights" and his "Beethoven" and "Mendelssohn" nights, each night winding up with his stupendous Sebastopol quadrille. Mme. GASSIER is his singer....MERCADANTE, the veteran composer, has entered into a contract with the Impresario of the San Carlo, at Naples, to write a new opera for the Carnival season of 1856–7.

The Opera season at the Academy wound up last week with *Don Giovanni*. Mme. LAGRANGE as Donna Anna, Mlle. NANTIER-DIDIEE as Zerlina, Lisa HENSLER as Donna Elvira, MORELLI, the Don, ROVERE, Leporello, SALVIANI, Ottavio. We shall soon have it here.

Mr. MORGAN, the distinguished organist, has been giving in New York an evening of "Piano-Forte Recitals," as he calls it, in which he played Sonatas of Beethoven, preludes and fugues of Bach & Handel and Mendelssohn, pieces by Chopin, &c. We hear nothing more of those Organ Soirées which he proposed giving in Boston....Mr. GUSTAV SATTER,

the pianist, assisted by Mr. and Mrs. LEACH, vocalists, gave the first of a series of Chamber concerts at the Norfolk House in Roxbury, on Wednesday night. The entertainment, we may presume, was mainly classical, but one of the reports speaks in most glowing terms of the prodigious energy with which the young virtuoso reproduced the *Trovatore* anvils on his grand piano.... In Salem concerts of sacred music are announced by two societies: the Choral Society will repeat Mozart's 12th Mass; the Academy of Music sing to-morrow evening choruses from the "Messiah," "Creation," "Mount of Olives," &c.

The interest of "The Messiah," though it has been given five times within the month past, is not yet exhausted. There seems still an eagerness to sing it and to hear it, and many will hail with pleasure the sudden announcement of still a *sixth* performance in the Music Hall, to-morrow night, in the shape of a "Grand Union Concert." The three societies have taken their turns separately; and now two of them, the MUSICAL EDUCATION and the HANDEL AND HAYDN societies, (the latter volunteering individual aid), will no doubt make a splendid chorus, and with such solo aid as they announce, with Mr. ZERRAHN conducting, a good orchestra, and Mr. MUELLER at the organ, produce it very satisfactorily. The Education Society are entitled to a good night, considering the storm of Christmas. This society inaugurated their new hall (in Mercantile Library Building) last Monday evening, with appropriate music, speeches and other pleasant socialities......The second Concert of the GERMAN TRIO took place at Chickering's last evening; the classical pieces were Beethoven's "Kreutzer Sonata" (violin and piano), and Trio in C minor, Op. 1. Mrs J. H. LONG sang, and there were solo fantasias and so forth as before. .... The MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB announce some very favorite masterpieces for the next Chamber concert, such as the "Kreutzer Sonata", the E flat Trio of Mozart, &c., &c.

The second Philharmonic Concert in New York takes place this evening. A symphony by GADE will be the main feature; BADIALI (not gone back to Europe after all!) will sing, and APTOMMAS, the harpist, and SCHMITZ, the hornist, perform solos ... They seem to be having a rich opera season in New Orleans. The *Huguenots*, Halévy's *Reine de Chypre*, Verdi's *Jerusalem*; *Lucia*, *Norma*, *Le Domino Noir*, &c., have been represented by the excellent French Company there. In the same city M. COLLIGNON, pianist, one of the classical pupils of the French Conservatoire, is giving Chamber Concerts, including Hummel's Septet, quartets of Beethoven, Mozart, &c. Everywhere in the cities of our broad land this kind of music seems to be gathering its circles of admirers.

Musical Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, JAN. 8.—I write more to beg pardon for my long silence than to give you any news in regard to musical matters here. For nearly four weeks I have been invalided, and not only unable to attend any of the concerts that have been given, but even too ill to account for the cessation of my correspondence. However, I am at length able to brave the night air, and shall then resume my series of letters.

I have been to but two concerts since I last wrote you, and they were given so soon after my last letter, that they date too far back to demand a lengthened notice now. One was given by the MUSICAL UNION at the Musical Fund Hall, the other was that at which BADIALI appeared at Concert Hall. The feature of the first was the *Stabat Mater* of ROSSINI, with full orchestra. The staging being too small to accommodate both chorus and instrumental performers, the latter were placed upon the floor of the room, in front of the voices; I leave you to imagine the result; the accompaniments were heard to unusual advantage, the voices completely overpowered by the din.

BADIALI's concert, or more properly Mr. BLACK's second concert, was a very interesting entertainment, owing to the re-appearance of the favorite baritone after a lengthy absence from Philadelphia. He sang with all his ordinary taste, and to my ears his voice sounded as fresh and fine as in the old SONTAG opera times.

To night the Musical Union gives a grand Operatic Concert to inaugurate the new Hall in Market street; a very large room, I hear, seventy feet by one hundred and eighty in length. I have not seen the interior. From the street its appearance is by no means imposing, as it is built of common red brick, and is over a flour-dealer's depot,—not an eligible position for a music-room. Its situation in Market street will prevent it from becoming a fashionable resort, as the "upper ten" could not bring their carriages to the curbs where vegetables and butchers' carts properly belong.

By the newspapers, I see Professor CROUCH has connected himself with Sanford's American Opera House, — a sort of Buckley's Serenaders, — and has written for it a burlesque upon *Norma*, which, it is advertised, he will conduct in person.

The ORATORIO AND MADRIGAL SOCIETY, of which Mr. CROUCH is the musical director, is to organize to-morrow evening.

The HANDEL AND HAYDN Society is in active rehearsal, I am told, under the baton of LEOPOLD MEIGNEN. I do not think the directors have announced a concert yet.

As to the HARMONIA, I have not heard its name breathed since the critics exhausted themselves on Mr. DARLEY's Oratorio. The society is probably resting on its laurels.

A friend tells me that Mr. MEIGNEN has completed an Oratorio, called "The Deluge," which is to be brought out at an extra concert of the Musical Union, which, I suppose, is anxious to rival the Harmonia in the fostering of American composition. Such a rivalry is honorable to all concerned.

VERITAS.

Advertisements.

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THE FIFTH
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GRAND ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS
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With the assistance of
MRS. E. A. WENTWORTH and Mr. WULF FRIES.
Conductor..............CARL ZERRAHN.

PROGRAMME.
Part I.
1. Symphony No. 5, in C minor,..................Beethoven.
2. Aria: "Dove sono" from *Le Nozze di Figaro*, Mozart
Sung by Mrs. WENTWORTH.
3. Overture to *Oberon*,..................................Weber.

Part II.
1. Andante and Variations, and Finale from the Septet in E flat, op. 20, ...Beethoven.
2. Solo for Violoncello: "Souvenirs de Spa."
Played by WULF FRIES.
3. Song:
Mrs. WENTWORTH.
4. Notturno, from the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Mendelssohn.
5. Overture to *Siege of Corinth*,.......................Rossini.

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Signori BRIGNOLI, GASPARONI,
SALVIANI, GIULIO,
MORELLI, JARNOLDI,
AMODIO, QUINTO,
ROVERE, MUELLER,
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CARL ZERRAHN, Conductor...........F. F. MUELLER, Pianist.

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For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Signor Masoni.

From the Private Papers of the late Mr. Brown.

(A FANTASY PIECE.)

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IV.

Two or three weeks after the conversation above sketched, I found Masoni, on returning to my room from "a winter walk at noon" in the Thiergarten, in one of his fierce paroxysms of excitement—face livid, eyes distended and filled with the old expression of half fear, half horror—pacing the floor in restless agitation.

"What *is* the matter now, Masoni?

"I have seen them. They are at the Hotel du Nord."

"Seen whom?"

"Old Massa and the young Misses!"

It was a curious fact that he could never break himself of the plantation pronunciation of those words when much excited.

"It may be," returned I, "but you have no reason to be so agitated about it. It is perfectly ridiculous. Be a man. You are as safe from them as the king himself. Have you no idea of the changes wrought in your looks in a dozen years? Besides, here you are in Europe, and I am the only man this side the ocean who has the remotest suspicion that you were ever a slave. Pshaw! you are as safe as I am."

I soon calmed him, and he felt ashamed of the foolish terror he had exhibited. The constitutional weakness which was its cause, was Masoni's misfortune.

I found, upon examining the strangers' list, that he was probably right, in taking the strangers, whom he had seen passing from a carriage into the hotel, for his old master and his daughters; for I read: "*Mason, rentier, aus Washington, und zwei Fräulein Mason.*"

Subsequent events have recalled forcibly to my memory the extraordinary fascination Bulwer's "Lady of Lyons" had for him. I believe he knew the whole by heart. I have still a copy which he accidentally left one day upon my table; a copy quite worn out by repeated perusals. But not to anticipate. The Masons, as we learned at the Consul's, left Berlin after a few days' visit, for Paris, where they were to remain several months.

Some vague, indefinite thought began to rule Masoni, in consequence of which he renewed his studies and practice with every energy of his soul. He hardly allowed himself time to eat and sleep, and at last gave up his place in Liebig's orchestra, as he said, to save the time of the rehearsals. I doubt if he had any definite plan before him; if he had, he said nothing to me about it. At the end of January, as I find by referring to my daily memoranda of that period, Masoni came up one morning, as he said, to thank me for all my kindness to him and to bid me good bye!

"What! are you going away?"

"Yes, to Paris."

"To Paris?"

"Yes, I am resolved to do something and be a man! I have lost too much time already, and if I succeed, we keep the secret no longer. You will guard it still for a short space?"

"Thank God! Masoni, that you will no longer let your talents rust. I *know* you will succeed, and oh, how proud I shall be to say, the great violinist, Masoni, is my friend and was once a slave!"

We spent the day together, and he was all I could wish. His arrangements to draw his money from Leipzig, in case of need, were all successfully made, and as he left me in the ten o'clock evening train for Cologne—for I went with him down to the station—he gave me a joyous, parting look, full of confidence and of high spirits, with the closing remark: "You shall hear of me yet!"

And so I did.

From his letters and those of other friends, I learned that Signor Masoni, the elegant and accomplished violinist and man, introduced by most favorable certificates from the best musicians in Leipzig, had had no difficulty in making his way into the salons of the great town of Vanity. I heard of him as the most popular artist in high circles; the petted favorite; the master without whom no private soirée was complete; of the competition among wealthy amateurs to be numbered with his pupils; of his haughty refusals to appear before the common public, but of his willingness to lend his aid to every charity. One had heard of the astonishment he had excited in this salon, another of his great performance at that; and about a month after his departure a friend gave me some notice of his movements and added: "The beautiful Miss Mason is said to be quite in love with the handsome Signor; she is a very fine musician, thanks to an old German, her teacher when she was a girl—and their performance of the violin and piano sonatas of Mozart and Beethoven is said to be superb. They play together almost daily."

Masoni wrote me often and most affectionately, and spoke of his great success in modest but warm language. Here is a passage from a letter, dated April 29th, 1850, a letter to me of special interest, as it was the last I received from him:

"You ask me about my old master's family, and the particulars of my introduction into it. The first question is easily answered; the other I will answer when we meet again. The oldest daughter is married in Virginia; the sons are there also; and the household here consists of Mr. and Mrs. Mason, Miss Sarah, and a much younger daughter, Julia. Old Peter, now with head like the snow, who was, ever since I can remember, *Major Domo*, is here with them. Of the intellectual capacities of them all you have heard enough. I sometimes smile when I think of the effect a certain piece of information by and by will make upon the weak and proud heads of the family.

"Miss Sarah is a magnificent woman! Beautiful as the day, a beauty to which her pride lends a noble dignity and a fascinating charm. She plays like an angel and surpasses any woman I have ever heard in throwing soul into her performances.

"Oh, what a beautiful thing it is, after all, to be an artist, such, as I may say to a friend like you, I am, or have tried to be,—at all events have the reputation of being,—which certainly will read more modestly. Beautiful, because it opens the door of the most refined, cultivated and intellectual, and brings you into circles, where every word spoken, every idea conveyed purifies and adorns your inner life. Think what a heaven upon earth I am enjoying in the society of the noble, cultivated and beautiful women, whom I daily meet! I, whose companions until I reached manhood were but little better than the beasts that perish, whose female society then for three years consisted almost exclusively of the dear, but antiquated daughters of Mr. Bigelow, and who since leaving America have had *no* female society, owing to the non-intercourse between the sexes, except in case of special introduction, which is the social law of Germany. And how

exquisitely beautiful are the freedom, the mutual regard and hearty politeness, the brother-and sister-like confidence, which are the characteristics of American society, so far as I can see it here, in the social laws which rule the intercourse of the young men and women. I labor hard, but it is delightful labor. The devil seems to have left me. Have I not *reason* to be happy ?"

My reply to this letter remained unanswered; and as week after week passed away and I heard nothing from Masoni, I became exceedingly anxious concerning him. As Wilkins paid me a parting visit in June, coming to Berlin, on his way to Paris, and thence home, I urged him to seek out Masoni and write me the reason of his incomprehensible silence. Wilkins wrote me June 30th, and from his letter I quote the following:

"As to Masoni, he has disappeared. The Masons have left for Italy, and there is a story afloat among the Americans that Miss Sarah has something to do with his disappearance. They also say, that there was a grand scene at the Masons' hotel, in which Masoni was a principal actor, but no particulars are known. This is every word I can learn about him."

V.

"*Herr Brown, der Masoni war hier heut und wünschte Sie sehr zu sprechen. Ach, Herr Je! Er sieht sehr schlecht aus!*" (Mr. Brown, Masoni was here to-day and wished greatly to speak with you. Oh, Heavens, he looks miserably!) said good Frau Rosenhagen to me about a week after the receipt of Wilkins's letter.

"Where is he to be found ?"

"He gave no address, but said he would come again in the morning."

Sure enough, he did look wretchedly as he entered my room in the evening. A more miserable being I have seldom, if ever, seen. Pale, haggard, wild and disordered in his dress—the victim of a mental, perhaps moral, struggle, which had almost killed him.

"What under heaven, Masoni"—I could go no farther.

"Ah, Brown," said he with a ghastly smile, which I sometimes dream of to this day, "I had my revenge! But—it has killed me."

I was too much overcome with his appearance to speak, and after a time he continued: "I am at times fully persuaded that the old plantation superstitions of the devil getting actual possession of a man are not mere imaginations; and that there is a demon of some sort within me, whose object now is attained—my ruin, soul and body."

In this strain he continued for a long time, and I thought best to let him talk himself out, incoherent as was much that he said.

Several days passed before I succeeded in getting a clear conception of what had occurred, the substance of which was this:

The only definite idea he had in his mind when he went to Paris, was to play the part of a great artist, to secure the friendship and respect of his old master and family, to secure by purchase or otherwise, through a third person, the recognition of his freedom, and at length cover them all with confusion by the announcement that the favored and flattered Masoni was none other than the runaway Dick. But a vague and indistinct vision of something beyond—drawn evidently from the "Lady of Lyons"—floated formless, but always there, before his imagination. Fortunately (or the reverse?) for him, American musical students had carried his fame to our countrymen in Paris, and as two or three of these students were still there, old acquaintances of his, he was soon included in all invitations extended to them. But he instinctively felt that to secure the social position among the American residents, for which he was anxious, his admittance into their society must have some other basis, than that of mere virtuosity. The elegant and refined Signor Masoni—he whose fame echoed from the salons of the most exclusive circles of the French capital—for there were in 1850 few traces of *Liberté, Egalité et Fraternité* left—was too marked an ornament to every social gathering in which he deigned to appear, to be shut out because he made it an indispensable proviso that he should not be called upon to exhibit his powers upon the violin in mixed companies. He was ever ready to perform his share in accompanying any lady who favored her friends with a song—which he did remarkably well—and never refused to take his turn at that instrument when dancing was made the amusement of the evening. On general occasions, when the Masons were not present, and the social circle was small and composed of such persons as would appreciate him, he sent for his Cremona and exhibited his art—the effect of his music being now as joyous as it had formerly been melancholy.

(Conclusion next week.)

Life of John Sebastian Bach;

WITH A CRITICAL VIEW OF HIS COMPOSITIONS, BY J. N. FORKEL.

CONCLUSION.

When an artist has produced a great number of works of various kinds, all excellent, all distinguished from the works of all other composers of his own or any other age; and all replete with an originality and spirit, which charms equally the professor and the amateur, there can be little question whether such an artist was a great genius or not. The most fertile fancy, the most exhaustless invention, the most acute and critical judgment, shown by the fittest application to every object of the rich streams issuing from a brilliant imagination; a most refined taste, exhibited in the rejection of every arbitrary and superfluous note; the greatest ingenuity displayed in the discreetest use of the highest and most uncommon resources of the art; and, lastly, that wonderful combination of all these best and rarest faculties of the mind and soul—these are surely clear characteristics of a real genius, if any such exist; and he who cannot find these characteristics in the works of Bach, can be little, or not at all, acquainted with them. And here let it be considered, that the greater and more perfect is a work of Art, the deeper is the penetration, the closer the study required to discover all its latent beauties. With such the roving spirit that flits from flower to flower and settles upon none is unavailing.

Yet, with all the wonderful and admirable gifts he had received from nature, Bach would not have become the accomplished artist that he was, had he not by times avoided those rocks and shoals, on which many a genius, naturally perhaps as great as he, has foundered. I will here make a few remarks on this subject, and then conclude this essay by pointing out to the reader some characteristic features of Bach's genius.

Genius, in its original nature, is nothing more than a decided inclination and taste for an art, which requires the most indefatigable industry to bring it to maturity. Industry not only enables genius to master the mechanical resources of an art, but it gradually developes judgement, and awakens reflection to take a part in the regulation of its too lively proceedings. The ease with which genius becomes master of the merely mechanical part of musical composition; the complacency with which not only the young author, but others also, regard his first essays, which are generally far too early looked upon as successful, frequently induce him to pass over the first principles of the art, and to attack difficulties before he is sufficiently well acquainted with that which is easy—to fly, in short, before his wings are grown. Now if a genius is not restrained at this point, either by good advice and instruction, or by the diligent study of good classical works, in order to remedy this negligence, it will expend its puerile efforts, and never attain to real excellence. For it is certain that no efficient progress can be made, and nothing like perfection be attained, if first principles are slighted or disregarded; and no one can effectually avail himself of his own experience, unless he has previously profited by the knowledge and experience of others. Bach did not run into this error. His great natural genius was attended with a no less uncommon industry, which incessantly prompted him, when he could not advance by his own strength, to avail himself of the aid afforded him by the models existing at that time. This assistance he derived first from Vivaldi's violin concertos, and afterwards from the works of the best writers for the clavichord and organ. Nothing, however, is more capable of exercising the reflective powers of a young composer than counterpoint; and the masters above mentioned, who were at that time distinguished for their fugues, and their knowledge of counterpoint, afforded to Bach in their works ample materials whereon to exercise his understanding, judgment and reflection, so that he learnt to discover his own deficiencies, and the right method of advancing in his art. Public applause is a second rock which has wrecked many a fine but inexperienced genius. Though we would not so entirely undervalue public applause as did the Greek, who said to his pupil, after a successful performance in the theatre, "You played badly: had you played well the public would not have applauded you." Yet it is certain that very many artists are led astray by it, especially if they obtain it too early, that is, before they have acquired judgment and discrimination to know the true value of it. The public is content that everything should be human; but the artist ought to exalt his production into the divine. Therefore genuine excellence and public applause are seldom found compatible. Bach never sought such applause; he thought with Schiller:—

"If by your art you cannot please all,
Content the few: to please the multitude is bad."

Like every true genius he labored for himself; he realized his own wishes, satisfied his own taste, chose his subjects according to his own judgment, and derived his chief gratification from his own approbation, which was unfadingly accompanied by that of every real connoisseur. And how could it be otherwise? He who endeavors to frame his work to suit the fancy of some particular class of persons, either has no real genius, or makes a wrong use of it. To cater for the taste of the multitude needs at most some little dexterity in the manner of treating tones. Artists of this description may be compared to the mechanic, who must make his goods in such a manner as that they may be used by his customers. Bach never submitted to be shackled by such conditions. He considered that the artist should form the public taste, not the public form that of the artist. When required, as frequently happened, to write an easy piece for the clavichord, he used to say: "I will see what I can do;" and accordingly he chose an easy theme, but in working it up he always found so much to do with it that the piece could not, in the end, be easy. If it was objected that it was too difficult, he used to say, with a smile: "Only practice it well, and you will find it easy enough; you have as many and as good fingers on each hand as I have." This was not from caprice, but from a real love of the art.

It was this spirit that led him, by the great and sublime, to the highest summit of the art. To this spirit in them it may be attributed that the works of Bach not only please and delight, like the

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merely agreeable in Art, but as it were carry us away with them, not only surprise us on a first hearing, but astonish us more and more the oftener we hear them, and the better we become acquainted with them, by the exhaustless fund of ideas to be found in them, which, when we have admired them a thousand times, still leave us something new at every return. Lastly, even he who knows little more than the alphabet of music can hardly fail to admire them when they are well played to him, and he opens his ears and heart to them without prejudice. Nay more, to this genuine spirit of his art it is owing that Bach, with all that was great and masterly in his style, united the most refined taste, and the greatest precision in the single parts composing the great whole, which are not reckoned so indispensible here as in those works whose main object is the agreeable: that he considered the whole could not be perfect, if anything were wanting to the perfecting of a single part; and that if, notwithstanding the tendency of his genius to the great and sublime, he occasionally composed and performed in a lighter and more cheerful style, still his very lightness and pleasantry were those of a sage. It was only through this union of the greatest genius with the greatest industry that J. S. Bach was enabled so vastly to extend the bounds of his art on every side, that his successors have been unable to maintain this enlarged domain in its fullest extent. This alone empowered him to produce such numerous and finished works, which collectively are, and will ever remain genuine ideals, and imperishable models of Art. And this man, the greatest musical poet, the greatest musical declaimer that ever existed, and probably ever will exist, was a *German*. Let his country be proud of him; let it be proud, but at the same time worthy of him.

From the London Athenæum, Dec. 15.

What Chorley says of Jenny Lind.

MME. GOLDSCHMIDT'S CONCERTS.—When some account was offered of the Whitsunside Musical Festival at Dusseldorf, [see Jour. of Music, June, '55,] a remark or two were offered on the peculiar position taken up by Mme. Goldschmidt, in respect to Art, to which it may be as well to refer. That hers is a brilliancy which exhausts, rather than enriches, the domain to which she belongs by profession, is self-evident. It is a repetition of the career of Catalani, with some variations.—The uniform splendor of voice exhibited by Catalani is not possessed by the Swedish Lady,—but then Mme. Goldschmidt is twice the musician that her predecessor was; and her voice has one material for effect, which is unique in our experience among *soprani* singers,—we mean the superior flexibility, force, and command over verbal articulation in its uppermost register. The two *prime donne* charmed (and charm) the public by qualities totally apart from natural gifts or musical accomplishments,—by a certain enthusiasm of style, which, let it be spontaneous or let it be studied, is resistless. To neither of the two the conditions of association seemed (or seem) possible. Mme. Catalani was of small use to Opera, because she would be *the* Opera;—Mme. Goldschmidt appears to avoid all festivals where she cannot be *the* Festival. There is a good side to such personality, but there is a less good side to it. The public, however, cares little for the nicest adjustment of the balance. Therefore,—though some such notice as the above is an inevitable symphony to any account of Mme. Goldschmidt's concerts offered by those who will not put Art beneath the feet of any artist, whatever be her name, whatever her accomplishments,—it is needless to work out the argument further, or more circumstantially to enumerate facts and details, the bearing and significance of which must, nevertheless, never be lost sight of. The *soprano* music in "The Creation" is one of Mme. Goldschmidt's parts of predilection; and it is hard to imagine the jubilant portions of the work more magnificently sung than they are by her. Her obvious determination always to do her utmost, and the force which she possesses in the upper octave of her voice, leave certain numbers of "The Creation" without the hope of a better, more earnest, more inspired interpreter than she. Now, too, her voice is at its best, and (as we said in reference to the Dusseldorf Festival) possesses greater lustre and vigor in its upper tones than formerly. In the two descriptive songs—"With verdure clad," and "On mighty pens,"—her volume of tone and strenuousness of manner are in the way of our perfect satisfaction. We remember the more delicate, sweeter, and not less finished delivery of Mme. Stockhausen and Mme. Sontag; and while we recognize the skill and conscience of their successor, we miss something of ease, something of elegance,—we are fatigued rather than enchanted; we are astonished, where a gentler ministration to Beauty would have been more welcome. The *soprano* part in Handel's "Israel" would suit Mme. Goldschmidt admirably,—since it lies in the best part of her voice. Thanksgiving and triumph seem to be the elements of the Swedish Lady's expressive power; —as a gentle and graceful singer she has been surpassed. Her delivery of the English texts leaves nothing to wish, and everything to be imitated by ninety-nine out of the hundred English singers. Strange, that in dignity and distinctness our countrymen and countrywomen should allow themselves to be thus outstripped by foreigners! Mme. Goldschmidt was cordially welcomed and gladly applauded by a public that filled the Hall. The orchestra and chorus, conducted by Mr. Benedict, were sufficient: the gentlemen engaged to sing the *tenor* and *bass solos* seem to feel themselves merely in the accessory position of train-bearers to the Princess of the evening,—and though careful and correct, avoided any attempt at prominence or equal proportion when their duty called them out in concert with the *soprano*.

Opera in New York.

[FURTHER EXTRACTS FROM MR. FRY.]

We resume, from the article in the *Tribune*, the history of Italian Operatic enterprises in New York. Our last extracts brought us to the Academy of Music, and a statement of its large and democratic purposes as set forth in the charter.

In the charter no mention is made of representing Italian Opera as a purpose for which the Academy would be rented; but the articles of subscription to the stock above quoted, provided that the lessee should be bound to give Italian Opera and other musical entertainments. The other musical entertainments have thus far been half a dozen concerts. The charter was granted on April 10, 1852; the building was commenced in May, 1853; completed September, 1854, at a cost of $335,000, including payment for the ground, and opened on October 2, of that year. Fifteen months have elapsed since its dedication. During that brief period it has passed through the hands of five different managers, who have conducted three seasons. It opened with the Grisi and Mario troupe, who, between the second October and 30th December, 1854, gave about 40 performances, the first half under the management of Mr. Hackett, and the remainder under that of four wealthy stockholders represented by Mr. Paine. The prices of admission were at first $3 to all parts of the house except the amphitheatre, or fourth tier, intended to accommodate 1600 of "the masses;" and a place so constructed that most of the occupants, should it ever chance to be filled, can have quite as good a view of the performance as could be obtained from Brooklyn Heights or the Fort at the Narrows. The admission to this amphitheatre was fixed at 50 cents. Subsequently during the season the $3 price was reduced to $2.

The second season commenced in February last under the management of Ole Bull & Co., and closed in June under that of another committee of stockholders. During this season of about forty nights the price was $1 50. The third season, the one just concluded by Mr. Paine, commenced on the 1st of October last, with the following scale of prices: "Boxes, parquette, and balcony, $2; second circle, $1; amphitheatre, 50 cents." Subsequently, they were reduced to the following standard, with which the season closed: "Admission, $1; secured seats, 50 cents extra; amphitheatre, 25 cents."

At the commencement of the season now terminated, the announcement of Mr. Paine's augmented prices was favorably received by some of the press, and commended and defended on various grounds, the chief of which was the assumption that the mass of the people have nothing whatever to do with the support of the Italian Opera, and that the experiment of affording it at a cheap rate had been frequently tried, and had always failed. * * * But if rumor is right, notwithstanding Mr. Paine's great liberality and firm hand, the season, like all preceding ones at the same establishment, has failed to remunerate, in a moneyed way, the manager. Italian Opera, therefore, as at present conducted, cannot be called an institution in New York, but its existence is due solely to the pluck and pocket of a manager.

We, however, are not surprised at the disastrous results of the fresh attempt to found the Italian opera in Fourteenth street as a semi-exclusive institution on the London plan of playing three times a week less than half the year, at prices double, treble, quadruple, and even sextuple those of the theatres. A like result has attended nearly every one of the several attempts made in this city during the past thirty years; while during the same period theatrical management has generally been a regular, successful, and profitable business. The main causes of the success of the latter, and failure of the former may be thus stated:

Theatrical managers as a class, in this city, do a steady, safe, and profitable business. They sell amusement for the mass of the people, at old established stands, well situated in great thoroughfares. They charge cheap, fixed prices, within the means of all customers. Their places of business are open six nights a week during nine-tenths of the year. The public, always sure of finding the shop open, the goods displayed, and the prices unaltered, acquire the habit of dropping in to make purchases, and in time each manager receives a good run of custom. Occasionally, in seasons of general depression, theatrical amusement sellers, like other merchants, are overtaken by calamity; but in the long run their profit and loss account shows a balance on the right side of the ledger. Prosperity with them is the rule.

Italian Opera managers, as a class, in this city, do an unsteady, unsafe, unprofitable business. They sell an amusement which the great mass of the people are told they cannot appreciate or will not support. Their shops are away from great thoroughfares, and never become old-established stands, but after successive failures are converted to other uses. They charge high and ever-varying prices, far above the means of many who might be customers. Their doors, instead of being always open, are only so three times a week for a few months, and at no fixed periods. The public have to search first to find the place of business, next to discover if it chance to be open, and thirdly to ascertain the cost of the goods, and calculate whether they can afford to purchase. The public generally does not choose to take so much trouble, and so their custom is bestowed on the theatre and withheld from the opera house.

The success of a place of amusement depends on its location, construction, and management. Location at the busiest point of the greatest thoroughfare of the city is one of the most essential elements of success. Yet we find Church street, Astor place, and Fourteenth street chosen successively as sites for Italian Opera Houses. * *

The next great error was putting the Academy on a lot too small to allow the construction of an auditorium of the half moon shape, and consequently forcing the architect to adopt the nearly old-fashioned horse-shoe form. Owing to this form, instead of completely seating four to five thousand persons, which the stockholders stated

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would be its capacity, the seats which command a reasonably good view of the stage are about twenty-five hundred. There are, it is true, four thousand seats, so called; but of these, in the fourth tier six to eight hundred command no possible view of a single square foot of the stage, or a performer occupying any position on it. We mention these drawbacks to success at the Academy of Music, which had their origin with the proprietors, and in some degree must ever exist. Let us now inquire what its managers have done to render it popular, to afford opera at moderate rates, and to insure their own success.

We believe there is no fashionable class in this city possessing the ability, or, if possessing it none with the cultivated taste and the disposition to support the Academy as an exclusively Italian Opera House, at prices of admission three to four times greater than those of our theatres. We are not prepared to assert the probability of its being supported as an exclusively Italian Opera House, giving performances only three times a week for a portion of the year, with any scale of prices, high or low. The exorbitant rent of that house, and expenses of performance given only three times a week, probably preclude the attempt to offer them at low prices, as we shall show when examining them in detail. But we are prepared to assert that no trial of the democratic low-priced plan has been made in this city, and especially none such has been made at the Academy, the lowest admission for good secured seats there having been $1 50, and even $3 having been at one time charged. * * *

In London, the plan of giving Italian Opera for a season of five months, twice or thrice a week, at very high rates of admission, was adopted because the nobility and gentry renting all the boxes for the season did not desire to attend oftener, and were willing to pay for their exclusiveness; and did not wish their house, when closed for their Opera performances, to be devoted to other purposes. Consequently, each performance—as a year's rent of about $40,000 and five months' salaries had to be paid out of sixty nights' receipts—cost about twice or thrice as much as if the performers had been engaged like those of other theatres, by the year, to appear every night, and the rent had been paid from the receipts of 313 nights instead of 60. In every attempt to establish the Opera in New York, this London plan has been imitated. But on the contrary the Drama has been rendered popular; admission to theatres, formerly $1, is now 50 cents. The Opera here thirty years ago was $2, and at the commencement of the last season, in the great house built to cheapen and popularize it, it was still $2. What it may be next season, no one knows.

There are now here eight theatres, giving upward of two thousand performances a year. An almost equal number have been in existence, and hardly ever less than half as many have been open, at any period during the past thirty years. In that time there have been given 45,000 performances. In the same time the number of Italian operatic performances has been, as nearly as we can calculate, less than 1,300. In these thirty years there have been 9,360 acting nights; so there has been, on an average, one performance of Italian Opera every seven acting nights, notwithstanding that four Opera-houses have been built—the first of them more than twenty years ago—especially for the performance of Italian Opera. At this rate of progress, the Italian Opera will never become an established popular institution, and the acceleration has been scarcely perceptible in the fifteen months the Academy has been in existence. During these fifteen months, there have been 390 acting nights, or nights exclusively of Sundays. Some of our theatres are open every acting night in the year. Others are closed for one or two months in the summer only. Taking them altogether—including those denominated Museum, Gardens, and what not—they give performances on nine-tenths of the acting nights. If the Academy had been managed like the theatres, the rent up to this time would have been derived from the receipts of 350 performances; that being nine-tenths of the acting nights from the date of its opening. Within that period, however, as we have shown above, there have been only about 120 performances, divided into three seasons, under five sets of managers, with five changes in the scale of prices of admission: all of which proves that there has been no fixed system of management for establishing Italian Operas at the Academy, but a vacillating, experimental course, to determine by a sliding scale what eventually the public could bear.

(Conclusion next week.)

[From the Crayon.]

THE PAINTER AND HIS SITTER.

BY C. P. CRANCH.

At his easel sits the Painter, at his canvas large and white,
And he gazes on the sitter, in the clear, soft studio light,
And with yielding charcoal deftly draws his outline bold and free,
Till the face and form are pencilled, for a cunning hand has he;
Then in graded semicircle spreads his colors and his hues,
Whites and reds and sunny yellows, sober greys and browns, and blues;
And the sitter sees the palette (but is hid the canvas' face),
Sees the primal law and order, every color in its place,
Each proportioned to the other—all seems plain and understood,
And he builds his dream, and trusts the growing picture will be good.
Soon, however, on the palette, while the picture is unseen,
All is mixed in strange confusion, and he says, "What can it mean?
Can those patches and those scratches ever come to anything?
From such muddy streaks and blotches can a fair creation spring?
For the sitter must not stir to see the work that's going on,
Till the portrait is completed, and the artist's task is done.
Like this puzzled sitter, often sits believing, doubting man,
On the Universe he looks and sees a little of the Artist's plan;
Sees with philosophic eye, the laws that govern and direct,
Traversing the world in order—free of discord and defect,
Each a promise of fulfilment—each a hint for hope and faith,
While the Infinite Creator breathes through all his living breath.
Life is rich—the world is perfect—all is order, joy and peace.
Can this vision of perfection, spanning earth and heaven, cease?
Ah! the days grow dark and darker—and the harmony we seek,
Crossed by bitter winds of discord, turns into a maddened shriek.
Hope is crushed and faith bewildered—all in wild confusion whirled,
And the skeptic laughs—"It is a dauber's palette—this brave world!
Where are all your primal colors—where your lovely light and shade?
All is chance and contradiction—out of which what can be made?
I see not the Artist's meaning—*I* see not the end in view,
I must sit and watch his fingers, till his work is carried through."
But the Painter still is working—through these forms of sin and strife,
Out of all this seeming chaos, moulding fairer forms of life,
And one day the patient sitter, from the ARTIST's point of sight,
Shall behold his form transfigured, glowing in the perfect light.

PARIS, April, 1854.

Music Abroad.

London.

Those who heard JENNY LIND in Boston or New York sing: *Hear ye, Israel!* will never forget it, and will imagine what it might be to hear her in all the chief soprano solos of *Elijah*, which formed the second of her series of oratorios in London. The *Times* says, not without truth, we fancy, that "the music allotted to the *soprano* in the great work of Mendelssohn is of a far deeper meaning and a far loftier beauty than anything Haydn ever imagined." We copy from its notice a few sentences:

The air, "Hear ye Israel!" with its sequel, "Thus saith the Lord, the Redeemer of Israel,"—perhaps the grandest oratorio song for a *soprano* voice that has been written—is seldom done justice to by concert vocalists. If a sacred composition may be properly said to be dramatic, this fine inspiration is dramatic in the highest sense of the term; and in the striking contrast between the slow movement and the *allegro* lies one of its chief difficulties. The lamentation of the angel over Israel's sins and the profoundly touching reproach conveyed by the words, "Oh hadst thou heeded my commandments!" are revealed in music of the tenderest pathos, while the sudden hope and strength awakened by the divine words of promise—"I am He that comforteth—be not afraid"—are set to a strain of emphatic melody that approaches the sublime. The correct execution of this arduous piece depends upon gifts, both physical and mental, of an exceptional order. Some have given the first movement, others the last, with more or less feeling and spirit; but Madame Goldschmidt alone, of all the singers we have heard in *Elijah*, has been able to accomplish both in a way to leave little or nothing to desire. In this air, as in the opening of the beautiful duet already alluded to (the last part is too tame) she apprehends entirely the poetical conception of the musician, delivers the text (though her English pronunciation is still imperfect) like a thorough mistress of declamation, and sings every phrase—nay, every note, in a manner so finished and satisfactory, and with such a wealth of vocal tone—tone, pure and naturally produced—that the critic has nothing to do but to praise.

The "Holy, holy"—a composition not to be excelled in simplicity and grandeur—was also encored, and if possible deserved the honor still more than the trio. In the delivery of the slow and measured phrases here intrusted to the principal *soprano* Madame Goldschmidt has never had a rival. They lie in the best part of her voice, which soars above the orchestra and chorus with unclouded purity and splendor, from the impressive opening to the magnificent climax. Such singing has every claim to be apostrophized as *perfect*—a great word, but this time by no means ill applied. Whatever concerted music Madame Goldschmidt had to sing (as, for example, the double quartet, "For he shall give his angels charge," and the quartet, "Cast thy burden upon the Lord," in both of which she took the chief part) she sang well—which, from so practised and experienced an artist, was not surprising. We were a little disappointed, nevertheless, with the scene where Elijah sends the youth to the seashore to look out for rain. We expected considerably more from this; and yet, if summoned to state our objections to the quiet and unobtrusive reading of Madame Goldschmidt, we should be at a loss. There were also a few (very few) other points with which we were not wholly satisfied, whether it was with the "*tempi*," the readings, or what not; but, under the immediate influence of so generally exquisite a performance, we cannot stop to particularize as blemishes what others might possibly refer to a standard of taste. We are persuaded that in very many respects Madame Jenny Goldschmidt never sang with greater power than last night, and are convinced that no other vocalist has hitherto approached her in the *soprano* music of Mendelssohn's *Elijah*.

Paris.

A new opera has been produced at the Italiens, entitled *Fiorina*. It is the work of M. Pedrotti, director of the theatre at Verona, and has been successful. However, the composer has fair right to complain of the manner in which he was treated by the principal artists, who succeeded in making him supremely ridiculous. At every encore, and almost after every round of applause, they rushed for poor M. Pedrotti, and dragged him to the footlights, where he stood bowing his acknowledgements to an audience, many of whom were convulsed with laughter at his frequent apparition. The first two acts are good, the third is an anti-climax, and after the first night the opera was compressed into

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two. I shall not even attempt a description of the *libretto*, which is from an Italian pen, and which rivals the greatest masterpieces of stupidity and involvement. It is more incomprehensible than the *Zauberflöte*, and possesses as little of human interest as that triumph of bathos. But M. Pedrotti is no Mozart, though he has borrowed from him not a little; and, in one particular instance, it might have been supposed that Signor Everardi had mistaken his *rôle* for that of Don Giovanni, so curiously did his serenade resemble "*Deh vieni à la fenestra.*" Mad. Penco made a pretty little peasant. Her vocalization is brilliant and effective, and her voice is sweet and silvery. Sig. Carrion proved himself once more to be a useful tenor, who never refuses a part, and who sings whatever he undertakes with good taste and artistic feeling. Signors Everardi and Zucchini were efficient in their respective parts. We are promised the *Leonora* of Mercadante, the *Matrimonio Segreto, Don Giovanni, Semiramide, Ernani*, and a new opera by Signor Bottesini, of which report speaks highly, entitled *L'Assedio di Firenze.*

With next week, Mdlle. Cruvelli's engagement at the Opera comes to a close. Madame Tedesco has just been engaged by M. Crosnier for three years, and will make her appearance in a few days either in the *Favorite*, or as Fides in the *Prophète.* Mdlle. Donati, said to possess a good *soprano* voice, has also been engaged.

Alboni has commenced an engagement at the opera in Brussels, where she sang on Monday in the *Barbiere.* Nothing could exceed the warmth of her reception, and our Flemish friends were unusually enthusiastic. The Brussels opera has been a sad failure this year, for except Caroline Duprez, who sang for a few weeks at the commencement of the season, they have been unable to secure a *prima donna* of even second rate abilities—to use an Irishism. Four tenors have made their *début*, and all failed. Indeed, during the last two years, Paris has appropriated every Belgian artist worth the having, and while Madame Marie Cabel, Madame Lauters, and Monsieur Everard are nightly winning applause at the Opéra-Comique, the Théâtre-Lyrique, and the Opéra Italien, the "*braves Belges*" at home must be content with what the Parisian managers choose to leave them.—*Corr. London Musical World, Dec.* 22.

St. Petersburgh.—The Italian operatic season opened with Sig Verdi's *Macbeth*, which was followed at the next representation, by *Rigoletto*, in which Mme. Bosio made her début. The company includes the following artists: Mesdames Bosio, De Meric-Lablache, Lotti; Signors Lablache, De Bassini, Tagliafico and Tamberlik.

Schwerin.—Herr Von Flotow, the composer of *Stradella, Martha, Indra*, etc., has been appointed Intendant of the Hof-Theatre.

Coburg.—A medal has been struck at Brussels in honor of his Royal Highness the Duke of Saxe Coburg, in his character as a composer. On one side of the medal is the bust of the duke, with the motto, "Ernest II., duc régnant de Saxe-Coburg." On the other side is the Saxon escutcheon, surrounded by a wreath, composed of lyres and shields. On the latter are the titles of the duke's musical works: *Zaire, Toni, Casilda* and *Sainte-Claire*, and the names of the authors of the *libretti*, Millinet, Elshalz, Birch-Pfeiffer, etc. Underneath the escutcheon is a shield with martial attributes, and the inscription: Eckenforde, 5 April, 1849."

Berlin.—Last week, the Königlicher Domchor commenced its series of concerts at the Singacademie, in the presence of the King, the Queen, and a most brilliant audience. There was not a single empty place in the room. The first part was composed of Palestrina's 'Kyrie', Vittoria's 'Improperia', Bernabel's 'Agnus Dei,' and Caldara's 'Crucifixus.' The second part included Johann Sebastian Bach's Motet, 'Herr, wenn ich Dich nur habe', Mozart's 'Misericordias Domini,' a prelude and fugue by J. S. Bach, and Beethoven's variations in C minor—the two last pieces being played by Herr von Bülow. On the morning of the 2nd inst., a grand musical demonstration was held, in the Singacademie, by the various musical institutions and soloists of the capital, in honor of Dr. Franz Liszt. Herr Grell made a complimentary speech in the name of the Singacademie. Stern's Gesang-Verein sang a selection from *Elijah.* Herren Von Bülow and Laub executed a duet by MM. Kollak and Vieuxtemps, and Herr Laub furthermore performed, alone, Bach's fugue in G minor. Herr Theodor Formes sang one of Dr. Liszt's songs, and Mdlle. Meyer, the grand air from Gluck's *Orpheus.* There is nothing new at the Royal Operahouse.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JAN. 19, 1856.

About Symphony Programmes.

[In] our running commentary on our Boston con[ce]rts, viewing them with reference mainly to thei[r te]ndency to promote or put back real musical ta[ste] and culture in the community, we have in most cases in this journal laid more stress upon the programme than upon the performance. We believe it to be of much more importance *what* music we shall hear, than *how* we shall hear it given, although, of course, no one can be indifferent to the execution of a piece of music, and the better the work, the better it should be performed. But a good book can benefit us in spite of a bad reader, and the first essential is *good* music, quite as much as good books. We rejoice, therefore, to see the question of programmes, of fit selections, seriously discussed in public prints, where it is too much the custom that the singer or the player gets all the notice, and the composer none. Let this be our excuse for copying here the whole thus far (whether it will go farther we know not) of a pleasant little controversy which has sprung up in the *Transcript* since the performance of M. Gouvy's Symphony at one of the six Orchestral Concerts.

[From the Transcript of Jan 8.]

A Word about Symphonies. *Mr. Editor:* I went to the Music Hall on Saturday evening, with a good degree of curiosity concerning the merits of Gouvy's Symphony No 2, which was then performed for the first time before a Boston audience. After hearing it through (and the orchestra did it full justice,) I was unable to find in it sufficient merit to warrant its repetition. It has but a meagre supply of melody (chiefly contained in the first and last movements) and no features which indicate, in the composer, a lively fancy or a powerful conception. The audience regarded it with little favor, as was clearly proved by their reservation of *hearty* applause for the sparkling Allegretto from Beethoven's 8th Symphony.

Now as a Symphony forms a very important part of our concert programmes, why cannot this post of honor be always given to some composer of the rank of Mozart or Haydn? If Gouvy's Symphony was selected for the sake of novelty, the works of the other two composers can abundantly furnish this desideratum. Each of them has a great number of Symphonies, but very few of which (some three or four, possibly,) have been played in Boston within a score of years There is, indeed, a legend, that a band, existing here some thirty or forty years ago, used to play them; but the present race of concert-goers probably derived little benefit therefrom.

Now, Messieurs Directors, if you will give up the Symphony department of the remaining concerts to Haydn or Mozart, a positive benefit will be conferred on the admirers of true Art. X.

[From the Transcript of Jan 15.]

Musical Matters. *Mr. Editor:* An article in the Transcript, a few evenings since, in which the writer *kindly* advises the Directors of the Orchestral Concerts how best to further the cause of music among us, (viz: by only giving the public Symphonies of Beethoven and Mozart, and never hazarding the production of a work of such importance as a Symphony by any modern composer,) certainly calls for some comment.

In the first place, the Directors will doubtless wish to thank Mr. X. for his kindness in calling their attention to the excellence of the works of the great masters, and would then remind him that out of four concerts, two have been devoted, in the Symphony department, to Beethoven's Sixth and Seventh Symphonies, and one to Mendelssohn's Scotch Symphony. (Perhaps, however, he may not look upon Mendelssohn as fit to educate the public.) These three programmes look as if those who wrote them were aware of the excellence of Beethoven and his brethren.

In the second place, we would ask X. if he thinks it is much to devote one concert out of six to the production of a very pleasing and well written Symphony, (which, perhaps, he does not quite comprehend, after one hearing,) which was new to an American public; which gave an indication of what a young composer of our own day can do in this department of music; and which had been played with so much satisfaction before the most critical audience in Europe (that of the Leipsic Gewandhaus) that the author returned the next year with a new composition of the same class, which was performed before the same audience with equal gratification.

Are we, because we consider Shakespeare and Milton the greatest of poets, never to read Tennyson and Longfellow, Bryant and Browning? Are we, because we bow before Raphael and Michael Angelo, never to look at Turner and Landseer, Scheffer, and Decamps? The most cultivated audiences are those which best know what is going on in the world around them, as well as what has gone before them. We measure the greatness of the greatest by the relative proportions of the lesser, and we cannot be just in our appreciations of either without a thorough knowledge of the capacities of both. The meanness of mind which only admits of the highest excellence as fit food for its cultivation; which cannot look at the humble field violet because it is not as great and as strong as a forest oak, gives the most deadly blow to all national progress in Art or Science, and only renders men bigots and schismatics. There are greater glories and lesser glories, differing in kind and in brightness. A hill is not unworthy of attention because it is not a mountain, nor a wren because it is less gorgeous than a bird of paradise.

Let us study liberality. Let us, while we give the greatest share of our time to the marvels of Art, allow at least now and then a moment to that which, provided it be good within its limit, will serve to make us enjoy the greatest the more, when we return to them, and enable us, if we have liberal minds, to see that there are many degrees of excellence, and that unless we are predetermined to worship only Raphael, Beethoven, and Shakespeare, we can find much to enjoy, in a lesser way, in what is pleasing and graceful, as well as in that which is sublime and unapproachable. Perhaps the truth is that we American Athenians think we know too much; that we are so conversant with all that is greatest and best, that all else palls upon our pampered palates. We ask pardon of Mr. "X.," who is doubtless an American Athenian, deigning only to acknowledge the giants of Art who alone are worthy to interest his mind.

A Diminished Seventh.

[From the Transcript of Jan. 16.]

Another "Word about Symphonies."

Mr. Editor: I find that an article of mine in the Transcript of the 8th inst. has elicited a rejoinder in yesterday's paper. I must commence my comments on this response by observing that Mr. "Diminished Seventh" has fallen into a serious mistake, at the outset, in stating my position. I did *not* counsel the Directors of our Orchestral Concerts to make their symphony selections from the works of *Beethoven* and Mozart, for good opportunities of knowing Beethoven's symphonies have been given us within the last five years. What I *did* suggest was, that the symphonies for the remaining concerts should be taken from the works of *Mozart* or *Haydn.* My respondent, by falling into this error, has materially weakened his second paragraph. He should have read more carefully the closing part of my communication.

In his third paragraph, Mr. "Diminished Seventh" asks if I think "it is much to devote one concert out of six to the production of a very pleasing and well-written Symphony?" (which gave so much satisfaction to the most critical audience in Europe that the author was induced to furnish another composition of the same class, which was performed before the same audience with equal gratification). I reply: Under the circumstances, it *was* "much." And let us consider these circumstances. Our opportunities for hearing Symphonies are few—very few. Boston is not like Leipsig, or several other continental cities, in furnishing abundant opportunities for hearing the performance of every description of instrumental music. Admitting that Gouvy's Symphony *was* "very pleasing and well-written, yet therefore should its performance have displaced a Symphony which (*even on a first hearing*) might, in its every movement, have *enraptured* the audience?

I think I can mention a Symphony, which on a first hearing, would delight the greenest audience which could be found in New England. I mean Haydn's Symphony in D, which was among those performed here last winter. Now I have sufficient faith in this composer to believe that his works might furnish *many other Symphonies* equally delicious—and yet (charming trait!) giving no trace of effort on the part of the composer. The play of his fancy is untiring, whether in the frolic of an allegro, or the ineffective sweetness of an adagio; and yet, to *not one* of our orchestral concerts this winter have his Symphonies, or those of his kindred spirit, Mozart, contributed.

Mr. "Diminished Seventh" asks if, because we consider Shakspeare and Milton the greatest of poets, we are never to read Tennyson and Longfellow, Bryant, and Browning? I should be very sorry to sanction any such narrowness. But now, sir, suppose that the reading public had only been allowed to see Macbeth and Lear, and the first two books of the Paradise Lost; then suppose them to be informed

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that a whimsical publisher had some forty of Shakspeare's plays, and the remaining books of the poem, locked up in his safe, preferring to issue works of more modern description. Would they *then* read Tennyson and Longfellow with as much satisfaction as at present? I think not.

Now, by all that I can learn, there are at least *forty Symphonies*, by Haydn and Mozart, of which *Boston* audiences are totally ignorant. The people of *Leipzig* have probably enjoyed abundant opportunities of hearing these Symphonies; and therefore may act wisely in fostering pleasing novelties. As Bostonians are circumstanced, they should, it would seem, first gain some needful knowledge of the greatest orchestral productions of Mozart and Haydn, after which, it will be full time enough to look up the works of Mr. Gouvy, and composers of similar calibre. Mr. "Diminished Seventh" remarks that "the most cultivated audiences are those which best know what is going on in the world around them, as well as what has gone before them."

Very true; but, *in musical matters*, Bostonians have thus far necessarily remained ignorant of the greatest portion of "what has gone before them," and, therefore, even if they were fully apprised of "what is going on in the world around them," they would hardly bear the complimentary designation of "the most cultivated audiences." Let us hope that this misfortune may be remedied. X.

These remarks appear to us well-meant, and not without much reason, upon both sides. That "Diminished Seventh" misunderstood "X." is quite evident. The latter, if we mistake not, is much more of a Haydn and Mozart man than an enthusiast about Beethoven, whom we doubt not, nevertheless, that he appreciates. But he writes, it seems to us, like an amateur of the old school of symphony music,—one brought up with a profound reverence for Father Haydn, and who looks upon his symphonies as the everlasting models in that kind. His point is, that knowing so much of Beethoven, it is high time we went back and made ourselves familiar with the stepping-stones to him,—with his illustrious predecessors, whose symphonies were the wonder and delight of a music-loving generation or two before us. He writes in good temper, and without the arrogance, that we can see, of which his respondent charges him; and in his general view of the true economy of our great musical opportunities (not over many at the best) he has our sympathy.

Let us rejoice that we have persons of such different preferences who care so seriously about symphonies as to make them matter of such discussion. The three communications are instructive, and suggest the following inferences.

1. It is impossible, in a course of only six symphony concerts, to satisfy either the momentary preferences or lasting partialities of all even of the most truly appreciative of great music. Mozart and Haydn are good; every one feels a portion of his birthright withheld from him, if he may never hear them; some even think them incomparable, and that to leave them out in symphony concerts is to leave out Hamlet in the play. Beethoven, too, is good; in *our* day he impresses the larger number far more deeply than any master; his music has, perhaps, more of the deeper spirit of this age in it; his symphonies are played more frequently than others, because both musicians and public find in them more meaning, more excitement, more that speaks to their inmost souls than they do in any other. But there are geniuses since Beethoven, who have produced *great* symphonies; there is that wonderful symphony of Schubert; there are the two of Mendelssohn; many would add Schumann, or Gade, or both, to the list; and where there is really genius, really high Art, is it not always good to hear a Symphony? Haydn wrote many *more* than anybody, but who will say that they collectively *contain* as much as the immortal nine of Beethoven? It is good also to know what is going on in the world, what merit or interest there may be in younger efforts in the same great form. But how are we to provide *all* these good things even in a Leipzig winter? how, especially in a Boston season of six concerts, where but one symphony upon an evening will be tolerated? How contrive to satisfy, in a selection of six pieces, both those who want to renew the glorious impression of the Beethoven symphonies; those who are anxious to have the *forty*, or more, of Haydn and Mozart taken from the shelf and aired; those who mourn that such splendid things as they have heard once or twice from Schubert, Mendelssohn, &c., cannot be heard every winter; those who are eager to give "young Germany" a chance; those who are curious to hear and recognize clever young efforts from all quarters, foreign and domestic;—in short the thousand-and-one tastes, and whims, and preferences which must exist about all such matters?

2. What then does it all point to? To *the most economical use of opportunities so few*. It would be very narrow to insist on always having the three or four very greatest, if we had opportunity for these and many more besides. But when our opportunities are only six in a whole winter, can we afford to give up one of them to the trial of a work which may gratify curiosity, but puts forth only the claim of cleverness and not of genius,—a work creditable to a young author, but taking no deep hold on any one? Can we for correctness, elegance, and so forth, dispense with real inspiration? We *must* conclude that every one of six such precious chances ought to be secured to some great work of a great master.

3. And here we recognize the soundness of "X's" position in his last communication. We are *not* a musically cultivated people, like the Germans. If we were, our very familiarity with the existing treasures of the Symphonic Art would make us curious to hear new efforts, and at the same time fit to judge of them, and safe from injury to our own taste in the hearing of them. But it is not so with us. Our musical taste, as a community, is yet to be formed; it is all-important that we form it upon contemplation of the best models, that we go to real works of genius, so that we may feel the real worth of music, feel it and receive it *deeply*, and know the difference between true Art and idle fashion or mechanical, ambitious manufacture. If you look into the further recess of the sculpture gallery in the Athenæum, you may see at one glance what Art is and what it is not, by comparing the "Day and Night" of Michael Angelo, with that monstrous snow-image-like abortion of an American "Backwoodsman," in which marble seems to try to look like plaster. There they are; with *both* before you, you are safe; the true puts out the false. But suppose our only gallery contained only such "Backwoodsmen," or gentler subjects treated feebly or falsely by mediocre talent, such as always finds its circle of admirers:—what would be the influence upon the public taste? Suppose you had not room for both, should it not be Michel Angelo in preference to the specimen of new or native talent? Suppose the Phydian Jove, the Apollo, the Diana, the Laocoön, the Venus of Milo, &c., were kept out of sight, all but two or three of that great rank, to make room for larger hospitality to interesting first attempts, it may be horrible abortions, on the strength of local or personal considerations, or theoretic encouragement to rising talent and faith in the future—would that be true economy of our small means of such æsthetic culture?

4. "Diminished Seventh" is entirely right in wishing the horizon of our musical experience extended; as also in the idea that we know the great familiar models better, after listening to the best attempts of secondary talent. We all join in lamenting the few chances which young composers have of getting their larger works brought fairly or at all before the public. But the encouragement of young productive talent, important a matter as it is, is not to be confounded with the objects of the one only series of concerts in community, in which that community may learn what of truest, greatest, most immortal has been accomplished in the Art of Music.

CONCERTS.

THE GERMAN TRIO.—The second concert of Messrs. GARTNER, HAUSE and JUNGNICKEL, took place at Chickering's on Friday evening last week. The vocalist of the evening was Mrs. J. H. LONG. We were not able to be present, but record the following programme:

PART I.

1. Grand Sonata in A minor Op. 47, for Piano and Violin .... Beethoven.

PART II.

2. Cavatina, Betly se cru dele .... Donizetti.
3. Souvenir de Spa Fantaisie, for Violoncello .... F. Servais.
4. Grand Duo (Concertant,) for Piano and Violin .... Wolff and D Beriot.
5. Two Songs .... C. Gärtner.

PART III.

6. Trio C minor, Op 1. No. 3 for Piano, Violin, and Violoncello .... Beethoven.

GRAND UNION CONCERT.—The performance of HANDEL'S "Messiah," last Saturday evening, by the MUSICAL EDUCATION SOCIETY, swelled by volunteers from the HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY to a chorus of perhaps two hundred and fifty voices, appeared to indicate the fact that six performances (by various bodies) of that oratorio within a month, were at least one too many. With fair weather the Music Hall was far from full. It was too late to borrow any interest from Christmas, while for the many some less familiar work (none could be greater) would have been more inviting. No other oratorio, or musical work whatever has attained to an anniversary place in the great social festival of Christendom; and any work which enjoys that prerogative, that certainty of being never suffered to become forgotten, should not, at all events need not, be brought out very often in the intervals. Yet doubtless a Saturday evening gave many a chance to hear the sublime work, who are debarred from it on Sunday evenings; more than one clergyman we noticed from the neighboring towns, listening with a fresh enthusiasm, which it was pleasant to behold.

The performance was on the whole a very good one. The choruses were generally sung correctly and with spirit. A certain hardness, however, a want of round and mellow *ensemble* of tone seemed to distinguish their effect from that of the last performances in that hall. Yet the body of soprani was richer, fuller, fresher than in the Handel and Haydn chorus. The "Hallelujah" and the "Wonderful" went finely. The orchestra was select but small. Mr. ARTHURSON appeared to sing with a good deal of effort, yet in

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Comfort ye and *Every Valley*, he succeeded in producing a true and artistic utterance of the music, and in passages some of his best tones. A recitative and air like *Thy Rebuke* and *Behold and see*, it is always good to hear from one in whom so much true taste and feeling make up for any deficiencies of voice. The best of voices, in its best estate, without those more interior excellencies, would but affect us painfully in such a song. The singer had to be excused from the stronger effort demanded by the air: *Thou shalt dash them.* Mr. MOZART sang the bass solos of the first part with a firm and solid voice and accurate reading, but rather mechanically and with a painful setting apart of the notes, *staccato*-wise, in the roulade passages. Nothing but a certain ease and elasticity, only acquired by thorough vocal culture, can save those old mannerisms of melody from drowsiness. Mr. PRATT, who sang the bass songs of the last part, (*Why do the nations rage*, and *The trumpet shall sound*), acquitted himself very creditably, doing all loyally, with conscientious care; yet his tones come out of too uniform a calibre, not modulated and shaded so as to give life and grace to the whole melody.

Mrs. LONG's voice was more beautiful than ever in the annunciation: *There were Shepherds;* the high tones had a crystal clearness, and this time she failed not once in intonation. In *Rejoice greatly*, and *I know that my Redeemer*, she still improves; but there is still too much evident hard work for her in the rapturous roulades of the former, and room for greater depths of spiritual expression in the latter. Who but the most lark-like and the most saint-like of great singers is fully equal to those two songs? Mrs. Long wins more and more respect by her earnest and successful study of such music. Mrs. WENTWORTH sang, *Come unto Him*, and *But thou didst not leave*, with her usual purity and carefulness of style; a favorite always. Miss TWITCHELL's deep and full contralto, and simple, reverential manner, told with true effect in *He was despised;* greater freedom of utterance, greater flexibility, and a less sombre character of tone are needed to make *O thou that tellest* as declamatory and impressive as it should be.

We presume the performances of the "Messiah" for this winter are over, and we now look forward to the Education Society for "Jephtha," to the Mendelssohn Choral for "St. Paul," and to the Handel and Haydn for the "Creation."

MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB.—We entered Chickering's in the latter part of the fifth Concert, on Tuesday evening, to find the room overflowing into the ante-room. By far the largest Chamber audience of the season, and most eager listeners besides. The programme was a choice one.

PART I.

1. Quartet in E flat, No. 4 ....Mozart.
   Adagio—Andante—Minuetto—Finale, Allegro.
2. Trio in C minor, No. 1, op. 1 ....Beethoven.
   Allegro—Andante—Scherzo—Finale, Allegro.
   Messrs. Trenkle, Meisel & W. Fries.

PART II.

3. Quartet in E flat, No. 3, op. 44..............Mendelssohn.
   Adagio and Scherzo.
4. Elegie, No. 1, op. 8, for Clarinet......................Ryan.
   Thomas Ryan.
5. "Kreutzer Sonata" in A, op. 47, for Piano and Violin..................................Beethoven.
   Introduction and Allegro—Andante and Variations—Finale, Presto.
   Messrs. Trenkle & Fries.

We were sorry to lose this chance of renewing acquaintance with that model Quartet (of which we have in past years said so much) by MOZART; and also with that early Trio, full of young Herculean strength, of BEETHOVEN. Mr. RYAN's *Elegie*, of which we heard not the beginning, seemed a composition full of graceful, tender melody, well suited to the clarinet, and delicately set off by a quartet accompaniment of strings which showed not a little refinement of harmony. The only question was whether the piece was not prolonged a little farther than its inspiration warranted;—always the tendency with these free compositions of a sentimental order. It was of course beautifully played.

The old "Kreutzer Sonata" alone was enough to reward one for a long walk to Chickering's. It is some years since it has been played here in public. Its passionate Allegro, leaping with fiery impatience from the brooding, dark soliloquy of the slow violin introduction, and wrestling Prometheus-like with Fate; its solemn, large, profoundly religious Andante, with the admirable variations, each a new inspiration from the theme; and the bright and playful Presto Finale, are each perfect in its way, and exceedingly characteristic of BEETHOVEN. Mr. TRENKLE played the piano-forte part with masterly precision, clearness and effect, and without any virtuoso affectations. The commencement however betrayed a little stiffness of timidity. He is one of our best pianists. Mr. FRIES's violin left little to be desired.

Chit-Chat.

Attractions, which never failed before, will fail to-night, if there be not a large audience at the Fifth ORCHESTRAL CONCERT. Look at the programme on our last page. The old C minor Symphony is a grand conciliator of all opinions; old and young, ultra-classical and ultra-modern, Haydn ites and Schumann-ites,—all own the inspiration of Beethoven's Fifth, and to Boston it is dear as the memory of first love. The Septuor, by the same master, the *Oberon* and "Siege of Corinth" Overtures, the ever-fascinating *Notturno* from the "Midsummer Night's Dream," the solo by WULF FRIES, and two choice songs from Mozart and Haydn, sung by Mrs. WENTWORTH, offer an agreeable variety.

On Monday night begins the Opera, and for some weeks LAGRANGE, and DIDIEE, and HENSLER, BRIGNOLI, SALVIANI, and MORELLI will be the talk, eclipsing oratorio and concert. The auditorium of the Boston Theatre will doubtless present a brilliant array; but we wonder at the policy of not announcing the piece for the opening night in better season. On their return flight from Baltimore and Philadelphia, the troupe favored New York again last evening with *Don Juan*.

The Annual Meeting of the HARVARD MUSICAL ASSOCIATION, (a society composed mainly, but not wholly, of graduates of Harvard, and meriting a fuller notice than we have room for now,) took place at the Revere House on Monday evening. The business was followed by a pleasant supper, of a most æsthetic character, of which not a few distinguished literary and artistic gentlemen partook, and toasts, short speeches, music, vocal and instrumental, stories, &c., prolonged the feast into the short hours.....Mlle. DE LAMOTTE, the very successful teacher of the Piano in classes, announces, it will be seen, the commencement of a new class.

Correspondence.

NEW YORK, JAN'Y 15.—On Saturday last the second PHILHARMONIC concert took place, attracting, if possible, a still greater crowd than the first. The performance, on the whole, was very satisfactory. GADE's beautiful "Ossianic" Symphony (I can find no better term to characterize it), was well rendered, particularly the last two movements—that loveliest of Adagios and the Finale, with its strange, wierd chief theme. The novelty of the evening was BERLIOZ's overture to *Les francs Juges;* one of his earlier works. Opinions vary considerably with regard to this composition, hitherto unknown to us, but I cannot agree with those who were highly pleased with it, and thought it the best part of the concert. I did not like it by any means as well as the overture to "King Lear," by the same composer, which we heard some years ago. It did not interest me at all, although there are many fine points in it. The instrumentation is at times very powerful and effective, and one melody is quite pretty and pleasing, but commonplace. I am not enough of a musician to dissect and analyze such a work on a slight acquaintance; suffice it to say that I could not like it, though I tried my best to do so. BADIALI, the good-natured, the conscientious, the earnest artist, was hailed with tremendous applause. He is very popular with our public, and justly so, indeed. His voice is wonderful, seemingly not in the least impaired by years, (of which he is said to have nearly reached his full measure of three score and ten), and is as powerful, as firm, and as much under his control as ever. His style is so perfect too, that one can almost forget the unsatisfactory music which he only too often sings. He gave us the other night two arias, by MERCADANTE and VERDI, in both of which he was rapturously encored. Mr. SCHMITZ played a Concertino by WEBER on the French horn, which is, itself, a beautiful instrument, reminding one, in its sound, of purple velvet, but which is much better adapted to the slow, massive, long drawn out notes, than to rapid variations and *fioriture*. The programme said that "in this piece the composer had succeeded in producing the effect of full chords on the instrument;" but I must own that this effect was rather ludicrous than anything else; not at all repaying either performer or listeners for the evident difficulty of producing it. WEBER's gushing, joyous overture to *Euryanthe*, with its stately fugue, so wondrously wrought up, closed the concert, and was played with a great deal of spirit, but only heard by half of the audience. Shame on the other half!

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Translated for this Journal.

The Mission of Mozart.

LEADING CHARACTERISTICS OF HIS GENIUS AND HIS WORKS.

BY A. OULIBICHEFF.

A scarcely noticeable brooklet at its origin, and grown since to a river, at the point where we left it,* Music saw its elements divide into several arms, which flowed away like separate streams, increased by the tribute of the ages, without yet enabling one to say, whether they were all streaming towards some unknown Ocean of Harmony, or about to waste themselves in the sandy epochs of partial decay, as was already the case with Church music. Already each department singly had almost or quite reached the goal of its development. The Choral song since PALESTRINA had become settled in its majestic simplicity and its thoroughly churchlike expression; the regular Fugue had reached its goal in BACH; the chief forms of dramatic song had become established in the tragic and the *buffo* Opera; the Contrapuntal and the Melodic style had yielded the quintessence of what they could yield singly, and the art of composition seemed, with BACH and HANDEL, with GLUCK and PICCINI, inclined to come to a pause, as the art of singing did perhaps already stand still with FARINELLI, CAFARELLI, PACCHIAROTTI and MARZUOLI. Finally HAYDN and BOCCHERINI had brought instrumental music upon the only good path, upon which progress was still possible. All branches of Music had borne their fruits; each of its partial tendencies had ripened about the year 1780. And now appeared MOZART, asserting *his* claims, in which his earthly mission justified him.

What step had Music still to take? I will begin my answer by another question. Whence comes it, that no one of the musicians discussed in our Introduction, Haydn himself included (of course we mean the Haydn *before* Mozart), is any longer quite or always able to satisfy the music-lovers of our time, unless some curiosity of amateurship or some historical interest comes in play in the reading or hearing of their works? And yet Bach, Handel and Gluck were composers who in their way have never been surpassed. PICCINI and SACCHINI, too, both have their merits. Our admiration of their genius remains undiminished, and yet we cannot hear them two or three hours in succession, without silently confessing, that we feel fatigued. The reason lies in the fact, that the superiority of these men has but one side, or at least but one principal side. To be obliged to listen to three hours of declamation and of tragic ariettas, or three hours of sweetish, liquid melody, or three hours of vocal fugues, or harmonic and contrapuntal learning at the piano, exceeds our capacity of enjoyment; that is no way to make out an evening. We can now apprehend MOZART'S mission.

His calling was: to reconcile the conflicting schools, collecting all their colors and devices under one banner; to lay the foundation of the future of music by the union of its past and present; to enlarge the power and compass of this art, through the symmetrical and nicely calculated coöperation of all its elements, the simultaneous development of all its auxiliaries and the well-considered combination of all its forces, to the production of new effects; to eliminate as much as possible from musical productions all mere local and temporary influences, all forms merely conventional or belonging to particular schools, and put in their place the pure analogies of feelings and of thoughts, determinate and indeterminate, to which music ought to correspond. It was his problem, to make music as unitary and as universal, as the law of the harmonic Tri-chord, out of which it sprang, and as the poesy of the soul, whose most confidential and complete interpreter it is; in short, to write works, which came as near perfection as it is possible for mortal man to come,—models for every style, every department, every use, public or private, religious or profane, to which music can be specially applied; works which contain a complete body of examples, such as the art of composition needs, both in a technical and an æsthetic point of view, and such as the aforesaid kinds, styles and applications especially demand. * * * *

In what epoch had the musician to be borne, who was to give to music a definitive constitution? In the epoch when the elements of this art, following their diverging lines of progress, had become sufficiently prepared and ripened to pass from the state of isolation into that of union. In what place had he to be borne? The choice of place was limited to Italy or Germany. Everywhere else Mozart's vocation would have failed. Even in Italy it would have done so, and for the very simple reason, that the Italians could make nothing out of foreign music, and that their prejudice on this point was equal to their ignorance. Germany, on the contrary, despised nothing, because it knew all, then as now. Mozart, therefore, was a German, near the end of the eighteenth century. His cradle stood in a Catholic country, between the borders of Italy and of Bohemia, between Munich and Vienna, in a *Residenz*, in which music was a necessary splendor to the court of a prince-bishop. The place could not have been better chosen! It formed just the centre of the most musical regions of the world, all of which adhered to Catholicism.

But to whose hands were such great hopes entrusted? Who should bring the boon thus confided to its fruit-bearing period? Take every thing that can secure success for the future, choose a teacher, such as the pedagogic art could only think of in its finest dreams; let this Mentor be a master in music, a man of cultivated mind, of the strictest morality, combined with rare shrewdness and rare prudence, who thoroughly understands the theory, the practice, the method of teaching and the literature of his Art; who cherishes no prejudice of any sort or school, nor any individual or patriotic prejudice; who knows how to prize the old and the new, the Italian and the German music at their true worth. If such a Mentor could be easily found to-day, even with the lantern of Diogenes, I am yet to be informed; but such a man, trait for trait, was Mozart's master; and that master was his father, the most intelligent and of necessity also the most zealous of all masters. If LEOPOLD MOZART does not seem to have been expressly called to conduct the education of his son, then we must cease to believe in final causes.

As soon as the child has put his finger on the keyboard, the father as a Christian and a musician recognizes the wonder; he sees what method is to be pursued with such a scholar; he lets playing and composing go on step by step together; the scholar plays and studies all composers indiscriminately, as they fall into his hands. Why make any selection, why guide this double study farther onward by slow steps? Whatever the child sees, he also plays; whatever you would ex-

* In the author's Introduction, or "Review of the History of Music before Mozart," which the reader will find translated at length in Vol. V. of this Journal.

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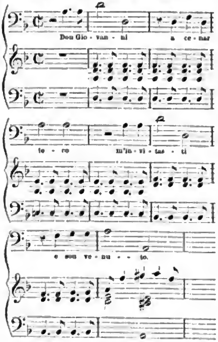
The second musician, who makes an epoch in the annals of the Art, and with whom, according to our view, real music takes its origin, is PALESTRINA, whose *Stabat Mater* and *Improperia* he had heard performed in Rome during the Carnival week, and which he doubtless had already studied. Long banished from the secular music and the fugue, Palestrina's modulation still lived on in the Chorale; but it had not preserved its old simplicity therein, and Bach, as well as Vogler, an emendator*, in that he undertook to substitute the Greek modes as a basis, sought by artificial harmony, and a choice of chords entirely unknown to Palestrina, to reduce it to the modern keys. But Mozart, who better than any other knew the power and majesty of the progression by trichords, did not hesitate to introduce it in profane music and even in the opera, with the changes necessary to render it less hard and more correct. He approached the harmony of the sixteenth century with far less constraint than Bach and Vogler, and without giving it out for Greek music, he understood how to produce effects from this bold innovation, of which the reader may judge from the sublime and universally known example, which I here place before his eyes:



Here we have a succession of Trichords, without any modal connecting links, extending to the seventh chord: a harmony entirely in the style of Palestrina.

[To be continued.]

IL TROVATORE.—From the *California Pioneer*, a magazine in which we almost always find something entertaining, we copy the following amusing description of an operatic performance in the city of Swineville:—

Last night, our citizens were regaled with that *chef d' œuvre* of the lyric drama, "The Burnt Child, or the Harmonious Blacksmith," by Mr. Verdi. The libretto was written by the poet Dante (whose works are now a publishing in this place by subscription), assisted by his two daughters, Ann and Merca Dante. The leading characters are sustained by Mrs. Westvalley, Signor Stromboli, and Signor Badyeller, with others whose names we have not yet learned to pronounce. The orchestra is better than our own band, which consists of seven accordeons and a base flute. We had a large and brilliant house, newly shingled for the occasion; and all the accessories were perfect, including the public lorgnette, which was one of Dolland's best night glasses, arranged upon a stand in the middle of the house, so that the audience could look through it in rotation, merely by going up a short ladder. We will give in a few words the outline of the plot:—It seems there had been an old grudge between Mrs. Stromboli and Mrs. Westvalley, about a preserving kettle which the former had borrowed of the latter and returned badly fractured. Mrs. Westvalley being of a hasty, passionate disposition, immediately caught up Mrs. Stromboli's child (as she thought) and threw him into the fire, which, being of large hickory logs, and very hot, consumed him before she had time to reflect. She discovered afterwards that it was her own child she had destroyed, and felt really sorry; so by way of atonement, being really a good-hearted woman, she took another child who happened to be in the house, and brought him up like a good mother, as she was; mended his stockings, sent him to school, and tipped him regularly once a quarter.

All this amiable story was only by way of introduction, and in the first act two bellicose individuals appear, with an extensive plume apiece, and most truculent raiment, each of whom reveals to a large and discriminating audience, in the presence of the other, the secret of his love for the prima donna, a practice which in private life would cause some bitterness of feeling, but which, upon the stage, only tends to additional harmony. It is doubtful for some time which of these feathered songsters will prevail, but finally the barytone (Count Moon) gets the better of the tenore, in spite of his tin helmet, and he his carried off to prison. Mrs. Westvalley, for some inscrutable reason, is put into irons and sent off somewhere into the wings, by a large and efficient singing police force, also in tin helmets. Then comes in the prima donna (Leonora) who seems to have a great deal to say, though nobody knows where she came from or who she belongs to. She appears to be a very unhappy young woman, alternating some time between difficult solos and still more difficult pedestrian feats, and finally going off into a "cadulcion," after what appears to be a frantic attempt to climb into the second story window of somebody's private residence, and the curtain goes down upon the dreary scene. The plot is somewhat obscure thus far, but it is beautifully cleared up in the second act, by the appearance of several blacksmiths judiciously clad in armor, who, assisted by the orchestra, commence vigorously hammering upon their respective anvils, but without the intervening piece of hot iron generally used upon such occasions, whereat the Swinevilleians marvelled greatly. After this grand mechanical display they all disappeared, but soon rushed in again armed with swords; and not having their temper sweetened and subdued by the chastening influence of Christianity, they immediately commenced a free fight. It suddenly occured to them, however, to sing a trio and chorus, which had such a moving effect that they all vanished, forgetting all about the "scrimmage," thus proving conclusively the power of music upon the savage breast. In the next place Count Moon enters, and barytoniously bewails, until Mrs. Westvalley comes in and kindly informs him, by means of severe vocalization and some help from the orchestra, that his rival, whom he has just hanged, is his own brother, and the identical child who so narrowly escaped roasting in the prologue. His emotion at these pleasant tidings is "right smart," and he is obliged to titillate his nose with a lace pocket handkerchief, take several manly strides, and sing a song of considerable length before he can compose himself. Then she takes her turn, and goes off into a paroxysm; but she soon finds that violent gesticulation will not do, because the shackles are to large for her wrists, and she is afraid her irons will drop off, so she subsides into such a magnificent solo that we are all compelled to cry bravo, regardless of gender. Captain Cognosco, the chief of our dilettanti, who was just out of peanuts, commenced applanding in the middle of a shake, and could only be induced to desist when she had finished her cadenza. About this time they all settle away upon the stage with more or less violence, and expire, one after the other, in the flower of their youth, leaving the audience much affected at their untimely fate, although they are nothing but foreigners. We suppose for an instant that they all died like Lord Lovel, of pure sorrow, but are speedily enlightened by a couple of arpeggios from the fiddles, one of which clearly but concisely informs us, that the female party has just poisoned herself with ratsbane, and the other explains that the male party have all punctured the aorta. Notwithstanding they are all dead, very dead, we persist in calling them out, and they have a sort of apotheosis, with the aid of holyhocks and spring onions, and we all go home refreshed and contented.

Where all was so perfect it would be invidious to particularize, but we cannot refrain from commending Mrs. Westvalley, for the foreshortening of her left arm in the grand quintette between herself and Stromboli in the second act. The chorus also deserve great credit for the admirable precision of their gestures, first with the right hand, then with the left. There was a brilliant effect produced by one of the heavy hammers, which came off the handle and rattled upon the feet of the scaly-breeched warriors, causing some unexpected gyrations. We must not overlook some faults, the effect of a too hasty preparation. Capt. Cognosco remarked that Mrs. Westvalley looked badly about the fetlocks, and had the effect generally of not being well groomed; and the voice of the prima donna, whose name we have forgotten, was a little husky, which, we learn, was caused by eating too much coarse corn bread for supper. Mrs. Westvalley's voice is *mezzo allegretto*, of great power and brilliancy, though somewhat shaky in the *da capo* notes. We also noticed a muffled tone, which was caused by her wearing a night cap on the stage. Signor Badyeller is a robust barytone, of great power and pre-eminence, whose only faults are those of youth and inexperience. He is only sixty-five, and will improve as he grows older. Signor Stromboli was most excellent in the vocal passages, though his singing was decidedly bad. The orchestra was perfect as a whole; but we think the instrumental parts had better be omitted. The brass was metallic, and there was an unpleasant toughness about the strings. We also noticed a reedy tone in one of the clarionettes. To conclude, we fully agree with Captain Cognosco, that as a whole it has never been equalled, and only surpassed by Ossian's Bards and New England Warblers.

Critics differ in their estimate of Mr. Verdi, as a composer; for our own part, we incline to the opinion that his style has a great many beauties and an equal number of defects. The *tout ensemble* of his compositions is remarkably fine, though the effect altogether is a decided failure. He has a great majesty of rhythm, with an easy and graceful flow of *staccato*, and his monotones are full of brilliant and fanciful variety. His *sostenuto* passages are also much admired for their brevity, and some of his minor chords have a very bold and martial character. On the other hand, he has been accused of introducing too much rigmarole. His style is full of abrupt and startling transitions; for instance, where the chorus leave off blacksmithing and go to fighting and singing at the same time; and his recitative is at times deficient in pathos. The intervals between the acts are too long, and some of his finest passages are liable to be forgotten. His *crescendo* sometimes degenerates into a mere swell, and his *diminuendo* has been very justly accused of taper-

*Vogler presumed to improve Bach's harmony, by making it Grecian.

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ing.— Tomorrow night we are to have Hogarth's grand opera of "Cantharides," and the first act of "Nebuchadnezzar don't know, sir," in which will be introduced the popular Scotch song of "Erin go Braugh."

How they manage refractory Singers in Mexico.

[From "Crotchets and Quavers," by Max Maretzek.]

As another instance of Mexican law and Mexican justice, I may mention, that as often as a vocalist got really, or imaginarily, or wilfully sick, and necessitated a change in the performance which had been announced for the evening, it was the unfortunate manager who was fined $100. In vain was it, that I represented to the Governor of the State, and even to the President of the Republic, His Excellency Senor General Arista, that the guilty party was not the manager. In vain did I endeavor to make them understand, that if the artist himself was the party who had to pay the fine, it was more than probable that the artist would manage to avoid getting sick, or at any rate so sick as to necessitate a change of performance after the bills of the evening had been published. The only answer which I received from them, was this—

"That the Representatives and the Senate of the Republic could alone modify or change the laws."

Nevertheless I must exculpate the Republic of Mexico from the charge of treating the artists altogether with an unfair degree of leniency. As a proof of the fact that it does not, allow me, my dear sir, to relate an incident which happened towards the close of the second season's subscription.

Signor Salvi had indulged in some of the usual flirtations (which unindulged in, it would be impossible for an Italian *tenor* to exist) in Mexico. Anxious to display his equestrianism before the eyes of his fair Senora, he purchased a horse, and intended to exhibit himself in all his beauty and glory, astride of it, in the *Paseo*. Unfortunately for me, he had not displayed his equestrianism for more than two hundred yards, when his Bucephalus (a remarkably quiet one, by the by), alarmed by the bright eyes and flirting fan of some passing Senorita, started and reared. Unable to keep his seat, Salvi fell from his steed and managed to break his arm. He was immediately carried home, where the physician who was called in to him declared, that although there was not the slightest danger, it would very certainly be six weeks at the least before he could again appear upon the stage. With this announcement, all my reasonable prospects of continuing my campaign successfully, vanished; for it cannot be denied that Salvi was one of my leading attractions. At all events, I endeavored, as far as was in my power, to remedy this unforeseen misfortune for the time being. The opera announced for the same evening was Donizetti's "La Favorita." As I knew that Forti had frequently sung this part before, and had even requested it of me, as a favor, I went to him and asked him to be kind enough to undertake it.

Knowing it would be utterly impossible for Salvi to appear for several weeks, he believed that his time had arrived. At any rate, he showed his inclination to vault into the throne which had heretofore been occupied by that *tenor*.

Point-blank, he refused to sing upon this evening. His excuse was sickness.

But, as if determined to show me that this was not the actual reason, and, at the same time, to demonstrate that if not a better vocalist, he was at any rate a better rider than his rival (if, indeed, Salvi could be called the rival of any *tenor* who has been in this country, with the solitary exception of Mario), he went on the very same evening, on horseback, to the neighboring village of Tacubaya.

Going immediately to the Governor, I informed him of what had happened. He chanced to be in a good humor, and permitted me to give a miscellaneous concert on that evening, instead of the opera which had been announced, without paying the customary fine of $100. In the mean time, four soldiers with a corporal, the usual operatic *quota*, were posted at the Gate of Mexico on the road to Tacubaya. Instructions were given them to wait for the return of the willing absentee from his operatic duties, and to bring him as soon as he entered the city before the Governor.

The concert took place during his absence, and I am obliged to say that the audience, having heard of Salvi's accident, bore Forti's absence with the most exemplary equanimity.

During the whole night, the non-commissioned officer, with his four men, waited for the refractory *tenor*. At about nine o'clock on the following morning, he returned. He was in fine spirits touching the trick which he had played me, and was humming, as I was afterwards told, one of the very airs from "La Favorita," which he had so decidedly declined singing. As he entered the city, the corporal strode before him.

"You are the Senor Forti?" was the soldier's address to the vocalist, as he laid his hand upon the bridle of his horse.

"Yes! my good fellow, I am."

"Dismount, then."

"But—"

"Dismount!"

"My dear sir, what on earth does this mean?"

"Dismount!"

"Allow me to ask—" commenced the trembling *tenor*.

"Dismount!" repeated the corporal, "or I shall be obliged to make you."

The miserable Forti was compelled to obey the imperative order addressed to him, by a man to whom, twelve hours before, he would not have spoken a single word.

Then, he was placed between two of the soldiers, while the two others led his horse between them.

"*Dios e Libertad!*" said the corporal reverently, but without removing his *shako*, as, in obedience to his orders, they began to march through the streets of Mexico towards the *Deputacion*, as the City Hall is there called.

When arrived there, the *tenor* was immediately carried before the Governor.

What was my astonishment, on learning that without a trial, and even without a hearing, he was condemned to a fortnight's imprisonment.

This order was at once carried into execution. Without giving him time even to change his clothes, permitting him to get clean linen, or to remove the spurs from his boots, he was hurried off to the common jail. Here he was thrust into the society of all the robbers, thieves, *leperos*, and other scoundrels, who had incurred the notice of the Mexican law. Delighted with his company, these respectable gentlemen disburdened him in the first fifteen minutes that he spent amongst them, of his watch and chain, money, rings, spurs, cigar box, pocket handkerchief, riding whip, gloves, and other supernumerary articles, as they conceived, in such an establishment.

Now this was a just visitation, I will not deny, upon Forti.

But you must observe that his punishment fell with double weight upon my shoulders. Salvi, with his broken arm and confined to his bedroom, might reasonably grumble. While Forti in prison, and thrown among such company, was certainly to the full as much to be pitied. But the miserable manager appeared to me to stand in the least enviable situation. He had by far the worst in the matter. They could not sing, while he was unable to give opera. Their only answer was required by him, personally. His excuse must be given too, as it was demanded by his subscribers.

Of course, we all visited the unfortunate Forti, bearing with us tokens of affection as well as of pity and condolence.

One bore him a box of fragrant Havanas. Another contributed a cold roast turkey to his creature comforts. This one carried him a bottle of brandy, and that one sent him a half dozen of champagne. But, ere our interview with him had terminated, these had all vanished. His associates in the interior of the prison laughed at the sympathy of his friends without the walls. They held the doctrine of a community of property amongst the compulsory inhabitants of that enforced Republic (let me here exclaim "*Dios e Libertad!*") and appropriated to themselves a large proportion of these gifts, as soon as he had received them. Some devoured the turkey, and others drank the champagne. These emptied his bottle of brandy, and those made free with the cigars. Nothing was left of them save the bones, the bottle, and the box. It was in vain that a *Paté de Foie gras* was contributed to the list of his imprisoned enjoyments. They had cleaned it out while his back was turned and he was talking to his benefactor. Uselessly was a cold haunch of mutton sent him. In ten minutes he could only contemplate the dish upon which it had erewhile stood.

Meanwhile, pitying him and myself too, I, the miserable manager, had besieged the Governor with supplications for his release.

With great exertion, the permission for the release of Forti was obtained by me, on such evenings as his performance might be required. On these occasions, he was accompanied by four soldiers, who brought him to the theatre and delivered him into my hands, half an hour or an hour before the opera commenced. At the conclusion, they marched him again off to the jail. Pity for Forti, after this, gained fast upon my feelings. Rehearsals were arranged, which necessitated his presence, and he was kept out of his enforced residence for the whole of the day. However he had still to sleep under lock and key. At length, upon the fifth day, by dint of the most unremitting exertions, I obtained from the President himself the remission of the remainder of his term of imprisonment, or, rather, its commutation into a fine of $100.

After this, Forti never afterwards missed a performance in Mexico for sickness (!) or any other cause.

Musical Instruments at Barbers' Shops.—In the sixteenth century a lute or viol, or some such musical instrument, was part of the furniture of a barber's shop, which was used then to be frequented by persons above the ordinary level of the people, who resorted to the barber either for the cure of wounds, or to undergo some surgical operation, or, as it was then called, to be 'trimmed'—a word that signified either shaving or cutting and curling the hair; these, together with letting blood, were the ancient occupations of the barber-surgeon. The setting of fractured limbs was practised by another set of men called 'bone-setters.' The musical instruments in the barber's shops were for the amusement of waiting customers, and answered the end of the newspaper of the present day.—*Sir John Hawkins.*

Handel his own Publisher.

The following will be found in the first edition of Handel's well-known *Suites de Pièces pour le Clavecin*:—

"George R.

"George, by the grace of God, King of *Great Britain*, *France*, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, &c. To all to whom these Presents shall come, *Greeting:* Whereas *George Frederick Handel*, of our city of *London*, Gent., hath humbly represented unto Us, that he hath with great Labour and Expense composed several Works, consisting of *Vocal and Instrumental Musick*, in order to be printed and published; and hath therefore besought Us to grant him Our Royal Privilege and Licence for the sole printing and publishing thereof for the Term of Fourteen Years: We being willing to give all due Encouragement to Works of this Nature, are graciously pleased to condescend to his request; and We do therefore by these Presents, so far as may be agreeable to the statute in that behalf made and provided, grant unto him the said *George Frederick Handel*, his Executors, Administrators, and Assigns, our Licence for the sole Printing and Publishing the said Works for the Term of

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Fourteen Years, to be computed from the Date hereof, strictly forbidding all our loving Subjects within our Kingdoms and Dominions, to reprint or abridge the same, either in the like, or any other Volume or Volumes whatsoever, or to Import, Buy, Vend, Utter or Distribute any copies thereof Reprinted beyond the Seas, during the aforesaid term of Fourteen years, without the consent to approbation of the said *George Frederick Handel*, His Heirs, Executors and Assigns, under their Hands & Seals first had & obtained, as they will answer the contrary at their Perils; Whereof the Commissioners & other officers of our Customs, the Master, Wardens & Company of Stationers are to take notice, that due Obedience may be rendered to our pleasure herein declared. GIVEN AT OUR COURT AT St. James's THE 14TH DAY of June 1720, in the Sixth year of OUR REIGN.

By his Majesty's Command,
J. CRAGGS."

To the above is added:—

"I have been obliged to publish some of the following lessons because surreptitious and incorrect copies of them had got abroad. I have added several new ones to make the work more useful, which if it meets with a favourable reception, I will still proceed to publish more, reckoning it my duty, with my Small Talent, to serve a Nation from which I have received so Generous a protection. G. F. HANDEL."

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, FEB. 4.—Last Friday a complimentary concert was given to Mr. J. KYLE, the flutist, in acknowledgement of his long artist-activity in our city, by some of the first merchants, artists, literary men, etc.. The programme was curious in quantity as well as quality. It consisted of no less than *seventeen* numbers, which were executed by a variety of resident artists, and consisted of the most miscellaneous styles of music. There was a good attendance, and all admired the beautiful new hall of the City Assembly Rooms, where the concert was given, and which, in point of tastefulness and decoration, as well as acoustic advantages, approaches more nearly to your Music Hall than anything of the kind we have heretofore attempted. All went well, so well that the lengthy programme was still more drawn out by numerous *encores*. The novelty of the evening was the debut (before a New York audience, at least) of Miss ELLEN BRENAN, a favorite pupil of BADIALI, who has instructed her for the last two or three years. Very youthful and pleasing in appearance, and gifted with a fresh, fine and flexible voice, the young lady did her teacher much credit in the duet from *Figaro*, which she sang with him, as also Rode's Variations, which called forth an *encore*. Some timidity was observable, particularly in the first piece, but this was natural on the occasion, and is a fault which every re-apppearance will remedy. Success to the young artist, who, as we know from good authority, devotes herself to her Art with all truth and earnestness and loves it with her whole heart and soul!

Next Friday, the 15th inst. there is to be a charitable concert, in behalf the German Ladies' Society for Widows and Orphans, of which I will give you due notice. I mention it beforehand, in the hope of inducing some of your New York readers to attend, if not for the object, still for the entertainment, which will be quite an inducement in itself. Miss BRAINERD, Messrs. WM. MASON, TIMM, FEDER and SCHMITZ, Mr. EISFELD and his Quartet party, and the German Liederkranz, have kindly promised their assistance, and the programme will offer various attractions. We hope to see the hall spoken of above well filled on this occasion.

——t——

BERLIN, Jan. 14. (*From a private letter.*) We went to hear Beethoven's *Fidelio*. It is by far the greatest opera, with the exception of *Don Giovanni*, I have ever heard. The music is most exquisite. Frau KÖSTER was the Fidelio, and she sang and acted most charmingly. The music is rather high and very difficult to sing; the time of the concerted pieces is particularly difficult, and they were not perfectly well performed. But that splendid orchestra surpassed everything I have heard in the accompaniments throughout. The house was not overflowing, but the audience was intensely enthusiastic.

The opera of *Tannhäuser* is having a great run at present, and we have found it impossible to get tickets at a reasonable sum. Tickets are bought up by speculators; they have charged from four to six dollars for them, and there have been full houses at these prices. I do not think this opera house, although so much larger than the Boston Theatre, will seat any more persons; and the more I look at it critically, the more I think of "the Boston" in comparison.

To-night we went to the Theatre, which we found rather small, somewhere between the Museum and the Boston Theatre, the seats comfortably arranged in the parquet and three galleries, the decorations simple and tasteful, the stage scenery and accessories very complete. The play was Shakespeare's "Taming of the Shrew," but so clipped and changed, that it was difficult to recognize it. Of course I could not understand half that was said, but the actors were all excellent, and I found a great deal of amusement, particularly in the comic characters; one man's face was so droll that I shall not soon forget it. *There was no orchestra*, and nothing between the acts upon the stage. As soon as the curtain dropped, the audience stood up and talked, or went out to the refreshment room. Everything was very quiet and orderly—more so than in any theatre I was ever in. The performance commenced at seven, and ended at half-past nine.

On Wednesday, P. M., we all went out as usual to Liebig's Symphony Concert, and enjoyed a splendid programme. First the march in "Midsummer Night's Dream;" then an overture of Beethoven's; the finale to *Don Juan*, including the Minuetto, Trio, Graveyard scene, &c.; then a Symphony by Schubert, and a Symphony in E flat, by Haydn, that was very beautiful. This garden concert brings all the American gentlemen out. One-half the audience at least, are ladies, and they almost all have knitting or embroidery, and work away, nodding their heads to the time of the music, except at intermission, when they drink beer and talk very fast.

Saturday evening, we went to the concert given by the Dom or Cathedral choir, in the Sing-Akademie. It was one of a series of subscription concerts, which, as they are patronized by the king, are of course fashionable. We found it impossible to get seats anywhere but in the gallery, which we liked very much, as the music sounded finely up there, and we had a grand view of the audience, which looked very much like a fashionable audience in New York or Boston, with the exception of the military trappings, which are always glittering in all the public assemblages here. The hall is very tasteful, and admirably constructed for sound in the form of two cubes. The King's box is on one side of the hall, and is really a large room, lighted by chandeliers. He was not present, but the ladies of his household were there, attended by gentlemen in military dress. The choir is composed of thirty men and fifty-six boys. They sang compositions of Palestrina, Scarlatti, the two Bachs, and Franz Schubert. The music of the two first very old authors (two hundred years at least,) sounds very odd and peculiar to a modern amateur, at least an American. But that of Schubert and Nicolai was enchanting. You can hardly conceive of the perfection which this choir have attained by constant practice of this kind of music. All their voices harmonize so beautifully, that they sound in the loud passages like one great instrument; their *diminuendo* is wonderful. The concert was not long—no entertainment is made so here. People get just enough without being tired out.

Music Abroad.

London.

By last accounts Mme. JENNY LIND GOLDSCHMIDT was still singing in one or the other of the three great oratorios, "Elijah," the "Creation," and the "Messiah." The *Spectator* places her above CLARA NOVELLO as a Handelian singer, and says:

Jenny Lind's singing in *The Messiah* was the greatest of all her efforts. She rose with the loftiness of her subject, and delivered the inspired language of the musician—grandly interpreting the sacred text—with an inspiration akin to his own. Her distinguishing characteristic has always been, on the stage as well as in the concert-hall, reality, depth, and intensity of feeling. It was this that gave such lofty beauty to her portraiture of the self-devoted Alice, and threw such affecting pathos into the sorrows of the heart-broken Amina. Her voice, as a musical instrument, has been equalled; but as an organ of expression, probably never. Its very tones are often full of tears. Its mere sounds thrill upon the heart and rouse sympathetic emotions. It has power, sweetness, volume, flexibility,—qualities possessed by many; but it penetrates the soul as no voice has done that we have ever heard. It penetrates the soul because it is the voice of the soul; it stirs the inmost heart because it is from the inmost heart that it flows.

She produced numberless fresh and unexpected beauties by the expressive utterance of a single word. But her great triumph was in "I know that my Redeemer liveth." It was not mere singing—it was a fervid outpouring of faith, hope, and joy, which it would be vain to endeavor to describe, because we have never anything in music like it or comparable to it. It is perhaps scarcely necessary to add, that her purity of style was as remarkable in this as in her previous performances. She gave the text of Handel without a note of display or ornament; justly conceiving that its best ornament lies in its divine simplicity.

Mme. Goldschmidt has also commenced some concerts of miscellaneous secular music, with programmes similar to her American ones. At the first, given in the Hanover Square Rooms, which was crammed, she sang the prayer from the *Freyschütz;* the scena from *Beatrice di Tenda;* a selection of four Mazurkas of Chopin, arranged for voice and piano by her husband; "John Anderson," and the Swedish "Echo Song";—as if to represent all styles and suit all tastes. Herr Otto Goldschmidt played on the piano Beethoven's Concerto in G; Mendelssohn's Capriccio in B minor; and a *Sarabande* and Allegro from one of Bach's *Suites de Pièces*. Herr Reichardt sang from Mozart's *Seraglio* and from the *Huguenots*, and the orchestra, under Benedict, played the overtures to *Figaro* and to *Medea*.

The Queen entertained her guests at Windsor Castle on New Year's Day with a performance of Mehul's sacred drama of "Joseph." A new English version of the text had been written by Mr. Bartholomew. The performance was conducted by Mr. Anderson, director of the Queen's private band. The principal characters were sustained by Clara Novello, Sims Reeves, Weiss, Benson, &c. &c., with a chorus and orchestra 140 strong. Several classical works have in the same way been first made known in England under the auspices of the Queen and Prince Albert; for instance, the *Œdipus* and the *Athalie* of Mendelssohn.

The oratorios "Elijah" and the "Creation" were last month performed by the Sacred Harmonic Society (with Clara Novello, Miss Dolby, Sims Reeves, &c.) Costa should have conducted, but was ill, and M. Sainton took his place.—"St. Paul" was given on the 16th by Mr. John Hullah; principal singers, Mme. Weiss, Miss Palmer, Sims Reeves, Buckland and Weiss.

The Piano-Forte Concerts of Mr. W. H. Holmes,

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assisted by his professional pupils, offer quite a novel programme, to wit:

The following works will be performed, many new to this country, and others rarely performed:—Concertos: Benedict's, in A flat; Otto Goldschmidt's, in B flat; Schumann's in A minor; Ries', in A flat; Steibelt's Mount St. Bernard; Reinecke's in G minor, Herz's 4th in E; concert pieces in G and D minor, Schumann; Sonatas in E, J. W. Davison; A minor, G. A. Macfarren; "Florestan and Eusebius," and F sharp minor, Schumann; F sharp minor, Brahms; E minor, Rubenstein, &c; "Whispering Music" "Fairy Fingers," "Midnight Reverie," concerto "Consuelo," W. H. Holmes; 3rd concerto sinfonia, Litolf, &c.

BERLIN.—*Tannhäuser*, after several years of fruitless negociation, has at last found entrance to this operatic capital of Germany. It was performed there for the first time on the 7th ult., and tickets sold by speculators at $4 to $6. Has the Barnumbian epidemic broken out in Berlin? At all events we understand that not a little intrigue and "high pressure" has been used there to get up this un-German sort of excitement about Wagner's work.—Those who would know how this "Art-work of the future" seemed in the greatest German theatre, may form some idea, (perhaps one-sided,) from parts of a criticism in the *Süd-Deutsche Musik-Zeitung*, which we translate:

"The effect as a whole was not convincing; indeed it did not equal my expectation. For the preparations were more formidable than would be possible in any other place; the caste was the strongest to be found, and within a few years the number of musicians of the future has greatly increased in Berlin; there were at least a hundred of them, all resolved to take hold of the work with all their strength. The outfit was pompous, not to say lavish; it must have cost $30,000. The decorations were so artistically beautiful and historically true, that it was worth while to go to the opera for them alone.

"This very exhaustive use of outward means, unless I err, serves only to put the work more in the shade. The works of our classical masters have taught us that what is truly beautiful and deep and great will even in modest representations reveal the inextinguishable traces, and grows infinitely as the representation becomes more complete. Not so the music of Wagner and his friends. For this there are two stumbling blocks; to-wit, with small means the *impossibility*, and with large means the *overdoing* of performance. The new direction (school) always insists on having its ideas embodied on the greatest possible scale, and charges all its failures to theatres of the second or third rank. Berlin has set all doubts at rest on this point, but not to the satisfaction of the Wagnerites.

"Hence it always seemed to me a vain fear, which sought to close the way to Berlin against *Tannhäuser*. Had it been given here for a year and a day, together with the *Holländer* and *Lohengrin*, and even letting LISZT direct with all his energies, the case would have been the same. . . . .

"At the conclusion of the overture the trombones made a truly barbarous tumult. The whole first act fell powerless, even the phrases, which elsewhere have excited some attention in the public, were received with indifference;—and indeed, the more select and tasteful were the costumes and decorations, the more the music was obscured. The most injurious agent in the matter was the orchestra. The Berlin orchestra, that glorious body of tone, is evidently the greatest enemy that Wagner has; for while it does as it should and must, it one by one annihilates his splendid inspirations. Of the chorus of the guests at Wartburg, for instance, there was nothing to be heard but here and there a tone, and yet the chorus was more than a hundred persons strong. So too for a minute at a time you would see the open mouth of Johanna Wagner (Elizabeth), but whoever heard her strong voice must have been blessed with better ears than your poor correspondent and many fellow sufferers. Whoever thinks it must have sounded more splendidly here than elsewhere in the orchestra, is much mistaken; only the beautiful is capable of being made more beautiful through superior means, and not the overwrought and trivial. To the superior means you must add the superior public; both united yield a result which will greatly damage the new tendency. Berlin does not waver to and fro as easily as the Art-loving portion of a smaller Residenz or a provincial town. . . . . The Elizabeth and the Venus found excellent representatives in Johanna Wagner and Herrenburger-Tuczeck; in the singers generally, and especially in Herr Formes as Tannhäuser, there was much room for criticism.

COLOGNE.—Among the larger vocal compositions recently produced was a "Requiem for Mignon," by R. Schumann, which was found excellent, but filled all with sadness at the thought of the composer's malady. Three of the greatest artists here have become deranged: Lenau, the poet, Schumann, the composer, and Rethel, the painter. . . . . Marschner and his wife have been in Cologne; the former produced the overture to a *Märchen*, and the latter sang an original concert aria. . . . The Soirées for chamber music have commenced with excellent programmes. . . . The Männergesang-verein sang some new pieces at their first concert, including some quartets by Niels Gade, which, though finely rendered, were received coldly.

PARIS, Jan. 7.—Last week Tedesco appeared for the first time as Fides in the *Prophete*, and was received with "storms of sincere applause;" it is said she compares well in this part with her predecessors, Alboni and Mme. Stolz. . . . The Opera Comique expects a new work from Auber, who is confined to his chamber, having had his foot crushed under the hoof of a dragoon's horse. He enjoys the visits of Rossini, who is living very quiet and retired. . . . . At the Théâtre Lyrique Mme. Pouilley succeeds Mme. Cabel, and made her debut as Jaguarita. . . . . It is thought that Halevy will soon succeed Auber as director of the Conservatoire.

During the past year there have been produced in Paris not less than 295 new dramatic works. The Grand Opera has given three new operas and one ballet; the Théâtre Français seven comedies and two dramas; the Opera Comique nine comic operas; the Odeon one tragedy, ten farces and two dramas; the Italian Opera three works; the Théâtre Lyrique nine; &c., &c. Alas! the list of deaths is as great as that of births. The cradle was the coffin to most of these works!

MUNICH.—During the past year, *Tannhäuser* has been played ten times, often at advanced prices; Nicolai's "Merry Wives" seven times, and the *Prophete* six times. The number of new pieces was thirty. . . . . A scholar of Liszt, named Pruckner, is creating an excitement by his fine playing.

WEIMAR.—*Don Juan* was announced for the 100th anniversary of Mozart's birth, for the first time with the original recitatives. . . . Berlioz is expected on the 8th of February, to conduct, as in former years, the concert of the Orchestral Pension Fund, and bring out his entire *Faust* in four parts. Also his *Benvenuto Cellini*, revised, will be produced at a festival on the 16th.

DRESDEN.—Among the new works produced here has been "The Goldsmith of Ulm," a romantic popular ballad, with songs and choruses, text by Mosenthal, music by Marschner. The simplicity of the poetic treatment is praised. Of the music, several numbers, as the market chorus, the accompaniment to the dance of gnomes, &c., were highly successful, while on the whole a want of characteristic melody was felt.

LEIPZIG.—Some time ago, at the theatre, Mozart's *Figaro* was given with more than usual success. Mlle. Neubold, as Cherubino, obtained great applause. She is becoming a favorite with the public, which she well deserves, since, every time she appears, a marked improvement is visible both in her singing and acting. The house was but scantily attended, although *Figaro* has not been given for some years. On the 3rd ult., Madame Schumann (Clara Wieck) and Herr Joachim gave a *soirée* at the Gewandhaus, and fully justified their high artistic reputations. The first of the annual quartet *soirées* came off on the 8th ult. Madame Schumann performed Beethoven's grand sonata in B flat, Op 106, with wonderful success. On the 18th ult., the Gewandhaus programme embraced—

PART I.—Overture, *King Stephen*, Beethoven; Aria, *I Montecchi*, Mlle. Parisotti, from Rome; Concerto violin, Vieuxtemps, performed by Concertmeister Dreyschock; Canzonetton, with pianoforte accompaniment, sung by Mlle Parisotti, Wichmann. PART II.—Overture, *Die Hebriden*, Mendelssohn; Duetto, *Semiramide*, M. Eilers and Mlle. Parisotti; Symphony (No. 3), C minor, Spohr.

Mlle. Parisotti, from Rome, appeared for the first time, but she did not make any impression. She still has much to learn before she can be fit to sing at public concerts. Herr Dreyschock was loudly applauded in the concerto by Vieuxtemps, and the orchestra was as usual, excellent. At the eighth concert Madame Schumann performed one of her husband's latest productions—*Introduction and Allegro Appassionato*—concertstück for piano with orchestra. She also played Beethoven's E flat concerto. This lady is the favorite of the Leipzig connoisseurs. She was heartily welcomed, and her performances elicited the most extravagant applause.

The rest of the eighth concert comprised the overture to *Oberon*; *aria* from *Figaro*, sung by Madame von Holdorp; duetto from ditto, by the same, with Herr A. Eilers; and Schumann's C major (No 2) symphony. Madame Holdorp possesses no particular merit as a singer, which was proved by the unsatisfactory manner in which she sang the *aria*. The orchestra again left nothing to be desired.

The king's birthday was celebrated at the Conservatoire on the 7th inst. The hall was crowded, and some of the pupils performed various *morceaux* from classical composers.

On the same day the theatre was illuminated, and Weber's *Jubel* overture was played by the band. Mlle. Franko, representing Saxonia, before the commencement of the play, came forward and recited a prologue, written by Theodor Apel for the occasion. The play given was, *Ein Deutscher Krieger; or, a German Warrior*. Mendelssohn's *Antigone* has been brought out at the theatre with great success. *Linda di Chamouni* has also been given.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, FEB. 9, 1856.

Last Orchestral Concert.

The sixth and last concert proved a worthy and successful tribute to the memories of the two musicians, MOZART and MENDELSSOHN, whose birthday anniversaries occurring in the week suggested a programme made up wholly of their compositions. The audience, which had steadily increased with every concert, far outnumbered all its predecessors; and there was an interest, a profound attention, an enthusiasm from the beginning to the end, such as we have not witnessed in any concert of the winter. All seemed to enter into the spirit of the occasion. Upon the front of the stage stood the wreathed busts of the two composers, and the whole place and assemblage wore a festal aspect.

The selection of pieces contained nothing that was not excellent and of enduring interest, nothing trivial or flashy, and nothing on the other hand that could be found heavy or *de trop*. Necessarily the choice was limited to a very *few* works of each, but those were truly representative creations, particularly in the case of Mozart. In the great Symphony in C (which it was an English notion, before BEETHOVEN, to call "Jupiter," or king of symphonies), especially in its last movement with the fourfold fugue,—and in the

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Zauberflöte overture (his last secular composition, written but a few months before his death in 1791), Mozart has bequeathed as it were the last result and perfect flower of his consummate learning and musicianship as well as of his spontaneous and poetic genius. These works, now a century since their author's birth, and more than half a century since their composition, pass as perfect in their kind,—and it is a kind in which dwells the essence of nearly all that was great in all kinds up to his time and since. (We mean, speaking of music as an art; of course there have been creations since these, and indeed creations of his own, embodying a deeper and a greater spiritual experience.) The performance of the Symphony was the purest achievement of our orchestra thus far; indeed it was by all odds the best performance which that Symphony has ever yet enjoyed in Boston. All was clear, well balanced and well blended; the outline of the whole and of each intermingling motive and each accessory phrase nicely preserved, as well as the luscious wealth and warmth of coloring from the reeds and brass, which have to take an equal share, according to Mozart's wont, in the most intellectual conversation. This was surely no small thing to do in that last movement; we have never seen an audience so attentive and so interested in a piece so extremely complex. But when it is so well played, the simple, appreciable beauty of the result is equal to the complexity of the means. The chemistry is forgotten in the beauty of the rose. There is a joyous geniality, too, predominating in this symphony, a real *Don Giovanni*-like tone of *abandon* and festivity in the bold opening and the end, as well as in the happy Minuet and Trio, which puts an audience in the best humor. The Andante Cantabile alternates from grand to lovely, and reveals the human and the superhuman, the tenderness and the superstitious awe as of one standing on the brink of the Infinite, the "night-side," as it has been called, of his nature.

Between this and the overture, the duet: *Crudel, perché*, from the *Nozze di Figaro*, sung very pleasingly by Mrs. LONG and Mr. WETHERBEE, formed an agreeable relief. If any thought the lady's part lacked feeling, they must remember the situation of the parties: the Count is serious, Susanna, gay at heart, pretending to be so.

The *Zauberflöte* overture was on the whole played as *effectively* as we have ever heard it, though not in all points as nicely as by the smaller Germania orchestra. The very quick time, combined with the *forzando* in the little fugue theme, made it impossible (we have *always* found it so more or less) to catch that little turn of four notes; the sharpest ear could not resolve the nebula into more than three or even two stars; the *forzando* was too rude, jerking away your attention from all else. With this usual exception, the overture came out splendidly; we do not remember to have heard the brass (trombones) so reinforced before, but they made music and not noise. Thus ended the first part with a pretty vividly refreshed and edifying sense of what we owe to MOZART.

The selections from MENDELSSOHN, if less complete, were characteristic and beautiful and various. The *Capriccio Brillant*, in B minor, has been pronounced the most difficult of all his works for piano and orchestra to render effectively. It opens with a beautiful and pensive Andante, in broad arpeggio chords, and soon passes into a quick, nervous, delicate Rondo Allegro, much in the same vein with the finale to the G minor Concerto. In subjects, treatment, harmony, instrumentation it is thoroughly Mendelssohnian, full of his melancholy tenderness, yet fiery persistency. Mr. J. C. D. PARKER has hardly the strength for a great Music Hall performance; a chamber concert is much more his element; yet he played it with taste and feeling, in parts with delicacy and distinctness, while in others, particularly the rapid florid passages, the outline seemed a little confused; nervousness and the vast place might account for that, however. The effort was conceived in an artistic spirit, and was generally and warmly applauded.

In the vocal part Mendelssohn was represented in one of his greatest moments, much more than Mozart had been. The great air from "Elijah": *Hear ye Israel*, with what follows, is about as beautiful and grand a thing as he has written for the singer, and JENNY LIND preëminently was that singer. Who that remembers the celestial purity and tenderness of her voice in that exquisite melody, and the sublime declamation, as of a voice of good cheer from above, of the sentence: *Thus, thus saith the Lord, Be not afraid!* can expect to be so inspired by mortal song many times in one little life? To expect the same excellence from one of our own singers, who has had only the opportunities of culture which this place affords, were quite unreasonable. Yet to Mrs. LONG we feel indebted for great pleasure in that song. The first melody she sang sweetly, and she threw a good deal of force and abandon into the last; her high tones, as always, were clear and telling; her rendering conscientious; but it lacked more inspiration, more refinement and coloring as it were of tone, especially in those emphatic high tones, which were somewhat hard and crude, when they should have shone with a fine star-like purity in the clear heights of song. Compared with almost any of our usual oratorio solos, the rendering was superior.

No American audience is yet musical to the degree that it will bear two whole Symphonies on the same evening; accordingly Mendelssohn in this great form, in which he has written at least two master-works, (three, if we count the Symphony Cantata: "Song of Praise,"—and why not, as much almost as Beethoven's 'Choral'?) was represented by the two most interesting movements from his "Italian" Symphony, in A major, the "Scotch" symphony, in A minor, having already figured in the second concert of this series. The sombre, meditative Andante, with the wind instruments intoning a melancholy hymn-like tune, or dirge, while the strings keep up a running *staccato* accompaniment, with solemn tread of basses, is quite impressive, and really gives the idea of one moving amid the twilight glories of the past, in some silent old cathedral, as it were. It was finely rendered by the orchestra; and so was the wild, delirious Saltarello, the Italian dance, passing anon into the complete *abandon* of the Tarentella, which the tone-poet reproduces as they might haunt his brain in exquisite, sad, feverish dreams.

The "Wedding March" recalled the music most peculiarly his own, that of the "Midsummer Night's Dream," and made a popular and enlivening finale to an unusually choice and well-relished feast of harmony.

We have yet to cast a glance back over this important series of concerts, too soon closed, and read the lesson which they yield us with regard to our orchestral, or let us rather say, Symphony concerts in the future. Meanwhile the next great event to which we all look forward is the Beethoven Festival upon the first of March. With that in prospect the spirit of such things cannot die out.

Italian Opera.—Third Week.

At length we have had a good performance of *Don Giovanni* in Boston. We say a *good* performance, since there was no part bad,—a thing which could not be said of any previous performance which we have ever witnessed, of this best of all the operas. In the first days of it in Boston, TRUFFI made a Donna Anna pleasant to remember, but BENEVENTANO was a coarse, loud blustering Don, not half so gentlemanly as his knave, the Leporello of SANQUIRICO; and FORTI for his Ottavio merited the fate he found in Mexico (if Maretzek's book be true); BOSIO was the ideal perfection of Zerlinas, but none of her companions does one care to recall; insignificant or shocking some of them. SONTAG was a good Zerlina, too, but the Donna Anna was naught. GRISI was a noble, a superb Anna, and MARIO's *Il mio tesoro* divine, but BADIALI made a clumsy Don; and for the rest, the less said the better. This time we had no Grisi, no Bosio, no Mario; but of the eight important parts, *all* found fair representatives, and the performance, as a whole, whatever might be thought of it in Germany, was far more satisfactory than any ever given here before.

Sig. MORELLI was of course far enough from realizing Mozart's ideal of the splendid roué; but he came much nearer to it than any we have seen upon our stage before; much nearer than Badiali, not only in the fact that he looked and acted it better, handsomer, younger, sprightlier, with some courtly ease and dignity of manner, as well as with something of that insinuating address, which is supposed to have broken so many hearts; but also that he sang it better. BADIALI's baritone was too ponderous, not equal to the subtle, intellectual grace of the music, which Morelli rendered with artistic understanding, and very effectively. For the first time we heard the champagne song: *Fin ch'an del vino*, dashed off with the true spirit, and not overdone. He sang the serenade, too, finely, and in the tremendous last scene, with the ghost, his defiant *Parla, parla, ascoltando qui sto*, rang out richly and musically enough. Sig. ROVERE is a true Italian *buffo*, perhaps the best specimen of that type that we have had, and possibly for German ideas, his Leporello humor may have seemed too broad. We must say we enjoyed this Leporello more than any of his predecessors, however. He acted finely in the first scene, and, indeed, throughout, never losing an opportunity, and true always to his part. He has a good bass voice and sings well; but sometimes with him the drollery is at the expense of the music—that music which is so fine in itself, that the ear is avaricious of each note of it, and would not have one pushed aside by the laughs and extra admiration points of the funniest actor in the world. Herr MUELLER, like a loyal German subject of Mozart, was quite at home and faithful in the part of the Commendatore. He has a round and telling bass, and used

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it discreetly. In the first scene, where the old man falls under the sword of Don Juan, he acted well, and for the first time in our recollection that wonderful trio of bass voices was sung distinctly and effectively. Herr Müller was not "made up" well for the statue; that dull, grey, leaden color poorly answered for the white man of marble; but his solid, marble tones told most impressively in the scene where he claims the culprit; he wants, however, a few stronger sub-bass tones.

Having begun with the men, let us finish. SIG. SALVIANI justified the good impression we received of him, in the ungracious part of Pollio. As a singer, he is *far* from being a MARIO or a SALVI; his *Il mio tesoro* was infinitely short of Mario's, yet he sang it by no means badly; he shows himself the artist throughout in his singing; his voice is rich, manly, of good volume, and his method sound; he is plainly past his prime, however, and has to husband his power carefully; accordingly, a good *sostenuto* is the chief desideratum in his singing; he touches the note with certainty and leaves no doubt of its intention, but lets it vanish away instantly; he seems to make a virtue of necessity in rendering so many passages *staccato*; these are literally his short-comings. Take it throughout, we have scarcely had so unexceptionable an Ottavio. He helped to make the first scene, with Donna Anna over the dead body of her father, unusually effective; we lost less than usual of the wondrous beauty of the music in that hurried scene. And it was no small gain to the general effect to have for once the part of Masetto filled by a singer of such positive power as Sig. GASPARONI. His fine large bass voice and his hearty way of entering into the spirit of his part and of the whole play, went far to place what has hitherto been a cypher on the telling side. How often it happens that truth and excellence in some modest accessory adds incalculably to the effect of a whole!

With five good male parts, three distinguished prime donne made the *personnel* uncommonly complete. Mme. DE LA GRANGE was really an admirable Donna Anna; she only lacked the natural warmth of voice and the larger style of beauty of GRISI, to equal her in some parts. To give all its majesty and loftiness of passion, for instance, to the great recitative and aria: *Or sai chi l'onore*, she must make more effort than is consistent with the (not the less impassioned) repose of high Art, just as in her Norma and Lucrezia. But she conceives it perfectly, and both her action and her singing were a masterpiece to be remembered. Her first scene, over her dead father, could not be much better. The air above-named was splendidly sung. She made the Donna Anna a great part, and made its high spiritual tone rule throughout the play, which many audiences have failed to recognize before; and what contributed not a little to this result was her not omitting (as all our Donna Annas have before) the great air: *Non mi dir*, which was never before sung here except by JENNY LIND once or twice in concerts. Why this song was announced as "The Letter," we know not. It is properly addressed to her lover, supposed to be present in person and urging the fulfilment of their union; she, poor lady, feeling that her life is for another world, tenderly, religiously resists his importunity. But inasmuch as it would be awkward and too much even for Ottavio's patience, to stay upon the stage merely as listener to this long song, it seemed not a bad device that she should hold a letter in her hand to justify its introduction in his absence. Mme. Lagrange sang it almost to perfection; it closes with a very high and somewhat bravura passage, suited to her best power; and if her voice in the simple *cantabile* parts is hardly so rich or sympathetic as we could wish, we forget it almost in the admirable good taste and finish of her art. In Mme. LAGRANGE you always feel that the use is greater than the material used; and that marks the artist. Continually she seems rather to pursue a voice than to possess it. Ideally she has it, substantially it is wanting, except just enough to indicate by purest outlines what it fain would be. The effort, however, succeeds at some sacrifice, and leads into what is the only real fault in her singing, that of an habitual *tremolo* or shakiness of voice in the strong passages.

For the first time, also, we have had a good Elvira. Miss HENSLER looked, acted, sang the part with more truth and refinement than any who have attempted it before. She is the first Elvira who has conducted herself sensibly upon the stage here during the impertinence of Leporello's "Catalogue Song," repulsing and turning from him, as if absorbed in her own griefs. She sang all the music sweetly, tastefully, expressively, and only wanted more power of voice to compete with other voices, and a too loud orchestra, in the Trio, and the serenade, and supper scenes.

DIDIÉE made a charmingly pretty and coquettish Zerlina; her native French vivacity and roguishness gave the part a somewhat different coloring from Bosio's; but it was almost as perfect in its way. She sang the music beautifully, especially the song *Vedrai Carino*, in which her exceedingly rich *mezzo soprano* tones came admirably in play. Didiée's *mezzo soprano* plainly is her natural voice, and one of the very richest and most musical we have ever heard; her lowest contralto register, which she uses in such rôles as Pierotto, and Orsini, and Azucena, is the artificial part. Compared with the husky, mannish low tones of most of the strong contraltos who have been here—all perhaps except Alboni's—her's seemed round and musical at first; but this beauty does not grow upon us. In Zerlina there was no such exception to the rare beauty of her organ, and she won, next to Lagrange, the best share of the honors of the evening.

With such singers the concerted pieces all went better than usual; especially that wonderful quartet, and the trio of maskers, which we never heard so well sung the first time, and it was still better in the repetition. The famous Sestet, too, came out more symmetrically and intelligibly than heretofore. The chief wants were of scenery and outward accessories. The lamest part of all was the finale of the first act, the ball scene, owing to the want of dancers, and the music was curtailed somewhat. The unsurpassingly rich and genial instrumentation was well rendered in most parts, yet in some parts there was carelessness, and too little sympathetic deference to the voice. But the at once delicious and wierd music of the graveyard scene, and the terribly sublime finale, were remarkably well done.

The audience in numbers and enthusiasm was worthy of this fine performance; it was by far the largest and the most enthusiastic audience of the season, and leaves no excuse for repeating inferior works in preference to *Don Giovanni*.

We have begun with the most important, with the highest moment. We must go back a little. Since our last review, *La Favorita*, *Linda* (for the second time), and *Lucrezia Borgia* have been performed. We were only able to be present at the last. The performance is chiefly memorable for LAGRANGE's Borgia and DIDIÉE's Orsini. Both impersonations were of a very high order; that of Lagrange intrinsically the greatest, that of Didiée most popular, because the multitude love strong, low tones, and a voice generally of so much positive musical substance as Didiée's, and because the character is a picturesque one, and she looked and acted it so gracefully and cavalierly. She sang the drinking song wonderfully well, and was obliged to sing the first verse three times over. No one ever *sang* Lucrezia here so transcendently as Lagrange. Sig. BRIGNOLI sang the music of Gennaro very sweetly, but too feebly for the usual effect of the great trio, which suffered also from the dry and lifeless baritone of Signor CASPIANI; whose voice however is above the average in power and quality, and who sings correctly, but makes a very stiff and mechanical duke Alfonso. GASPARONI's strong voice did excellent service in the important and secondary rôle of Gabetta, and the orchestra and chorus made the ensembles as effective as ever.

Next week we shall have to speak of the long promised *Prophète*. This afternoon, *Semiramide* again. One more extra week will prolong the ecstacy of the devoted opera-goers, for which the programme will be found below.

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Translated for this Journal.

The Mission of Mozart.

LEADING CHARACTERISTICS OF HIS GENIUS AND HIS WORKS.

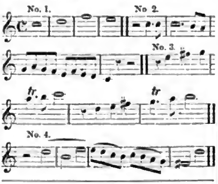
BY A. OULIBICHEFF.

(Continued from p. 146.)

MOZART cherished a remarkable contempt for all written theories. In one of his letters he says: "Pretty stuff we should make, my dear, if we did as the books lay it down for us." He could afford indeed to say so, since he possessed a living theory, which contained in itself all cases, rules and exceptions. His ear taught him to break through all the limits, which the narrow view and systematic spirit of the theoricians had prescribed to modulation. Every given point I overstep, just where I will and as I will, and if I cannot actually overstep it, then I do like the Olympian racers, leap in one period to the extreme opposite end of the horizon of modulation. So thought, so acted Mozart. He used very sparingly, and therefore always with the most sure success, the enharmonic progression, whose misuse in music is as convenient as it is far from edifying; but sometimes we see him bring about the simplest transition in a way that shows more genius than all the ♭s in the world replaced by all the ♯s in the world, to the great wonder of the ignorant. * * * *

Formerly the fuguists modulated very cautiously and carefully. They moved step by step, from one resting point to another, from one key to its next related, and were as far from taking any leaps, as a grave magistrate of that age, going up the steps to the council house. Certain passages of the bass, certain combinations of the perfect chord with the chord of the Seventh gave you well known series sanctioned by the theorists. But with Mozart it was hard to anticipate any thing, or lay down any rule upon this point. His work upset all the old prescriptions for the composition of a fugue, and MARPURG would have rubbed his eyes, could he have seen such new harmonic and contrapuntal analysis of the theme, as we might cite from Mozart. * * *

Who could count the abominations which the learned ones of that day might have found in the finale to the Symphony in C? How the fearful fugue with four subjects must have heated their poor brains! This was neither BACH nor HANDEL, it was none of their acquaintance; it was MOZART. Where could they have found a measure for him, who had shattered their square and compass? Some of their criticisms have come down to us as monuments of their confusion; the fragments which we have cited above,* will suffice to give an idea of the difference between the old fugue (strict and regular) and the free fugue of Mozart, which does not subject itself to the methodical periods of the class and admits mixture of style. When we spoke of unity with variety as essential conditions of the fugue, we recognized that variety involved two principles: canonical imitation and contrast of melodies. Bach had exhausted the first means; Mozart understood how to win an advantage from the second, which contributed more than all else to lend to music a new organization. Mozart, who was a not less sharp-sighted canonist than Bach, but who was much more inventive and incomparably bolder, wove into the contrapuntal web melodies so different from one another, that one hardly conceives it possible that they could legitimately stand side by side; and when the eye has finally convinced itself, one still asks whether it can satisfy the ear. A pardonable doubt, which the execution soon turns to enthusiasm. This finale consists of four themes, which surely do not look as if they were made to dwell together. Let the reader convince himself:



* Omitted here on account of length, and as being too scientific for the general reader.—TRANSLATOR.

At the end of the piece the composer brings them all four forward, and the answer to no one of them is wanting. The union of imitation and contrast certainly could go no further.

With such modulation, full of boldness and of genius; with such freedom of style, such incredible power of combinations; with themes so opposite in character and outline; with an orchestral accompaniment, in fine, consisting of from fifteen to twenty voices and instrumented after Mozart's manner, the Fugue must naturally have expanded its effects and rendered itself applicable far beyond the utmost limits ever dreamed of by the contrapuntists old and new. The fugue is no longer the mere abstract expression of some sort of emotion; it can become picture, translate itself into action, paint a battle or anything that is positive, without any danger of falling into that kind of music which requires a programme.

To keep to our example, what then is this finale to the Symphony in C, which dazzles those who read and makes the hearer dizzy? It seems to me, that this *Allegro* is the sequel to the *Grave* (representing the emerging of Order out of Chaos) with which "The Creation" of HAYDN begins. Light has illumined the abyss; the laws of creation are in full force; suddenly the elements, indignant at the new yoke, attempt a gigantic revolution to win back the old anarchy. Fire, Air, Earth and Water one by one desert their appointed places and commingle in the vortex, in which the germinating Order seems to sink forever; a sublime spectacle to contemplate, like every great rebellion of matter against mind, its ruler. But this propensity to relapse into chaos has been foreseen; it serves, like order itself, the final ends of the eternal wisdom. The elemental forces may melt in one inextricable mass (the fugued portions of the piece,) but they hear a voice which calls to them: "Thus far and not farther," and in a moment all is disentangled, and the young universe comes forth victorious and beautiful from the midst of this frightful confusion (the portions composed in the melodic style upon the same motives.)

Here we see the fugued style come out from the psychologically indefinite and abstract expression, within which it had so far confined itself, and by its union with the simple style, produce splendid analogies, to which neither the one nor the other could have attained singly. In this way Mozart seems to us the last word of the Flemish school, the primitive tendency of musical Art. Bach, who perfected the Fugue, so far as it was possible within the strict limits and the partially conventional forms, which the contrapuntists of the seventeenth century had prescribed to him, lifted the style to a very lofty height of

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grandeur and of science. Our hero enhanced this grandeur and this science by the wonders of his orchestral accompaniment and by the expansion which he gave to the principles of contrast. He understood how to make the fugue in the highest degree melodious and expressive, while he made it free. The old scholastic mould broke in pieces in his hands, and out of its ruins sprang its last and richest treasure, the queen of fugues, the work of works, the overture to *Zauberflöte* in a word.

Who could have believed, that even the strict and literal Canon, under Mozart's pen, could develop itself in periods of grace and elegance, and occasionally with all the passion one could possibly infuse into any opera aria or masterpiece of pure melody? A pathetic Canon! One must see such a thing to believe it. (Example omitted.)

Here counterpoint and expressive melody, poesy and calculation become one, just as two centuries earlier we have seen music in the state of Art and in the state of nature, that is to say harmony and melody, meet and blend in the Romanza of William Bird. * * *

Free as melody itself in its progressions, canonical counterpoint from this time forward mingled itself more or less in all our hero's works, beautified or strengthened everywhere the musical expression, lent a lasting value even to the lightest things, accommodated itself with equal pliancy to the sublime as to the graceful, to the tragic as to the comic, created a multitude of new analogies, of picturesque accessories and psychological *nuances*, only possible with its aid, and always found again, if need were, its abstract depth and its old church significance, expressed with all the severity of the old forms. The fugues of the *Requiem* are as methodical as those of Bach and Handel.

The seventeenth century brought as its contribution to the musical reformer its choral melodies, those truly Christian melodies, so totally distinct from the flat opera song, which afterwards supplanted them, without any coloring, and miserably harmonizing with the Latin of the Mass. Mozart sought out these venerable melodies in Rome; he enclosed them in the frame of the thorough science of a German organist and surrounded them with the treasures of his instrumentation, like a setting of sparkling gems; and the church music rose in the *Requiem* to the highest place, whence its vocation is to rule the entire Art movement, of which it forms an immoveable pole.

It was important also to take into council the Italian melodists, who mark the transition from the seventeenth to the eighteenth century. Mozart had to thank them for more than one useful and valuable lesson. Some of his duets with canonical progression remind one of the Cantatas of Alessandro Scarlatti, which were arranged for two voices by Durante.

[To be continued.]

A Letter from Mozart.

The *Musical Review*, in which we find the following, says very truly: "We do not know of any biography of this distinguished composer, of any document he has left us, which gives such an insight into the character and artistic feelings of Mozart, as the following hitherto unknown letter to the Baron V——, which we translate from the German. It was probably written from Prague, Bohemia, in 1790 or thereabouts." The *Review*, however, is mistaken in supposing it hitherto unknown. A translation of it appeared in 1840 in the London *Musical World*, which states that it was written in 1783. A portion of it, in which Mozart describes his habits of composition, has been already copied in this Journal.

Here, my dear Baron, you receive back your scores, and if you should find more windows (marks like X to indicate faults) than notes in it, you will soon find out why. The ideas in the symphony have pleased me best; but yet it will make little impression, for there is too much in it, and it sounds in parts just (with your permission) as an ant-hill would look. I mean to say, there is a little too much of the devil in it. You must not be vexed with me, dear friend, else I shall regret ten thousand times having spoken out so honestly. At the same time, you ought not to be surprised at this; for it happens something the same to all those who have not, as boys, often experienced the trainings of Masters Lash and Thunder, and who afterwards will go on from talent and inclination alone. Some do it pretty correctly, but generally with the ideas of others; they themselves have none; others, who have got their own ideas, can not master them—that's the case with you. But, for the sake of holy Cecilia, don't be cross with me for my bursting out with this! However, the *song* has a fine *cantabile*, and that dear Miss Franzl shall sing it to you very often—something I should like to hear and see, too. The minuet and quatuor look also pretty finely, especially from the place where I have put a tail to it. The coda, however, will make more noise than music. *Sapienti sat*, and also to the *nihil sapienti*—I mean myself, who can not write very well about such things; I had rather do them.

I have kissed your letter several times, it pleased me so much. Only you should not have praised me so much; in hearing it, one gets accustomed to it, but it won't do to read. All of you like me much, you good fellows! I am not worth it, and many things also do not deserve it. And what shall I say of your present, my dear Baron? That came as a star in a dark night, or as a flower in winter, or a glass of Madeira after a spoilt stomach, or—or—well, you may fill it out yourself. God knows how I am harassed sometimes, in order to gain a poor living, and Stanerl* must also have something. Whoever told you that I had become lazy, I entreat you, dear Baron, to box his ears for my sake. I would work for ever and ever, if I could make only such music as I like and can make, and of which I think something. So I have made, three weeks ago, a symphony, and to-morrow I write again to Hofmeister,† to offer him three quartets with piano, if he has money to buy them. Oh! if I were a rich man, I would say: Mozart, write me what you like, and as good as you can; you don't get a cent before you have finished it, but then I buy from you every manuscript, to prevent your selling it like a fish-wife.' How sad I feel sometimes about this, and then again wild and savage. Then I do things, it is true, which I should not do. Look, dear friend, so it is; and not as ignorant or bad people have told you.

But enough of this; and now I come to the most difficult point of your letter, which I would rather not touch at all, because my pen can not answer it. But I will try it, even if it were only to make you laugh.

How am I at work when I compose and write great things?

Truly, I can not say it myself, for I do know no more about it than yourself. When I am quite alone and in good spirits—for instance, on a journey in a travelling-coach, or after a good dinner; in taking a walk, or at night-time, when I can not sleep—then the ideas come like streams, and best. Why and how, I do not know, nor can I prevent them. Those which please me, I retain in my head, and hum them sometimes, as people have told me. In doing so, very soon it occurs to me how one or the other idea may be used, to make a pie out of them according to counterpoint and the sounding of the different instruments. That warms me up, provided I am not disturbed; then it becomes greater and greater, and I spread it out more and more large, and there is more light. Indeed, the thing becomes almost complete in my head, even if it is quite long—so complete, that I can look over it at once like a fine picture, or a handsome man. And I do not hear then the bits one after the other; no, I hear the whole all together. That is a feast! All the finding and making is done as if I were in a beautiful strong dream. But the hearing of all, thus together, is still the best. What has come in this way I do not easily forget, and that is, perhaps, the best faculty God has given to me. When I come, afterwards, to write it down, I take from the sack of my brains what I had collected there before. And therefore it is put quickly on paper; for, as I told you, it was already finished; and it seldom becomes other than it was before in my head. This is the reason that nothing disturbs me when I write; there may be going on around me what there will, I write still; can even have a chat besides, as about geese and chickens, and this and that. But why, when I compose, my things get an appearance and manners like myself, and not like another person, is most probably for the same reason, that my nose is long and crooked; in short, is like Mozart's nose, and not like other people's. For I do not intend to have any peculiarity, and could not even give a description of mine. I think it is quite natural, that people who have really something of their own, must look differently, internally as well as externally. At least, I know that I have given to myself neither the one nor the other.

And now I have finished, my best friend; don't think that I finish for other reasons than that I do not know any thing more. You, a learned man, can not imagine how difficult it has been for me to say so much. Others I would not have answered at all, but would have thought—'psha!'

I did not make much in Dresden. People there think they still have the best, because years ago they had something good. Besides a few persons, they almost did not know me, with exception that, as a boy, I had given concerts in Paris and London. Opera I did not hear, as in summer the Court is in the country. In the Church, Naumann caused me to hear one of his masses; it was fine, correct, and large, but, as your C—— would say, 'a little cool;' something like Hasse, but without his fire, and with newer melodic phrasing. I played a great deal to the men, but I could not make them warm, and, beyond mere politeness, they did not say much. They begged to play the organ also. It was an uncommonly splendid instrument. I told them, as it is true, I had little practice on the organ, but yet I went with them to the church. There I saw that they had another foreign artist, whose instrument was the organ, and who was to put me down. I did not recognize him immediately; he played very well, but without originality or imagination. Then I tried to do my best. I concluded with a double fugue, perfectly strict, and played very slowly, in order to enable them to follow me through all the parts. Then it was all over with the others: no body would play. But Hässler—(that was the name of the foreigner; he has written good things in the style of the Hamburgian Bach.) he was the most faithful of all, although I had given it to him. He jumped for mere pleasure at my neck, and wanted to kiss me. Then I took him to my hotel—the others would not come, although I invited them friendlily—which caused the lively Hässler to say 'Zounds!'

Here, best friend and protector, the sheet is full; the bottle of your wine, which must do for to-day, will soon be empty. Since my request for his daughter, to my father-in-law, I have not written such a long letter. Don't be cross with me. In speaking and writing, I must be myself, or hold my tongue and throw away my pen. My last word shall be: My best friend, keep your love for me. Oh! could I bring you some day such

* Constance, his wife.
† The music publisher.

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happiness as you have brought me! Well, I drink my own glass and say, Vivat, my best, faithful Baron. Amen.

MASTER HUGUES OF SAXE-GOTHA.

BY ROBERT BROWNING.*

1.

Hist, but a word, fair and soft!
Forth and be judged, Master Hugues!
Answer the question I've put you so oft—
What do you mean by your mountainous fugues?
See, we're alone in the loft,

2.

I, the poor organist here,
Hugues, the composer of note—
Dead, though, and done with, this many a year—
Let's have a colloquy, something to quote,
Make the world prick up its ear!

3.

See, the church empties a-pace.
Fast they extinguish the lights—
Hallo, there, sacristan! five minutes' grace!
Here's a crank pedal wants setting to rights,
Baulks one of holding the base.

4.

See, our huge house of the sounds,
Hushing its hundreds at once,
Bids the last loiterer back to his bounds
—Oh, you may challenge them, not a response
Get the church saints on their rounds!

5.

(Saints go their rounds, who shall doubt?
—March, with the moon to admire,
Up nave, down chancel, turn transept about,
Supervise all betwixt pavement and spire,
Put rats and mice to the rout—

6.

Aloys and Julien and Just—
Order things back to their place,
Have a sharp eye lest the candlesticks rust,
Rub the church plate, darn the sacrament lace,
Clear the desk velvet of dust.)

7.

Here's your book, younger folks shelve!
Played I not off hand and runningly,
Just now, your master piece, hard number twelve?
Here's what should strike,—could one handle it cun-
Help the axe, give it a helve! [ningly.

8.

Page after page as I played,
Every bar's rest, where one wipes
Sweat from one's brow, I looked up and surveyed
O'er my three claviers, yon forest of pipes,
Whence you still peeped in the shade.

9.

Sure you were wishful to speak,
You, with brow ruled like a score,
Yes, and eyes buried in pits on each cheek
Like two great breves, as they wrote them of yore
Each side that bar, your straight beak!

10.

Sure you said—"Good, the mere notes!
Still, couldst thou take my intent,
Know what procured me our Company's votes—
Masters being lauded and sciolists shent,
Parted the sheep from the goats!"

11.

Well then, speak up, never flinch!
Quick, ere my candle's a snuff
—Burnt, do you see? to its uttermost inch—
I believe in you, but that's not enough.
Give my conviction a clinch!

12.

First you deliver your phrase
—Nothing propound, that I see,
Fit in itself for much blame or much praise—
Answered no less, where no answer needs be;
Off start the Two on their ways!

13.

Straight must a Third interpose,
Volunteer needlessly help—
In strikes a Fourth, a Fifth thrusts in his nose,
So the cry's open, the kennel's a-yelp,
Argument's hot to the close!

14.

One dissertates, he is candid—
Two must discept,—has distinguished!
Three helps the couple, if ever yet man did:
Four protests, Five makes a dart at the thing wished—
Back to One, goes the case bandied!

15.

One says his say with a difference—
More of expounding, explaining!
All now is wrangle, abuse, and vociferance—
Now there's a truce, all's subdued, self-restraining—
Five, though, stands out all the stiffer hence.

16.

One is incisive, corrosive—
Two retorts, nettled, curt, crepitant—
Three makes rejoinder, expansive, explosive—
Four overbears them all, strident and strepitant—
Five.... O Danaides, O Sieve!

17.

Now, they ply axes and crowbars—
Now, they prick pins at a tissue
Fine as a skein of the casuist Escobar's
Worked on the bone of a lie. To what issue?
Where is our gain at the Two-bars?

18.

Est fuga, volvitur rota!
On we drift. Where looms the dim port?
One, Two, Three, Four, Five, contribute their quota—
Something is gained, if one caught but the import—
Show it us, Hugues of Saxe-Gotha!

1

What with affirming, denying,
Holding, risposting, subjoining,
All's like.... it's like.... for an instance I'm trying...
There! See our roof, its gilt moulding and groining
Under those spider-webs lying!

20.

So your fugue broadens and thickens,
Greatens and deepens and lengthens,
Till one exclaims—"But where's the music, the dickens?
Blot ye the gold, while your spider-web strengthens,
Blacked to the stoutest of tickens?"

21.

I for man's effort am zealous.
Prove me such censure's unfounded!
Seems it surprising a lover grows jealous—
Hopes 'twas for something his organ-pipes sounded,
Tiring three boys at the bellows?

22.

Is it your moral of Life?
Such a web, simple and subtle,
Weave we on earth here in impotent strife,
Backward and forward each throwing his shuttle,
Death ending all with a knife?

23.

Over our heads Truth and Nature—
Still our life's zigzags and dodges,
Ins and outs weaving a new legislature—
God's gold just shining its last where that lodges,
Palled beneath Man's usurpature!

24.

So we o'ershroud stars and roses,
Cherub and trophy and garland.
Nothings grow something which quietly closes
Heaven's earnest eye,—not a glimpse of the far land
Gets through our comments and glozes.

25.

Ah, but traditions, inventions,
(Say we and make up a visage)
So many men with such various intentions
Down the past ages must know more than this age!
Leave the web all its dimensions!

26.

Who thinks Hugues wrote for the deaf?
Proved a mere mountain in labor?
Better submit—try again—what's the clef?
'Faith, it's no trifle for pipe and for tabor—
Four flats—the minor in F.

27.

Friend, your fugue taxes the finger.
Learning it once, who would lose it?
Yet all the while a misgiving will linger—
Truth's golden o'er us although we refuse it—
Nature, thro' dust-clouds we fling her!

28.

Hugues! I advise *med pœnâ*
(Counterpoint glares like a Gorgon)
Bid One, Two, Three, Four, Five, clear the arena!
Say the word, straight I unstop the Full-Organ,
Blare out the *mode Palestrina*.

29.

While in the roof, if I'm right there—
...*Lo*, you, the wick in the socket!
Hallo, you sacristan, show us a light there!
Down it dips, gone like a rocket!
What, you want, do you, to come unawares,
Sweeping the church up for first morning-prayers,
And find a poor devil at end of his cares
At the foot of your rotten-planked rat-riddled stairs?
Do I carry the moon in my pocket?

* From "Men and Women," a new volume of Browning's Poems, published by Ticknor & Fields.

Music in England in the Olden Time.

[From Chappell's Collection of Ancient English Melodies.]

That music was formerly much more cultivated in England than now, as well as much more common as an amusement with the lower classes, is a fact of which the most abundant proof can be adduced. From Chaucer's *Tale of the Prioress*, it appears that, in the fourteenth century, "to singen," was as much an established branch of the education of "small children," as "to rede;" and Sir John Hawkins, (vol. ii. p. 260) speaking of the religious houses, says, that besides being schools of learning and education, all the neighbors might have their children instructed in grammar and music, without any expense. Gayton, in his "Festivious Notes upon Don Quixotte," 4to. 1654, enumerates, with others, *barbers, coblers*, and *plowmen*, as "the *heires of music*;" and the following extract from "Orders appointed to be executed in the Cittie of London, for setting roges and idle persons to worke, and for releefe of the poore," proves not only that music was taught in Bridewell and Christ's Hospital, but that it was considered an almost necessary qualification for servants, apprentices, or husbandmen. 66th (the last) Order: "That the preachers be moved at the sermons at the crosse, and other convenient times, and that other good notorious meanes be used, to require both citizens, artificers, and other, and also all farmers and other for husbandry, and gentlemen and other for their kitchins and other services, to take servants and children both out of Bridewell and Christ's Hospital at their pleasure," &c. "with further declaration that many of them be of toward qualities in readyng, wryting, grammer, and *musike*." One of the earliest songs in the English language is on the difficulty of learning music; and when minstrelsy had decayed, every event, however trifling, became instantly the subject of a ballad: "In a word, scarce a cat can looke out of a gutter, but out starts a halfpenny chronicler, and presently *a propper new ballet of a new sight* is endited."

None could pretend to the character of a gentleman, who was unable to sing a song, or take his part in a glee, catch, or madrigal. Morley thus quaintly mentions it in his Introduction, 1597: "But supper being ended, and musicke bookes, according to custom, being brought to the table, the mistresse of the house presented me with a part, earnestly requesting me to sing; but when, after many excuses, I protested unfainedly that I could not, every one began to wonder, yea, some whispered to others, demanding how I was brought up: so that upon shame of my ignorance, I goe now to seeke out mine old friend, master Gnorimus, to make myself his scholler." Every barber's shop had its lute or cittern, for the amusement of waiting customers, instead of a newspaper, as at present; and Sir Richard Steele mentions the custom as still prevailing in his time:

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"To this day the barber is still the same; go into a barber's anywhere, no matter in what district, and it is ten to one you will hear the sounds either of a fiddle or a guitar, or see the instruments hanging up somewhere." The barber in Lyly's *Midas* (1592) says to his apprentice: "Thou knowest I have taught thee the knacking of the hands, like the tuning of a cittern;" and Morley, in the third part of his Introduction, says: "Nay, you sing you know not what; it should seem you came latelie from a barber's shop, where you had *Gregory Walker*, or a *curranta*, plaide in the new proportions of them lately found out." And in a marginal note upon *Gregory Walker*, he says: "That name in derision they have given this *Quadrant Pavan*, because it walketh mongst the barbers and fidlers more common than any other. In "The Trimming of Thomas Nashe," 1597, speaking in praise of barbers, the author says: "If idle, they passe their time in life-delighting musique." And among the woodcuts in Burton's *Winter Evening's Entertainments*, in 1687, is one representing the interior of a barber's shop, with a person waiting his turn, and amusing himself in the interim by playing on the lute; and on the other side of the shop hangs another instrument, of the lute or cittern kind. In Ben Johnson's *Silent Women*, act iii., scene 5, *Morose* cries out: "That cursed barber! I have married his cittern, that is common to all men; which one of the commentators, not understanding, altered into, "I have married his *cistern*, &c. Again, *Lord Falkland's Wedding Night:*

> ——" He has travell'd, and speaks languages
> As a barber's boy plays o' the gittern."

And Ward, in his *London Spy*, says he had rather have heard an old barber ring *Whittington's Bells* upon a cittern, than all the music houses afforded. There are numberless other quotations to the same purport; but we fear it will be thought that too many have been adduced already. The music of the barbers began, however, to decline about the commencement of the last century. In one of Dr. King's *Useful Transactions*, he speaks of the castanets used in dances, and says: "They might keep time with the snap of a barber's fingers, though at the present day, turning themselves to perriwig-making, they have forgot their cittern and their music; I had almost said, to the shame of their profession." But independently of the growing rivalry of the newspapers, the barbers' shops were then no longer visited by the same class of customers as the barber-surgeons of former days, who set their apprentices to play and sing to their patients, while they were letting blood, or binding up a wound.

Remarks on Lyrical Dramatic Performance,

BY CARL MARIA VON WEBER.

[When *Euryanthe* was about, for the first time, to be produced in Leipzig, Herr Praeger, who was then director of the theatre, requested the author to furnish him with such directions for its performance as could be expressed in writing, and to mark the time of each movement throughout by Maelzel's Metronome. His application called forth the following remarks from Weber, which were afterwards published in the *Algemeine Musikalische Zeitung*.]

Every singer imparts, however unconsciously, the traits of his own individual character to the dramatic character which he sustains. Thus two singers, the one possessed of a light and flexible voice, the other of an organ of great volume and power, will give the same composition in a manner widely different. The one will, doubtless, be more animated than the other; and yet both may do justice to the composer, inasmuch as both mark the gradations of passion in his composition, faithfully and expressively, according to the nature and degree of power possessed by each. But it is the duty of the music-director to prevent the singer from deceiving himself, by following too exclusively what at first appears to him most suitable. This caution is particularly necessary with respect to certain passages, lest the effect of the whole piece should suffer for the sake of some favorite roulade, which the singer must needs introduce. For instance, if a singer cannot throw sufficient fire and force of expression into the latter passages of the air of Eglantine, he had better simplify, than attempt to ornament them; otherwise the impassioned character of the whole piece must sustain an irreparable injury. By the same rule, if a performer cannot do justice to the strong and vindictive air of Elvira in the *Opferfest*, she will much less injure the work by omitting it altogether, than by giving it to the hearer in the style of a tame solfeggio.

It is one of the severest of problems, so perfectly to unite song and instrumental accompaniment, in the rhythmical movement of a composition, as to make them amalgamate; that is, to make the latter sustain, heighten, and enforce the expression of the passion; for song and instruments are, in their nature, repugnant to each other.

Through the medium of emphasis, and verbal articulation, song gives to the measure an effect which, perhaps, may be compared to the uniform breaking of waves upon the shore. Instruments, and particularly those of the stringed kind, divide the time into sharp beats, mathematically true, like those of the pendulum. Now, justness of expression requires a union of these conflicting properties. The movement ought not to be a tyrannical check—a driving mill-hammer, but must be to the composition, what pulsation is in the animal economy. There is no slow movement in which passages demanding acceleration do not occur. On the other hand, there is no quick movement but what requires in many passages moderate retardation. These changes, in particular cases, are absolutely necessary to expression.

But, for God's sake, let no singer presume to think himself justified, by what is here said, in rushing into a hair-brained mode of performance, tearing at pleasure into very tatters, any number of bars he may think proper; a mode of proceeding which cannot fail to excite the same feeling in the hearer of taste, as is produced by the clown who distorts his limbs to amuse the mob. No; let the acceleration and retardation of the time be such as to convey the idea of their being dictated by feeling. Nor ought these modifications, whether in a musical or in a poetical point of view, to be admitted, except in accordance with the tone and character of the passion expressed. In a duet, for instance, two characters which contrast with each other, will require a different mode of expression. Of this, the duet between Licinius and the High Priest in the *Vestale*, may serve as an example; the greater the degree of dignified composure given to the passages in the part of the High Priest, and of energy and passion to those of Licinius, proportionably the more striking will be the effect produced, and yet music has no marks or signs by which all this, important as it confessedly is, can be denoted. Such indications can be found only in the feelings of the performer, or of the director; if they exist not in one of the two, the metronome is unable to supply the want; all that this can do is, mechanically to prevent any gross mistakes. As to an attempt to denote all the delicate shades of feeling, and the consequent modifications necessary to give full effect to a performance, I have found every endeavor fruitless, and have desisted from the task as hopeless.

I send you, however, such indications as I can give, not so much in the hope that they will satisfy the end you have in view, as in compliance with your friendly request.

Musical Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, FEB. 12.—Your invalid correspondent writes to show you that he is in the land of the living, in spite of the cold weather, and of a due proportion of the "ills that flesh is heir to."

I made an error in my last letter; let me correct it without delay. I said that Mr. MEIGNEN's oratorio of "The Deluge" was to be performed by the Musical Union,—I was wrong, for the Harmonia, I now understand, has assumed the honor and responsibility of placing it before the public; so much for speaking on hearsay instead of upon my own knowledge, but when one's society consists principally of nurses, doctors and the day's paper, one cannot expect to be well posted up in musical matters.

There have been a great number of concerts during the many weeks I have been obliged to keep in doors, to say nothing of three nights of Italian opera by the Lagrange troupe. I should have much liked to have heard VERDI's *Trovatore*, and reported to you its real reception by our musical circles, but it was of course impossible. OLE BULL has been here; GOTTSCHALK had a complimentary concert given him and was obliged to perform on a square piano; the Musical Union opened the new hall in Market street with its sixth and last concert, the remaining six of the promised series being indefinitely postponed; the Mozart Centennial Celebration took place as announced and was an entire failure in every point of view; BISHOP's first Ballad Soirée was given last Wednesday, the second is announced for to morrow; HERMAN THORBECKE's lascsical evening is to take place to-night; the fourth concert of the Harmonia, third of the subscription series, was given last evening, and I hear was as crowded as usual, notwithstanding the condition of the streets, which is atrociously sloppy—the programme was miscellaneous, selected almost without exception from the great masters. The first concert of the Oratorio and Madrigal society (the amiable Crouch's) is announced for the 23d, when LOCK's music to "Macbeth" is to be sung; the Glee and Madrigal Society, a separate affair, composed of Bishop's classes, will give its first on the 29th, while a grand charity concert is talked of for the 27th. So you see there is plenty of music for those who are able to go out and enjoy it. I live in hopes of hearing some of the many entertainments; until I do, farewell.

VERITAS.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, FEB. 16, 1856.

Italian Opera.—"The Prophet."

The great novelty of the season, and the great event—at least after that performance of *Don Giovanni*—has been the production for the first time in Boston of the far-famed *Prophète* of MEYERBEER. The Boston Theatre was absolutely crowded with a most brilliant audience on Friday evening of last week, eager for a first taste; and on the repetition, Wednesday evening, the audience was above the average. It was well, for our instruction, that the *Prophète* had been immediately preceded by *Don Giovanni*; nothing could have brought out its characteristics in a more bold relief; nothing could appear in greater contrast than the music, genius, and entire methods of Mozart and Meyerbeer. We appreciate them both the better by having heard them in close juxtaposition.

We have all heard of the excitement which attended the first splendidly successful production of "The Prophet" in Paris. It had been composed some eight years earlier under the title of "The Anabaptists;" was re-written, promised to the public of the Grand Opera, and postponed again and again for a year or two, to allow of infinite revisions and rehearsals, and was finally brought out (even then with some curtailments, for it was five hours long) on the 16th of April, 1849. It was the third of Meyerbeer's great

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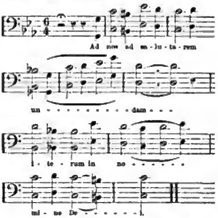
masterpieces written for the Grand Opera; and his staunch admirers pronounced it as much greater than the *Huguenots*, as that was greater than *Robert le Diable;* while others find an inspiration, a spontaneous, genial flow of musical idea, of melody, in *Robert*, which disappears for them more and more in the more ingeniously elaborate and imposingly effective works which followed. "The Prophet" is necessarily criticised both from points of view above it and below it; from below, by those who cannot appreciate what there is in it that is greater than what they have been used to,—the physically and *quasi* passionally exciting common-places of the usual popular Italian operas; there is too much thought, too much design, too much voluntary sacrifice of *cheap* effects in it for them. On the other hand, those who judge from the highest stand-point, from experience of the inspired creations of genius like Mozart, Beethoven, or even Rossini, while they acknowledge its great merits, see that after all it is a work for *effect*, and not a pure creation of unquestionable genius. Genius, like Mozart, wins the people, goes to the common heart, and makes its wonders felt by all, at the same time that it tasks the brain of the thinker, of the learned, scientific critic, to discern the tithe of the latent excellencies of its thoroughly learned, yet perfectly spontaneous product. Meyerbeer's music, as such, disappoints the Bellini, Donizetti, Verdi enthusiasts; simply because it is really novel, runs in no well-worn, easy sentimental channels, taxes thought continually to mark what it is, even as it taxed thought and volition on the part of the composer to bring out such a connected series of new designs and weld them all together to his purpose. The mass therefore found it, musically, strange, fatiguing, heavy.

A smaller number, weary of the hacknied Italian opera melody, blessed or cursed with some intellectual curiosity and demanding evermore new thought, something to discover and think about, as well as something just to feel and be stirred up with for the moment, were delighted with the curious wealth of novel effects, if not ideas, in this elaborate score; with the ingenious fitting of quaint, characteristic musical costume to each point of the dramatic plot; with the wonderful calculation of effects, sacrificing such momentary ones as others would often make, to greater effect of the whole. These are refreshed by such abundant evidences of invention, such skilful devices to illustrate and help on the one grand design. They say, here is an opera with something in it, some positive addition to the old stock, even should it be found wanting in the scales of the highest criticism; and many will not believe it can be found so. A still smaller few acknowledge the novelty, the power, the cleverness, enjoy much in detail, and as a whole find it interesting and suggestive, yet feel too clearly that ingenuity is the right word for it, and not genius; that the inspiration is not equal to the study of effect; that the direction after all is false and the success of to-day is made paramount to the higher and eternal truth of Art. Take away the great display, and what greatness is there left? Remove it from the theatre, and indeed from any theatre but the Grand Opera of Paris, try over the music on a small scale, without accessories, and view it simply musically, and what, with all its felicitous and novelties, do you find vitally inherent in its every fibre at all comparable to what you find in music of Mozart, Rossini, Weber, and the real men of genius? Read Mozart's account of his own method of composing great works (in his letter on another page,) and what can be imagined more utterly opposite than the elaborate, painfully piece-meal method of Meyerbeer? *He* is not inspired with an ineffably beautiful and grand creation all at once, whole, as Minerva leaped from the brain of Jove. As different as possible from all that, must have been the genesis of the *Huguenots* and the *Prophète*.

Such, we are quite sure, was the result of these first trials on the audience here; and such it has been everywhere, making allowance for the peculiar passion for stage effect which belongs to the French character and culture, and makes the Grand Opera the focus of talents such as Meyerbeer's. One cannot but be interested in the play. It has characters in it. Fides and Jean and the Anabaptists are not likely to be soon forgotten. But of these the poet, more than the musician, seems to have been the father. SCRIBE is the most admirable of librettists, really one of the first dramatists of our age; he has furnished the composer with a remarkably fine plot and poem; has Meyerbeer breathed a deeper life and meaning into these characters, re-created them by his music, as Mozart did those furnished by Da Ponte? Does the music indicate more meaning than the words? We cannot yet perceive it; but it is not time to render final judgment on so great a work, which we have heard performed but twice, and that of course with very insufficient means and much curtailment. It is rather our duty simply to report so much as we have thus far found.

Meyerbeer, as M. Fétis well says, loves to deal with mystical ideas. "In *Robert*, all the interest consists in the struggle of the good and evil genius for the possession of a weak and passionate soul. In the *Huguenots*, it is the most exalted love in conflict with the sentiment of duty and religious faith; in *le Prophète*, it is the annihilation of human sentiments by fanaticism." The wild scenes of the Anabaptist peasants' insurrection, and the eventful life of Jean of Leyden afforded fine sphere to the musician and librettist, full of tragedy, of splendid spectacle, of romance and the most striking contrasts. There was the charm of history, too, an opportunity to exercise that tact in local coloring, which Meyerbeer possesses in a very high degree. They could not conform their drama strictly to the facts of history; the conclusion, for instance,—a very lame and impotent one, after the stereotype pattern of a thousand melodramas, ending in a grand explosion, which destroys the hero and all concerned, is but the play-wright's cutting of the knot of difficulty. The historical John was captured and put to death with utmost torture. Then too the mere monotony of carnage and fanaticism required some relief, something to touch the human chords; hence the invention of the love of John and Bertha, and the sublime impersonation of the maternal sentiment in Fides. These elements are skilfully wrought together into a splendid combination of music, spectacle and drama.

The first act gives us a miniature of the times, by a scene in the environs of Dordrecht, in Holland. You have on the one side the castle of the lord of the domain, count Oberthal; on the other the simple peasant life of his vassals; and you are about to see what might occur in any German village at that time. There is no overture, only a few measures of the orchestra as the curtain rises on the rural scene; it is the hour of rest from labor; a peasant on the rocks, with a *cornemuse* to his lips, summons his companions to their repast, the strain and echoes being given by the low clarinet tones in the orchestra. (Laughably enough, our actor raised his horn to his lips while the echoes were sounding, and left the whole matter to the orchestra the second night.) The chorus of millers and peasants is quite gay and festive, triangle and piccolo quaintly chiming in upon a droning harmony. Bertha, the betrothed of Jean, (Miss HENSLER) enters and sings a song of joy at the thought of soon meeting her lover (omitted here.) Then enters Fides, the mother of Jean, commissioned to conduct his bride to him. Their recitative is treated in quite an original and peculiarly conversational manner, the interest of the orchestra never for a moment ceasing. The picturesque, yet simple costume of both ladies, was exceedingly appropriate and tasteful. Bertha, as vassal of the Count, cannot go without his consent, and they approach the castle. But now, strange, murky sounds of horns and bassoons herald the intervention of a new element, the fate, as it were, in the drama, and we hear the sombre choral, sung in unison and octave, of the three Anabaptist leaders, who soon appear upon the rocks in the background darkening the scene. Here is what they sing:



This has perfectly the tone of the rude chorales of the sixteenth century, yet we have M. Fétis' assurance that it was expressly composed by Meyerbeer. Thrice repeated by these gentlemen in black (MORELLI, ARNOLDI and GASPARONI, who were capitally made up, especially Morelli, who looked like a genuine old Hussite, and kept a right fanatical expression on his face), and afterwards sung in full chorus by them and the peasants, whom they have effectually preached into insurrection and a belief in a near millennium, this chorale gives a sort of key-note to the whole; it is ominously effective. The loud liberty chorus, which follows, reminds one of the first finale in *Don Juan*. They seize whatever weapons come to hand and rush to attack the castle, when Count Oberthal, (AMODIO, very oddly dressed), laughing with his nobles, and with a guard, comes out and the valiant rebels shrink and try to hide their weapons. Scarcely noticing them he has the three black crows expelled, pestilent preachers of sedition that they

are, and finds a more welcome object in the fair Bertha, who approaches him with Fides, and they make their request in a pretty duet, which was nicely sung, Bertha taking the upper part. The count cannot part with so much beauty and claims Bertha for himself; the peasants are indignant; Bertha and Fides are seized and carried into the castle, and to improve the opportunity, the three gentlemen in black let us hear again from the outside their *Ad nos, ad salutarem undam*. The music in all this first act is comparatively simple; no great effects are attempted, while every detail shows the most studied care.

Act II. introduces us to Jean, the future prophet. The scene is his inn, at Leyden; John, occupied with sweet thoughts, awaits impatiently the return of Fides with his bride. Peasants, soldiers, &c., enter dancing and singing, and calling for beer. Beautiful is the little tenor strain in which Jean (SALVIANI) thinks of Bertha. The three Anabaptists also enter, and sit down to drink; are struck by the resemblance of John to a picture of David in the cathedral of Munster; inquire of the peasants if he is brave, is an enthusiast, &c., and when the rest are sent out to meet Bertha, they listen to the recital of his dream, from which they are convinced that he is their appointed prophet and king. The music of this dream is remarkable. It is preluded by a snatch of the Coronation march, and accompanied by a melody of low flute tones, with aerial high notes of the violins, which is an anticipation of the hymn of the choir boys, expanded to large proportions in the great cathedral scene of the Fourth Act. The latter portion, where the bloody images start up, is terrific, almost *Freyschütz*-like in the accompaniment; brass and tympani do their utmost. (Yet it may be remarked that throughout the opera the noisier orchestral effects are carefully kept from drowning the voices.) The Three are more than ever persuaded that he is the Messiah they are seeking, and tell him the dream betokens that he is to reign! He shrinks from the idea, and in a sweet *Andante Pastorale*, in 9-8 measure, one of the very few melodies which one carries away from the opera, sings of a sweeter empire: *Un impero piu soave, Un affetto piu sincero*, in which he hopes to live and die at home. They leave him, repeating: "Thou shalt be king," and he is glad to be rid of their shadow.

Now are heard strange sounds in the orchestra, —a galloping movement by two bassoons, at the same time with a measured march by clarinets, horns and strings, (rather a melodramatic piece of imitation,) which is soon explained by the precipitate entrance of Bertha pursued by soldiers of the Count (in the version here used, the Count himself leads them.) Jean secretes her; they threaten to kill Fides, whom they bring with them, unless he gives Bertha up; the filial sentiment prevails, and he sinks into a seat and buries his head in his hands in despair as his betrothed is hurried off. Here were the materials for a grand concerted finale, according to the usual Italian opera model; but Meyerbeer passes on, giving us the well-known truly dramatic song: *Ah, mon fils!* in which Fides blesses her son for this self-sacrifice. She leaves him to his own thoughts of vengeance, and just then the *Ad nos* of the fatal Three is heard again without, conspiring with his thought, as the three witches with the dreams of Macbeth. (It is said that Macbeth was performed in Paris, about the time that Scribe wrote this.) He calls them in, already theirs, and the act closes with a quartet of the four men, in which the zeal of fanaticism gets the better of the simple human, filial sentiment; he must see his mother once before he goes to be their warrior prophet; they warn him from such weakness; again involuntarily he rushes to her chamber to take one last look, but at a sudden explosion of the tympani (one of the peculiar ways of marking a climax in this opera!) he tears himself away and follows the murky Three.

The third act takes us into the midst of the tumult and carnage of the insurrection. Amid chaotic blasts and alarums of the orchestra the curtain rises on a winter scene, a frozen lake, with the towers of Munster in the distance, which the peasants are besieging. Soldiers rush from the sides dragging prisoners, richly dressed, nobles, monks, &c., and the peasantry dance round them, with a chorus, whose strange rhythm has a remorseless, wintry sound: *Du sang! Que Judas succombe!*

The solo, too, of Zacharias, sung with real fanatical furor by MORELLI; *Aussi nombreux que les étoiles*, is remarkable for its impetuous and angry rhythm. Another of the Three (leaders under Jean, still in their suits of black) leads in a band of soldiers, from a hard day's fight. The prisoners are led out in hope of ransom; the soldiers are weary and hungry, and now begins the famous skating scene. Groups of women and children, upon skates, bring provisions, and then there is dancing. The music of the dances, especially the *Pas des patineurs*, is quite original; the accompaniment marks the nervous measured effort that propels the skates, while the melody glides gracefully away in a freer rhythm. The skating may have had some poetical illusion on the Parisian stage; here it was too much in the foreground and lacked remoteness; the clatter of the skates was too great for the music.

Next we enter the tent of the three Anabaptists, who are planning an assault on Munster, without the Prophet's knowledge. A quaint episode is created by the bringing in of Count Oberthal prisoner; it is too dark to recognize him; he asks what they are fighting for, is instructed in their fanatical and communist creed, pretends to wish to join them, and takes the oath, comically enough, to each of their bloody articles. The music to this is called in the French score a *Trio bouffe*, and indeed you seem for a time to be listening to strains from "the Barber," and begin to confound our solemn friends with Don Basilio; the dialogue is admirably managed, and the music well conveys the hypocritical tone of Oberthal. But the drollest is where they strike a light, singing a couple of lively stanzas as the sparks fly from the flint—more curious than natural—and recognize their foe. As he is sent off to execution, Jean appears and saves him. He is sick of the cruelties perpetrated by his followers, who, finding the city still hold out against them, begin to murmur, and cry "Death to the Prophet!" Here the Prophet rises in the might of his enthusiasm, upbraids and quells them, and compels all to kneel in prayer, and chant a *Miserere*. Remembering that Bertha is in Munster, he is again inspired to go on, and his appeal to arms and victory rises to one of those climaxes of inspiration, which explains his power over his ignorant and superstitious followers. In the midst of it he thinks of Joan of Arc, sees heaven open, and hears the sound of sacred harps and voices floating over Munster. Poet and musician have here done their best to work up an imposing finale. The theme of this concluding prayer: *Re del Cielo*, has the very familiar sound of one of those old Catholic hymns, which has also found its way into our Protestant hymn-books.

But we have not room to go through at this slow rate. We must speak of the last two acts next week. So far there has been no very intense personal development; all has been comparatively quiet in the music and characters of Fides and Bertha; they have been only incidental to the historical drama: in the great fourth act their time comes, and we can only hint now of the sublime and thrilling pathos which Mme. LAGRANGE exhibits both in singing and in action, in the part of Fides, one of the most trying rôles, in those two last acts, to be found in the whole range of opera. We have seen nothing greater upon any stage than the scene where she claims the Prophet as her son, and then is forced to disown him. Very great, too, was she in the prison scene, where she brings him to repentance. The music is extremely difficult, of great compass, requiring abundant use of the contralto as well as the soprano register, (it was written for VIARDOT GARCIA,) ranging through unusual intervals, strange rhythmical divisions and declamatory accents; yet she sang all to a marvel. It seemed almost incredible for a voice of such slight substance.

Miss HENSLER, too, appears to even better advantage than ever before in her (much abridged) character of Bertha; she sang the music very sweetly, fully sharing the applause of the duets with Lagrange, and in one scene showed a good deal of dramatic power. Sig. SALVIANI could not look the majesty or beauty of the man who could pass for a prophet and work almost miracles by the charm of personal presence; but he did well, and sang quite effectively. With the three Anabaptists no fault could be found; MORELLI was capital; GASPARONI too, except in a too merry twinkle of the eye (yet they all turned out to be rogues); and ARNOLDI's tenor, at other times so hard, had just the right sound in the rude Anabaptist unison canticles. The choruses were sung effectively; the orchestra, allowing for its small proportion of strings and the maddening loudness of those drums, gives, we should think, a very fair idea of the rich and curious instrumentation. As for scenic display, it of course was not Paris; but the Coronation scene was made quite brilliant and gorgeous, and is there another country in the world, where a long procession could be encored and repeated as it was done here at both performances!

Our readers will have an opportunity to satisfy themselves of the transcendant power of Mme. LAGRANGE as Fides, this afternoon, when the *Prophète* will be repeated for the finale of this short operatic season.

On Saturday afternoon was repeated *Semiramide*, whose free spontaneous outflow of voluptuous melody was really refreshing after the labored novelties of *Le Prophète*. LAGRANGE and DIDIEE were admirable again. On Monday *Lucrezia Borgia* was repeated, with AMODIO as the Duke. Last evening Miss HENSLER's benefit in *I Puritani*, of which hereafter.

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P. S. By announcement in another column it will be seen that Mr. PAINE has yielded to pressing petitions from many opera-lovers, and will give four performances next week. Observe the evenings are changed.

New Music.

[From Schuberth & Co., Hamburg, Leipzig and New York.]

CHARLES MAYER. Op. 141. *Le Prophète, Grande Fantaisie pour le Piano.* Pp. 27.

A brilliant and difficult show-piece for the virtuoso concert-player, or the ambitious amateur, who possesses a good deal of execution and whose fingers itch for more. Ushered by the loud march, some of the principal motives of the *Prophète* are introduced, illustrated, varied, and bedeviled in the modern fashion, with arpeggios, long passages of tremolo, and so forth, cleverly and gracefully, as Carl Mayer always does, who is one of the more successful of those who follow next, yet a long way after, LISZT. By the way, is it not greatly to Liszt's honor, whatever his earlier career, that he, acknowledged king in all that concerns execution, effect, virtuosity in piano-playing, never consents to play a thing of this kind now in public, but devotes his skill to the interpretation of the master works of genius?

A. GOCKEL. Op. 19. *Souvenir de Niagara; Caprice Caracteristique.* Pp. 13.

A rapid, *galop like* Allegro, not without grace and sparkle; not very difficult, but nothing without clear and free execution, and likely to please many.—What influences Niagara may have mingled in its birth, are not apparent. Niagara (pictured on the title-page) may help to sell it, as the grand falls have turned many a mill erenow.

A. GOCKEL. Op. 20. *Les Adieux, Notturne Sentimentale,* for Piano; pp. 10.

In the usual form of Nottornes, by Field, Kalkbrenner, &c.; a long, flowing 4-4 melody, in A flat at first plain, with occasional little tendrils of ornament, and light arpeggio chords extended through two octaves or more; afterwards varied, the chords struck alternately below and above, with hands crossing. Not particularly easy to play well. The author on the title page styles himself *Elève de F. Mendelssohn Bartholdy.*

FERDINAND FICKER. I. *Pädagogische Bibliothek (Pedagogic Library) für Piano.* Section 2. pp. 22. —II. *Farewell Notturne,* op. 12, pp. 7.—III. *La Gracieuse, Schottish de Salon.*

No. 1 contains thirty little pieces for beginners, beginning with the very simplest and progressing by easy degrees to more difficult; yet all quite simple. The pieces are in many forms of waltz, march, *andante cantabile, tremolo,* &c., and must interest the scholar. Nos. 2 and 3 form numbers of a series of larger pieces for more advanced players, and seem clever in their way.

The Family Pianist (Piano Blumenlese,) a selection of Dances, Marches, Airs, &c., arranged by J. SCHUBERTH. Book 1., pp. 11.

Here are very simple and short arrangements of such pieces as the Polacca air: *Son vergin vezzosa,* from *I Puritani*; the Rhenish Polka; the Coronation March from "The Prophet"; Reissiger's *Fées Waltz,* Rossini's *Tarantella*; "Last Rose of Summer," &c., &c.

(Published by Nathan Richardson.)

C. A. ADLER. *Trois Bagatelles Characteristiques,* for Piano-forte. No. 3. *Reverie*; pp. 5.

A pleasing, pensive little melody in E major, with the four parts of the harmony well individuated; the treatment and modulation refined, and nothing very common-place, until you reach an unmeaningly long die-away see-saw upon tonic and dominant at the end. The only difficulty to the player will be found in some widely dispersed harmonies near the beginning.

A. HENSELT. Op. 13. *Mazurka et Polka*; pp. 9.

After CHOPIN few preserve the spirit of the Mazurka—that wildflower of native Polish melody, full of a delicate, deep, burning feeling, so happily as Henselt. The form in itself is always interesting, but doubly so when it becomes a mould to the inspirations of so poetic a composer. This one is well worth the trouble to learn it. The Polka too, is above the common humdrum character of polkas.—the work of an artist. Both pieces are above medium difficulty.

H BERTINI. *Mother and Daughter; four easy, pretty Duets,* for the piano; pp. 5 each. Price 25 cts. each.

The domestic title tells the purpose of these very nice little pieces for the juvenile stages of four-hand practice. There is a certain grace of style about even the least things of Bertini.

C. T. BRUNNER. *Twenty-four very easy melodies for young pupils, for four hands.* In five numbers, each of 5 pages; 20 cts. each.

These are of the very simplest sort of exercises. The hand remains in one position through each piece, and in the upper part the two hands play the melody all through in octaves, with scarce an exception. All are kept, too, in the natural key until the last few numbers, which enter A minor, F and G.

Musical Chit-Chat.

Tickets are already selling briskly for the BEETHOVEN FESTIVAL on the 1st of March. Those who would secure choice seats must lose no time. The original plan of the programme has been somewhat varied; it will probably be announced in full next week......OTTO DRESEL's Second Soirée cannot take place to-night on account of indisposition. It will probably occur on Wednesday. Among the classical novelties of the occasion Mr. Dresel will produce a Trio (for piano, violin and 'cello,) composed by a *lady,* namely the gifted and early lamented sister of MENDELSSOHN, Madame FANNY HENSEL. ....The HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY announce a Sacred Concert to-morrow evening with the aid of LAGRANGE, HENSLER, and the other artists of the Italian Opera, just about to leave us.

London gossip says, quite positively, and without contradiction so far, that Mme. JENNY LIND GOLDSCHMIDT is about to appear once more in opera. The story is that Messrs. Lumley, Mitchell and Otto Goldschmidt have taken Her Majesty's Theatre, which has been shut up for two or three years (ever since the great JOHANNA WAGNER law-suit), and which Jenny alone was able to make profitable. She is to be the *prima donna*; but what further has not transpired. We wish it might prove true. That the greatest singer of our age, the one *prima donna* who has genius in the highest sense, and who knows *music* and all its masterworks as well as she knows how to sing, should now, in the fullness of her powers, abandon their greatest sphere of exercise, is a calamity to the best interests of Art. In a great artist humanity realizes one of its own ideals; the artist is for us what we cannot all be for ourselves; the world cannot afford that private life should claim the whole of such an one; they come too seldom and their age needs their gift. May the rumor prove true, and may we yet see Jenny Lind in opera in America!

Kladderadatsch, the German *Punch,* is very funny about *Tannhäuser,* as performed last month at Berlin. It gives a parody of the poem, of which the hero and the plot are RICHARD WAGNER himself and his fortunes, with a series of pictorial caricatures, representing scenes before, during and after the performance. Under the first head we have the poor conductor, spent with his gigantic labors of rehearsal, put to bed; on the floor a heap of used-up batons, with one more, marked "reserve," lying across the score of *Tannhäuser* upon the music-stand....*Punch* himself, the great original all-sided Mr. Punch, who lives and rules in England, has been amusing himself, seeing that it was so much the fashion, with manufacturing "Rossiniana," in which of course he succeeds better than anybody else. Here they are:

The French, Belgian and German papers are full of the sayings of Rossini. Since the "illustrious maestro" has given up music, he has taken to composing jokes. Most of his *bon-mots* are in the *Bouffe* style. Nothing is too extravagant for his humor, so long as he succeeds in making you laugh. We will endeavor, from memory, to reproduce a few of his most brilliant sayings, as they have been reproduced lately, by Hiller, Lecomte, Escudier, and others:—

He said of the celebrated Marquisa di Z——, that she had "a mind that changed as often as a play-bill; what she promised to-day she rarely performed to-morrow."

Rossini defines Bellini, Halévy, and Weber as follows: "The first is natural, the second unnatural, and the third supernatural."

He says Costa is "honest and clever; but extremely conceited. The reason why he wears gloves when he conducts, is for fear of soiling his fingers with other composers' music."

He gives as his reason for not composing anything more, that the "musical market is overdone. What will you, when the opera is turned into nothing better than a stock-exchange—overrun with worthless notes?"

"The English go to the opera to sleep—the French to talk—the Germans to dream—the Italians to listen."

Rossini said of a Belgian, who had more than his fair share of national ugliness, "If that fellow had been in the Ark, we should not have had one of the *Singe* species left. All the monkeys on board would have died of envy."

A lady, with whom he had been dining was pressing him to favor the society with a song. "Really, madame," exclaimed Rossini, "you treat us poor musicians as if we were so many starved-out robins; you throw us a few crumbs from your table, and then expect us to perch on your window-sill, and begin singing!"

Wagner offered to play him a few specimens of his *Music of the Future.* "No, no," eagerly ejaculated Rossini; "let us rather enjoy the Music of the Present; it is wrong, you know, to anticipate the future. Besides, *mon cher Docteur,* I can tell you, I do not take the slightest pleasure in listening to Post-Obits."

CROWDED OUT. Notices of the past week's concerts, already in type, must lie over till one next.

Advertisements.

Italian Opera....Boston Theatre.

The Director of the Italian Opera Troupe has the honor to announce that, in deference to the general demand of the Public and the Press, he has determined to give four more representations at the Boston Theatre.

In making the above announcement he deems it but just to himself to state that it is only at the reiterated requests, both personal and by letter, of the patrons of the Opera, that he has determined to abandon the giving of three representations in New York during the week, giving four here instead, and that Friday the 22d inst. will be most positively the last time that the artists comprising this troupe can appear in Boston, as they are under contract to commence an engagement in Philadelphia on Monday the 25th inst.

The four performances here will be as follows:—

MONDAY, Feb 18,..............LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR.
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The Festival will open with a Poetical Prologue, written and recited by Wm. W. Story, Esq. The Prologue ended, the Programme will be as nearly as possible the following:

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Translated for this Journal.

The Mission of Mozart.

Leading Characteristics of his Genius and his Works.

BY A. OULIBICHEFF.

(Continued from p. 154.)

Mozart's models for the Opera and Orchestral Music were his contemporaries; on the one side the Italians taken in a mass, as representatives of vocal melody, on the other side his famous countrymen and friends, Gluck and Joseph Haydn. Placed between the interests of song and of the drama, it was his task to harmonize their rival claims, by subordinating them to a third interest, which was peculiarly his own. In other words, he had to uphold with all the power at his command the principle of lyric-dramatic truth; to point out a significant and brilliant sphere for execution, when the singers had more than was necessary; especially to lend to theatrical music a value independent of its application, so that a piece, taken out from its connection and its text, should still always be good music, clear, expressive, beautiful, in harmony with itself as well as with the libretto. Nowhere did Mozart introduce so great a number of combinations and develop such a wonderful variety of talents, as in the opera, which compels us to treat this subject more at length and in detail, than all the others.

It has been maintained, that Mozart's operas are a mixture of Italian music and French declamation. This is true; and yet the most classical passages of Mozart resemble neither the operas of Gluck, nor those of the Italians of the last century, nor any that have been made in our times. The reason is, that in the study of the masters Mozart studied the principle or tendency of the school far more than the individual manner; borrowing from all periods of music, he yet copied nothing, but modified all according to the nature of its universal spirit, and according to the conditions under which the harmonious co-operation of these different contributions could be realized. The science of counterpoint had become quite a different thing under his hands from what it had at first been. Just so with the French declamation; just so with the Italian melody.

In the musical drama every kind of song has its proper and appointed place, which is indicated in the very nature of things. Conversation and monologue are treated as simple recitative; a certain warmth and interest in the action give occasion for the *obligato* recitative, which, in quite natural sequence, leads in the true lyrical moment, the moment of impassioned outgush, in which melodic song predominates. When the recitative is incorporated into the piece of music and subjected to a positive rhythm, it takes more especially the name of declamation. There are a multitude of cases in which declamation must be used pre-eminently before melody. As often as one speaks without being strongly moved, or when one is in the highest degree excited, or when the action must follow the progress of the words, or when an animated and rapid dialogue does not allow the music to round itself off in periods, or when the situation is too pressing for one to dwell long upon what he feels, the declamatory movement will in general produce a far more dramatic effect, than the melodic song. The simplest common sense shows us, that a man, who knows that it is certain destruction for him to remain a minute longer where he is, will not stop long to express his feelings in an aria or a tender duet, when every note increases the danger and deals a deadly blow to the illusion. And these are the absurdities, with which the lyric drama has been so much and so often reproached, as if the kind were answerable for the stupidities of text-makers and musicians.

It is a fact that neither the Italians nor the French understood the art of so dividing dialogue and music, song and declamation, as to satisfy the music-lovers. The Italians multiplied the arias entirely at the pleasure of the singer, without troubling themselves about the dramatic reasons; which did not prevent them, however, from making their recitative in *opera seria* terribly long and tedious. Gluck never employed arias unfitly; but he turned over to dialogue a great many situations, in which the music might have developed itself to good advantage. The grand French and the grand Italian opera, different as they were in principle, yet had one fault in common: the recitative took far too great a part in them. To what shall we ascribe this want of proportion between the parts which make up the musical drama, and this preponderance of a form of song which in its nature is least pleasing? The question is easily answered. They understood how to make cavatinas, bravura airs and choruses, even duets, though these not quite so well. But what was understood by neither one school nor the other, was the *ensemble* pieces. Even Gluck had shown no very remarkable skill in this. Accordingly they treated a musical situation, when it divided itself between three or four persons, in recitative dialogue, and seldom used it for a Terzet or a Quartet. The literati triumphed upon such occasions. See, exclaimed they to the friends of music, what is made out of the verse of Arcas in the *Iphigenia*:

Il l'attend à l'autel, pour la sacrifier!

Compare the effect of the tragic scene with the effect of the lyric scenes, and then measure the relative power of the two arts, which you place upon a level. They had but too much reason, not as against music, but as against Gluck. Racine's flash of lightning, which falls upon some shreds of recitative: *Mon époux! mon père! son père! ô désespoir! ô crime!* produces precisely the effect of an exploded petard. To wish with a meagre recitativa to contend against the tragic and harmonious power of a great poet, is actually a ridiculous sham-fight, in which the musician makes use of the scabbard instead of the blade.

But patience; here comes one, who will put an end to the cry of the music-hating critics and will prove that the most ideal form of the drama is also the truest. The *Nozze di Figaro* and *Don Giovanni* gave at last the normal plan, according to which a libretto and a score, whether in the tragic or the comic, should be made. In them, both poets and musicians learned a new trade. In them all the musical situations, whether in motion or points of rest, were cut out for music: arias, duets, terzets, quartets, quintets and sextets, choruses and finales; the recitative, reduced to the indispensably necessary, was stripped of its right, which it had exercised in the fullest degree for almost two centuries, of wearying and exhausting the hearers; instead of occupying the half of an opera, or more, it now filled but an insignificant part of it. In the 590 pages of the score of *Don Juan* (Leipzig edition), we find not more than 45 of simple or of *obligato* recitative. Now for the first time could a rational comparison be made between the drama spoken and the drama sung.

It was but a small thing, however, to have shortened the recitativa; it was necessary to make it beautiful, to lend it a degree of musical

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interest, which in itself it had not. PORPORA and GLUCK had perfected declamation; they brought it to the point of truth and accuracy, where it is as little liable to any further change, as are the natural inflexions of the voice, which it imitates, or as are the chords. However well the recitative may be declaimed, it has value only as pure music; this the harmony and instrumentation can lend it. Gluck in this regard had done much; Mozart did much more. With the one the instrumentation is still nothing but a more or less figured *accompaniment*, happily adapted to the text and nothing without that. With the other, on the contrary, it is a whole world of musical thoughts by itself,—thoughts beautiful in themselves, and still more beautiful through the immense service which they render to the drama; there is a variety and richness of figures in it, worthy of a Symphony; a multitude of details and a contrapuntal depth, worthy of a *worked up* Quartet. To estimate precisely what Mozart achieved in recitative, one has only to examine the score of *Idomeneo*, in which the dialogue takes up by far more room than in his other operas. But few amateurs of the present time know *Idomeneo;* on the contrary the recitatives of Donna Anna, the sublimest patterns of the kind, are in every one's recollection, which saves me the necessity of supporting my remark by proofs and examples.

When the situation required declamatory effects in a piece of music, Mozart did not strive to make the text agreeably singable, but he left to the orchestra in such cases the interest or pleasure for the ear, the musical sense, properly speaking. While the voice recites its speech in one breath and even with the natural intonation of the words, the orchestra comments upon the situation, expresses its total effect and reveals the inward progress of the feeling, outwardly announced by declamation and by gesture. In this way music realizes the drama as well in its poetical, as in its pictorial and psychological form, which belongs to it exclusively; it shows it at once as *subject* and *object;* it presents it under all the real, visible and hidden phases that it has in nature. A little duet between Figaro and Susanna: *Aprite presto, aprite*, may serve for an example. Almaviva, in a perfect rage, is expected every moment. Should the count find the page in the boudoir of the countess, he would kill him on the spot and the countess too; but the doors are fastened. *Che risolvere, che far?* (What is to be done?) Expose her neck to her enraged husband, or run the risk of breaking it by leaping from the window? The dilemma is inevitable, and surely it is no time now for Cherubino and Susanna to hold out a tone or coo in loving thirds and sixths. A few abrupt phrases, uttered in a voice almost choked by the extreme agitation of the speakers, were the thing in place, and our maestro was not the man to make a mistake here. His duet is a rapid, anxious colloquy, which runs swifter than the word, and only lasts a minute. The orchestra points out the danger and plays a figure, in which the situation is depicted from beginning to end. This figure exhorts, encourages, urges on the persons, and draws them through the crooks and turns of modulation, through which it would fain escape with them; at last it knows no more than they do where its head stands, it scrambles up upon the window sill, it struggles in mortal anguish. There is nothing dramatically truer than this duet, and nothing more logical than the simple development of a musical thought. Declamation, thus combined with song and orchestra, unites consequently all the advantages of applied music with the merits of pure music. Admire therefore the wisdom of the critics, who have reproached Mozart with having sacrificed the voice to the instruments.—*he*, the most singable of all composers, the moment that he could sing without committing an absurdity!

We have said that the Italian melody has changed its character in Mozart's operas; but the change it underwent is one of those things which criticism must give up trying to explain in any positive and rational manner. Old people, who for forty years have heard *Voi, chi sapete, Vedrai carino, Mi tradi quell' alma ingrata, Fin c'han dal vino*, &c., &c., still tremble with delight at these melodies of a past century almost, and how wonderful! Young music-lovers find, it is the same with them as with their grandfathers! This is hard to comprehend. There was a time, in which *Nel cor più non mi sento, Una fida pastorella, Di tanti palpiti, Una voce poco fa*, and many other pieces, which have stood in favor with the public since Mozart, have seemed (to me at least) to come near to the finest arias of the latter. What a difference to-day! The *Molinara* has become a toothless old woman, begging in her mill for alms, if she is not already dead. Of PAER's operas only he himself is left;* the beard of the hero *Tancredi* is already visibly becoming gray; Ninette, although very pretty, is no longer in her first bloom of youth. They are passed or passing, all these pet children of the public, to which Italy has given birth in the nineteenth century. And their older cousins, Mozart's children? Look at them. Giovanni still possesses the whole power of his fascinating look; Elvira is still ever the most constant lover; Ottavio the most melodious of tenors and the most tender bridegroom; Anna still sublime in her grief, her passion and her energy; Cherubino is still as fresh as on the day when he was presented to the countess Almaviva. He still promises, what he has promised fifty years, and as the full-blown Don Juan in the *Dissoluto punito* he has admirably kept his word. But what do I say? All these personages weighed down with years still seem in their growth. Like old friends, they gain more and more the sympathy of the soul, which contemplates itself in them, as in the clearest and most faithful of all poetic mirrors.

In what then lies the mystery of this fabulously long life-time of operatic arias? The mystery, I repeat it, will remain still a mystery for all others, as for the musicians of genius, who tread in Mozart's footsteps. What may be said of it in general perhaps is, that the vocal melody, which does not grow old, is that which, free from all conventionalisms, bears the character of absolute truth in regard to the situation and the words. Thus Mozart's finest arias show us the pure and simple result, the perfect musical analogy of the impressions, which by turns held sway over a susceptible and variable nature, as its countless phases turned and shifted to the influences of the moment. If the words were proper for a melody, if they went straight to the heart or excited the imagination, then the text inspired our hero; he worked with fire; he flung upon paper a portion of himself, which instantly transformed itself into a melodic masterpiece. If on the contrary he had to work upon one of those texts, which are neither good for song nor declamation, one of the thousand trivial reflections, maxims, commonplaces of a loose morality, such as the text-makers put into the mouths of persons, when they have nothing to say, then Mozart stepped down to the level of the rhymer, forgot himself and neglected himself more than a great artist ever should do. Hence the presence in his operas of several ordinary, insignificant and now obsolete melodies; the same may be said of a still greater number of his songs. He slept occasionally the Homeric sleep, and indeed very deeply, as we must confess. But he knew how to choose his moments.

[To be continued.]

* He was still living when I wrote this.

On the Structure of Italian Opera.

(From "Brown's Letters upon the Poetry and Music of the Italian Opera.")

The music of the Opera is divided into RECITATIVE and AIR, and the RECITATIVE is again classed under two denominations—*simple* and *accompanied*.

The SIMPLE RECITATIVE is appropriated to passages of narration or of dialogue that are devoid of passion or sentiment, and such as by their own nature can never become the subject of musical expression.

The ACCOMPANIED RECITATIVE is on the contrary entirely devoted to passion. It was very justly observed, that "passages in which the mind of the speaker is agitated by a rapid succession of various emotions, are incompatible with any particular strain of length of melody; for that which constitutes such a particular strain is the relation of several parts to one whole. Now it is this whole which the Italians distinguish by the name of *motivo*, which may be translated *strain* or *subject of the air*, and which they conceive to be inconsistent with the brevity and desultory sense of those ejaculations which are the effect of a high degree of agitation. Air they think even inadmissible in those passages, in which, though the emotions be not various, yet the sentences are broken and incoherent. To give an instance: the following speech, though terror be uniformly expressed by the whole of it, seems not at all a subject fit to be comprehended under or expressed by one regular strain:

"Bring me unto my trial when you will—
Died he not in his bed?—Where should he die?
Oh? torture me no more—I will confess—
Alive again!—then show me where he is;
I'll give a thousand pounds to look on him—
He hath no eyes;—the dust hath blinded them:
Comb down his hair;—look! look! it stands upright,
Like lime-twigs set to catch my winged soul
Give me some drink," &c. *Shakspeare's Henry VI.*

On such passages, however, the composer bestows his strongest light. It is here that he shows the effect of modulation, in order to characterize the transitions from one emotion to another, and that he employs the "accompaniments, to produce such sounds as serve to awaken in the audience sensations and emotions similar to those which are supposed to agitate the speaker." Here again another fine distinction is made by the Italians, between the descriptive and the pathetic powers of music. The last are proper to the voice, the former to the orchestra alone. Thus the symphonies which accompany this kind of recitative, besides the general analogy they must have to the immediate sentiments, and even to the character of the speaker, are often particularly descriptive of the place in which he is, or of some other concomitant circumstance which may serve to heighten the effect of the speech itself. Suppose, for example, the scene to be a prison; the symphonies, whilst they accord with the general tenor of the words, will paint, if I may be allowed the expression, the horrors of the dungeon itself. Again, suppose the scene by moon-light, and the general tone of the passion plaintive; the sweetness, the serenity, and even the solitude, nay, the silence

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of the scene, would make part of the ideas suggested by the symphonies. In this kind of recitative, the singer is, in a more especial manner, left to the dictates of his own feelings and judgments with respect to the measure: he must not indeed reverse the natural prosody of the language, by making short what should be long, or *vice versa;* but he may not only proportionally lengthen the duration of each syllable, but he may give to particular syllables what length he pleases, and precipitate considerably the pronunciation of others, just as he thinks the expression requires.

Our author next proceeds to the classification of the different kinds of *air* marked by the Italians, and which he is inclined to consider rather as technical in their eyes than as philosophical, although founded on distinctions of the various affections of the mind. After a few observations on the use of *the symphony* in preparing the audience by the enunciation of the subject or *motivo*, to listen with more intelligence and more interest to the song, and after pointing out the beautiful and striking effect which may be produced by the omission of it, where any sudden or violent gust of passion is to be expressed, he gives the following account of the divisions of THE AIR.

ARIA CANTABILE, by pre-eminence so called, as if it alone were song, and indeed it is the only kind of song, which gives the singer an opportunity of displaying at once, and in the highest degree, all his powers, of whatever description they be. The proper objects of this air are sentiments of tenderness. Though this be an expression which always tends to sadness, yet the sadness is of that pleasing kind which the mind loves to indulge. Hence it arises that the ARIA CANTABILE, whilst it is susceptible of pathos, admits, without prejudice to the expression, of being highly ornamented, for this plain reason—that though the sentiments it expresses are affecting, they are at the same time such as the mind dwells on with pleasure; and it is likewise for this reason, that the subject of the *cantabile* must never border on deep distress, nor approach to violent agitation, both of which are evidently inconsistent with ornament. The motion of this air, though not so solemn as that which belongs to still graver subjects, is very slow, and its constituent notes of consequence proportionally long: I say *constituent notes*, in order to distinguish those which the singer introduces as ornamental from those which constitute the melody itself. These last are in general very few, extremely simple in their march, and so arranged as to allow great latitude to the skill of the singer. The instrumental parts are, in this kind of song, restricted to almost nothing; for, though the accompaniment is of use to the singer, because it supports the voice, yet it ought to be kept so subordinate to the vocal parts, as never, during the song, to become the object of attention. In listening to an air of this description, though the mind is all awake to feeling, yet are the emotions it experiences of that gentle kind which unfit it neither for the contemplation of beauty nor the admiration of art; on the contrary, they serve to dispose it more effectually for both. Thus many of the noblest faculties of the mind are gratified at once; we judge, we feel, we admire, at the same instant of time.

ARIA DI PORTAMENTO, a denomination expressive of the carriage (as they call it) of the voice. This kind of air is chiefly composed of long notes, such as the singer can dwell on, and have thereby an opportunity of more effectually displaying the beauties and calling forth the powers of his voice; for the beauty of sound itself, and of voice in particular, as being the finest of all sounds, is held by the Italians to be one of the chief sources of the pleasure we derive from music. The subjects proper for this air are sentiments of dignity, but calm and undisturbed by passion. The subject of the PORTAMENTO is of a nature too serious and important to admit of that degree of ornament which is essential to the CANTABILE. To illustrate the specific difference of these two classes, I might say, that were Venus to sing, her mode of song would be the CANTABILE; the PORTAMENTO would be that of the queen of gods and men.

ARIA DI MEZZO CARATTERE is a species of air, which, though expressive neither of the dignity of this last, nor of the pathos of the former, is, however, serious and pleasing. There may be an almost infinite variety of sentiments, very pretty and very interesting, which are not, nevertheless, of sufficient importance to be made the subject either of the CANTABILE or the PORTAMENTO: the ARIA DI MEZZO CARATTERE comprehends all such. From the great variety which this air, of consequence embraces, as well as from the less emphatic nature of the sentiments to which it belongs, its general expression is not so determined as that of the former classes; yet with respect to each individual air, the expression is far from being vague or dubious; and though some greater latitude be here granted to the fancy of the composer, nothing is given to his caprice, the sense itself of the words clearly ascertaining, in point both of degree and quality, the expression. The degree ought to be in exact proportion to the placidity or warmth of the sentiment, and its particular cast ought to be regulated by the nature of that passion to which the sentiment is allied, for sentiments are but gentler degrees of passion. Thus this class of airs, whilst it retains its own particular character, may by turns have some affinity with almost all the other classes; but, whilst its latitude is great in respect of variety, its limitations, with regard to degree, are obvious; it may be soothing, but not sad; it may be pleasing, but not elevated; it may be lively, but not gay. The motion of this air is by the Italians termed *andante*, which is the exact medium of musical time between its extremes of slow and quick.

As the vocal part is never supposed here to be so beautiful and interesting as in the higher classes, the orchestra, though it ought never to cover the voice, is not, however, kept in subordination to it; it is only allowed to play louder, but may be more frequently introduced by itself, and may on the whole contribute more to the general effect of the air. This kind of song is admirably well calculated to give repose and relief to the mind, from the great degree of attention (with respect to myself, at least, I might say) agitation excited by the higher and more pathetic parts of the piece. They possess the true character which belongs to the subordinate parts of a beautiful whole, as affording a repose, not the effect of a total want of interest, but of an interest which they call forth of a different and more placid kind, which the mind can attend to with more ease, and can enjoy without being exhausted.

ARIA PARLANTE—speaking air, is that which, from the nature of its subject, admits neither of long notes in the composition, nor of many ornaments in the execution. The rapidity of the motion of this air is proportioned to the violence of the passion which is expressed by it. This species of air goes sometimes by the name of *aria di nota e parola*, and likewise of *aria agitato;* but these are rather subdivisions of the species, and relate to the different degrees of violence of the passion expressed. It may be said to take up expression just where the *aria di mezzo carattere* leaves it. Some airs of this last class, of the liveliest cast, may approach indeed so near to some of the *parlante* of the least agitated kind, that it might perhaps be difficult to say to which class they belonged; but, as soon as the expression begins to be in any degree impetuous, the distinction is evident; as the degree of passion to be expressed increases, the air assumes the name of *aria agitata, aria di strepito, aria infuriata.* Expressions of fear, of joy, of grief, of rage, when at all impetuous, to their highest and most frantic degrees, are all comprehended under the various subdivisions of the class. Their rhythm has its peculiar province, the effect of this kind of airs depending, perhaps, chiefly on its powers. The instrumental parts are here likewise of great efficacy, particularly in the expression of the more violent passions, giving, by the addition of a great body of sound, and by the distinctness and rapidity of their execution, a force and energy to the whole, which could never be the effect of the voice alone, however flexible, however powerful. Rousseau, somewhere in his works, makes a very ingenious observation, the truth of which the Italian composers seem evidently to have felt, that, as violent passion has a tendency to choak the voice, so, in the expression of it by musical sounds, a *roulade*, which is a regular succession of notes up or down, or both, rapidly pronounced on one vowel, has often a more powerful effect than distinct articulation: such passages are sometimes introduced into airs of this kind.

ARIA DI BRAVURA—ARIA DI AGILITA, is that which is composed *chiefly*, indeed too often, *merely* to indulge the singer in the display of certain powers in the execution, particularly extraordinary agility or compass of voice. Though this kind of air may be sometimes introduced with some effect, and without any great violation of propriety, yet, in general, the means are here confounded with the end. Dexterity (if I may be allowed the expression) and artifice, instead of serving as the instruments, being made the object of the work.—Such are the airs which with us we so frequently observe sung to ears erect and gaping mouths, whilst the heart, in honest apathy, is carrying on its mere animal function: and of this kind, indeed, are all the attempts in the different arts, to substitute what is difficult or novel for what is beautiful and natural. Where there has ever been a genuine taste for any of the arts, this aptness to admire what is new and difficult, is one of the first symptoms of the decline of that taste."

Thus it is, that this very elegant and judicious critic has arranged the several species of composition which we find in an opera. He concludes his work however by the addition of a kind which he says he ventures to call *airs of imitation*, by which he modestly indicates that he considers the other distinctions to belong to the Italians, but that this is his own. Nothing however can be more just, as your readers will admit, when they find that he quotes the air of "*Hush ye pretty warbling choir*," in Handel's Acis and Galatea, as the example. To introduce this description, he images the resemblances and analogies which a pregnant fancy suggests, between the powers of music and the appearances of nature; in the example, he says, "there is no comparison made; the imitative part is only suggested by the sense, and the composer has taken the hint in adapting the music to it, and has indeed done it with the utmost propriety as well as ingenuity. It is plain, in this air, that if the imitation of any thing is to be at all attempted, it must be that of the warbling choir; and it is as plain, that the passionate expression of the speaker has not even the most distant relation to the singing of birds; to have set the voice a singing, in imitation of the birds, or, whilst the voice sang the passionate part, to have made the birds sing either in unison or direct harmony with the voice, would have been each equally absurd. It would seem, indeed, at first sight, almost impossible to reconcile two things so different; yet this great genius, by confining each part to its proper province, has so artfully managed the composition, that, whilst the vocal most feelingly speaks the passion, a little flageolet from the orchestra carries on, thoroughout, the delightful warbling of the choir, and though perfectly different in sound, melody, and rhythm, from the notes sung by the voice, instead of distracting the attention from it or confounding the expression, it serves to add new beauty and grace the effect; just as we may conceive a naked figure so veiled with some light and transparent vestment floating to the wind, as at once completely to reveal the figure, and by its undulating folds add new charms both to the motion and the form." Such were the characteristic distinctions which governed the poetry and the music of the last century.

Popular Music of the Olden Time:

A Collection of Ancient Songs, Ballads, and Dance Tunes, illustrative of the National Music of England. By W. Chappell, F.S.A. Cramer & Co., London.

* * * Mr. Chappell has been at extraordinary labor to collect, classify and describe every interesting specimen of national English music that could be obtained. The merest inspection

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of its musical contents will be sufficient to show that the quantity of research directed to this object alone must give this book high place among works of antiquarian interest. But, unlike most musical lecturers, Mr. Chappell's illustrations are by no means the most admirable part of his discourse. In writing about "Popular Music of the Olden Time," he has two objects in view, far more important than his collection of specimens, large and elaborate as that is. He designs to prove that, up to a certain period, England was not only a musical country, but the first and chief of all; and in no country in the world was music so universally esteemed and successfully cultivated. His second, but subordinate purpose, is the demolition of the common fallacy that music is mainly indebted to the church for its artistic progress. A large part of the introductory matter of the book, is, in fact—under such headings as "Minstrelsy from the Saxon Period to the Reign of Edward I.," and "Music of the Middle Ages"—a succinct but most ably-digested history of all that was then known of music, both theoretically and practically. Here, at almost every step, we encounter passages asserting, in terms admitting of no dispute, the high antiquity of music, as an executive art, in England; the extraordinary, and now almost incredible, prevalence of a knowledge of it among all ranks of the people, the prodigious esteem in which it was held, and the large sums of money expended on its cultivation. No reasonable space would suffice us to transcribe even a satisfactory amount of the arguments used by Mr. Chappell, to enforce these positions, or of the authorities he brings to his assistance. A few, however, are too curious and full of purpose to be omitted. Thus, as to the antiquity of music in this island, we find the following:

"That the people of England have, in all ages, delighted in secular or social music, can be proved by numerous testimonies. The scalds and minstrels were held in great repute for many ages, and it is but fair to infer that the reverence shown to them arose from the love and esteem in which their art was held. The Romans, on the first invasion of this island, found three orders of priesthood established here from a period long anterior. The first and most influential were the Druids; the second the Bards, whose business it was to celebrate the praises of their heroes in *verses and songs*, which they sang to their harps; and the third were the Eubates, or those who applied themselves to the study of philosophy."

Again, as to the early period at which a knowledge of music was practically enumerated among the necessary accomplishments of a scholar; and further, as showing that it had attained an *academical* position in England, not, even then or since, conceded to it in any other country:

"Our great King, Alfred, according to Sir John Spelman, 'provided himself of musicians, not common, or such as knew but the practick part, but men skilful in the art itself;' and in 866, according to the annals of the church of Winchester, and the testimony of many ancient writers, he founded a professorship at Oxford, for the cultivation of music as a science. The first who filled the chair was Friar John, of St. David's, who read not only lectures on music, but also on logic and arithmetic. Academical honors in the faculty of music have only been traced back to the year 1463, when Henry Habington was admitted to the degree of Bachelor of Music, at Cambridge, and Thomas Saintwix, Doctor of Music, was made Master of King's College, in the same university; but it is remarkable that music was the only one of the seven sciences that conferred degrees upon its students, and England the only country in which those degrees were, and are still conferred."

Still, foremost in the march of improvement, we find that, at even a much earlier period than that to which the foundation of academical honors in music can be authoritatively traced, the practice of *part-singing* was prevalent in this country. This Mr. Chappell substantiates by means of the following passage from one of John of Salisbury, who, writing in 1170, evidently refers to the effect of singing in parts, and, as evidently, is by no means delighted with the then novelty:

"The rites of religion are now profaned by music, and it seems as if no other use were made of it than to corrupt the mind by wanton modulations, effeminate inflexions, and frittered notes and periods, even in the *Penetralia*, or sanctuary itself. The senseless crowd, delighted with these vagaries, imagine they hear a concert of sirens, in which the performers strive to imitate the notes of nightingales and parrots, not those of men, sometimes descending to the bottom of the scale, sometimes mounting to the summit; now softening, and now enforcing the tones, repeating the passages, mixing in such a manner the grave sounds with the more grave, and the acute with the most acute, that the astonished and bewildered ear is unable to distinguish one voice from another."

To this Mr. Chappell also adds:

"It was probably this abuse of descant that excited John's opposition to music, and his censures on the minstrels, as shown in the passage before quoted. It proves also, that descant in England did not then consist merely of singing in two parts, but included the licences and ornaments of florid song. Even singing in canon seems to be comprised in the words, 'præcinentium et succinentium, canentium et decinentium.'"

The authority of a number of writers is quoted to a similar purpose; and, so far as words have a relation to ideas, they prove in the most satisfactory manner, not only that a knowledge of *music in parts* had here a very early existence, but also that England was greatly in the advance of the rest of Europe in this respect. It is obviously needless to insist on the magnitude and importance, in the history of the art, of that step given to music by the invention of *part-writing*. Long before this, it appears, there had existed a practice of making *extempore* vocal accompaniments—then termed "descant"—to known melodies, both in sacred or secular performance. All this, however, must have been wild and vague in the last degree. Its great feature of interest to the modern musician is the high probability, almost certainty, that it suggested the invention of *written* counterpoint. Here, then, was the key to the whole *arcanum* of polyphonic composition. From this point it became at once possible to systematize, to establish principles, to march step by step upwards on that long path which now lies between the untaught song of the minstrel, or the barbarous chant of the Romish priest, and the last and greatest achievement of modern art. As this invention, then, constitutes the most important era in the history of music, it must be greatly interesting to ascertain the date and place of its birth. Fortunately, on these particulars, the evidence is full and indisputable. Among the manuscripts in the British Museum is an English composition for six voices, in the form of a round or cannon, called "Sumer is icumen In." It is well known to antiquaries, and its early date and English origin have never been doubted. It now, however, appears to be the earliest piece of part music known to exist. After a most able and searching examination of the evidence, circumstantial and direct, that can be obtained concerning it, Mr. Chappell thus sums up the result of his inquiry:

"I have thus entered into detail concerning this song (though all the judges of manuscripts, whom I have been enabled to consult, are of the same opinion as to its antiquity,) because it is not only one of the first English songs, with or without music, but the *first* example of counterpoint in six parts, as well as of fugue, catch, and canon; and at least a century, if not two hundred years, earlier than any composition of the kind produced out of England."

The music of this song is given among the illustrations of the text; and, apart from its merit, which is of a high order, considering its date, has the highest historical interest.

Having thus assigned the invention of counterpoint to England, beyond the reach of dispute, Mr. Chappell proceeds, with a large amount of entertaining detail, to show the vast social importance accorded to music in this country, and the large sums of money habitually expended on its cultivation during the periods of which he writes. Space will not permit us to examine all this amusing and instructive matter with the closeness it merits. No one, however, can read it without the conviction that there is a difference between *now* and *then*, in the motive for, as well as the amount of musical cultivation, that leaves a decided balance in favor of our forefathers. Most ordinary people are now satisfied with claiming a *liking* for music. In the times of which Mr. Chappell writes, a *knowledge* of music—to the extent, at least, of singing at sight—was deemed essential, not only to the education of a gentleman, but even to the acceptability of the humblest individual among his fellows. Out of almost innumerable testimonies to the universal prevalence of musical ability, two must suffice:

"In Delony's *History of the Gentle Craft*, 1598, one who tried to pass for a shoemaker was detected as an impostor, because he could neither 'sing, sound the trumpet, play upon the flute, nor reckon up his tools in rhyme.' Tinkers sang catches; milkmaids sang ballads; carters whistled; each trade, and even the beggars, had their special songs; the bass-viol hung in the drawing-room for the amusement of waiting visitors; and the lute, cittern, and virginals, for the amusement of waiting customers, were the necessary furniture of the barber's shop. They had music at dinner; music at supper; music at weddings; music at funerals; music at night; music at dawn; music at work; and music at play.

And again:

"Morley, in his *Introduction to Practical Music*, 1597, written in dialogue, introduces the pupil thus: 'But supper being ended, and music books, according to custom, being brought to the table, the mistress of the house presented me with a part, earnestly requesting me to sing; but when, after many excuses, I protested unfeignedly that *I could not*, every one began to wonder; yea, some whispered to others, demanding how I was brought up; so that upon shame of mine ignorance, I go now to seek out mine old friend, Master Gnorimus, to make myself his scholar."

As to the cost of musical entertainments, even in very early times, it may be sufficient to state, on Mr. Chappell's showing, that at a *cour plenière*, held by Edward I., at the Feast of Whitsuntide, 1306, at Westminster, a sum amounting to no less than £3,000 of the present currency was expended in remunerating the minstrels employed on the occasion.

In the four parts of this work, as yet issued, Mr. Chappell has arrived only at the period of Elizabeth. As much again, then, may probably be necessary to complete his design. But, even so far as he goes, the literary, and, to our view, the most important part of his work, completely succeeds in proving that there was a time when music was better understood in England than in any country in the world, even when English composers—and he has not reached mention of the greatest of them all, Henry Purcell—were the ablest in existence.

In taking leave of Mr. Chappell's book, we must bear testimony, not only to the great labor and skill expended on the collection and arrangement of its materials, but also to the graceful and entertaining style in which it is written throughout. Besides it is obvious relish for the professed antiquary, it is replete with charms for every one possessing a particle of interest in the social doings of the people who have gone before us. Viewed simply as a collection of national airs, it is by far the most complete and authoritative extant; while, as a musical history of the periods to which those airs belong, it is equally creditable to the author's research and literary acquirement.—*Sunday Times, London.*

THE BEETHOVEN FESTIVAL.—The approaching festival for the inauguration of the Statue of Beethoven in the Boston Music Hall, is exciting not a little attention in other cities as well as our own. The true importance and significance of the occasion are well set forth in the following article, which we find in the New York *Evening Post*, and which we copy the more willingly because it places certain matters in their true light, which we have seen commented on not very graciously nor wisely in some quarters.

An event is about to take place in Boston which in its way marks an onward step in our national progress. * * The history of music in this country shows that by a few only, patiently and in silence, has the tender spark, wafted here from parent fires in Ger-

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many, been nursed; only by degrees has it grown under their care to a steady flame. Recently, however, the happy issue of their labors has become apparent. Already, in New York and Boston at least, exists a school of classical music, of which a musical journal, published in either city, is an exponent. Their disciples are increasing, and a taste for the best music is gradually passing from the confined limits of chamber concerts and quintette clubs to the wider field of crowded music halls and Philharmonic concerts.

A proof of this growing taste, and as we hope a further stimulus to the cultivation of it, is about to be given by a musical festival in honor of Beethoven, announced to take place in Boston on the 1st of March next.

The immediate occasion for this celebration is the placing in the Music Hall of that city of the bronze statue of that great composer, presented to it by Mr. Perkins.

It is well known, that at the time of the completion of this spacious and appropriate temple of music, this accomplished young citizen of Boston, then pursuing in Europe the study of music, to which he devotes himself—who, with a competent fortune, has inherited, too, their enlightened liberality from the founders of the Boston Athenæum—commissioned our countryman, Crawford, to make a cast for a bronze statue of Beethoven, to be placed in the new hall as its presiding genius. The artist responded with alacrity, and while declining to receive from a warm personal friend, in such a cause, any compensation, furnished a design which was at once pronounced a master-piece.

The casting was entrusted to the royal foundry at Munich, the same that had produced the monster statue of Germania—and when in that home of modern Art the noble form stood forth complete it was greeted with acclamation. Nor would they suffer so agreeable an evidence, not only of enlightened munificence and high attainment in Art, in America, as was thus evinced by her sons, but also of her appreciation of their beloved composer, to pass from them unnoticed. It was determined that so auspicious an event should be celebrated by one of those popular festivals so dear and so peculiar to Germany.

The various musical societies voluntarily offered their services for the occasion, eager to do homage at the feet of their great master as he was about to take possession of the new realm in the West, which had acknowledged his sway; and on the appointed day, while the sublime harmonies of his own immortal ninth symphony floated in the air, and the swelling chant of glad choral voices rose to the heavens, where his spirit dwells, the veil which had shrouded this his best counterfeit on earth was withdrawn, and revealed to the gaze of those assembled, among whom were the royal family of Bavaria and the King of Greece, the features and form of Beethoven, as they were to live in the hearts of their brethren across the water.

The statue arrived in this country in June last, and has since been exhibited at the Boston Athenæum. We have heard but one opinion expressed of it, that of unqualified praise. It is of colossal proportions, in pale copper-colored bronze. The figure stands erect, with the head inclined forward and brow slightly contracted, as in meditation. The long and waving hair, rising from the massive forehead, flows negligently over the head—the rights hand grasps a scroll, the ninth symphony—the limbs are strong and muscular—the whole attitude commanding and expressive. The garb is simple and unobtrusive, neither classical nor too familiar.

The statue is now about to be removed to its destined position at the Music Hall; and in the hope that his inspiring presence will kindle a new zeal in the cause of music, and in commemoration of this his symbolic landing on our shores, the musical societies of Boston are to mark the occasion by a festival in honor of Beethoven.

Mr. Perkins, who is one of the most active of their members, is to unite, we understand, with his brother artists, and take himself some parts in the performances. This is as it should be. Mr. Perkins cannot escape a grateful recognition from the lovers of music and from the public of his liberality; but by thus indentifying himself with the other performers, who, both professional and amateur, have come forward, animated with a like admiration for the genius of Beethoven—a like zeal for the promotion of a correct taste in music among us, to tender their services upon the occasion—he manifests the same disinterested devotion to the cause which prompted his gift.

An interesting feature of the programme will be an Ode, written for the occasion by W. W. Story—the gifted sculptor recently returned from Italy—to be recited by the author.

The music to be performed, will, we learn, consist mainly of selections from the works of the composer to whose memory the occasion is consecrated—and among them, as the most grateful incense which can rise from this new altar—his own ninth symphony—executed by willing and conscientious hands—will be conspicuous.

It is to be hoped that the invitation which is extended to the performers of other cities to unite with those of Boston in producing these pieces in a manner worthy of their author—and of the high estimation in which he is held in this country—will be generally responded to.

A celebration like this is a powerful lever in stirring up the popular mass to interest and sympathy.

American sculpture—through two of the most favored of her votaries—has lent her hand to illustrate the triumph of her sister art, and lead her forth from her seclusion. May not the lovers of music indulge the hope that a bright omen is here visible, of a new era about to dawn in the history of music in America!

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, FEB 10.—The past week has again brought us quite a number of concerts. Thursday night GOTTSCHALK gave one of his Soirées, as usual, to a crowded house, and, also as usual, to the general enthusiastic satisfaction of his public. I see, by the way, that he announces that "at the urgent request of his numerous friends," he has *consented* to take pupils during the six or eight weeks that he will remain here, at the modest price of $60 per twelve lessons! I wish him success! On Friday we had a concert by PAUL JULIEN, and that of the German Ladies' Society, which I mentioned in my last. The young violinist had not a very full house, I hear. He was assisted by GOCKEL, APTOMMAS, and one or two other artists. The second-named concert was eminently successful in every way—the hall looked even more beautiful than at KYLE's concert, and was crowded, and the performances were, as a general thing, very satisfactory. Both parts opened with portions of Quintets of Spohr—the first from the C minor, the second from that in D minor, which were very finely rendered by Mr. TIMM and Mr. EISFELD's Quartet party. Mr. FEDER sang two songs by Kucken and Schubert's "Hark, hark, the lark," very successfully, being much better in tune than on previous occasions. But this gentleman should be a little more careful to choose songs which lie entirely within the scope of his voice; several of those I have heard from him are too low for his voice. Mr. MASON played several of Liszt's Transcriptions from the *Prophète*, which were, I fear, hardly suited to the general taste of the audience, and were not as well received as their rendering and the performer's volunteer aid demanded. Young SCHMITZ, in his solo on the French horn, surpassed himself, and received a well merited encore. The composition which he played, by Lorenz, was well calculated to bring out the greatest beauties of his instrument, and not, as the piece by Weber, played at the last Philharmonic concert, its greatest difficulties. The rich, mellow tones in which the very pleasing themes of the composition came forth, filled the hall well, and the exquisite *pp.* of the last part was admirably executed. The German Liederkranz also gave us a serinas and a comic piece with much spirit. Miss BRAINERD only remains to be spoken of, and, I am happy to say, most favorably. She can be well satisfied with her success before an audience composed almost entirely of Germans, for she was rapturously applauded at each appearance, *encored* in *Robert, toi que j'aime*," and a pretty song, "Our Home," of Mr. Beames, and would probably have been so in the aria from the *Freischütz* too, had it not been so near the end, when people were already beginning to leave. I never heard this young lady's voice sound better; it has something very pure and fresh in it, which accords well with her simplicity of manner and unassuming appearance. She has a very fine intonation, much flexibility, and a very distinct enunciation; if there is at times some coldness, too little expression in her singing, may it not be because she is yet young, and life has not yet brought her those struggles from which alone the true artist can arise? In the aria from the *Freischütz*, Miss Brainerd did not seem quite as sure of her ground as when I have heard it before. This may have been owing to the fact of her singing it for the first time, as I am told, with the German words, in honor of the occasion. If indeed, as was said, her very correct and distinct pronunciation was acquired without any previous acquaintance with the language, she deserves all praise, and lenient judgment upon the very small faults in her rendering of the music.

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Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, FEB. 23, 1856.

CONCERTS.

[Crowded out last week.]

HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY.—The "Creation" was acceptably performed on Sunday evening, the 10th inst. The choruses were finely sung, with the exception of the concluding fugue, by some two hundred and fifty voices; and the delicious instrumentation, with all its little descriptive points, rendered to a charm by Mr. ZERRAHN's well-drilled orchestra. As for the solos, Mrs. WENTWORTH sang "With verdure clad" and the music of Eve, with her accustomed purity and accuracy of style; Mrs. LONG was hardly in her best voice; there was a certain lifelessness in: "On Mighty pens;" she did not soar, JENNY LIND-like, with the eagle to the sun; but that was partly because the movement was taken altogether too slow; in the cooing and nightingale passages she won much applause; as also in the song: "Most beautiful appear." We have no voice like ANNA STONE's, to ride upon the top of those choruses. Mr. WETHERBEE gave excellent readings of the Bass songs and recitatives, and was in good voice. Mr. C. R. ADAMS, (his first appearance in large oratorio.) has scarcely the calibre or the endurance for the principal tenor of such a work; yet portions of his task were achieved quite creditably.

MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB.—One of the very best chamber concerts of the season was that on Tuesday night, 12th inst. What could be choicer than the following programme?

PART I.

1. Quintet in G minor, No. 4. .... Mozart.
   Moderato—Minuetto—Adagio—Finale, Adagio and Allegro.
2. Second Sonata in D, for Piano and Violoncello, Mendelssohn.
   Allegro animato—Allegretto—Adagio—Finale.
   Messrs. Dresel and W. Fries.

PART II.

3. Larghetto and Scherzo Allegretto Quartet in E flat, No 1, Cherubini.
4. Quintet in E flat, op. 52, for Piano and Quartet. R. Schumann.
   Allegro Brillante—Tempo di marcia funebre—Molto animato—Finale, Allegro.

That delicious Quintet of MOZART, the best of them all, with its heavenly Adagio, a pure inspiration from beginning to end, was remarkably well played. The movements from CHERUBINI's Quartet; the Larghetto, with its strange, quaint variations, and the Scherzo, fine and fairy-like enough for Mendelssohn, yet in another vein, were extremely interesting, in spite of their great length and elaborate treatment, always characteristic of this author. The points were

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all brought out distinctly and delicately. Mr. DRESEL seldom has seemed to us more happy in his renderings, than he was this time both in the Sonata and the SCHUMANN Quintet. In the former he was finely seconded by WULF FRIES; we could have wished, however, a little less stiffness in the recitative phrases, which alternate with those glorious broad chords of the piano in the Adagio. The Schumann composition had been played here several times in former seasons, but never went so well before; there was good unity between the instruments; the wild funereal march, with its variations, was profoundly impressive; the pianist threw himself into the spirit of the piece with all that verve and fine appreciation which distinguish him above all the pianists we have had in this country, and the audience were quite transported with the power and beauty of a work by a composer whom it is too common to suppose entirely *outré* and unnatural.

The Eighth and *last* concert of the series (alas! that there should a last!) will take place Tuesday evening, Feb. 26.

[We are again compelled to defer our review of the Concerts of the week; but hope next time to tell of the delightful Soirée of OTTO DRESEL, and of the Handel and Haydn Concert of last Sunday.]

Italian Opera.

"THE PROPHET."—(*Concluded.*)—The *Prophète* was repeated for the third time Saturday afternoon—a better performance than before—which gives us an opportunity to resume our slight sketch of the opera where we left it, namely at the close of the third act, where Jean of Leyden inspires his army to the final assault of Munster, whose spires and battlements are suddenly revealed beyond the frozen lake scene, flashing in the sunrise—that famous sun which rose in the Grand Opera, but not for us! The fourth act shows the climax of this Anabaptist insurrection. Munster is taken. The curtain rises on the public square; groups of citizens, afraid for their lives, are hurrying up the steps of the Council House, to lay their gold and other valuables at the feet of stern *Egalité!* In low snatches of chorus they express their fear; shouting aloud *Viva il Profeta!* whenever Anabaptist soldiers cross the scene, but adding "Death to the Prophet!" *sotto voce*. The music here is quite expressive; that doubling of the melody in the low bass of the orchestra has a certain effect of *over-much-ness*, which well suits the insincerity of those *Vivas!* A few hurried, whispered bits of conversation: what news? The Prophet is to be crowned king of the Anabaptists! All are summoned, as they value their lives. But who is this poor weeping woman, in beggar's garb, seated on a stone? They lead her forward: it is Fides, who does not know the prophet is her son. After a few bars of sad and sombre introduction, by low reeds and basses, she begs alms that she may buy masses for her supposed dead son, in a truly touching melody: *Pietà, pietà*, whose supplicatory tone grows painfully, yet not unmusically intense in the syncopated deep contralto notes at the close. This was sung most touchingly by Mme. LAGRANGE. They drop coins in her hand, and as they hasten off with curiosity and terror to the coronation, the orchestra announces hurried footsteps, and Bertha enters disguised as a pilgrim. Surprise of recognition; in a breathless allegro she explains to Fides how she escaped from the Count and is in search of Jean; the melody (in G minor) climbs by semi-tones *crescendo* at the end, in good Verdi style, to the high G *fortissimo* in the major, as she gives way to the rapturous thought of seeing him again. Alas! Fides must tell the painful truth: he is dead! Their duet: *Vana illusion, fatal speranza*, the outpouring of two breaking hearts, is one of the most beautiful, impressive, and original pieces in the work—still subject to the charge, perhaps, of being a little over-ingenious. It was exquisitely sung by Miss HENSLER and Mme. Lagrange; the curious and difficult cadence at the end was true to the sentiment of the piece, while it displayed the very perfect execution of the singers. It was the Prophet's will! says the poor mother. Bertha breaks out in an indignant strain of vengeance; she is inspired to seek the hated prophet's life: *Dio mi guidera!* a song of more energy than beauty (compare it with Donna Anna's *Or sai chi*, &c.,) but affording scope for dramatic *abandon*, which the young singer improved so effectually as to surprise her friends, while she executed the bravura passages, prolonged trills, and runs in the upper octave, with great accuracy and beauty.

We have now reached the grand Coronation scene, in which Meyerbeer has exerted his utmost skill in musical, dramatic, and scenic effect. Scene, the interior of the cathedral of Munster. The brazen pomp and splendor of the famous *Marche du sacre*, played by orchestra and band upon the stage, is in good keeping with the pomp of the procession, of electors, priests, soldiers, altar boys, virgins, choristers, &c., (even scarlet cardinals!) followed by the Prophet in white robes, and as thus heard redeems itself from the hacknied, noisy character which every brass band in our streets has helped to give it. The display was the most gorgeous we have seen upon our stage, and we cannot wonder that the multitude were so excited by the strong appeal to eye and ear as to insist on a repetition of the whole procession! (What a comment on Meyerbeer and the *effect* school generally!) The procession has disappeared at the side, where all are supposed kneeling at the altar; the crowd, excluded, kneel upon the stage before us. There is a muffled roll of drums, the organ sounds from within, and a prayer for men's voices (the three preachers and another Anabaptist) swells in solemn church-like choral, in the rich, dark key of G flat: *Domine, salvum fac regem*, in which, at intervals, the people on the stage join in fragmentary chant in quick syllables, exceedingly impressive. But the impression is heightened by a new element, a voice from one outside the crowd, the mendicant Fides, who kneels with them, but not of them, and in impassioned solo vents her horror at the blasphemous ceremony, and her curse upon the Prophet who has stained all Germany with blood. She thinks of Bertha's stern resolve and invokes heaven's blessing on this second Judith; and thus the intensely tragic music of her private feelings goes on mingling with the prayer and chant. The procession reappears; priests, dignitaries, electors bearing crown and sceptre, boys swinging censers, &c., take a raised position in the back of the stage; maidens strew flowers in the path of the prophet; there is an organ prelude, in the light arabesque fugue style, which sounds quite ancient, and the chorus of boys sing the melody which we heard touched in the orchestra during John's recital of his dream in the second act; muted violins make aërial accompaniment, whose sound blends mystically enough with the smell of incense (harmonies of sight, smell, and hearing appealing to the three more spiritual senses all at once), to the words: *Ecco già il re* (Behold the prophet king!) This is in unison; then a choir of women add a three-part harmony in long notes, while the boys' voices ascending and descending the octave give a singularly beautiful and contrapuntally curious effect. *He was not born of mortal parents:* recites one boy, echoed by another. John, crowned and invested, ascends the centre of the platform, surrounded by the dignitaries, and now the melody of the choir-boys becomes the motive of a general chorus full of majesty, and rich in contrapuntal treatment. All kneel; John alone is standing. There is a pause in the choral flood, and a few slight snatches of *arpeggi*, as John, with serious air, lifts his hand to his crown and recalls the prophetic words of the dream. Yet *not* alone; one other stands apart—in the foreground, eagerly watching all, with look of desperation and suppressed hate; it is the mendicant, who suddenly recognizes him, and, screaming *mio figlio!* rushes to him, while all spring up in confusion. The fatal Three are too near; fanaticism forbids all filial recognition; he pretends not to know her; *Chi son io?* she repeats his question, and in a strain of rare energy and pathos answers and reproaches his ingratitude. It is impossible to describe the effect, both musical and dramatic, of this scene, where the alternate indignation and tenderness of the mother, the assumed ignorance and divinity of the son, the vigilance of the inexorable Three, the surprise and horror of the crowd, are all swept into one great vortex of concerted harmony, with effective instrumentation. It is a combination of solos, quartets, two distinct choruses, and orchestra. The little half-choked, scornful phrase with which Fides ends her solo on the syllables: *E tu-non mi-cono-sci piu!* impresses itself as a leading motive upon the whole. The *tutti* is wrought up to an overwhelming climax.

Next comes the scene of the exorcism. The Anabaptists surround Fides with drawn daggers; John withholds them, pronouncing her insane. He is inspired as prophet to restore her; standing over her, with his hands raised above her head, and fixing her eyes to his with a sort of magnetic glance, he compels her reluctantly to kneel; then bids all to draw their weapons and destroy him if she answers to his question that she *is* his mother; alarmed for him, she answers No; and all exclaim: a miracle! All this is wonderfully dramatic, and closes with a march-like chorus, mingled with religious strains again, as all *exeunt* while the curtain falls. LAGRANGE, in all this scene was up to the full height of lyric tragedy which it demands. Both in singing and in action it was a thrilling, beautiful, and great impersonation; we dare not say that we have seen greater in any operatic character. Sig. SALVIANI, on the contrary, is by no means adequate in dignity of person, voice, or action for so great a scene. Yet he did it passably well; his voice is telling, although limited in compass; he cannot reach a very high note without grotesque *falsetto*, nor does he often try to sustain a high note; but his recitative is fair and singing generally true and artistic.

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The fifth act is the weakest. The city is besieged. The three Anabaptists, holding secret counsel in a cellar of the palace, hear that the Emperor is approaching with large forces, and determine to betray John. They turn out knaves, and that is the end of them, and also of all further interest in the plot. Thus far they have figured as a sort of Fate in the background of the drama; nothing takes their place. After they vanish, Fides is brought in prisoner. Her thoughts of course turn on one theme; and her soliloquy is made intensely dramatic by the studied art with which Meyerbeer has set notes to words. The Andantino cantabile: *L'ingrato m'abbandona* is a real Meyerbeer-ish melody, quite in his own vein, and one of the most interesting in the work; in it all the mother's forgiving tenderness returns to her. A visit from the Prophet is announced; then is she inspired with hope that he may be converted from his error, and she breaks out in a rapid Verdi-ish *bravura* air: *O Verita, figlia del ciel*, which is full of impetus and difficulty, and illustrates the virtuosity of the *prima donna*, more than it does the sentiment of the song, a prayer for light from above to descend upon her ungrateful, guilty and deluded son. He enters. A long and impassioned duet follows, in which she charges him with blood and blasphemous assumption; the whole scene, as she leads him forward and, pointing him to heaven, gradually works upon him and makes him penitent, is highly dramatic, at all events in the acting of Lagrange; but the music, in its unisons and otherwise, still recalls Verdi; it seeks to carry you by storm, and does not in itself (as music) touch the feelings.

The remaining scenes are devoted to the speediest disposal of the characters to make an end. Bertha finds her way to this subterranean place, having learned that here combustibles are stored, to which she can set fire and blow up the Prophet and his household. We omit their trio, in which Bertha only sees her lover, and her air: *O spettro abbominevol*, when she finds her lover is the Propet, since they were omitted in the performance. Bertha stabs herself. The last scene has little interest, beyond some brilliant festive music and a drinking song sung by Jean, who is seated on a dais at a luxurious table, surrounded with dancers, cup-bearers, &c., a sketch of the sensual paradise of his theocracy. The conclusion, as we have said, is lame enough; he has given orders, as soon as the enemy yet within the gates, to fire the palace, and a grand explosion melo-dramatically ends all in smoke.

We would gladly go back to recall some subsequent impressions of the first acts, and closer observations of their beauties in detail; but we have no room. Frequent hearing, and still more a perusal of the score, reveals more and more points of interest, things always ingenious and effective, often beautiful, sometimes original. We must qualify the common remark that the *Prophète* has no melodies. It may have few of the melodies which sing themselves, and set every hearer humming them. We recall just now but one, the *pastorale*, which Jean sings in the 2d act; and that, when you have heard or thought it over a few times, becomes the weakest and most insipid of all the songs. But melodies of a certain kind, dramatic melodies, melodies in which every phrase is wonderfully fitted to its purpose, even if it be more by a reflective than by a spontaneous process, there certainly are not a few. We need not again recall them. Music here, though taxing all the resources of a consummate musician, is always subordinate to dramatic effect. How different, we say again, from Mozart! With him the music is ever dramatically true, yet the soul, the inspiration, and the chief end and interest of the work is music. We do not change, therefore, our first impression, that "the Prophet" is more a work of ingenuity than of genius; a masterpiece of musical and dramatic mechanism, rather than a true creation. It has ten times the material, the musical thought and science, the wealth of detail, vocal and instrumental, ten times the novelty and provocation to a curious mind, with all of the effect, of any of the popular Italian operas. Yet is it not true Art in the best and highest sense. Not from the soul, but from the ambition to strike and to astonish, do such works proceed; not upon the Ideal, but upon success is the eye eagerly bent; Art, not for Art's sake, but for *effect*, is importuned with this a pompous kind of worship.

Let us thank, however, Mr. Conductor MARETZEK, and his efficient orchestra (small as it is for a Grand Opera piece), the chorus-singers, principals and all, for ministering to our curiosity and giving us upon the whole so vivid an idea of this famous opera. To have seen and heard Lagrange's Fides, is to have something worth remembering.

BELLINI'S finest opera, *I Puritani*, was performed on Friday of last week for the benefit of Miss ELISE HENSLER, who sustained the leading part of Elvira in a manner to create increased confidence both in her vocal and dramatic powers. The part was new to her, she had not even seen it played; yet her impersonation was throughout appropriate, consistent, beautiful. The character as a whole was well conceived; it only needed more *abandon*. We can hardly imagine her destined to be a *great* actress, but a very good one, which is more than we expect of many an admirable singer. In the long and difficult music of the part, she was never at fault; but sang all with truth and expression, only a little chilled occasionally by the natural anxiety of undertaking so much for the first time. BRIGNOLI'S sweet and musical tenor continually gains upon us; he sang the music of Arturo finely, but the memory of MARIO was too fresh in the quartet: *A te o cara*. We are not partial to the thick and coarse baritone of AMODIO, who carries the day by volume and loudness and a very uniform sort of full swing in his parts. MORELLI was admirable, as the uncle, as he is in all his parts; and Herr MUELLER made a respectable father. The liberty duet: *Suoni la tromba*, was roared as usual with immense acceptance.

We were not present at the performance of *Lucia di Lammermoor* on Monday night, which all accounts agree in reckoning among the finest triumphs of Mme. LAGRANGE.

On Tuesday, those who eagerly went expecting *Don Giovanni*, were turned off with *Norma*, owing to the sudden illness of Mlle. DIDIER.

Musical Chit-Chat.

The programme of the BEETHOVEN FESTIVAL, for next Saturday, is now definitely settled and appears in full on our last page. It has been found impracticable to prepare the extremely difficult vocal portions of the Choral Symphony in a style that would be really worthy of the occasion. It is a thing for which few German cities afford the means, and Boston has by no means reached that point. It is quite common abroad to perform the three first (instrumental) movements, without the choral finale, and these form a glorious symphony in themselves. All the compositions are from the pen of the great master, and all masterpieces. Many more works one would gladly hear, but we must accept the limitations of time and means. The performers have all volunteered in the true spirit, as bringing their offering to Art and to the memory of a great artist. Many more, no doubt, stood ready, had there been room for them. On such an occasion there is no question of preference or precedence; personal considerations are merged; there is but *one* person, and that is BEETHOVEN, in whose honor the sculptor in his noble statue, the donor in his art-loving munificence, the founders and directors of the Hall which is to hold the monument, the artists with their voices and their instruments, forget themselves. The music-loving public will not fail to bring their offering of enthusiasm and fill the Hall.

The MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB offer an uncommonly rich programme for their *last* concert next Tuesday evening. Many will be eager to hear that quartet by the young composer, RUBINSTEIN. Mr. J. C. D. PARKER assists as pianist.

The MOZART centennial was celebrated at St. Louis. We are sorry to hear (by a correspondent) that the Philadelphia festival was a failure. This accounts for the silence of the newspapers... In Berlin the day was celebrated on Sunday, Jan. 27, by a concert in the Sing-Academie at noon. The programme contained the overture to *Belmonte e Costanza*; duet from the same; air from *Tito*, sung by Johanna Wagner; *Ave verum corpus*, by the Dom Chor; quartet from *Idomeneo*. Part II., the *Requiem* by the combined societies. Prof. Kiss was to erect a colossal statue of Mozart in the hall. In the evening *Figaro* was performed, and at half past nine there was a grand supper at Arnim's hotel. A rich week that in Berlin! The *Tannhäuser*, Gluck's *Armida*, the "Midsummer Night's Dream," with Mendelssohn's music, besides Liebig's symphony concerts, all invited the music lover.....In Vienna the celebration was under the direction of counsellor Riedl, with the *kapellmeisters* Proyer, Assmeyer, Eckert, Hellmesberger, &c. The concert was conducted by Liszt, and included the overture to *Zauberflöte*; chorus: *O Isis et Osiris*; part of the *Requiem*; Symphony in G minor; and the first finale to *Don Juan*.

[Correspondence of London Musical World, Jan. 26.]

M. Adolph Adam has been endeavoring to give a musical illustration of Shakespeare's *Falstaff*, in no wise deterred by the success achieved by your countryman, Michael William Balfe, at Her Majesty's Theatre, in the palmy days of Grisi, Rubini, Tamburini, and Lablache—Mr. Lumley's never-to-be-equalled "quartet." On Wednesday last, the 16th, M. Adam's *Falstaff* was produced at the Théâtre Lyrique for the *debut* of M. Hermann-Léon, for whom the piece was especially written, he choosing to exhibit himself before his new public as fat Jack, that "ton of man." The piece is in one act, and the whole weight of the acting rests with Falstaff. The humor is very placid, and not at all unctuous and racy. Not a vestige of the Shakespearian quaintness and drollery is to be detected. The part was stuffed well and acted indifferent ill by M. Hermann-Léon, who appeared to me to entertain no idea of the original. The last scene is farcical, but, I think, saved the piece. Falstaff, as he supposes, is being conducted to execution. His eyes are bandaged. He is led to the foot of the scaffold. Here he is about to make disclosures not at all creditable to the author of this strange joke, when they hasten to take away the handkerchief from his eyes, whereupon he finds himself seated on a wine-cask, before a table well furnished with comestibles. Of course, this incident brings the piece to a prosperous conclusion. The music of M. Adolphe Adam is, as usual, light and facile, but without inspiration. Moreover, it is not comic. The humor of Falstaff is beyond M. Adolphe Adam. It would require the genius of Rossini to embody it musically. The success of the new operetta, however, was decided, and it will serve as an excellent *lever de rideau*.

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GRAND BEETHOVEN FESTIVAL,

Under the supervision of the Directors of the Music Hall, and the Committee of the Orchestral Concerts.

INAUGURATION OF CRAWFORD'S

STATUE OF BEETHOVEN,

IN THE

BOSTON MUSIC HALL,

On Saturday Evening, March 1, 1856.

A POETICAL PROLOGUE,

Written by W. W. STORY, for this occasion, will be recited by him, during which the Statue will be unveiled.

The following performers have kindly volunteered to aid in rendering this great occasion memorable.

Solo Singers.

Mrs. LONG, Mrs. WENTWORTH, Miss HENSLER, Miss HUMPHREY, Mrs HARWOOD, Mr KREISSMANN, Mr. ARTHURSON, Mr. LOW, Mr. WETHERBEE.

Chorus of 160 voices,

Composed of Deputations from the HANDEL AND HAYDN, MENDELSSOHN CHORAL and MUSICAL EDUCATION Societies, together with many Amateur Singers.

Solo Instrumental Performers.

AUGUST FRIES. CHARLES C. PERKINS.

☞ The ORCHESTRA, (that of the Orchestral Concerts,) will consist of FIFTY Performers, under the direction of CARL ZERRAHN.

PROGRAMME.

PROLOGUE in Verse, composed and recited by W. W. Story.

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Translated for this Journal.

ROBERT FRANZ.

BY FRANZ LISZT.

• • • Robert Franz has not had to contend against a systematic opposition, an armed league of contemporary criticism; yet criticism, as it seems to us, has failed to recognize the important position which he occupies in the development of modern music. Robert Franz is self-taught. As the founder of a new dynastic line of lyrical composers he is no one's heir, and the dethroner of no one. He discovered for himself an unknown planet, a stray isle on the wide ocean, and stepping on its shores with lyre in hand, he attuned a new song. His tender, far-reaching and euphonious voice seized hold of, without wounding, everybody, and the crowd listened deeply touched, without being conscious how unusual these tones, how strange this language was to them. Every German musician knows the name of Robert Franz; to all it has a sympathetic sound, without their having a distinct perception of its noble significance, just as in Schubert's lifetime few anticipated how high posterity would place him. Franz writes songs (*Lieder*), as Schubert did; but he differs from him so essentially that under his pen the *Lied* has entered upon a new stadium; he will build up a school and find imitators, if he has not already found them, as Franz Schubert did.

The *Lied*, poetically as well as musically, is an exclusive product of the German Muse; just as the words *Sehnsucht* * and *Gemüth* †, which indicate its province and compose its vital marrow, belong only to the German language and are untranslateable. Not that other nations have not possessed lyric songs; but they have nothing of the character of the *Lied*. In France the *romance* and especially the *chanson* is a product necessarily provided with some sort of piquant seasoning; cheerful or melancholy, these are always tempered with *esprit*, and never strive to correspond to some mood of mind through a certain assonance of ideas, through a certain diapason of feeling, through a sort of poetic tonality. In Italy the Canzonets, Barcaroles, &c., like the operatic Cavatinas, are pervaded by a warmth of passion, which affords no room to passive, dreamy musing, at all events admits of no delivery from scenic background, no abstraction of oneself from every object of passion. In some Sclavonic countries we find something more nearly related to the German *Lied*, but confined mostly to the rhythmical dance form. In Great Britain, Moore's Irish Melodies have called forth no musical interpretations of any marked originality, and the national tunes, which might be suited to them, belong, through the remote period of their origin, to another category of songs. The *Volkslieder* (people's songs) bear this name neither as having been composed by any one and every one (for certainly every *Volkslied* sprang from an individual poet,) nor as having been sung by everybody, (for wandering minstrels cannot transform an opera aria into a *Volkslied*)—but because they were made by unlearned and unpractised people, simply following the inspiration of their feeling, and not animated by an impulse to increase their power, to penetrate the mysteries of Art; not anxious to become artists, but content to be natural poets and to see their little works in verse and song live on in simple hearts, which beat to them as freshly or with as much quivering anguish as their own. The music of the people is pervaded by the breath of an altogether peculiar *naiveté*, which, like that of childhood, which even in its helplessness remains attractive, and in its aspiration may reach the sublime, is inimitable, because nothing can chase away the shadow which the knowledge of good and evil casts upon our soul, robbing us forever of the grace and beauty of unconsciousness. The artist, when he has once tasted of knowledge, strives not for the mere outpouring of a feeling, but selects a *form* and is not satisfied with any one which he may catch instinctively; he who loves Art for Art's sake can no longer claim to be a member in the group of these unconsciously admitted into the service of the Muses, who for the most part would lack the capacity to become deeply initiated adepts. This is not saying that the conscious artist earns his knowledge by the sacrifice of every kind of *naiveté*. There is another, higher kind, which is the portion of great and beautiful souls, and remains true to many an one through all his life. We meet it in heroes as in men of learning. If the "sapid" *naiveté*, as Montaigne called it, is undermined and crowded out by reflection, it is often in the lyric poet replaced by a second *naiveté*, which, if less enchanting by its spontaneity, less piquant in its expression and surprising in its turns, often works upon us so much the more touchingly and deeply. This *naiveté* Robert Franz possesses in the highest degree, and therein is he especially distinguished from Franz Schubert.

Schubert's imagination was of an excited and impassioned order; impassioned to such a degree, that it wholly put aside certain faculties whose development might have been easy to it. A long-breathed labor was a hard thing to him, since he did not reach the point of concentrating his fire, of economizing his forces. His dramatizing inspiration sought, so to say, to make a scene of every subject; but he crowded it into a single scene, and thereby the *Lied* remained with him a *Lied* in so far as it did not simply strive to describe an action; this *dramatic lyrist* was content with lending the form of a scene to a purely subjective impression, and so he did not leave the natural element of the *Lied*, which embraces the portrayal of moods of mind and seeks to give to its pure dreams not so much shape as groundwork. Franz on the contrary is so far from being dramatically constituted, that he never once requires a scene. He is preëminently a psychical colorist, and, as with certain painters, the contour for him is only a necessity to which he yields as little as possible. In a few, but all the more correct and well-marked lines he indicates the situation and the landscape, and he succeeds in his limitation all the more admirably in accentuating this part of the picture. The greater the poverty of room which he allows himself on this side, the more earnestly he strives to invent the lines which, although moderately and simply, shall suffice to characterize his object. In his pictures the atmosphere is the essential thing; he seems to forget the earth in his attempt to describe the sky, its color, its clouds, its transparency, its enticing and mysterious infinity. With him speaks, in the noblest language of Art, the clear, intelligible echo of the feeling which has moved him. Here or there a grief, a joy has touched his soul; this he imparts to us, but lays paramount stress upon making us companions of his feelings, upon drawing us with him into the sweet or bitter satiety of an emotion, into his wavering and floating between ecstacy and anguish. To this end he does not, like Schubert, get the mastery of our imagination; he does

* Sehnsucht: Longing, ardent desire, aspiration.—*Adler's Dictionary*.

† Gemüth: Mind, soul, heart; disposition, nature.—*Ibid.*

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not seek to rivet by the frame-work, by the pictorial environment, to thrill us by a stirring spectacle, by the nervous excitement of a painful impression, to overpower us by his irresistible pathos. He only sketches his contours with precise strokes, to draw us at once gently into the magic circle of his emotion, and drop by drop impart to us the burning charm of his impressions, until we have drained the cup with him.

His songs are mostly moods, inwrapt in themselves, and seldom striving dramatically beyond themselves; his lyrical quality has much of the sensibility peculiar to feminine feeling. Anything like Schubert's *Zuleika*, or *Trockne Blumen*, we scarcely meet with in Franz. This exclusiveness of his mode of feeling naturally influenced his treatment and even selection of the texts to which he composed. A certain sensitive-plant delicacy of his musical feeling, shrinking from outward contact, must have necessarily made him shy of treating objects too boldly drawn. Since his conception of his theme reduces itself for the most part to one sharply pointed fundamental feeling, he is compelled to supply the stronger tone demanded for his accent by the scenic sketching of an event. Thus it may happen that his tone-poems often pass by ears uneducated leaving no trace, while upon the appreciative heart and thought they imprint all the more deeply what these have the sense to feel and understand. This sense is frequently a very complex one, since Franz particularly deals with poetic moods which conceal in themselves a contradiction between feeling and situation. In his numerous productions in this direction of feeling we find that vague, half-hinted, half-divined somewhat, glimmering through the whole, which corresponds completely with the partiality for fine *nuances*, without the need of crying colors to excite sensation. If we chance many a time with him upon a song which is destined to express a whole, predominating, undivided feeling, it involuntarily seems to us shaded by another tone; with the joy there mingles a breath of despondency, and sorrow is transformed almost before our eyes into a blissful self-forgetfulness. Tragical themes predominate throughout ‡; naive ones may come next in number §; then follow the narrative and descriptive epic ‖; humoristic, comic ones are scarcely found. Since every feeling which goes very deep is in a certain manner a religious act, his tendency on this side has given rise to a number of songs, which coincide with the church types, and adopt the forms which it had been usual before him to apply only in the severe style.¶ [To be continued.]

‡ *Nachtlied*, by the Countess Ida Hahn-Hahn.—*In meinem Garten die Dornen*, of Geibel.—*Die Farben Helgolands*, of Hoffmann von Fallersleben.—*Herbstsonge*, of Osterwald.—*Ja, du bist elend*, of Heine.—*Gute Nacht*, of Eichendorff.—*Thränen*, of Chamisso.—*Hatte Liebchen zwei* (Hungarian.)—*Da sind die bleichen Geister wieder*, of Max Waldau.—*Winternacht*, of Lenau, and many others.

§ *Einen schlimmen Weg ging Gester nich*, of Burns.—*Der Schalk*, of Eichendorff.—*Frühling und Liebe*, of Hoffman von Fallersleben.—*Liebliche Maid*, of Burns.—*Liebchen ist da*, of Schroer.—*Ich lobe mir die Vögelein*, of Osterwald.—*Abschied* (Bohemian).—*Waldfahrt*, of Kerner.—*Gleich und Gleich*, of Goethe.—*Frühlingswonne* (Volkslied), and others.

‖ *Durch den Wald im Mondenscheine*, of Heine.—*Im Walde* of Wolfgang Müller.—*Zwei welke Rosen*, of Max Waldau.—*Mitternacht*, of Osterwald.—*Im Rhein im heiligen Strome*, of Immermann; and others.

¶ *Sonntag*, of Eichendorf.—*Ich hab in deinem Auge*, of Rückert.—*In meinem Armen wieg ich dich*, of Nutorp. *Treibt der Sommer seine Rosen*, of Osterwald.—*Bitte*, of Lenau.—*Für Musik*, of Geibel.—*Abends*, of Eichendorff.—*Denk ich dein*, of Marie Jäger. *Rothe Aeuglein*, (Volkslied), and others.

JENNY LIND.

[From Punch.]

And have you not been to the PHILADELPHION?
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 The Lady in Red, and the Pope's brazen band.
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 A far better sight will be set for your view,
MRS. JENNY in white, and MISS DOLBY in lilac,
 MISS MESSENT in pink, and MISS WILLIAMS in blue.

Our own darling JENNY, who comes on the platform
 To warble the best of our MENDELSSOHN's strains,
A trifle, it may be, more slight than she left us,
 Worn down, let us hope, by the weight of her gains.
She comes, with AMINA's old smile on her features,
 And down sit four ladies—distinct in their hue—
MRS. JENNY in white, and MISS DOLBY in lilac,
 MISS MESSENT in pink, and MISS WILLIAMS in blue.

And the marvellous voice, uneclipsed in its glory,
 Comes forth, like a Spirit commissioned for good,
Whether sparkling in air like the spray of a fountain,
 Or gushing in silver abroad like a flood.
To Sermone, like CAIRD's, be all honor—yet JENNY
 Can say to the stall what he says to the pew,
As she sings, all in white, with MISS DOLBY in lilac,
 MISS MESSENT in pink, and MISS WILLIAMS in blue.

We don't quite forgive her, our darling *Amina*,
 For quitting the stage where her triumph was won,
And never had patience to ascertain whether
 Through bishop, or husband, or whim, it was done.
We hope she'll come back, and meantime we're delighted
 To hear in *Elijah* what things she can do,
As she sings there in white, with MISS DOLBY in lilac,
 MISS MESSENT in pink, and MISS WILLIAMS in blue.

She brought out our tears as she shudder'd in sorrow,
 And dried them away with the flash of her joy,
As Zarepath's widow alternate lamented
 The death, and rejoiced o'er the life, of her boy.
And never was justice more amply accorded
 To the exquisite strains of the wonderful Jew,
Than by JENNY in white, and MISS DOLBY in lilac,
 MISS MESSENT in pink, and MISS WILLIAMS in blue.

But her place is the Stage, from whose art she still borrows
 The glance, and the pathos, the gesture, the thrill;
And we'd bet MR. MITCHELL he opens the Opera
 One day, with her fortunate name in his bill.
Yet still we shall have, at the PHILADELPHION
 A voice that's as liquid and clear as the dew,
MISS DOLBY's, who sung in contralto and lilac,
 With MISS MESSENT in pink, and MISS WILLIAMS in blue.

Translated for this Journal.

The Mission of Mozart.

LEADING CHARACTERISTICS OF HIS GENIUS AND HIS WORKS.

BY A. OULIBICHEFF.

(Continued from p. 162.)

The musician, who summed up in his style of composition all the tendencies of music, of the past and of his own time, could not altogether exclude from the opera the *bravura* aria. GLUCK had banished it and indeed for good reasons; he had to do with French singers. MOZART's singers, on the contrary, shone in roulades and *fioriture* at least quite as much as in expression. It would have been poor policy for him to rob the singers of their most approved means of success and of existence, the public of one of its favorite enjoyments, and the opera itself of an ornament that had become indispensable to it. Mozart accepted all the necessities of the lyric drama and did not sacrifice a single one of them. The expressive arias were saved for the most select situations; those, which were composed in favor of the singer mark the resting-places in the drama, which are almost unavoidable if one cares more for the music than the piece, as we do. Often Mozart did still more; he let the *bravura* cooperate with the expression, so that even the roulades meant something. The most beautiful, most brilliant and most expressive of all tenor arias, that we know, *Il mio tesoro*, is neither more nor less than a bravura aria.

Let us pass to the duets, terzets and ensemble pieces. J. J. ROUSSEAU's view of the dramatic duet deserves notice, as proceeding from a theorist of the eighteenth century, in whom the exclusive taste for the Italian music was occasionally damped by the critico-philosophical spirit of the French *savan*. According to him the essential form of a duet is dialogue; the union of voices and their movement in thirds and sixths are rare and brief exceptions, which find their motive in the transporting energy of passion at its height. To prolong and multiply these exceptions he esteems the greatest impropriety, inasmuch as kings, princesses, heroes and their train, indeed all well-bred people, must know, that it is impossible for two or more persons to be speaking at the same time. Of the Terzet he says nothing, and the real Quartet he declares impossible. *Pretty work we should make of it, if we did just as the books teach us!* Ah! Mozart was very right. He, who had had only a common education, did not shrink from the gross impropriety of letting two, three or four persons speak at once in two, three or four different melodies. Quite in contradiction to the old theory, the more speakers he had to employ at the same time, the more were they distinguished by contrast of feeling and of character, that is to say, by variety of melodic plan and rhythm, and the more did the musical picture gain in beauty, richness, weight and interest.

The ensemble pieces, which had formerly been mere subordinate matters, occurring only incidentally and rather seldom, and making at most but little effect in the opera, became with him one of the principal affairs. Very fine *choruses* had been composed before Mozart; but between a chorus and an ensemble piece there is a wide difference. The chorus is a collective being, which has only *one* thought, one feeling, one text. The ensemble-piece unites individual beings, whose passions, alike or contrasted, friendly or hostile, express themselves side by side and in perfect freedom, according as character and situation may prescribe to each. And all these distinct individualities, all these oft-times multifarious forms of existence, animate the same chords and make a part of the same musical thought. Nothing is so difficult, yet also nothing is so beautiful, as the happy and complete solution of such a problem. One has only to recall the Quartet in *Idomeneo*, the Terzet at the death of the Commendatore, the Trio of maskers, the Quartet, the Sextet and the first finale in *Don Juan*, the first finale in *Cosi fan tutte*, and so many other masterpieces of musical style, which constitute the most astonishing wonders of the operas of Mozart and the highest which it is possible for a theatrical composition to achieve.

If there is a study which can attract the musician, it is to see how Mozart has understood how to reconcile musical unity with the most whimsical incidents in the drama, in ensemble-pieces where the action goes on. Could anything for example run in more seeming contradiction to this unity, than the scene, which forms the Andante of the Sextet in *Don Juan!* Leporello tries to find his way out of the room; then come Anna and Ottavio, and after them Masetto and Zerlina, all full of thoughts of vengeance against the individual whom they suppose to be Giovanni;

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Elvira, who shares their mistake, entreats for mercy for her faithless one. A peremptory *No* rejects her supplication. Leporello is recognized and only begs for mercy for himself. General astonishment. Here each one speaks the language of the feeling that controls him, and yet each remains true to his character as a tragic or comic person, whatever the bond of unity between these heterogeneous fragments of melody and declamation may be; whatever the common basis, upon which are announced one by one or all at once the pathetic consternation of Elvira, the anger of the injured pair of lovers, the grotesque cowardice of Leporello, the astonishment of all, when the torches expose the bird under the plumage of the eagle whom they think that they have got in person. Around this bond, this basis, winds an instrumental figure, whose modulation and outline include all, and out of a masterpiece of a natural and life-like scene make a masterpiece of composition, independent of the drama. Moreover the unity lies in a vocal phrase, which is reproduced with wonderful tact, and by immediate repetition on the part of the orchestra is stamped as it were upon the ear, fixed in the memory of the hearer, leading him as by a thread through dialogue and action, and reminding him by its repetitions, that he has not stepped out of the circle of ideas in which the musician leads him round. Of this kind is especially the precious phrase in "Don Juan:" *Te vuol tradir ancor*, which you at once recognize as the musical pivot of this ensemble. We should never reach an end, were we to try to explain all the means which Mozart employed to produce this unity, this essential condition of pure music, or Art in and for itself, which it is so difficult, however, to bring into harmony with the conditions of the theatrical style.

[To be continued.]

Beethoven's Choral Symphony.

For the benefit of many readers, who will listen to this sublime composition for the first time this evening, and who surely must need some key to its general intention, to enable them to enjoy it understandingly and truly (especially in the absence of the last, the choral movement, which explains all) we have thought it well to reproduce here portions of the remarks which we translated or were moved to write before and after its performance in the same hall by the Germania Orchestra three years ago. Of course, such attempts at interpretation, such slight records of impressions, are anything but satisfactory; yet they are better than nothing. Richard Wagner's parallels of the first three movements with passages in Goethe's "Faust," although of course fanciful, yet furnish a good thread of connection, as one listens for the first time to the successive parts. Then, too, it seems absolutely necessary to give some sort of description or bare outline of what is contained in the concluding movement, seeing that we are not to hear it. Shall we never, then, have this great work completely realized? Must it ever end in the clouds for us?—fit type in that, too, of Beethoven's genius, which awakens in us such insatiable yearnings for the Infinite! We have had it done, poorly enough no doubt, *once*, but even then it left such an impression upon some of us, that we would not for the world have missed it. But for our extracts. First from Richard Wagner. Those who care to read his whole "Programme" to the Symphony may find it in our Volume II. No. 18.

FIRST MOVEMENT (*Allegro ma non troppo*, D minor.)—A most sublimely conceived conflict of the soul, struggling after joy, against the pressure of that hostile power, that stations itself between us and all earthly bliss, appears to lie at the foundation of this movement. The great main theme, which at the very outset steps forth from a gloomy veil in all the nakedness of its terrible might, may perhaps, not altogether inappropriately to the sense of the entire tone-poem, be translated by the words of Goethe:

"Entbehren sollst du! Sollst entbehren!"
(Renounce! Thou must renounce!)

Opposed to this powerful enemy we recognize a noble spirit of defiance, a manly energy of resistance, which to the very middle of the movement rises to an open conflict with the adversary, in which we seem to see two mighty wrestlers, each of whom leaves off invincible. In isolated gleams of light we may discern the sweet sad smile of happiness, that seems to seek us, as we seek it, but from whose attainment we are withheld by that malicious powerful foe, who overshadows us with his nocturnal wings, so that even to ourselves the prospect of that far off grace is dimmed and we relapse into a dark brooding, which has only power to rouse itself again to new defiance and resistance, and to new wrestlings with the demon who robs us of true joy. Thus force, resistance, struggle, longing, hoping, almost reaching again losing, again seeking, again battling—such are the elements of restless movement in this marvellous piece of music, which droops however now and then into that more continuous state of utter joylessness, which Goethe denotes by the words:

"But to new horror I awake each morn,
And I could weep hot tears, to see the sun
Dawn on another day, whose round forlorn
Accomplishes no wish of mine—not one:
Which still, with froward captiousness, impairs
E'en the presentiment of every joy,
While low realities and paltry cares
The spirit's fond imaginings destroy.
And then when falls again the veil of night,
Stretch'd on my couch I languish in despair;
Appalling dreams my troubled soul affright;
No soothing rest vouchsafed me even there," &c.

At the close of the movement, this dreary, joyless mood, growing to gigantic magnitude, seems to embrace the All, as if in grand and awful majesty it would fain take possession of this world, which God has made—for JOY!

SECOND MOVEMENT. (*Scherzo molto vivace*.) A wild delight seizes us at once with the first rhythms of this second movement: it is a new world into which we enter, in which we are whirled away to giddiness, to loss of reason; it is as if, urged by desperation, we fled before it, in ceaseless, restless efforts chasing a new and unknown happiness, since the old one, that once sunned us with its distant smile, seems to have utterly forsaken us. Goethe expresses this impulse, not without significance perhaps for the present case, in the following words:

——"The end I aim at is not Joy.
I crave excitement, agonizing bliss," &c.
——"In depths of sensual pleasure drown'd,
Let us our fiery passions still!
Enwrapped in magic's veil profound,
Let wondrous charms our senses thrill!
Plunge we in time's tempestuous flow,
Stem we the rolling surge of chance!
There may alternate weal and woe,
Success and failure, as they can,
Mingle and shift in changeful dance;
Excitement is the sphere for man!"

With the headlong entrance of the middle-subject there suddenly opens upon us one of those scenes of earthly recreation and indulgence; a certain downright jollity seems expressed in the simple, oft-repeated theme; it is full of *naïveté* and self-satisfied cheerfulness, and we we are tempted to think of Goethe's description of such homely contentment:

"I now must introduce to you
Before aught else, this jovial crew,
To show how lightly life may glide away;
With them each day 's a holiday;
With little wit and much content,
Each on his own small round intent," &c.

But to recognize such limited enjoyment as the goal of our restless chase after satisfaction and the noblest joy, is not our destiny: our look upon this scene grows clouded; we turn away and resign ourselves anew to that restless impulse, which with the goading of despair urges us unceasingly on to seize the fortune, which, alas! we are not destined to reach *so*; for at the close of the movement we are again impelled toward that scene of comfortable indulgence, which we have already met, and which we this time at the first recognition of it repulse from us with impatient haste.

THIRD MOVEMENT. (*Adagio molto e cantabile*, in B flat major). How differently *these* tones speak to our hearts! How pure, how heavenly soothing, they melt the defiance, the wild impulse of the soul tormented by despair, into a tender and melancholy feeling! It is as if memory awoke within us,—the memory of an early enjoyed and purest happiness:

"Then would celestial love, with holy kiss,
Come o'er me in the Sabbath's stilly hour,
While, fraught with solemn and mysterious power,
Chimed the deep-sounding bell, and prayer was bliss."

And with this recollection there comes over us once more that sweet longing, that is so beautifully expressed in the second theme of this movement (*Andante moderato*, D major), and to which we may not unfitly apply Goethe's words:

"A yearning impulse, undefined yet dear,
Drove me to wander on through wood and field;
With heaving breast and many a burning tear,
I felt with holy joy a world revealed."

It seems like the longing of love, which again is answered, only with more movement and embellishment of expression, by that hope-promising and sweetly tranquilizing first theme, so that on the return of the second it seems to us as if love and hope embraced, so that they might the more entirely exert their gentle power over our tormented soul. It is as when Faust speaks, after the Easter bells and chorus of angels:

"Wherefore, ye tones celestial, sweet and strong,
Come ye a dweller in the dust to seek?
Ring out your chimes believing crowds among."

Even so seems the yet quivering heart with soft resistance to wish to keep them off: but their sweet power is greater than our already mitigated defiance; we throw ourselves overpowered into the arms of this gracious messenger of purest bliss:

"O still sound on, thou sweet celestial strain,
Tears now are gushing,—Earth, I'm thine again!"

Yes, the bleeding heart seems to be getting healed and re-invigorated, and to be manning itself to that exalted courage which we think we recognize in the almost triumphant passage, towards the end of the movement. Still, this elevation is not yet free from the reaction of the storms survived; but every approach of the old pain is instantly met with renewed alleviation from that gentle, magic power, before which, finally, as in the last expiring gleams of lightning, the dispersed storm disappears.

FOURTH MOVEMENT.—The transition from the third to the fourth movement, which begins as it were with a shrill shriek, may be pretty well indicated again by Goethe's words:

"But ah! I feel, howe'er I yearn for rest,
Content flows now no longer from my breast."——
——"A wondrous show! but ah! a show alone!
Where shall I grasp thee, infinite nature, where?
Ye breasts, ye fountains of all life, whereon
Hang heaven and earth, from which the blighted soul
Yearneth to draw sweet solace, still ye roll
Your sweet and fost'ring tides—where are ye—where?
Ye gush, and must I languish in despair?"

With this beginning of the last movement, Beethoven's music assumes decidedly a more speaking character. It quits the character, preserved in the three first movements, of pure instrumental music, which is marked by an infinite and indeterminate expression. The progress of the musical invention or poem presses to a decision such as can only be expressed in human speech. Let us admire the way in which the master prepares the introduction of speech and the human voice, as a necessity to be expected, in this thrilling Recitative of the instrumental basses, which, already almost forsaking the limits of absolute music, as it were with eloquent, pathetic speech approaches the other instruments, urging them to a decision, and finally itself passes over into a song-theme, which sweeps the other instruments along with it in its simple, solemn, joyous current, and so swells to a mighty pitch. This seems like the final effort to express by instrumental music alone a secure, well-defined, and never clouded state of joy; but the intractable element seems incapable of this limitation; it foams up to a roaring sea, subsides again, and stronger than ever presses the wild, chaotic shriek of unsatisfied passion upon our ear.—Then steps forth toward the tumult of the instruments a human voice, with the clear and sure expression of speech, and we know not whether we shall most admire the bold suggestion or the great *naïveté* of the master, when he lets this voice exclaim to the instruments:

"Friends, no more of these tones! rather let us sing together more pleasant and more joyful strains!"

With these words it grows light in the chaos; a definite and sure utterance is gained, in which we, borne upon the subdued element of the instrumental music, may hear now clearly and distinctly expressed, what to our tormented striving after joy must seem enduring, highest bliss. And here commences Schiller's

"HYMN TO JOY.

"Joy, thou brightest heaven-lit spark,
Daughter from the Elysian choir,
On thy holy ground we walk,
Reeling with ecstatic fire.

Thou canst bind in one again
All that custom tears apart;
All mankind are brothers, when
Waves thy soft wing o'er the heart.

CHORUS.—"Myriads, join the fond embrace!
'Tis the world's inspiring kiss!
Friends, yon dome of starry-bliss
Is a loving Father's place.

"Who the happy lot doth share,
Friends to have, and friend to be—
Whom lovely wife holds dear—
Mingle in our Jubilee!
Yes—who calls *one* soul *his own*,
One on all earth's ample round :—
Who can not, may steal alone,
Weeping from our holy ground!

CHORUS—"Sympathy with blessings crown
All that in life's circles are!
To the stars she leads us, where
Dwells enthroned the great Unknown.

"Joy on every living thing
Nature's bounty doth bestow,
Good and bad still welcoming;—
In her rosy path they go.
Kisses she to us has given,
Wine, and friends in death approved;—
Sense the world has;—but in heaven
Stands the *soul*, of God beloved.

CHORUS—"Myriads, do ye prostrate fall?
Feel ye the Creator near?
Seek him in yon starry sphere!
O'er the stars he governs all.

"Joy impels the quick rotation,
Sure return of night and day;
Joy's the main-spring of Creation,
Keeping every wheel in play;
Draws from buds the flowerets fair,
Brilliant suns from azure sky,
Rolls the spheres in trackless air,
Realms unreached by mortal eye.

CHORUS—"As his suns, in joyful play,
On their airy circles fly,—
As the knight to victory,—
Brothers, speed upon your way.

"From Truth's burning mirror still
Her sweet smiles th' inquirer greet;
She up Virtue's toilsome hill
Guides the weary pilgrim's feet;
On Faith's sunny mountain, wave,
Floating far, her banners bright;
Through the rent walls of the grave
Fills her form in angel light.

CHORUS—"Patient, then, ye myriads, live!
To a better world press on!
Seated on his starry throne,
God the rich reward will give.

"For the Gods what thanks are meet?
Like the Gods, then, let us be;
All the poor and lowly greet
With the gladsome and the free;
Banish vengeance from our breast,
And forgive our deadliest foe;
But no anguish mar his rest,
No consuming tear-drops flow.

CHORUS—"Be the world from sin set free!
Be all mutual wrong forgiven;
Brothers, in that starry heaven,
As we judge, our doom shall be.

"Joy upon the red wine dances;
By the magic of the cup
Rage dissolves in gentle trances,
Dead despair is lifted up.
Brothers, round the nectar flies,
Mounting to the beaker's edge;
Toss the foam off to the skies!
Our Good Spirit here we pledge!

CHORUS—"Him the seraphs ever praise,
Him the stars that rise and sink;
Drink to our good Spirit, drink!
High to him our glasses raise!

"Spirits firm in hour of woe—
Help to innocence oppressed—
Truth alike to friend or foe—
Faith unbroken—wrongs redressed—
Manly pride before the throne,
Cost it fortune, cost it blood—
Wreaths to just deserts alone—
Downfall to all Falsehood's brood!

CHORUS—"Closer draw the holy ring!
By the sparkling wine-cup now,
Swear to keep the solemn vow—
Swear it by the heavenly King!

To eke out some clearer conception of this last movement and of the connected meaning of the whole symphony, we append some extracts from our attempts to record our impressions at the period to which we have alluded.

(After the first performance, Feb. 5, 1853.)

The voice parts are extremely difficult, climbing high, and holding (where the "Joy" chorus reaches its philanthropic and religious acme of enthusiasm) upon high notes through long series of measures; there had been few opportunities of rehearsal: and worse than all, the singers had never before heard the whole work put together;—had not, by listening to the three preceding movements, got gradually warmed to that pitch of enthusiasm and inspiration which is the key to the last part, and without sharing which no singers could have sung it well. The arduous range of the voices, the earnest prolongation and repeated renewals and variations of the musical ideas in that chorus are fully explained and justified by the poetic thought that animates it—the most splendid thought that ever inspired brain of poet, hero or prophet,—an idea fully borne out in those words of Schiller, to which Beethoven's music, if you will examine it, is marvellously well married, verse by verse. Was any ordinary form of music adequate to so great a thought as this: namely, first the struggle of the soul with destiny for the full joy of being, and then the recognition and celebration of JOY as the true destiny and state most God-like;—then the finding of true joy only in the largest and most unselfish sympathies, in the universal love and embrace of all Mankind; and finally, by a natural ascent, the rising from this thought to the thought of the Creator, the All-Father, who in the most inspired moment of the poet's imagination, is made as it were visible face to face, and to whom we seem borne up as upon the swelling, yeasty waves of Beethoven's music? And accordingly the last part of the vocal music assumes a grave, and ancient choral form—"Hold there! don't let your enthusiasm run away with you." Well, friends, we tell you one thing: *not* to have been enthusiastic is not to have heard and not to be qualified to judge or speak of this concluding part and key-note to the Choral Symphony. Consider what that music professes, what its text and purport, and say whether it does not demand enthusiasm in the hearer as one of the first conditions, quite as essential as his ears, to apprehending and receiving it at all.

A true criticism of the vocal performance requires an analysis of the whole structure of the last movement. For the present this may suffice. A few quick, impatient chords, beginning on a discordant ground, like an effort to break away or break through into a freer sphere, open the movement. Then the double-basses utter a sentence of Recitative. More impatient chords and the orchestra touches upon a few bars of the theme of the first movement. The Recitative likes it not. The Scherzo theme is touched. That is no better. A few notes of the heavenly Adagio. To that the basses reply less abruptly, but sadly, musingly. Then they begin themselves to dictate the tune they would have it all go to, the strangely simple, but pregnant melody soon about to be sung. More impatient chords, and then the human voice (bass solo) in a Recitative of exceeding dignity and beauty exclaims: "Friends, no more of these mournful tones! let us *sing* joyful strains." To do this effectually, as it was the key to the whole, required a voice of the rarest grandeur and most telling quality. Mr. BALL did perhaps the best that could have been done for us by any resident artist, and deserves the thanks of all. Then comes the alternation of full chorus and quartet. It was in the latter that we felt the most inadequacy. Every voice, to do the music justice, should have been as rare and telling for its kind as was the high and clarion-toned soprano of Miss STONE; we fancy the piece has sometimes failed elsewhere for the want of just such a voice; and on the top wave of the chorus, too, how splendidly it told. After one round of the voices, there is a sudden modulation of the instruments, exciting expectation, and a long pause, filled at intervals by measured beats, whereby the common-time rhythm of the "Joy" tune becomes changed to a more elastic step (six-eight) in a delicious bit of instrumental symphony, preluding to the heroic verse in the poem:

"As his suns, in joyful play,
On their airy circles fly,—
As the knight to victory,
Brothers, speed upon your way."

Here comes in the trying task for the tenor solo. We cannot go on through the choral passages that follow; but will simply say that portions, as they were given, sounded sublimely, even if it was not all entirely clear, and we presume the singers themselves knew how well their own music sounded to those out in the room.

On the whole, then, it was *a great success*. The first three movements were clear to most musical listeners. These three once stood as completely under water, as the last now is to many; may we not fairly presume that it too will one day emerge and stand out equally revealed in all its fair, appreciable, although colossal proportions!

(After the second performance, April 2, 1853.)

The two middle movements, Scherzo and Adagio, were doubtless the most widely appreciated, as it is in the nature of those movements to be always. The Scherzo, though very long and for the most part very uniform in its motion, is yet the liveliest possible expression of pure, outward gaiety and careless, reckless, social exhilaration. Not the joy that satisfies, but that in which the deeply unsatisfied soul seeks oblivion of its torturing aspiration in the most desperate abandonment to the philosophy which makes the live-long day and life itself a feast. The ceaseless repetition of the melodic figure, in rapid triple time, delicately *staccato*, like the leaping of the fresh blood in the veins of youth and pleasure, never seems the repetition of mere feeble routine; it is the inspiring rhythm of nature, in which you feel always something rich and new, and with such delicious blending of the instrumental colors and varied distribution of the harmonies, that you never exhaust its charm. The impetuous refrain reminds you of the peasants' dance in the *Pastorale*, and what could be more happy, and more positively jolly, yet with the infallible gracefulness of finest humor, than the introduction of the common-time rhythm, where the bassoon plays such a pleasant running accompaniment to the simple tune of the oboe humming as it were so merrily to itself;—both figures being passed round at once in imitative duet through all the members of the orchestra.

But more than any part, the divine melody and harmony of that Adagio seemed to sink into the souls of the audience, as the sound of the Easter Bells sank into the soul of Faust when he was on the verge of self-destruction, and their sudden music brought all the sweet, child-like piety of life back again, and "the kiss of heaven descended upon his brow,"—to borrow Wagner's clever parallel. The soothing, heavenly comfort of those strains is indescribable. Is it not the most beautiful of all Adagios? The strong, martial chords, which ring out unanimous before its close, so full of cheerful and inspired determination, indicate the heroic, manly, hopeful mood that naturally follows upon communion of so sweet and pure a kind. It is the trumpet warning of that grand resolution of life's discords that is to follow in the last movement, of which the theme is universal Joy, raised to a religious ecstasy of a general embrace and love feast of the myriads of mankind,—the merging of self in the largest sympathies, and therein finding God!

The first movement (*allegro ma non troppo*) is less calculated to interest the many; yet a little familiarity with its themes and the light shed back upon it by the progress of the whole work, once heard through, and the summing up in the fragmentary introduction to the "Joy" chorus, gave it a stronger hold upon the audience this time. The important key to it which lies in the very first bars, (that rustling of naked fifths, conveying such a sense of emptiness and unrest), is apt to escape ears not eagerly upon the watch, since it commences *pianissimo* in a very rapid movement. It is well to have possessed oneself of the theme beforehand, and to have analyzed what seems in the performance a mere rustling tremolo, into its constituent notes. Upon this back-ground of empty and uneasy fifths is soon pronounced with startling emphasis the principal theme, the unison in D minor, which is like the gigantic shadow of Fate interposing itself between the soul and its harmonious destiny. The alternation of this theme with little pathetic, pleading wind-instrument passages, flowing in melodious thirds and sixths, so characteristic of Beethoven, together with an occasional re-exposure of that dark background of barren fifths,—furnishes the substantial ideas out of which the whole Allegro is wrought up. It indicates the same deep, restless, earnest nature, and the same spiritual state somewhat, from which emanated the Allegro to the symphony in C minor;—for there is a singular unity of thought and feeling in the entire development of Beethoven's genius. Those who did not comprehend this Allegro clearly, nevertheless, felt its gloomy grandeur and its amazing strength.

The Finale was more clearly rendered this time than it was before; and many, to whom it was then all strangeness and confusion, now recognized some distinct and intelligible outlines of a connected meaning and felt that it was unspeakably sublime. We could have wished a larger orchestra, (say such an one as that of the New Philharmonic in London), to give all the imposing effect of those recitatives of the double basses, which seem suddenly endowed with the gift of human speech in their earnest craving for a fuller utterance of the thought, or rather the desire, with which the whole symphony is teeming, and which reject impatiently the themes of the Allegro, the Scherzo and the Adagio, as they are successively recalled (as much as to say: no, no, that will not do!) The sweet Adagio, to be sure, elicits a less petulant response; but the double-basses must pursue their foretaste of human speech still farther and dictate the melody, the simple, beautiful, all-reconciling tune that seems as if predestined in the fitness of all things to an everlasting marriage with the words of Schiller's "Hymn of Joy." These double-bass recitatives seem to mark the transition from mere instrumental into human music; and in the whole of this exciting, fragmentary introduction, putting you on the *qui vive* of expectation, the orchestra seems laboring with the presentiment

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of a marvellous transformation and new birth; it reminds one of the passage, "The whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now," &c.

Of course, after this successful *élan*, in which the orchestra rises above itself enough to seize the actual form and outline of the human utterance to which all is tending, there is a momentary reaction, or rather relapse into the stormy and chaotic mood again, (the diminished sevenths,) with which the movement opened. But now an actual human voice is heard: "Friends, no more of these mournful sounds, let us sing," &c., and the rich, ponderous bass recites, almost without accompaniment, the tune, (which seems so simple but which proves so pregnant, and clings to the memory with such charm afterwards) to the first verse of Schiller's words. Then the chorus breaks in; and solo voices, singly or in quartet, vary the tune to the succeeding verses, and carry it up higher and higher, as is the natural tendency of such enthusiasm. The change of the 4-4 rhythm to the 6-8 march time, where the full chorus suddenly modulates and ceases, the several measures of the pause being strangely marked by a single bass trombone note, with which a higher note at length chimes in, and then all the wind instruments blend in so deliciously and buoyantly, as a prelude to the verse which tells of heroic youths rushing joyfully to victory,—is one of the most marvellous effects in music. The energetic, closely involved, arm to arm and face to face sort of symphony which follows, indicates perhaps the conflict, the heroic struggle of and for Humanity. And now the strain of Joy breaks out more overwhelmingly and in the consciousness of universal sympathies, ("Embrace, ye millions! 't is the world's inspiring kiss"), the chorus rises to a pitch of religious sublimity and the thought of Deity, of the "dear Father, that dwelleth above the stars," absorbs all. —To follow this through exceeds our power. But we have here reached the point at which the whole meaning and connection of the symphony become clear. It is only from this acme of the whole, this top-wave of the composer's joy-inspired enthusiasm, that we can look back over the preceding movements, and feel how they were all tending in their order to one goal.

And here we have the secret of the success or non-success of the vocal part of the performance. The voice-parts climb high, and ordinary singers are dismayed at the task of sustaining themselves so long at such heights. Evidently the one indispensable condition of fairly singing such music, is ENTHUSIASM! Such excitement as in the orchestra made the double basses *speak*, must here in the chorus carry the singers up above themselves, and make them achieve what in our commonplace moods is impossible. How can you interpret enthusiasm, unless you *feel* it? The singers must realize in their own souls the sentiment of the chorus, which is Joy and Unity with all Mankind, all souls. They must be inspired with the idea of the symphony, and animated by a common fervor. Such impossibilities are only achieved in that state of exaltation pervading a united mass, which makes a troop of soldiers move as one man in the carrying of a fort by storm; on the cool morrow each looks back and wonders what he did in the excitement of yesterday; he could not do the same thing over again now, but then he was greater than himself. It is unfortunate, in the performance of such a symphony that the chorus could not have been made perfectly familiar with the entire work (instrumental parts and all) beforehand, till they were possessed and inspired with the idea of the whole. But this was hardly possible in such a busy state of society as our's. Enthusiasm cannot be forced, nor always "got up" on purpose; therefore we can excuse the absence of at least a third part of the Handel and Haydn Society on that occasion, simply regretting that the absent ones had not more spirit. Nevertheless the chorus-singing was more effectual and more clear than before, and really did credit to those who so bravely stood in the breach. The solo singers, too, deserve thanks for so well studying and rendering their arduous parts. On the whole it was a proud achievement for Boston to have brought out and appreciated so much of the life and power of Beethoven's Choral Symphony.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, FEB. 27th.—It is a pity that our subscription concerts do not occur at more regular intervals during the winter. I think we should enjoy them more, if we had, for instance, one a week, or perhaps two in every three weeks, which would just about fill the concert-season. As it is, two or three follow close upon each other, and then a long pause occurs before another comes straggling along. During the past week two have taken place, besides another concert by GOTTSCHALK; i. e. EISFELD'S Soirée, and one of the Matinées. Both brought us an unusual degree of enjoyment. At the former, an uncommonly large audience was assembled, the name of Gottschalk upon the programme attracting a great many. He played CHOPIN'S Scherzo, op. 31, which abounds in difficulties—as if it were the easiest thing in the world—carried away his listeners, as usual, and was recalled twice, playing, the first time, LISZT'S transposition of the Prayer from *Benvenuto Cellini*, a grand, solemn composition; and at the second *encore* a delicate, tender little thing of his own, I should judge. He thus illustrated three widely different styles of playing, and all with like perfection. He is doubtless a wonderful pianist, but I *should* like to hear him play the "Moonlight" Sonata, or the *Appassionata*, for instance. He has taken New York fairly by storm; it is very long since any one created such an enthusiasm. All young ladies in their teens are said to be desperately in love with him. His soirées, of which he has given nearly a dozen, are over-crowded, so that now the number of tickets to each are to be limited, a very sensible arrangement, and one which Mr. Gottschalk owes to the public. He is wise, too, in not taking a larger hall, as his instrument certainly sounds to better advantage in a small concert-room like Dodworth's.

The Quartets on Saturday night were HAYDN'S, in B flat, No. 78, one of his freshest, most sparkling ones, with an exquisite Adagio; and one of the later ones, No. 9, in C major, by BEETHOVEN. This latter I liked best of any which we have recently heard, and our two parties of Quartetists have vied with each other this winter in making known to us the Master's later works of this description. The Allegro, with a majestic introduction, plays upon a pert little staccato melody, and is wonderfully worked up. So the unsurpassable fugue in the Finale. The Minuetto pleased me least—but all the more the exquisitely beautiful Andante quasi Allegretto, which I class among the finest slow movements of the composer. The execution of both of these slow movements was faultless, and the first violin was particularly pure and clear in tone, I am happy to say. The remaining numbers of the programme were filled by Mr. FEDER, who seemed determined not to detract from the excellent total effect of the evening, and sang uncommonly well. His "God have mercy," from MENDELSSOHN'S "St. Paul," was rendered infinitely better than at the first Philharmonic concert; and a song by PROCH, a pleasing, though rather mawkish melody, with 'cello accompaniment, was well received. The gentleman has a good voice, though small in compass, and a very good school; his enunciation, too, is remarkably distinct, even in the English, in which language he sang on this occasion; and as long as he does not fall into the bad habit of singing out of tune, which was noticeable the first few times he appeared, he may be considered a good singer.

MASON and BERGMANN'S Matinée was a worthy successor to the above named concert in point of programme, and in many respects, of execution, too; for these Quartetists show a very satisfactory degree of improvement from one appearance to the other. The performances were solely instrumental. Another of Beethoven's latest quartets, No 11, op. 95, which was very clearly rendered, and seemed, on the first slight acquaintance, a true type of the composer's state of mind at the period of its creation, when the sad, dark struggles of his soul had already begun to exert their embittering and yet at the same time exalting influence upon him.

The Trio by RUBINSTEIN, which was played at the third Matinée, was repeated by request, and appeared to afford unanimous satisfaction. I, for one, was only confirmed in my favorable impression of it, and discovered in it, besides the pleasing, agreeable elements which struck me on the first hearing, many grand and deep points which brought to my mind what the "Diarist" said of the composer: "I can think of him only as a young Beethoven," etc.

After a solo by Mr. MASON, STEPHEN HELLER'S Quartet, which has made great sensation lately in Europe, and than which I never heard this pianist play anything better, (in answer to an *encore* he played his own exquisite little "Silver Spring") came the grand and most interesting feature of the concert; BACH'S Concerto for three pianos, with quintet accompaniment. You have the advantage of us in having heard this curious work repeatedly. It is, indeed, exceedingly curious,—almost transporting the hearer back to the far distant time of its composition. The effect of three pianos, and their blending with the stringed instruments, particularly the heavy bass viol, is very singular. How stately in its measured tread, the first part—how old fashioned, with its tripping movement, and its many graces and turns, the *alla Siciliana*, and then that wondrous fugue! It was most admirably performed, —with Mr. SCHARFENBERG at the first piano, Mr. TIMM at the second, and Mr. MASON taking the third part. The whole was so *rococo*, that I agree heartily with the critic of the Daily *Times*, who says: "It is a pity the performers did not appear in *perruques* and knee-breeches." I hardly know whether to call it beautiful or not, but it is certainly one of the most interesting things I have ever heard.

And so the programme of your Beethoven Festival is arranged. Not, I must confess, in a manner that you Bostonians can be proud of! The *Choral* Symphony without the *Choral* movement—something like Hamlet with the part of Hamlet left out—why not rather have one of the other Symphonies entire? the Eighth, in F, for instance, which, I think, has rarely, if ever, been played in Boston. Then *one* movement of the Violin Concerto—what a piecemeal affair! There is but one complete composition on the list. I had wished much to be present, but since I have seen this programme, am less disappointed than I should otherwise have been, at my being unable to leave New York just now. I think we shall outdo you yet, as there is some talk of having the Ninth Symphony here.

—t—

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MAR. 1, 1856.

In honor of Beethoven.

To-night our Boston Music Hall will be the scene of an occasion, the like of which has not occurred among Americans before. We meet to inaugurate the statue of an Artist, of the great Musician of our age. CRAWFORD'S colossal bronze statue of BEETHOVEN, presented by our townsman, CHARLES C. PERKINS, after standing since last summer in the sculpture gallery of the Athenæum, where it has been unanimously acknowledged as one of the noblest works of modern monumental statuary, has ascended its pedestal, in the middle of the orchestral platform, where we trust it will long preside over harmonies of instruments and voices worthy of such a presence. To-night the majestic figure will be unveiled, and we shall look at Beethoven through the atmosphere of his own music, and perhaps feel more deeply than before how grand the mission, the genius, the life of that earnest, uncompromising, misunderstood, long-suffering, sublime master in the most spiritual, most human of the Arts. There he will stand high above the groups of singers and of instrumentalists, who have met to do him honor in the performance of some of his great works. There he will stand amid wreaths and flowers, the offering of fair hands,—the tardy gratitude (as in the history of all greatest artists) of an after-generation :—*his* couch upon this earth was not one of roses!

The stage end of the hall has been beautifully

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decorated. The exercises will commence with a Prologue in verse, written and recited by WILLIAM W. STORY, himself a sculptor and poet and one of the truest lovers of great music. No doubt he will tell us the lesson of Beethoven; and the Symphony, which is to follow, will enforce it in the master's own peculiar language. There seemed to be no room for question as to which composition should form the leading feature of the programme. In Crawford's statue we have Beethoven at the highest moment of his creative faculties, with the score of the Ninth Symphony achieved in his hands, with the first words and notes of the "Joy" chorus written on it,—that work in which he summed up the whole meaning and aspiration of his life; the last word, as it were, of pure instrumental music, ever a language (in Beethoven especially) of the deepest and eternal instincts of the soul, and here now seeking their fulfilment in that perfect Joy, wherein genius realizes the full and conscious exercise of all its powers, but which it only can so exercise and so enjoy through perfect human sympathies, through the universal bond of Brotherhood, in which loving one another we find God! This sublime thought, this essential Christianity, grows and developes itself out of the orchestra of Beethoven, like a spontaneous inspiration, to meet the other revelations of the same truth. Arrived at this height it needs the human voice, and seizes upon Schiller's glorious words as just its fitting and predestined text. Hence the propriety of opening the Concert with the Choral Symphony.

Very deeply we regret that it has not been found practicable to bring out the last, the choral movement, as well as the three first. But we cannot sympathize with those who say: better one of the other symphonies entire, than this without the chorus. No other is so peculiarly pertinent to the occasion; no other so illustrates the design of the statue, so sets forth the soul and character of Beethoven; no other has *so much* of Beethoven in it; and no other is so little known to us. Next in grandeur and importance as representative works, would come the Seventh and the Fifth; but the Ninth is both the Seventh and the Fifth at once, and more besides; it sums up all the spiritual experience, the sufferings, the longings, the Titanic struggles, the sense of the Infinite, the glooms, the joys, the far-reaching enthusiasms and undying ideals, the storms and dark Fate shadows, the sweet low gushing streams of tenderness, the heavenly sungleams visiting and comforting mysterious depths of sorrow, the joy in Nature and in human sympathies—all that has appealed to us in all the symphonies. And this it does, too, even in the first three purely instrumental movements. It is a great thing to hear *these*, if we can hear them understandingly and feelingly. All the others we have heard repeatedly; this only once or twice. What if we are not strong enough to ascend the mount of inspiration to its full height? what if its summit must still be hid in the clouds to us? Do we gain nothing, do we learn nothing by pressing on as far as we can go? Is not the aspiration in itself worth cherishing, worth asserting, until the better time when it shall be fulfilled? This Choral symphony has nowhere more than once or twice had real justice done it in performance; it points beyond the limits (practically) of our Art. The very soul and essence of the music of Beethoven is the yearning for the Infinite, is the aspiration which time and the actual cannot satisfy. He *always* leaves you with the feeling there is more beyond, there can be nothing here and now complete. If the three movements take deep hold of us (as we cannot doubt they will), to-night, they will make the present moment full and great, and they will create in us no stronger a demand for the conclusion, than do all the last strains of Beethoven for a conclusion greater than Art or life can yet express.

But in the absence of that chorus we are to have what we are perhaps better qualified to render and enjoy; and that is a work in which Beethoven seems to have made a first far-off sketch and forerunner of the Choral Symphony, namely his Fantasia for piano, orchestra and chorus, in which the donor of the statue, in his desire as an artist to partake practically with artists in rendering this homage to the master, will play the piano part. This is Beethoven's *opus* 80, composed and played by him for the first time in Vienna, Dec. 22, 1808, when he was thirty-eight years old, and sixteen years before the Choral Symphony. This too explains itself in the chorus, to words (author unknown) in "Praise of Harmony." Here too the *animus* of the whole work is joy;—the joy of genius in its own harmonious creative exercise, the joy of humanity in Art as a type of true union and of heaven. The piano as it were improvises in the happy creative mood; after a while it is joined by the orchestra which prefigures and sketches something that requires the human voice; the voices when they come sing in quartet and in chorus a tune which is almost identical with that of the Choral Symphony, the same tread and rhythm, the same song-of-the-people character, the same melodic idea, only inverted; it really seems as if here we had the germ of the Ninth Symphony. It is an extremely pleasing, genial and suggestive work, a much lighter affair than the Symphony of course, a mere sketch compared with that; but like the bright, elastic first inspiration, which, earnestly pursued through years and slowly elaborated in the mind's silent chambers, resulted in the latter sublime work. This may fitly close the concert.

Besides two such works there is not room in one evening for other copious or long selections. The pieces from *Fidelio*, the chorus from his Oratorio,—both works of which Humanity again is the key-note,—and the violin Concerto, cannot fail to interest, and to illustrate the composer's genius. We cannot do all in an hour. Let us not forget the purpose of the statue. It is to preside over a *continued* festival, over artistic gatherings and uses, which shall be worthy of that noble hall and of Beethoven's presence; a continuance henceforward of musical feast-days by which this community shall really be carried onward and upward in the humanizing culture of true Art. It matters not so much what we shall do to-night, as what we shall do henceforward, having erected such a type and pledge before us in our Hall of noble music.

CONCERTS.

OTTO DRESEL'S SOIREES.—The second of these ever welcome entertainments took place on Wednesday evening of last week. Chickering's saloon was nearly filled. We scarcely recall a chamber concert, even of Mr. Dresel's, with more unalloyed satisfaction. The programme was not perhaps intrinsically better, did not contain more, than many he has made up for us. His programmes are always good; he is an artist in the composition thereof, as he is in his performance and the whole relation of his life to music. But this time, while everything was choice, there was the rare charm too of novelty, which did not disappoint. To listen for the first time to one of the finest Trios of BEETHOVEN was in itself enough to make the evening memorable. The programme was as follows:

PART I.

1. Trio for Piano, Violin and Violoncello,......Fanny Hensel.
   1 Allegro molto vivace—2 Andante espressivo—
   3 "Lied"—4 Finale
2. Songs,......................................Robert Franz.
   "O banger Traum." (Op. 5, No. 10)
   "Umsonst," (Op. 10, No 6.)
   Serenade, (Op 17, No 2)
3. Variations for Piano and Violoncello,........Mendelssohn.
4. Andante from the Symphony in...................Schubert.
   (Arranged for Piano Solo by Otto Dresel)

PART II.

5. Trio, Op 70, No 2...............................Beethoven.
   1. Poco sostenuto, Allegro non troppo—2 Allegretto—
   3 Allegretto non troppo—4. Finale.
6. Fourth Scherzo,....................................Chopin.
7. Songs,.......................................Robert Franz.
   Spring Song (Op 23, No 3)
   A Graveyard, (Op 13, No 3)
   Welcome to the Woods, (Op. 21, No. 1)

Two (to us) new Trios! And both remarkable. The first particularly so as the production of a woman, in a sphere of Art which woman has so seldom entered; indeed we have heard of but one other Trio written by a lady, and that by Mme. CLARA SCHUMANN. This Trio in D minor is published as the *opus* 11, of FANNY CAECILIA HENSEL. She was the gifted and much loved sister of MENDELSSOHN, and her early death is said to have worked a sad change in him, who survived her only about a year. She was the wife of a German painter of considerable distinction. The Trio we cannot regard as solving the question whether the genius for musical *creation* is among the attributes of woman; but it is certainly a fine Trio; full of interest and beauty. The most striking thing about it is that it is so vigorous, so full of fire, especially in the first and last movements. The Andante reminds you of her brother; and still more that little "Lied," which she gives in the place of the traditional Minuet or Scherzo, which has the fresh "Spring Song" character, at once naive and refined, of several of the Songs without Words. The Trio nowhere sinks into weak or morbid sentiment; in sustained strength, indeed, it exceeds some favorite productions of the brother. It is a difficult piece to execute, and shows musician-like resources, invention, treatment, skill in modulation, and knowledge of the capacities of string instruments, to a degree that one would hardly credit who had not heard.

The Trio in E flat, of Beethoven, is the mate to that wonderful one in D with the mystical Adagio, both being included in the Op. 70. It is an exquisitely beautiful creation; simple and naive in its themes, which however seem so to possess and grow upon the serenely blissful soul of the composer, that one fancies the whole work to have been inspired at once, whole, like the best things of MOZART. It is full of ecstacy, of a dainty, yet spontaneous and fruitful refining upon the themes and happy phrases; the shadows that ever and anon cross its sunshine, only show how deeply human the heart that rejoices in its warmth. The first Allegretto, in C, is as quaint and as happy as HAYDN in his best vein. The Allegretto in A flat, simple and common as its

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melody seems at first, breathes a purity and sweetness almost heavenly. The finale has all that rush and crowd of inspired thoughts and images, that uncontainable fire and aspiration, in which such a genius naturally seeks an outlet at the close. This Trio for the pianist is not mechanically so difficult as many, but it requires just that artistic, sympathetic touch and coloring of the note and phrase, that freedom, that union of strength and delicacy, which exist so eminently in Mr. Dresel. He seldom has played better than that evening. Mr. D. was finely accompanied in both Trios by Messrs. SCHULZE and JUNGNICKEL.

A happier variety could not have been added than those fresh little bouquets of songs by ROBERT FRANZ; and we must make our most sincere compliments to Mr. KREISSMANN for the truly beautiful, artistic manner in which he gave to each its true expression. We certainly have never heard them sung so well; his tenor voice, seemed to possess itself with more fulness and sweetness than we remember in past times, and he entered into the spirit of these wonderfully original and characteristic little melodies so fully, and reproduced them so successfully, that we recognized an artist in that speciality—a very important one—of interpreting the Franz *Lieder*.

Mendelssohn's Variations for piano and 'cello are the work of a master, each a new development of a vital thought. They were beautifully played by Messrs. Dresel and Jungnickel.—One is commonly suspicious of "arrangements;" but the audience were charmed, and well they might be, by Mr. Dresel's very successful piano-forte reproduction of that most witching and original Andante from the SCHUBERT symphony,—the one thing perhaps which we regretted most that it found no place in this winter's Orchestral Concerts, after such a haunting memory of it and desire for it as the Germanians left us. Instead of the Scherzo of CHOPIN, Mr. Dresel played three shorter pieces, finding himself, we suppose, more in the mood, or the new instrument more favoring Mr. Dresel loves to play these little gems out of the mood of the moment; and thereby his audience are not the losers. He played first a fascinating, dainty, piquant little thing from certain *Fantasies* by JULIUS SCHAEFER, a pianist who has fresh and genial fancies, somewhat of the SCHUMANN school; 2nd, a soft, meditative, as it were whispered little reverie from that queer collection, the "Carnival" or *Scènes Mignonnes* of Schumann; 3rd, the exquisite Adagio, commencing with a long trill, from a Concerto of Chopin, which every one remembers with delight in Mr. Dresel's former concerts.

MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB.—Chickering's Saloon literally overflowed with music-lovers eager not to lose the eighth and *last* of the series of Chamber Concerts, on Tuesday evening. The Club had the valuable assistance of Mr. J. C. D. PARKER, as pianist. The selection, not the best which they have given us, was yet a rich one, very much enjoyed. It was this:

PART I.

1. Quartet, in C minor, No. 2, Op. 17, (first time.) Rubinstein.
   Allegro—Scherzo—Andante—Finale, Allegro con fuoco.
2. Piano Trio, in G, No. 2, Op. 1. ....Beethoven.
   Adagio and Allegro—Largo—Scherzo—Finale, Presto.
   Messrs. Parker, A. & W. Fries.

PART II.

3. Adagio and Rondo Finale from the Clarinet Quintet, Weber.
4. Andante and Variations for Piano, in E flat, Op. 82, Mendelssohn.
   J. C. D. Parker.
5. Meditation on Bach's Preludio, in C, for Piano,.....Gounod.
   Violin obligato, A Fries.
6. Second Quintet in B flat, Op. 87..............Mendelssohn.
   Allegro vivace—Allegretto Scherzando—Adagio—Finale, vivace.

The fault may have been in our own mood or condition—it was not in the performance—but the RUBINSTEIN Quartet upon a second hearing somewhat disappointed us; we did not find so much in it as we had thought we found upon a previous hearing. That Andante, with muted strings, we found empty of idea; it leaves only the impression of certain pretty, sentimental æolian effects, an aimless flow of chords, which are taking enough for the time being, and witching to the many, but do not prove the gift from above. The Scherzo seemed an aimless flutter, as if aspiring (rather awkwardly) to stay poised in air upon the humming-bird wings of a Mendelssohnian fairy fancy; and the Trio too grotesquely, wilfully in contrast with it. Yet there was power displayed there, and one could be amused. The first movement we liked best; the fugued first theme is striking, the second subject comes in aptly, and the whole is worked up logically and clearly to the end; but without revealing any decidedly *new* tendency. We might speak as well of about half of the finale, which after that did not appear to tend to any clear result. We have yet to begin to know Rubinstein, as he is glowingly reported.

The BEETHOVEN Trio in G, for piano, violin and 'cello, is the second of the three comprised in the *opus* 1, of the young giant. Of course it is not one of his most peculiarly Beethovenish productions. It was composed in 1795, when he was twenty-five years old and his style partook so largely of Mozart and Haydn. The three Trios were played for the first time at a soirée of prince Lichnowski, in the presence of most of the artists and amateurs of Vienna, among whom was father HAYDN, who said much in praise, but counselled him against publishing the last one, that in C minor, in which any one may recognize a deeper spirit than Haydn's; Beethoven thought him influenced by envy. Though we might have had a greater Trio, therefore, it was still interesting to contemplate the master in his *first* important work; particularly so at this time, when we are to listen to that grand production of his last years, the Ninth Symphony, in which his genius and his strivings are completely summed up. In this light the Trio in G was a good choice. It is beautiful, graceful, strong and clear from beginning to end; with the spring-like joy of genial activity in it; with deep tenderness in the slow movements; but on the whole light and Haydnish compared with most impressions of Beethoven. Yet there is a promise of more than Haydn felt in it. It was played with true artistic grace and feeling by Mr. PARKER, who was ably seconded by the brothers FRIES.

Our ears are partial to the rich reed tones of the clarinet,—particularly when WEBER writes for it, and we may add when Mr. RYAN plays it. Both the Adagio and the Rondo in that Quintet were in the true romantic vein of him who wrote the *Freyschütz*. The piano Variations by Mendelssohn were extremely beautiful and beautifully played. GOUNOD'S "Meditation," too, on BACH'S first little piano prelude was a thing pleasant to hear again. The prelude proper was neatly played by Mr. Parker, and the modern elegiac sort of melody, which the Frenchman has set afloat upon it (swelling the sails with string quartet accompaniment), was feelingly discoursed by Mr. Fries's violin.

But the great treat of the evening was reserved to the last. Mendelssohn's Quintet in B flat has always impressed us as one of the deepest and noblest of his works; the solemn grandeur of that sad Adagio speaks to the deep experiences.—What a fire, too, in the Allegro, and what a fresh *Volkslied* flavor and piquancy in the Allegretto Scherzando!

While we regret that we have come to the end of this admirable series of concerts, we have still one more feast to look forward to, which we may now know how to appreciate. The Annual Benefit Concert of the Quintette Club will take place on Tuesday evening, March 12.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

MR. EDITOR,—The very original and charming letter of Mozart to Baron V., published in the Journal (Feb. 16, 1856,) so far from being "hitherto an unknown letter" as the *Musical Review* supposed, has been in print since 1825, and has been the rounds of the Magazines and Reviews. It is given in Holmes' life of Mozart, a book which one should suppose would be in the hands certainly of every one who undertakes to edit a musical periodical. It is clearly a mistake to put the date of the letter as far back as 1783. (there was no date on the original letter.) Any one who will compare it with his other letters will recognize it as the production of the latter period. Besides, the journey to Dresden in 1789 is the only one we can suppose alluded to in the letter.

There are considerable differences in the rendering of some passages in the two translations given by Holmes and the *Musical Review*. Thus in Holmes: "*Whence* and *how* they (musical ideas) come, I know not, nor can I FORCE them." In the *Review*: "Why and how, I do not know, not can I PREVENT them." We would wager ten to one that the latter is the true rendering, without seeing the original. The general stiffness of the *Review's* translation and its many Germanisms mark it as a literal and probably conscientious version. There are differences enough between them throughout to make us wish for a new translation from the original, which (says Holmes) is in the hands of Mr. Moscheles."

This may seem of small importance; but so little have our great musicians written upon the *origin* of musical ideas, that every scrap that tends to open to us the operations of their wonderful genius ought to be carefully treasured up. C.

Musical Chit-Chat.

The Italian Opera closed here last week with a capital performance of *Il Barbiere*, and a not particularly good one of *Ernani*, on the 22d, followed by the "national anthem" (Heaven save the mark!) The troupe are now in Philadelphia....Mrs. ROSA GARCIA DE RIBAS gives her annual concert a fortnight from this evening, at the Tremont Temple, assisted by good artists, and an orchestra under the leadership of Mr. Zerrahn....An event of no small importance in the musical culture of this country is the publication by Oliver Ditson of the "Four-Part Songs" of MENDELSSOHN, complete, over forty of them in all, with German words and good English version made by J. C. D. PARKER. Nothing can we commend more earnestly to clubs and choirs who sing in public or in private. Part of them are for men's voices. We shall have more to say of them.

....In New York, the German Männerchor societies have been having concerts and masked balls. The "Arion" produced a bran-new operetta, with the title "Ephraim Levin" or *Der Gang nach dem Eisenhammer*, the text by Herr COHNHEIM, the music by CARL BERGMANN.

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1. The First Three Movements of the Ninth (Choral) Symphony, Op. 125.
2. Grand Recitative and Air from "Fidelio."
Sung by Mrs J. H. LONG.

Part II.

1. Quartet from the First Act of "Fidelio."
Sung by Mrs. WENTWORTH, Mrs HARWOOD, Mr. LOW, and Mr WETHERBEE.
2. First Movement of the Violin Concerto, with a Cadenza written expressly for Mr August Fries, by the eminent Leipzig Violinist, Ferdinand David.
Played by AUGUST FRIES.
3. Hallelujah Chorus from the Oratorio, "The Mount of Olives."
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Translated for this Journal.

ROBERT FRANZ.

BY FRANZ LISZT.

[Continued from p. 170.]

If we consider FRANZ in his relation to the poets from whom he principally chose his texts, we see him in regard to HEINE emphasizing only the better side of that divided nature. We see his songs accepted in full faith. "To the pure all things are pure." That is capitally proved here in regard to Heine. Other composers have for the most part seized upon his lyric-epic poems; Franz adheres to the lyric or wins a lyric matter from the epic (as in *Durch den Wald im Mondenscheine*, Op. 8.) He is most felicitous in rendering the pantheistic religious moments of Heine's view of the world, the soul in its movement toward the universe, reaching forth beyond itself, or if you will, dissolving into the infinite, (for instance, *Aus den Himmelsaugen droben*, Op. 5, —*Wie des Mondes Abbild zittert.*—*An dir blaue Himmelsdecke*, Op. 6), &c. For the rest he is less successful in Heine's toyings with the Spring, than in the pieces which represent more earnest conflicts. Here the conflict is not, as with others, roughly reproduced in its single moments, in its contradictions, nor drawn into the dramatic present, but only mirrored in its result, to a concluding and therefore reconciling mood; it is not boldly announced, but only hinted in the music; this covers it with full, warm sensibility, and so smooths out the rough places of the poet. Only seldom does the result, rudely drawn and as it were corporeally defined by the poet, obtrude into the encompassing world of feeling, (e. g. *Verfehlte Liebe, verfehltes Leben*, Op. 20). The coquetry and tragical refinement of many of Heine's songs go unrepresented. To those points of his, which ironically raise a question where you look for a conclusion, Franz has only resorted in those cases which admitted of a graceful treatment (as, *Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome*, Op. 18).

With EICHENDORFF, who is always overdoing the Romantic in his lovely forms, who revels more in pictures than in feeling, who courts luxury with his little outfit of romance, Franz's conception seeks for itself a firm basis in the medium of music. SCHUMANN is wont to reproduce you the evanescent element of this poet, the part that melts away in air. Franz on the contrary inclines more to a realistic manner of conceiving him. By fresh rhythms, clearly determined forms, he holds the poet, who continually tends to soar in air, fast to the earth, (as in *Am Himmelsgrund schiessen so lustig die Stern'*, Op. 8). Where the latter is content to serve mere feeling, the composer follows him quite unconditionally, (as in *Gute Nacht*, Op. 5), without ever sacrificing his own independence to the phrase.—The contradictions in which LENAU moves, do not admit of the same covering up as Heine's. These are more reflective, those are of native growth, given with the poet's own individuality, who is always followed by a dark and spectral shadow. You feel this in the poems, and are pained by the formlessness; in the music this mysterious element gains firm and lovely forms. Franz finds a reconciling expression in a greater melodic independence of the accompaniment, in the pregnant motives of the same; his music looks that spectre in the eye more firmly than the poet could, and dissolves the disturbing spell, which weighed upon the author, in artistic form, (as in *Schilflieder*, Op. 2). Even where the poet moves more freely, where he takes a deeper breath (as in *Stille Sicherheit*, Op. 10, *Frühlingsgedränge*, Op. 7), the composer does not lose sight of Lenau's constrained style, but rather adheres constantly to its peculiarity.

In ROBERT BURNS's nature Franz is attracted only by the kindred side. His realistic downrightness is quite inaccessible to him; on the contrary he finds in his verses what the German lyrics, never quite free from reflection, do not furnish so pure and original: *naiveté*, directness of feeling, rising from the simplest elements to perfect pathos. Burns supplied the place to him, in the commencement of his productive career, of that which he afterwards found in the German *Volkslied* (for instance, *Ihr Auge*, Op. 1). The comparison is quite interesting. It shows that Burns, an artist by nature, organizes his material, goes beyond the vague *naive* and gets at pointed forms, whereas the *Volkslied* contents itself with vague hints and ejaculations.

OSTERWALD is a poet of a kindred spirit with Robert Franz, in that he is thoroughly youthful. His *Reiselieder* (*Vom Berge*, Op. 9) and his happy sounds of Nature (*Umsonst*, Op. 10) are most successfully reproduced by Franz. The former are with few exceptions the only ones, in which feminine conception, feminine feeling do not form the kernel of the movement.

Franz is a model in the truly chaste, inwardly cherishing acceptance of the poetic word to the musical heart. Never does his musical reproduction breathe the slightest breath of any misuse of the poetic object to a preconceived musical purpose. Even where some single song of his, particularly when compared with those that are especially pregnant, or felicitous or nearer to our own subjectivity, might seem to us more fully formed than warmly felt, we shall still feel ourselves touched and tranquilized by the spiritual warmth of his relation to the poet. Contrasted with the frequent mistakes of composers in the treatment of poetic texts, from wilful humors full of tact, and therefore almost justified apparently, to actual rude perversions of the poet, the tender conscientiousness, with which Franz goes to work, must be particularly noted, and, in view of the breadth, consistency and unity of his lyrical creation, be held up as a pattern.

This truly feminine reception of the poetic product therefore determines and conditions the artistic means of his mode of writing, his attitude and whole relation to the poet. The musical kernel of each song is altogether simple: a harmonic, thematic or declamatory turn or phrase commonly controls its whole course. It is always of great elasticity, so that he makes it serviceable for the most various shades of feeling. The modulation throughout, far more than the melody, determines the development of the feeling. With all his simplicity of fundamental modulations—they seldom extend beyond the next related keys—his secondary modulations offer a great variety. They diffuse over the whole a continual vitality, they gleam and glisten on all sides, as if they would fain penetrate into the minutest and most secret folds of feeling: they are the true interpreters of the words. While the harmonic web seeks to sketch the situation of the mood, the melody strives to reproduce the mood itself. This is commonly built upon a declamatory basis, and grows to *Cantilena* only where the feeling should appear more concentrated and intense. The word is steeped in tone, forms in a certain sense the skeleton, about which the sounds cling as flesh.

In unitary development, plastic moulding and rounding off of form Franz follows the poet with the finest accuracy. Seldom, unless the

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poet begins at once with the full outburst of feeling, does he obtrude upon us at the outset the prepared and pregnant melody, whose too prominent passion might disturb our quiet comprehension of the word; only with the warmth of the poetical expression does that of the musical begin to rise; and the melody, often so modest and almost imperceptible at first, attains at the right time to a significance, which casts a retrospective light upon that shy and splendorless beginning. In this organic springing of his song-flowers out of the poetic text, it is clear that upon closer acquaintance we shall find the obvious justification of the details, of the indispensable elements of completeness. Choice of key, time, rhythm, the form of accompaniment, the conduct of the voice both in its homophonic and polyphonic aspect, will never appear accidental, arbitrary; we shall see the inward necessity of all these co-working means as conditioned by the end and for the most part corresponding to it. Always an intelligent study of the poet decides the structure of the periods, the question whether self-repeating strophes, or strophe and antistrophe, or the accession of a new phrase is best adapted to the progress and turns of the poem; and the liquid metal of the pre-post-and inter-ludes fills up the depressions and protuberances of the mould so that no gap, no rent, no split may mar the beautiful rounding of the whole. Especially peculiar to Franz are his inexhaustible resources for avoiding the closing cadence in the voice part, and crowding the conclusion into an echoing confirmation of the accompaniment.

[To be continued.]

Translated for this Journal.

The Mission of Mozart.

LEADING CHARACTERISTICS OF HIS GENIUS AND HIS WORKS.

BY A. OULIBICHEFF.

(Continued from page 171.)

Some one has said very truly, that Mozart would not have made his operas, had he not had in him the material for a great church composer. We may add, that still less would he have made them, had he not been the greatest instrumentist.

The first service which he did to instrumental music was, that he materially strengthened the orchestra. Formerly the Italian Opera possessed hardly any other accompaniment besides the string quartet; the coöperation of the wind instruments reduced itself to almost zero, in the want of competent players. GLUCK, who probably found more and abler symphonists, made greater use of this thus far neglected portion of the orchestra, than was made afterwards, yet always with a certain timidity. But Mozart was not bound by any of those regards, which limited the employment of wind instruments in Italy and France. He was in no way at a loss how to combine fifteen or twenty parts in one score; he knew the strength and the weakness of every one of the orchestral voices, and he lived in a land where symphonists of every kind were no longer rare. We see by the scores of *Idomeneo*, *Don Juan* and *Tito*, what 'blowers' there already were in Munich and Prague. Mozart thus installed forever in his orchestra the flutes, oböes, clarinets, bassoons, horns, trumpets and tympani, which now alternated in the pieces of music and now combined in a grand, complete whole.

The orchestra thus constituted fell into two divisions, each of which had its special function. Generally speaking the tone of the wind instruments which are not made of metal, seems to have something more soothing than that of the string instruments; but it is notorious that in a long piece of music the ear in the long run is more partial to the latter, since they have the advantage of more freedom, compass and flexibility, and of an incomparably more various mechanism. Accordingly the fundamental thoughts of the instrumentation developed themselves in the quartet; the accessory figures were assigned to the wind instruments. As their timely effects depended on their silence at the right time, they did not always speak; Mozart summoned their aid in chosen passages; they enhanced the interest of a repeated sentence; they fell in one after another in the *crescendo;* they came together in the *forte;* they held dialogues with one another or with the quartet, singly or in groups; finally in pieces in the fugued style we see them bear the chord in long-held notes, bind the syncopations, extricate the resolutions, lead back the harmonious sequence to its elementary periods, while the violins, great and small, work out the contrapuntal figure.

It would be impossible to enumerate all the functions of these two divisions; but we must note one peculiarity in Mozart's instrumentation, which doubtless has its good grounds. In concerted arias between voices and instruments, the part of the solo-ist is always entrusted to a member of the wind band and not to the violin. Must not the reason have been that the violin, in the hands of a virtuoso, annihilates every singer? I have heard many Amenaises, German and Italian, and among them some of great talent. When the fatal aria came, the most splendid voice, the most graceful and flowing roulades were eclipsed by the first strokes of the bow of a LAFONT or a BOEHM. The accompaniment of a flute, a clarinet, a viola, or a violoncello is far less injurious to the voice; it may even be of great advantage to it. In like manner Mozart invariably gave to the wind instruments the solos which he mingled in his symphonies and overtures. That is quite natural. The quartet forms the foundation of the orchestra, and consequently the solo stands out far more prominently, when it is entrusted to an episodical instrument.

Mozart, always on the look-out for all inventions and improvements which might enrich the instrumental coloring with a new shade, (witness the basset-horns in his last two operas and in the *Requiem*), pursued his discoveries also backwards and rescued a euphonious instrument from its unjust oblivion. Mozart restored the trombones. Is any of his claims to glory to be compared to this? Ye musicians of all nations and and of all schools, go and erect a statue with your own hands to the man who has given you the trombone! What should we do to-day without the trombone? But alas! evil came also in its train. The restorer of this mediæval instrument had employed it in some scenes of his operas, in the overture to the *Zauberflöte* and in the *Requiem*. The effect was most astonishing, and since twice introducing it produced this effect, men thought they would bring still more to pass than Mozart had done, if they increased the dose. Because the trombones in one scene of *Don Giovanni* and in the *Requiem* sounded like the trump of the last judgment, therefore the trombones working through a whole score must at least batter down the walls of Jericho. But the effect did not follow; not a stone moved; on the contrary our composers wearied the ear by a means of effect, which moderately and seasonably used, as Mozart used it, would always have preserved its power. With such auxiliaries Mozart could multiply his accompaniment as much as he pleased and exhaust all possible forms, from the nakedness of the ofttimes so powerful *unisono* to the dazzling luxury of four converted voices; from the natural chord, struck full or broken into arpeggios, to the literal canon kept upon a quarter pause. And if one examines all these forms, he will always find a select taste and a deep calculation; he will not find one which does not clothe the vocal melody in the most agreeable costume and lend the drama the most faithful commentary that could have been selected, to set off the melody and make the situation real.

At this day, now that the material, and principal arrangements of this orchestra have become the common property of music, Mozart's works have ceased, in many points to which we have referred, to be originals. Some of his imitators stand near him in respect to richness of instrumentation and knowledge of acoustic tone-painting; many have even outbidden him and gone beyond the goal, instead of reaching it. Few of the present masters, only indeed the greatest among them, have studied the negative side of the Mozartean Instrumentation; we mean the learned and deeply calculated simplicity which reigns in some pieces of his operas. Why are there so many chords there, in which one or more intervals are wanting; so many parts at leisure; so many empty lines and others that are so little filled? Ask the Italians, those umpires in the matter of melodic taste and euphony. Their school taught that the most difficult thing in the accompaniment was to know, not what all to bring in, but what to leave out in the orchestra. Mozart, the boldest among fugnists, the most complete and brilliant instrumentist, was so penetrated by this truth, that he often limited the orchestra to a mere guitar accompaniment. One might have fancied he accompanied by ear, like one who had not learned music. Here and there a little stroke of two notes; a tone prolonged in the wind instruments, pauses as good as nothing, and the enchantment has reached its highest pitch and the effect thrills through the marrow of your bones. Not to multiply examples needlessly, I will refer to the fragment before cited from the "Catalogue Song."

Honor to whom honor is due! The man among contemporary masters, who in his accompaniments has best brought out this admirable grace and wonderful simplicity, is GIACOMO ROSSINI. How he has always, like his prototype, respected the limits which in the musical drama separate poetic from picturesque or interpretative imitation, the vocal melody from the orchestra! The voice must not sing like an instrument. Parts, which are wholly occupied with little figures in sixteenths and thirty-seconds, with slurred or pointed arpeggios, staccatos, &c.,

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may have their value and their signification in the orchestra; but if you exact them of the singer, these things change the purity of the vocal melody and disturb the dramatic expression; they become repulsive and sink into what we call formalism.

In the fact that Mozart's music has lost some of the marks which made it wholly new in the 18th century, it still seems to have lost nothing. His masterpieces maintain themselves victorious against imitation in the whole and plagiarism in particulars. One may imitate the external form or outline; but one can imitate no universal spirit and no science of a universal style. That is the reason why *Don Juan*, the *Requiem*, the overtures, symphonies, quintets and quartets of Mozart still, as in their first days, stand out in contrast with all the productions of old and modern music.

But we must respect the truth and say, that the dramatic works of Mozart are not free from faults. With the exception of a single work, we find in them weak pieces, melodies that are trivial, or that even do not harmonize with the words. But who was to blame for that? He was obliged to live, and in order that he might live a sacrifice had to be made to the taste of the age. No one paid less obedience to this necessity than Mozart; no one complained more of it. He complained of it upon his death-bed; the honor of having been accidentally a musician *a la mode* tormented his conscience like a deadly sin,—and yet so little had he taken this guilt on himself!

In his instrumental music Mozart freed himself entirely from a yoke, which was to him so intolerable. In that you find no admixture, no trace of any transitory taste, no note that is obsolete; in all you find that soaring aspiration, which is never weary, thoughts upon which the unalterable seal of an imperishable distinction and elegance is set forever; wonderful works. I mean the works which were composed from 1784 to 1791.

[To be continued.]

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

An Analysis of the First Movement of the Ninth Symphony.

MR. DWIGHT: Dear Sir,—Permit me to send you below an analysis of the first movement of the glorious Ninth Symphony, which we heard with great delight on Saturday evening. One regret, however, mingled with this pleasure, viz. that we were not permitted to enjoy the whole of the Symphony. I think I am justified in asserting that all who know this gigantic work of genius, felt the want of a solution, of something that would satisfy the pent-up expectation created by the preceding three movements. Would it not be possible to have another concert, where we could hear the symphony entire?

Permit me to ask your excuse and that of your readers for the imperfections of the following sketch. I had not time to follow the advice of old Horace, when he says:

> ......" Si quid tamen olim
> Scripseris......nonumque prematur in annum,
> Membranis intus positis."

The history of the Ninth Symphony is an interesting one, though it does not speak well for one class of critics. Great was the consternation among the musical public when it appeared, and loud was the clamor and intelligent the phrases which the Snarls and Soapers of that day used when they gave "the benefit of their practised judgment." The most benevolent among them helped themselves out of the difficulty by declaring: "The old deaf man was certainly out of his wits when he wrote it." We think differently now. But even the earnest admirers of him, the hero of our tone-world, still find difficulties in understanding the first and last movements of the Ninth Symphony. Now in so stupendous a work of Art as this is, which appeals at once to the feelings and to the judgment of the hearer, the general impression derived from hearing it can only become clear and settled by reflecting it through the understanding. And this can only be done by finding out the details, which in their connection form the whole. These details are the musical *motives*. By singling out these motives and becoming thoroughly acquainted with their form and character, we can then almost with certainty follow the composer through all the changes of his emotions. And only this ensures a full understanding of any musical work of Art; for the form (material substratum) and the spirit of anything are one and inseparable. The necessity of avoiding technicalities and the wish not to trespass on the valuable space in your paper, forbade the dwelling on the very great changes of character which different harmonies (and rhythms) produce with one and the same motive.

Though more numerous in this movement than in any other symphony of the master, there are only eight motives, which, by their repetition and working up, form the whole first movement: *Allegro ma non troppo, un poco maestoso.*

The first motive appears immediately after the introductory fifths, in a unison of all the string and most of the wind instruments in the sixteenth measure, thus:

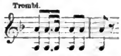
No. 1.

This determined, grand and energetic motive is followed by the plaintive second motive (24th measure):

No. 2.

and this is succeeded in the 27th measure by a figure which appears very frequently afterwards with its sturdy, war-like rhythm.

No. 3.



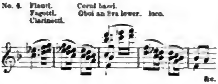
From the 36th measure to the 55th, the first motive with its preceding fifths is repeated.

The measures from 55 to 63 are filled by a figure comprising the last three notes of the 3rd measure in the 1st motive (a) and the first note of the 4th measure of the same motive. This figure is remarkable, being used quite a number of times either independently by all the instruments or as an accompaniment to another melody.

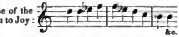
The measures from 63 to 71 contain a variation of motive No. 2.

The measures 75 to 80 bring as an answer to the preceding plaintive motive a new motive full of kindly assurance, which is so strong an allusion to the beginning of the Hymn to Joy, that I set them both here. Our present motive says:

No. 4.



Theme of the Hymn to Joy:



With the 81st measure begins a motive which in lofty steps carrying us upward is accompanied by that restless third measure of motive No. 1:

No. 5.

and extending to measure 93d, slightly varied, is followed by a variation of motive No. 2, which twice repeated is interrupted in its grief by that war-like motive No. 3, in measure 103d, introducing this sweet and soothing motive:

No. 6.

This motive, here in B flat, is by a sudden modulation with most surprising and winning effect repeated in B natural, and, after a short repetition of motive 2, (varied), comes, in measure 121, after an introduction of quickly changing harmonies, that motive full of longing, derived from (a), motive 1:

No. 7.

This, repeated to measure 133d, gives way to impatient runs in the strings, and they in turn are answered by this soothing motive, which is repeatedly brought forward in measures 139th to 147th:

No. 8.

Cheeringly call out the horns their motive No. 3 between the repetitions; and measures 147 to 150 close with a cadence followed in 150 to 158 by the tonic chord in B flat, in the determined rhythm of No. 3, (first three notes), and thus closes the first part of this movement.

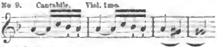
And these eight motives form the material for the two succeeding parts of this first movement.

The second part (from measure 158) of this movement presents the restless motion of every second part of pieces written in Sonata form. It contains in its larger portion only the first motive in an enlarged treatment. Thus opening in measure 158, like the first part, with those vague, ill-boding fifths, it constantly repeats with increasing motion and strength, wilder and wilder, the two first measures of motive No. 1. Only interrupted by the third measure (a) of the same No. 1, in fourfold repetition, this time with a soft plaintive character (measures 192 to 1951, the same two first measures of theme No. 1 are with still increasing strength treated again in measures 197 to 209, when the measures 192 to 197 are also repeated.

After two introductory measures follows now in measure 218th the second part of the motive No. 1: viz. its 3rd and 4th measures, the latter one only being treated largely and constantly repeated in all the subsequent measures from 218 to 252.

The measures from 253 to 274 are occupied with that fruitful third measure of motive No. 1, which in 259 to 267 assumes a more distinct melodic form in the sad:

No. 9.



full of tender grief.

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The motive No. 5 appears again in measures 275 to 286 from where the last measures of motive No. 1 are brought forward, one set of instruments playing the 3rd and simultaneously another set of instruments playing the 4th measure, to measure 297.

From here the same motive (*a*) leads in constant repetition, swelling to enormous power, to the gigantic beginning of the Third part of this movement. Opening in measure 302d with the same notes as the first part, the *fortissimo* of the instruments produces an overpowering effect. The first and second motives are introduced exactly as in the first part, only that motive No. 2 is repeated six times to measure 339. But soothing (in measure 340) comes in the kindly motive No. 4, followed as in the first part closely by that lofty motive No. 5 (346 to 359.) Immediately, however, comes in (measure 360 to 369) motive 2 again, soft at the outset, but with a mighty *crescendo* growing wild and storming in a triple repetition as in the first part.

Full of high energy motive No. 3 interrupts, succeeded by motive No. 6, as it was in the first part.

From here (measures 369 to 427) follows a close repetition of the corresponding measures (103 to 158) of the first part, only the keys being changed, up to the very close of the first part; in the same rhythm as at the end of the first part comes in the tonic chord, but here in D minor. So that the measures 302 to 427 may be called a strict repetition of the first part to its end (measure 158). From measure 428 begins a *resumé*, as it were, of the second part of this movement. Introducing at once motive No. 1 (its character, however, being changed by substituting the 3rd measure of the Cantabile No. 9 for the last one of No. 1) it introduces, in the measures 454 to 464, motive No. 2 in much the same way as in measures 93 to 103.

Measures 464 to 469 bring in (as in the first part, 94 to 102) motive No 3, this time not followed by that soothing 6th motive, but by the 3rd and 4th measures of motive No. 1, in measures 470 to 495, treated exactly as it was in measures 218 to 240, change of keys excepted. Once more (measures 496 to 505) follows the 2nd motive treated as in 93 to 103, and then for a last time the 3rd measure (of motive 1) exactly as treated in 192 to 197 in that soft, plaintive way.

And from here, measure 513 to 546 (the end of the movement) begins the coda. It introduces (*pianissimo* with all the bass wind instruments and all the strings in unison) this chromatic sequence (the other wind instruments meanwhile beginning the cadence:)

No. 10.

which after some changes, and increasing gradually to a *fortissimo*, leads in 538 into the first motive, which in the measures 538 to 546 is played almost in unison with some intervening runs.

Thus ends this movement, its contrasts not reconciled, the first motive with its stern, unyielding, energetic character ruling supreme, as Fate in the tragedies of Sophocles and Aeschylus.

G. A. Schmitt.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

THE LOST CHURCH.

FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.

A muffled tolling in the air
Is heard far down the wood's recesses;
None knows when first it sounded there,
Its cause the legend dimly guesses.
Of the Lost Church the tones, 'tis said,
Swell on the wind through these lone places;
Here once a crowded pathway led,
But no one now can find its traces.

As, late, the forest depths I trod,
Where now no beaten track extended,
And from this world of sin to God
My yearning soul in prayer ascended,
When all the wilderness was stilled,
I heard again that airy tolling;
The higher my devotion swelled,
More near and clear the waves came rolling.

My senses were so snatched away,
Inward so far the sound upbore me,
That, to this hour, I cannot say
What strange, unearthly power came o'er me.
More than a hundred years had fled,
Methought, while I had thus been dreaming,
When, through the clouds above my head,
Broke a free space, like noontide gleaming.

The sky was such a deep dark-blue,
The sunlight was so rich and gushing,
And a proud minster, full in view,
Stood in the golden splendor flushing.
Methought, bright clouds, like wings, upbore
The stately pile, while ever higher
Seemed through the blessed heavens to soar,
Till lost to sight, the sparkling spire.

I heard the bell, with blissful clang,
Resound through all the trembling tower,
Swayed by no rope or hand it rang,
But by a holy tempest's power.
Methought my beating heart it swept
On with it like a billowy ocean,
Till, 'neath that lofty dome I stept
With trembling tread and glad emotion.

How, in those halls, to me it seemed,
Can never more in words be painted;
How darkly-clear the windows gleamed
With forms of all the martyrs sainted!
Then saw I, filled with wondrous light,
Glow into life those pictured splendors;
A world was opened to my sight
Of holy women—God's-defenders.

As, thrilled all through with love and awe,
I fell before the altar, kneeling,
Behold, high over me, I saw
Heaven's glory painted on the ceiling.
But when I raised my eyes once more,
The arch had burst with silent thunder,
Wide open flung was Heaven's high door,
And every veil was rent asunder.

What majesty I now beheld,
In still, adoring wonder bending;
Upon my ear what music swelled,
Trumpet and organ far transcending,
No word of man hath power to tell;
Who yearns to know and vainly guesses,
Give heed to the mysterious bell
That tolls far down the wood's recesses.

C. T. B.

Musical Correspondence.

New York, March 3d.—The third Philharmonic Concert, which took place on Saturday night, was so crowded, in spite of the very disagreeable weather, that it was only fortunate this same bad weather kept many more away. I subjoin the programme:

PART I.

Jullien Symphony, No. 2 in D minor, Op 26.. G. F. Bristow.
1. Allegro appassionato—2 Allegretto—3. Andante—4 Allegro agitato.
Capriccio Brillante, in B minor, Op. 22, (Piano-Forte and Orchestra,)......Mendelssohn.
Mr. Richard Hoffman.

PART II.

Overture to "Anacreon," in D......Cherubini.
Concerto, for the Violin, Op. 64, in E, ...Mendelssohn.
1. Allegro molto appassionato—2. Andante—3. Allegro molto vivace.
Mr Joseph Burke.
(Intermission of five minutes.)
Overture: "Die Waldnymphe," Op 20, in F,..W. S. Bennett.

Much might be said about the expediency of giving an American work the largest place in the concert of a Society whose chief object purports to be the elevation of the public taste by means of the standard musical works of the old world. But this subject has already been widely discussed in your columns, and I will not now expatiate upon it. I am very happy to acknowledge all the good points in Mr. Bristow's Symphony; its richness of instrumentation, its wealth of pleasing melodies, and numerous other merits—but its chief fault is a pretty serious one: a decided want of originality. It is full of reminiscences of other composers, Weber, Mendelssohn, Spohr, Haydn, Mozart, and I know not what others, seem to be playing ball with snatches of their melodies, and tossing them to and fro in merry confusion. In listening to it, I found myself constantly thinking: "What is that? where have I heard this? I surely know this melody," etc.; and the same experience has been related to me by many friends.—Of all the movements, I like the Allegretto best; true, it savored of Mozart and Haydn, but had nevertheless more freshness and originality than any other part of the composition. The Symphony, as well as, in fact, all the other orchestral pieces, was very well played; I have hardly ever listened to a more satisfactory performance by this Society. The Overture by Cherubini made but little impression upon me, except that it struck me as far inferior to *Les deux Journées*, or other overtures of the same composer; while, on the other hand, that of Bennett seemed to transport me into the midst of the woods, with all their fragrance and shade, their million voices of brooks, trees, winds, birds and insects, and the world of nymphs and dryads and satyrs, with which the olden story has peopled them. The gem of the evening, to me, was Mendelssohn's violin concerto, one of the most beautiful of his compositions, which was very well rendered by Mr. Burke. It brings out all the best points of the composer; his purity and chasteness of style, his loveliest melodies, without any of the coldness and over-polish which often characterise his works.—These are much more apparent in the Capriccio, in which even Mr. Hoffman's generally so spirited playing seemed cold and unsympathetic, although it was faultless in execution. He appeared to much better advantage when, in answer to an *encore*, he gave us a little *fantasie* or the like, of his own, entitled *La Gazelle*, a pretty salon-piece, on a quite original theme.

You will notice on the programme a mysterious clause inserted between the last two pieces: "Intermission of five minutes." The explanation, which followed on another page of the full programme, showed that somebody had had a bright idea, and made our hearts rejoice. It ran thus:

N. B.—In order that those who desire to listen to the last piece on the Programme may not be disturbed by those who prefer to leave at that time, an Intermission of five minutes will be made previous to the last Overture, after which those present are politely requested to remain in their seats until the end of the performance.

And it worked so well that I can only hope that the plan will be generally adopted in future.

From another notice in the programme, we learn that no more extra tickets to the rehearsals can be sold, as the number of subscribers has more than *doubled* this season. This is very encouraging, and holds out a prospect that the Society will be *obliged* to take a larger hall next year. I hope they will build one; they can well afford it; or else have the concerts at the Academy, and the rehearsals at a smaller theatre or the City Assembly Rooms.

—— t ——

New York, Feb. 29th.—At one of the agreeable Musical Matinées given in this city by Messrs. Mason and Bergmann, Bach's Concerto in D minor for three piano-fortes, with stringed accompaniment, was performed. The following remarks upon the performance, extracted from a New York newspaper, which certainly exhibit a remarkable knowledge of the resources of the English language, may impart

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some new ideas to the admirers of the old German master:

The Concerto by Bach was the feature of the occasion. The music of this composer is so liable to be unfortunate in its interpretation, that his name in a programme is usually more a drawback than an attraction. In connection with the piano his iterating fugues, in monotonous gymnastic poundings, suggest themselves and phalanxes of conceited musical tyros, like ranges of pandean pipes, rise up before the shrinking imagination. * * * * *
The striking simplicity, yet strength and effectiveness of its subject; and intricate yet clear and noble modulations of its complications; the decisive harmony and dissolving connectedness of its melodic reverberations in the most difficult phrases, parts and instruments; the breadth and unity of its toning, yet its varied and detailed richness,—all seemed to be fairly embodied and fully rendered by the accomplished performance on this occasion. The tyrannical exaction which this author makes of the performer, in sacrificing every collateral idiosyncracy of ornament, to the absolute and accurate rendering and attainment of the proposed effect in his theme, was carefully met by the different artists. The result was, of course, an entire removal from the monotonous and checkered effect of the ordinary flat Bach task; and the realization of the broad and massive designs of the composer. The level and blurred blockwork of the tyro instrumentalists was forgotten, whilst the splendid artistic rendering of the occasion shadowed forth the truly sculpturesque effects designed by the incomparable author.

It is in view of such rendering that we can indeed realize the grandeur of Bach. The crowded comprehensiveness of his works, their force and realness, their masterly vigor and their dignified elevation of aim, impress us with the full and relative value in music of what the great Rubens is in historical painting.

The editor of the "Bunkam Flag-Staff" could not have done it better. I am gratified to learn that the intellectual labor expended in the composition of the above has not overtasked the author's brain, and that he is as well as could be expected. W.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MAR. 8, 1856.

The Beethoven Festival.

Our festival has passed, and passed successfully. Saturday, March 1, 1846, was an evening long to be remembered in the Art annals of our city. Then Music, Sculpture, Poetry, chaste Architecture, floral decoration, all contributed, if not ambitiously, not on the grandest scale, yet tastefully, sincerely and harmoniously, in honor of so significant an event as the inaguration of a statue of Beethoven in our noble Music Hall, there to stand henceforth as the tutelary genius of the place. No presence could be embodied there so fitly. The music of this mighty master, from the time that he first thrilled us with his grand Fifth Symphony, now nearly thirty years ago, has mingled itself more deeply and more intimately with the artistic aspirations, with the æsthetic and we may say the spiritual culture of those who have grown up lovers of Art and Beauty here, than any other music, or the works of any other Art. From that day to this his Symphonies, the whole nine of them, have been repeatedly demanded of each orchestra that has had power to play or even only sketch them to us. No winter passes that we do not hear more works of Beethoven than that of any other master. No composer is so deeply known and felt. No one has so stirred the souls even of unmusical persons, those who for the most part listen to the deep symphony of life through other channels than the ear. School-taught musicians almost sneered at us for thus commencing, as they called it, at the top of the ladder, with Beethoven, the last word of instrumental art, and jumping the preparatory steps of Haydn and Mozart. But the grander genius asks no ceremony of introduction to us; he has the sure key to our souls; Shakspeare does not require to be prepared by reading lesser poets. Beethoven took possession at once by pure force of genius and profound humanity. In his music somehow, though we might poorly apprehend it technically, we hailed prophetic utterances in strange harmony with the best spirit of this age. We felt he was the man for us; the deeper, holier yearnings of this nineteenth century, its baffled loves and lofty hopes, its tremendous conflicts and sublime ideals, found a voice in him. It was fit that *his* statue should be placed in our chief Hall of Music. The generous Art-enthusiasm of our townsman, Charles C. Perkins, already the most liberal subscriber to the building of the Hall, saw the fitness and resolved out of his own private means to place it there. The sculptor Crawford, of whom America is justly proud, too glad to pay the homage of genius in one Art to a greater genius in another, and to add his offering to the cause of Art among us, would take no money from his friend for his part of the work, that is for the design, the soul, the model of what should stand out realized, colossal and sublime, in rich and solid Munich bronze; and thus our debt and privilege of gratitude are doubled; we must thank two without thanking one the less.

We need not enter upon any new description of the statue, having expressed our admiring recognition of its grandeur as a work of Art and of its essential truth to Beethoven, as looked at from the point of view of our deep feeling of his music, at the time of its first arrival, when it was placed for the summer in the Athenæum (Journal of June 23, 1855). The more we look at it the more our feeling is confirmed. If there be literal variations from the physical original, it is at least true ideally, true in the way in which it is most important that it should be true; whatever it is in us that has communed with Beethoven, accepts it as the master. It is true that he is modelled of good height, though he was short and thickly built in life. But for a monumental statue in a grand hall, to be looked at through the magnifying atmosphere of his own swelling symphonies, it was fit that he should loom. The same cause too may make the head seem smaller in proportion to the body, than it was; yet is it not a *great* head and brain, indicative of mighty intellect, as is the face below of all the mighty toils and martyrdoms thereof? Does it look too young, too calm, say you? Genius in its highest hour is supernaturally young; he that has finished a Ninth Symphony, as there represented, is entitled to full ten years off from his literal, every day, care-worn look; and what so characteristic of sublime action as repose? Poorly had the sculptor read the record of that face, if he had not read *that*. But look at it from all points of view, in all lights, through all occasions, musical or other, shut yourself up with it alone, look at it cornerwise, and you still find that the deep lines of thought and suffering are not wanting; that that first and total aspect of repose and serene joy is but the summed-up truth of the whole man, seen as a man is seldom literally seen, in his true hour, in the great moment when he is himself. But we must cut short speculation, or we shall have no room to describe the Festival. First then:

The Scene and Audience.

It was a brilliant and an eager crowd that poured into the Music Hall that evening and filled up nearly every seat. You read enthusiasm in all eyes; if there were any skeptical outsiders, who only came to criticize, they could not break the spell. Most of the ladies were in opera dresses, and looked in keeping with the floral honors of the hour. It looked a festival;—a festival in which Art and taste and ideality were paramount. The stage end of the hall, whose architecture lends itself so finely to such uses, was adorned with admirable taste. In the arch of the lattice-work screen before the organ the name of "Beethoven" was set in letters of white flowers with green upon a rich red ground; the sides too of the arch were panelled with red with evergreen borders; in the centre was a lyre of green with strings of gold relieved upon red. The mere introduction of so much concentrated color was a vast improvement to the faintly tinted hall. Festoons of evergreen were suspended from cornice to balconies. From the junctions of the twin pilasters each side of the arch, and in the middle of each panel, were hung bunches of artificial flowers and green sprays, pond lilies, &c., the most life-like that could be imagined, and all composed with such a grace and freedom, and such a look of freshness, that they were the theme of general admiration, and many confounded them with the real flowers, that hung in wreaths below the statue, or were set in bouquets of surpassing size and beauty in bronze tripods on the stage front. One of these, in which a mass of Calla lilies figured, was the most superb bouquet which we remember to have seen. In the centre of the stage, upon a plain temporary pedestal of six feet in height, covered with green, and seen against a background of green velvet, rose what should be the statue, a green star-spangled drapery enveloping the whole figure, larger than life-size; somehow that starry veil seemed a true prelude to the Choral Symphony; a beautiful wreath of immortelles and festoon of fresh flowers adorned the pedestal. Each of the musicians' desks too wore its twin bouquets. These adornments were the beautiful result of the devoted labors of some of our most cultivated music-loving ladies, and considering that they had scarcely a couple of days for the work, it seemed an inspiration. It was a true love of Beethoven in them that twined those wreaths, and we must say with Schiller:

Ehret die Frauen! Sie flechten und weben, &c.

The Statue and the Poem.

At the appointed hour, the poet of the evening, William W. Story, advanced to the front of the stage, and pronounced the words: "Lift the veil!" when slowly, fold after fold, like an instinctive thing of life, the starry veil fell off, and Beethoven, in his calm grandeur, stood disclosed, high in the midst of his disciples, the orchestra around him and the chorus in the background, and enthusiastic cheers and murmurs of delight ran through the great assembly. That was the grand moment of the evening. In a voice whose richness was a little veiled by hoarseness, yet so well heard by the larger portion of

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the audience that he was continually interrupted by applause, Mr. Story then proceeded to recite the following

Prologue.

Lift the veil;—the work is finished;—fresh created from the hands
Of the artist,—grand and simple, there our great Beethoven stands.
Clay no longer—he has risen from the buried mould of earth,
To a golden form transfigured by a new and glorious birth.
Art hath bid the evanescent pause and know no more decay;
Made the mortal shape immortal, that to dust has passed away.
There's the brow by thought o'erladen, with its tempest of wild hair;
There the mouth so sternly silent and the square cheeks seamed with care;
There the eyes so visionary, straining out, yet seeing naught
But the inward world of genius and the ideal forms of thought;
There the hand that gave its magic to the cold, dead, ivory keys,
And from out them tore the struggling chords of mighty symphonies.
There the figure, calm concentred, on its breast the great head bent;—
Stand forever thus, great master! thou thy fittest monument!

Poor in life, by friends deserted, through disease and pain and care,
Bravely, stoutly hast thou striven, never yielding to despair;
High the claims of Art upholding; firm to Freedom; in a crowd
Where the highest bent as courtiers, speaking manfully and loud.
In thy silent world of deafness, broken by no human word,
Music sang with voice ideal, while thy listening spirit heard,
Tones consoling and prophetic, tones to raise, refine and cheer,
Deathless tones, that thou hast garnered to refresh and charm us here.
And for all these riches fineless, all these wondrous gifts of thine,
We have only Fame's dry laurel on thy careworn brow to twine.
We can only say, Great Master, take the homage of our heart;
Be the High Priest in our temple, dedicate to thee and Art.
Stand before us, and enlarge us with thy presence and thy power,
And o'er all Art's deeps and shallows light us like a beacon-tower.

In the mighty realm of Music there is but a single speech,
Universal as the world is, that to every heart can reach.
Thou within that realm art monarch, but the humblest vassal there
Knows the accents of that language when it calls to war or prayer.
Underneath its world-wide Banyan, friends the gathering nations sit;
Red Sioux and dreamy German dance and feast and fight to it.
When the storm of battle rages, and the brazen trumpet blares,
Cheering on the serried tumult, in the van its meteor flares.
Sings the laurelled song of conquest, o'er the buried comrade wails,
Plays the peaceful pipes of shepherds in the lone Etrurian vales;
Whispers love beneath the lattice, where the honey-suckle clings;
Crowns the bowl and cheers the dancers, and its peace to sorrow brings;—
Nature knows its wondrous magic, always speaks in tune and rhyme;
Doubles in the sea the heaven, echoes on the rocks the chime.
All her forests sway harmonious, all her torrents lisp in song;
And the starry spheres make music, gladly journeying along.

Thou hast touched its mighty mystery, with a finger as of fire;
Thrilled the heart with rapturous longing, bade the struggling soul aspire;
Through thy daring modulations, mounting up o'er dizzy stairs
Of harmonic change and progress, into high Elysian airs,
Where the wings of angels graze us, and the voices of the spheres
Seem not far, and glad emotions fill the silent eyes with tears.
What a vast, majestic structure thou hast builded out of sound,
With its high peak piercing Heaven, and its deep base underground.
Vague as air, yet firm and real to the spiritual eye,
Seamed with fire its cloudy bastions far away uplifted lie,—
Like those sullen shapes of thunder we behold at close of day,
Piled upon the far horizon, where the jagged lightnings play.
Awful voices, as from Hades, thrill us, growling from its heart;
Sudden splendors blaze from out it, cleaving its black walls apart.
White winged birds dart forth and vanish, singing, as they pass from sight,
Till at last it lifts, and 'neath it lets a blaze of amber light
Where some single star is shining, throbbing like a new born thing,
And the earth, all drenched in splendor, hears its happy voices sing.

Topmost crown of Ancient Athens towered the Phidian Parthenon;
Upon Freedom's noble forehead, Art, the starry jewel, shone,
Here as yet in our Republic, in the furrows of our soil,
Slowly grows Art's timid blossom 'neath the heavy foot of toil.
Spurn it not—but spare it, nurse it, till it gladden all the land;
Hail to-day this seed of promise, planted by a generous hand—
Our first statue to an artist—nobly given, nobly planned.

Never is a nation finished while it wants the grace of Art—
Use must borrow robes from Beauty, life must rise above the mart.
Faith and love are all ideal, speaking with a music tone—
And without their touch of magic, labor is the Devil's own.
Therefore are we glad to greet thee, master artist, to thy place,
For we need in all our living Beauty and ideal grace.
Mostly here to lift our nation, move its heart and calm its nerves,
And to round life's angled duties to imaginative curves.
Mid the jarring din of traffic, let the Orphic tone of Art
Lull the barking Cerberus to us, soothe the cares that gnaw the heart.
With thy universal language, that our feeble speech transcends,
Wing our thoughts that creep and grovel, come to us when speaking ends,—
Bear us into realms ideal, where the cant of common sense
Dins no more its heartless maxims to the jingling of its pence,
Thence down dropped into the Actual, we shall on our garments bear,
Perfume of an unknown region, beauty of celestial air;
Life shall wear a nobler aspect, joy shall greet us in the street;
Earthy dust of low ambition shall be shaken from our feet.
Evil spirits that torment us, into air shall vanish all,
And the magic-harp of David soothe the haunted heart of Saul.

As of yore the swart Egyptians rent the air with choral song,
When Osiris' golden statue triumphing they bore along;
As along the streets of Florence, borne in glad procession went,
Cimabue's famed Madonna, praised by voice and instrument,
Let our voices sing thy praises, let our instruments combine,
Till the hall with triumph echo, for the hour and place are thine.

Nothing could have been more appropriate than these noble verses. All felt them to be worthy of the subject and the hour; they did much to lift the minds of all, those who were to take part and those who were to listen, to the level of the occasion. There stood the sublime impersonation of the poet's thought before us, and each helped the other; the sculptor's and the poet's art blended to one result, like voice-part and accompaniment in a true song. A certain Schiller-like pure fire of ideality glows through the whole; while the expression is more clear, direct and sculpturesque than Schiller; each melodious couplet (to those who caught the syllables) conveyed its freight of thought with a rhythmical, symmetrical completeness, which is just what one asks of poetry in public. If the prologue was effective as we heard it, it is no less satisfying when read; and our readers, though they have seen it in all the newspapers, will agree with us that it deserves to be placed upon musical record, as it were, here.

The Music.

The statue and the poem certainly inspired the orchestra; if they could ever play well, they could then; they felt their own vocation honored; and did not the fragrance also of those floral tokens, the delicate compliment by fair hands assigned to them, do something to twine then and thenceforward the *himmlische Rosen* into their *irdische Leben* (to continue Schiller's lines)! Mr. Zerrahn raised his bâton and those strange rustling Fifths (*Quintegenflüster*, the Germans call it) of the Ninth Symphony began, and the bold relentless Fate theme, (which our friend Schmitt has marked No. 1 in his thematic analysis in another column) was pronounced with startling energy; and the sweet human reed instruments poured out their pleading strain (a little melodic figure that seems to be the tune of the "Joy" chorus in embryo); and sungleams and shadows mingle and chase each other, ideal hopes and shadows of despair; and yet the soul's enthusiasm burns unquenchable in spite of Fate; and the inspired motive No. 5 comes, with its light tip-toe tread of double-basses,—a passage very Beethovenish, which gives you the idea of one treading upon air as if drunk with the possession of some glorious secret; and the great storm and struggle comes of light and darkness, Joy and Fate, stirring up all the depths of harmony in tumultuous billows, the double-basses stepping wide in intervals of octaves or more, and giving breadth and grandeur to the picture; and the human pleadings and the sweet ideals come again, and all seems to tend to light and serene harmony; but for the present, for the actual conclusion, the inexorable voice, that first rang through the void, prevails and the first movement closes with the first theme again sounded by the whole with terrible three-fold emphasis. And *is* this the conclusion? The conclusion of the actual, but not of the ideal. It is in this first movement that one feels the pledge and prophecy of something grand, extraordinary, that is yet to come. We know no music which seems so pregnant with a future as this, so teeming with more than it has means to utter, and forshadowing a solution, such as came to Beethoven in that fourth or Choral movement. It is this first movement which requires and justifies the last and finds its explanation there. It was our fate that night to have the prophecy, the problem, but not the solution, the fulfilment. Yet in itself alone how wonderfully impressive, beautiful, sublime and full of meaning that first movement! It has been thought *too* full for the appreciation of a general audience. But the conditions for good hearing were invaluable that night; the statue and the occasion enforced such an attention as no symphony can get in any other circumstances; the movement was listened to with profound interest and followed by an outbreak of genuine enthusiasm. The orchestra did their part uncommonly well, and made all as clear and effective perhaps as an orchestra of only fifty could make it. The great composer seemed to nod his head in approbation, and it required no exertion of fancy to see the expression of the bronze features change with every changing modulation of the music.

The Scherzo movement, with its strong joyous pulse of ceaseless three-four measure, so light and tripping, yet with such breadth of crowded harmony, as if one wild, reckless impulse tingled in every nerve and fibre of a whole world alike possessed and demonized, was also brought out very clearly; although more delicacy of gradations from *pianissimo* to *forte* were an object well worth further study. The quaint pastoral episode in 4-4 time, where the bassoon toys merrily with the horn, was keenly relished, and did credit to both instruments. Then came the *Adagio Cantabile*, serene and heavenly, the very opposite to that wild mood of sensual joy. How like holy bells in a still night the notes of the first chord fall in one by one upon the ear, leading in that sweet, slow, solemn psalm, with echoed cadence to each line; and

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how the strings palpitate with blissful agitation, as the time changes and the soul is rapt in deeper bliss by the new theme in D that enters,—most lovely, warm and comforting of melodies! What music ever written is more full of deepest feeling! Then with what exquisite delicacy and subtlety of fine mellifluous divisions, winding and throbbing in and out, the theme is varied by the violins, and by the warmer instruments! And what is there comparable to that pure height of ecstasy, of reverie in which the soul is more than ever conscious, lost to time but waking in eternity, where, while the theme, modulated into a strange key, as it were refracted through a visionary light, is pursued by the wind instruments, the strings now here now there, in all parts of the orchestra, emit as it were little electric sparks of happiness, in those *pizzicati* which only *seem* so promiscuously timed! Then the slow horn, as if inspired with an involuntary eloquence, indulges in a florid passage quite beyond its ordinary powers! (We congratulate our hornist on his safe and felicitous deliverance there.) Then the wonderfully expressive drooping back, as with a sigh of too much bliss, into the old key and the old theme; and still more exquisite refinement on the melody by the violins! And when the conclusion must come, the heroic trumpet strain, which seems to answer to the call from on high; a brief relapse into the celestial melody, and the dream gently fades away.

This was the best ending if we could not have the whole; but how one longed for the solution of the problem of that first movement! True, the celestial Adagio hints it; but it would have been so much better to have gone on, and let the double-basses in their *recitativo* tread out a path for human voices and the great chorus of the "Hymn to Joy," the Brotherhood of all Mankind! Surely at that moment, there was not one instrumentist, or one of the 160 chorus-singers, reserved there for other tasks, who would not have been too glad to go on and complete the Choral Symphony. Could we but have had that inspiration in the earlier stages of the preparation! But the three movements, that we *did* hear, sank deeply into the souls of many listeners; their echoes and the statue are a pledge that we shall hear it all before another year shall pass.

We must speak briefly of the rest. The grand soprano Recitative and Aria from *Fidelio*, one of the grandest in all dramatic music, and of the most extreme difficulty,—a piece analogous in structure to the Scena from the *Freyschütz*, but greater even than that,—was sung much more effectively by Mrs. J. H. Long than we could have expected from any but an accomplished prima donna. Her rendering was pure and conscientious, and her voice quite inspiring in the high notes; it was no light task to come out successfully amid that extremely rich and active instrumentation, in which again our hornists were severely tasked.

Part II. commenced with perhaps the least effective of the selections, as given without orchestral accompaniment: the first Quartet from *Fidelio*, which however was quite nicely sung by Mrs. Wentworth, Mrs. Harwood, Mr. Low and Mr. Wetherbee, and is a beautiful Quartet. Mr. August Fries surpassed himself in the difficult and most beautiful first movement of Beethoven's Violin Concerto; he played with remarkable purity, truth of intonation, finish and expression, and received the heartiest plaudits. We could only have wished that on Beethoven's night there had been nothing said upon the programme of the *cadence* added by Herr David, brilliant and skilful as it was, and not without high precedent.

The 'Hallelujah' from the 'Mount of Olives,' brought the great choir for the first time into action. It was not so numerous as that of our Oratorio societies, but select and more effective, all being telling, musical and sympathetic voices; it was composed first of a nucleus of those who commonly appear as solo-singers, with a few amateurs, and then of delegations, forty strong, of the best singers from each of our three Choral Societies. We have never had so musical an *ensemble* of voices in any of our choruses. This "Hallelujah" is not one of Beethoven's greatest works, but it is strong and inspiring, and was made in the main quite effective, saving a little unsteadiness in the fugue portion.

Mr. Perkins, as he came forward to play the piano part in the Choral Fantasia, was greeted with a perfect tumult of applause. We think we have never heard him play so well; and with the advantage of an uncommonly fine instrument from Chickering's, a well-trained orchestra, sextet of solo-singers and that chorus, the genial beauties and progress of the piece, from pianoforte improvisation, as it were, through orchestral concerto, to chorus in the "Praise of Harmony," were made well appreciable to the audience. It is truly a fascinating, richly suggestive composition—certainly, as we have before said, a slight foreshadowing of the Choral Symphony, and deserves more remark than we have room for here. There is one chord, which occurs twice in the full chorus part, which quite electrifies the hearer.

More loud and long applause, more callings out of "Perkins," then reluctant breakings up, lingerings to congratulate, to look at flowers, to take another and another last look of Beethoven in his alterations as the lights were one by one extinguished, and our Festival was over! It would be easy to criticize the programme; easy to say what *more* or greater might have been presented; easy to judge it by some preconceived idea of a great three days' festival or "Congress of Musicians," some grand thing which it never undertook to be, and, measured by such standard, say it was a failure. But we envy not the person who could not enter and enjoy all there *was*, for thinking too much of what there was *not*; who found himself too critical to pass that night with Beethoven, and derive a lasting inspiration from the hour; who could keep coldly on the outside, muttering of "Hamlet with the part of Hamlet left out," and own no glow, no ecstacy within the charmed circle of the first three movements of that Symphony! The mass of that great audience, we are sure, including the most musical among them, will ever cherish the memory of that Festival among the most inspiring experiences of their lives; and that it gave a real impulse to the cause of Art in this community, and this whole country, we feel no less sure. It was in no sense a failure, save as the lily is a failure in not being an oak, or a Notturno in not being a grand Symphony.

Death of George W. Pratt.—This sad event could not but cast its shadow over the musical sunshine even of our Beethoven week. Mr. Pratt was a young man of superior character and a musician of good promise. He was the son of Col. Jabez Pratt, coroner, of this city. As a boy, in the public schools and musical conventions, he was distinguished by his voice. He became a graduate of Middlebury College, and brought the spirit of a more general culture into his profession of a music-teacher, which he chose for life. After doing a good work as teacher of singing in the Normal schools, he repaired to Germany, where he remained nearly three years, most of the time in Leipsic, an earnest student of the art of singing and of teaching. His taste was formed upon the best classical models of German vocal and instrumental music, and he came back last autumn with a high sense of the dignity and duty of the artistic life. He has since taught successfully and has sung in our various oratorios and chamber concerts with very general acceptance. He was esteemed by all who knew him, and his most unexpected death, after a fortnight's illness, has left many mourners. He was 28 years old. The funeral services were held in Park Street church, where he had been at one time chorister, members of the various musical societies, with which he had been connected, uniting in the solemn hymns.

Musical Chit-Chat.

We learn with much pleasure that an effort is being made to place in the Music Hall a Grand Organ, similar in magnitude and excellence to the superb instruments which have so long been the wonder of travellers in the old world. We wish the enterprise God speed! It comes with peculiar fitness just now, when the minds of the community are stirred with the enthusiasm of the past week. It is a noble project, and is in such hands that we can scarcely fear for its success.

The last of the six concerts of the 'German Trio,' (Messrs. Gaertner, Hause and Jungnickel,) takes place at Chickering's to-night. Mrs. J. M. Mozart (late Miss Bothamly) will sing for them.... Otto Dresel's third Soirée in the same place on Monday evening. The programme includes the same exquisite Trio by Beethoven which was played last time; Mr. Dresel's own Trio, so admired a few years since; a wonderful Adagio from one of Beethoven's later piano Sonatas, op. 106; a fugue of Bach; Selections from Chopin; and half a dozen songs of Robert Franz, to be sung by Mr. Kreissmann.... Do not forget, too, the Annual Benefit Concert of the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, on Tuesday evening. Messrs. Trenkle, Parker & Perkins will assist, and play the famous triple Concerto of Bach; Mrs. Long also will sing Schubert's "Hark the Lark," and Franz's *Ave Maria*. There will also be a Quartet by Mozart, a Quintet by Beethoven, and part of a Quintet by Mendelssohn. Verily a rich week in chamber music!.... Mrs. Rosa Garcia de Ribas, long a favorite singer in our oratorios and concerts, and privately enjoying the esteem of the musical community, offers good attractions for her concert of next Saturday evening. We trust the Tremont Temple will be filled.... A curious performance is to come off at Tremont Temple on Thursday evening, called an "Old Folks' Concert," to be given in the costume of '76, by the "Reading Opera Chorus Class," a body of 50 singers, whom we have heard praised by competent authority.

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Translated for this Journal.

ROBERT FRANZ.

BY FRANZ LISZT.

[Continued from p. 178.]

There are unquestionably certain characteristic traits, through which all artists look alike, but there is no universal type for artists and poets. Poetry and Art can be innate and sympathetic in all characters, and if the Middle Age classed all the temperaments in four main categories (sanguine, choleric, melancholy and phlegmatic), so ALBRECHT DURER in those wonderful pictures, in which he represents the meeting of four saints, each of whom belongs to one of the said categories, gives us one of those shining proofs, reserved for genius to discover, namely that all four have the capacity to radiate that sacred fire of inspiration, which makes poets, whether they devote their lives to song, or spend them upon deeds which furnish the material for songs. One might almost believe that no subject seemed to that great master worthier to be glorified by the splendor of his genius; for there is perhaps no second painting by him, in which we can admire the calm sublimity of his thought, the depth of his composition, his penetrating intuition of the mysterious sense of lines and of the inexplicable, unlearnable significance of drawing, the power of contour, the majesty of pose, the nobleness of folds, the as it were symphonic effect of the virtuoso-like treatment of his coloring, so intimately suited to the subject, more than here, where he reaches the Ideal, without resembling the sunny tints which RAPHAEL often strove for, or the glowing atmosphere of the Venetians, or the magical sheen of a RUBENS, and without bordering either on conventional splendor or on a too bald realism. In the four heads of this group the leading types are admirably discernible, which, more feebly or more strongly prominent, compose the fundamental traits of the so various organizations of the artists, to whom the different Art-forms owe their origin. Here we find the enthusiastic trait which generates the lyric Art, the burning lust for action, which fires heroes or those who sing of heroes; the sinking back into oneself, which tends to grief, to satire, to misanthropy, or to reflection; we see the nervous irritability, which keeps the passions on the strain and leads to tragical developments or the describing of them.

FRANZ belongs to the dreamy, deep natures, which have few expansive moments. His tender sensibility, his fine, penetrating spirit, hating every noise or crowd, keep him shut up in himself, as if afraid of every interchange of opinion, which might degenerate into bitterness; as if he shrank from every conflict, in which the chords of his lyre too hastily struck might utter tones less pure, less euphonious and tender. One might compare him in more than one respect with CHOPIN; nevertheless there are important differences between these artists. Chopin, like Franz, withdrew himself from the centre of the arena swarming with combatants under various banners; he also had maturely weighed the ground of the dissensions which he witnessed, and had given in the adhesion of his convictions to the *one* party, whose cause he helped as it were only by the works he executed according to the principles of the combatants; he too had not drawn upon himself the enmity of those from whom he diverged in idea, and his productions found a kind reception everywhere. He also crowded his works within narrow borders, concentrated his invention in existing forms, to which he lent new intensity, new worth, new vital faculties, new turns. He too despised all frivolities that bordered on his sphere, scorned to procure applause at the expense of his artistic conscience, and elaborated every smallest product of his pen in the most careful manner, and with such success that his compositions are marked by a rare uniformity of their peculiar excellencies. He too has confided much and of many kinds to his muse; has mysteriously infused unspoken grief, unconscious yearnings, deep mournings, glimmering consolations into his short but expressive works. But Chopin was an extremely nervous nature, full of suppressed passion; he moderated, but he could not tame himself; and every morning he began anew the hard task of imposing silence on his boiling scorn, his glowing hate, his infinite love, his quivering agony, his feverish excitement, striving to keep them off by by enveloping himself in a sort of spiritual intoxication, and by his dreams to conjure up a magic fairy world, wherein he might live and find a melancholy bliss, confined within the limits of his Art. As thoroughly subjective as Franz in his creations, he succeeded still less than he in separating himself for a moment from himself, so as to view things objectively, and by the choice and treatment of his material indicate his feeling mediately rather than directly. For the very reason that he was so pre-occupied in battling with passions as violent as they were violently suppressed, it was almost impossible for him to win the leisure for a long continued work. The best part of his works was included within small dimensions and could not be otherwise, since every single one of these was but the fruit of one short moment of reflection, which sufficed to reproduce the tears and dreams of one day. Nearly all composers begin with seeking the more or less direct expression of their individuality in Art, whether it be in the lyrical, the dramatic or the epic form. Those who are gifted with invention of a decidedly objective character, have soon exhausted this first tendency, soon satisfied this first necessity, often so quickly that they have never given to the world the songs that bloomed in this period. In others this vein is of longer duration; they find full satisfaction in it and bring forth in it a whole series of excellent and admirable compositions. Artists, in whom feeling predominates, remain a long time or forever in this manner of creating. Chopin was one of those who never emancipate themselves from it, or who at least would never have acquired importance in other forms, supposing some mistaken effort to have turned them that way.

We know not whether Franz, who already occupies so predominant a position as a lyric poet, will feel it in his mission to extend the circle of his intellectual creation further. His thus far published efforts in the church style warrant the conjecture that the time will come for him, when, if he does not purposely restrain the free course of his native genius, he will feel within him both the impulse and the power for more extensive undertakings. We cherish the conviction too, that to whatever of the existing forms he may finally attach himself, whether to the liturgy, to the sacred or the so-called secular Oratorio, or what not, and however he may mould these to his own peculiar genius, he will achieve not less distinction than he has within the narrow limits of the song; for he belongs to those profoundly reflective minds, who never leave a work, to which they have entrusted the purest and noblest portion of themselves, until they have succeeded with the utmost care and pains in attaining to the fair proportion between form and substance.

[To be continued.]

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Translated for this Journal.

The Mission of Mozart.

LEADING CHARACTERISTICS OF HIS GENIUS AND HIS WORKS.

BY A. OULIBICHEFF.

(Continued from page 179.)

. . . . . Mozart never was the favorite of any public and he never will be. Publics are German, French, Italian; Mozart is universal. . . . . It is clear, after the character which we have recognized in his masterworks, that they must formerly have wanted all the conditions of popularity even more than they do now; yet in the estimation of musicians he has grown continually greater to this day. He commonly figures in the second line upon the musical repertoire of Europe; but that place he maintains in spite of all the revolutions of modern taste, so that, although continually eclipsed in the eyes of the multitude by reigning fashions, he always seems more choice and graceful than the passing fashion.

This *crescendo* of fame, which has already outlasted a century, presupposes that Mozart's reputation commenced with *piano*. And in fact, the many composers who stood much higher in the estimation of contemporaries than he did, the cold reception of his operas in Vienna, which rejected his *Don Juan*, (nor did Europe know it, since for years it was kept back within the limits of Germany and Bohemia, like confiscated goods in a custom house); moreover the sad expedients to which our hero had to have recourse to earn a livelihood; all prove how ill he was appreciated in spite of the celebrity which he already enjoyed, and which he owed quite as much to his calumniators as to his admirers. In regard to this point my readers will observe with some surprise, in which a little pride may mingle, the great difference between the publics of that day and of this. All the great masterpieces of the lyric stage, which our own century has produced, have been received at once in Europe with unanimous applause; the justice which the public owes to authors, has never let itself be waited for beyond the first few representations. From this prompt and general recognition of the beautiful one may imagine the feebleness, the uncertainty and frequently the ludicrousness of the judgments passed by the dilettanti of the eighteenth century; and also the æsthetic deafness, with which they seem to have been visited, when things, which ought to have transported them into the seventh heavens, could pass by them with leaving any traces. Mozart was right perhaps in calling them long ears. But I say no; Mozart was wrong, like those who judge in this way now. The music-lovers of the last century had no longer ears than we and judged precisely as we shou'd have done in their place. Between us lies only the difference of standpoint. Ours proceeds from Mozart's works themselves; these form our point of departure in music, and these will still appear the goal which no one until now has gone beyond. Hence it is easy for us to see and judge correctly all that approaches this height without reaching it; we look down from above, whereas the music-lovers before us looked up from below, through the mist which I have sought to define by analyzing the impression of the contrapuntal music upon an uncultivated ear.

From 1780 to 1791 the musical standpoint for works for the theatre proceeded from the works of a PICCINI, SACCHINI, MARTINI, PAISIELLO, and at the best a GLUCK and SALIERI. If we would be just, then, to the amateurs of the last century, we should have to take some one of those scores and compare it even in the smallest details and through all relations with the score of the *Don Juan*. From such a study, as interesting as it were easy in this day, would the justification of Mozart's contemporaries make itself apparent, and our astonishment would turn to another subject and become nothing more than a profound respect for the appreciative Prague public. We should find that Mozart in his day confounded all the habits and the boldest expectations of the ear; that he infused into his hearers a multitude of marvellous and complex feelings, to which they had not been accustomed from the stage; that his melody must have sounded strange and his harmony extremely hard. Instead of presenting a single leading melody, he flung his hearers into an extended combination of variously designed and measured voices, rivalling each other in melodic importance and complicating the harmony as in a fugue with several subjects. All this involved his first hearers in a bewildering Egyptian darkness, in a labyrinth without any clue, where the attention got lost, because it had not learned to divide itself. Such multifarious forms must have sounded unconnected, anti-euphonious, unendurable, since they only penetrated to the material organ and not to the soul, which would have placed them in their mutual relations and through the infinite variety of particulars would have seized the sublime unity of the ensemble. *They could not see the forest for the multitude of trees.*

But not alone for the great mass of the public must Mozart have been unintelligible in many of his compositions; many men who understood the art of composition, held themselves justified, upon the authority of their books, as well as of their ears, in condemning him. In this connection I am reminded of a well-known anecdote.—HAYDN found himself one day in a company of fellow artists, where they were talking of an opera that had been given in Vienna. All voices united in finding fault with it; they said it was too much overladen with learned harmony; called it a heavy, unequally finished, too chaotic music. Too chaotic, observe: "What do *you* think, father Haydn?" "I cannot decide the matter; all that I know is, that Mozart is the greatest composer in the world." This condemned opera was called: *Don Giovanni, ossia il Dissoluto punito.* . . . . .

Among all the princes in music, from JOSQUIN to PALESTRINA, MOZART alone had the misfortune to be in constant conflict with his epoch and his judges. This misfortune was his destiny, and this destiny, while it crushed the man down to earth, led the artist on to execute point for point the instructions of Providence, the purport of which we have expounded in the beginning of this chapter.

One circumstance, which must not be left out of sight, and which is very easily explained, is this: that no composer could have acted with less freedom in the choice of his own labors, than Mozart. We know his partiality for works of the stage, and therein his taste harmonized completely with his interests. The existence of a dramatic composer in the fashion in the eighteenth century was fortunate and brilliant, although his income approached less nearly than it would to-day the salary of the singers, and the tyranny of a *prima donna* or a *primo uomo* weighed more heavily upon him. On the other hand operas grew obsolete more rapidly, were manufactored in a greater number and with less expense; celebrity was much more cheaply earned. Had a mäestro in Naples, Rome, Milan or Venice reaped a success, orders flowed in on him from all sides; he was invited abroad; he could choose according to his humor and could work just so much as his strength permitted. Was he disposed to settle down somewhere, accept a lucrative and honorable post; why, he might choose among the music-loving courts of Germany, which were bidding for him with offers of the direction of their theatres and chapels. A hundred or more operas might easily mark the traces of such a career, without counting the church music and the concert and chamber music written in the operatic style. Mozart exerted himself a long time to get such a place, he, who was able to compose operas as fast as his brother artists in Italy, and to make them as good too as many a masterwork in our day, which has cost its author several years work. But Mozart as a dramatic composer lacked employment. During the twelve years that he lived in Vienna, only three pieces were ordered of him for the imperial theatre: viz. the *Entführung aus dem Seraglio*, the *Nozze di Figaro*, and *Cosi fan tutte*. As for the first of these, none but a German could have been commissioned to write it, because the object was to found a national opera; as to the two other librettos, it may easily be believed that few Italian masters would have wished them. Foreign countries showed him the same indifference. Italy, which had adopted the child, denied the man; no *impresario* saw fit to negociate with the composer of *Idomeneo*. France had forgotten the very name of Mozart. In Germany to be sure this name had some ring; but the managers of the native companies seem quite as little to have thought that it would be of any use to employ the composer of *Belmonte e Costanza*. Not one made him an offer until the year 1791. With the exception of Vienna, where he lived, only one provincial capital ordered two operas of him for its Italian theatre.

There can be no doubt that, if Mozart had been better understood by his public, he would have devoted himself exclusively to a class of works, the most brilliant and most lucrative of all, for which he detected in himself as great a calling as a passion. He would have made only operas and would have found no time to produce anything else. But by composing a libretto every two years he would have scarcely earned his daily bread. We know what compensation he received for his best dramatic works. *Don Juan* brought him in a hundred ducats, and the *Zauberflöte* nothing, if we may trust Herr von Nissen. Having no position and no income besides the imperial alms of 800 gulden, Mozart had to accommodate himself to circumstances, to serve the public individually, since it was denied him to serve it in the mass; he had to seek commissions of all sorts and furnish himself for all occasions in which people resort to a man of his trade. His relations to the public made him like

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the artists of the Middle Ages, who worked at painting, sculpture, music, like guilds of masons or joiners. Like them he had his shop, in which composition, playing and instruction were to be had cheap. Nothing was wanting but the street sign: *All kinds of musical wares made and sold here of the best quality and for a fixed price.* It would have drawn crowds to him. Master! I want some German songs for my daughter; the words I have with me.—I should like an Italian aria, with *contrabasso obligato*, for my wife.—And I should like some trumpet pieces and signals for my squadron.—But I should like a pretty little piece in F minor, I am very fond of that key, for a musical clock; but the price must be most reasonable.—Ho, master Wolfgang! half a dozen minuets, and as many contradances and landler waltzes; but you must make haste, for they are for the next ball to be given by prince X.—My case is still more urgent; I give a musical party to-morrow evening, it is my name day. Bring along your best, nothing shall be wanting on my part: you shall have five ducats and your supper!—Well, my dear, how about that flute trio, which I ordered of you last year and paid for it beforehand? (A lie, as we shall see).—And that Cantata, brother, which we want to sing at our Masonic festival; have you thought about it? It takes place day after to-morrow.—One last messenger appears on the threshold carefully wrapt up in his mantle. I am in no hurry, I can wait. I need a mass for the dead; for whom you will soon learn, without my telling you.—And to all those people Mozart replies, to one: My lord or my lady, I am at your service; to another: I will do my best to serve you; to this one: your order lies ready; to that one: please have patience yet a little while.

The reader will remember that, besides the the orders which brought in money, Mozart made a multitude of things for his friends and comrades, for which he would take nothing; these should certainly have made it a matter of conscience to reward him with more than a mere "thank you." His scholars, as well as his customers, were divided into two classes, the paying and the not paying, according as music was a matter of love or of speculation with them. To the one class he went; the others came to him. For the scholars in composition he required examples; for those on the piano pieces of progressive difficulty. That made further occupation. With all these resources Mozart combined still another, his more worthy source of income; namely, public concerts, musical evenings in the companies of the higher nobility and subscription academies, as they used to be called. We know not how much these sources of income amounted to, but so much is clear, that Mozart undertook an enormous quantity of labor in them all. He was not one of the artists who spend six months in the year in studying a piece and the other six in playing it. In these concerts every thing had to be by him and new; an excellent means of convincing the public to satiety of an artist's talent.

[To be continued.]

(From the London Times, Feb. 19.)

Death of Mr. John Braham.

On Sunday (Feb. 16) a musician, who may be said to have formed a connecting link between the men of the present generation and their grandfathers, breathed his last. Seldom has there been so remarkable a case of professional longevity as that of Mr. John Braham. There is scarcely a person living too old or too young to have heard him sing.

Born at London in 1774, of parents of the Hebrew persuasion, he is one of the many instances of that aptitude of the Jewish race for music which can scarcely have escaped the notice of any observer of the present age. At a very early age he was confided, already an orphan, to the care of Leoni, an Italian singer of celebrity, and made his *début* as a public singer before he had attained his 11th year, when, from the quality and compass of his voice, he was enabled to sing several *bravura* songs that had been written for Madame Mara. When he lost his boyish voice his future prospects appeared doubtful, but he found a generous patron in Mr. Abraham Goldsmith, and became a professor of the piano. On his voice regaining its power he went to Bath, and there, in the year 1764, made his first appearance at some concerts that took place under the direction of M. Rauzzini, who, appreciating his talent, gave him musical instruction for three years.

In 1796 young Braham was engaged by the still-remembered composer, Signor Storace, for Drury-lane Theatre, and his *début* (which was in an opera called *Mahmoud*) was so successful that in the year following he was engaged for the Italian Opera-house. Hoping, however, to achieve a reputation more permanent than could be obtained by any other course, he resolved to visit Italy and there to complete his musical education. Florence was the first city at which he appeared in public; thence he went to Milan and afterwards to Genoa, at which latter place he studied composition under Isola.

Leaving Italy in consequence of numerous solicitations from his own country, where the intelligence of his Italian successes had awakened a lively curiosity, he made his *début* at Covent-garden in 1801. This is the point from which may be dated that triumphant career during which he created a constant *furore*, the effect of which has lasted in some degree even to the present day. A vocalist who was also an accomplished musician was a rare spectacle at the commencement of the present century, and for many years he was without a competitor. Long after his voice had lost its original power he was successively engaged at several theatres on the strength of a reputation which seemed undying, and his proficiency in singing Handel's music was universally acknowledged when his career as a dramatic vocalist had reached its termination. The facts may be deemed interesting that the opera in which he made his first appearance after his return from Italy was a work by Messrs. Mazzinghi and Reeve, entitled the *Chains of the Heart*, that for a series of years (terminating in 1816) he sang at the King's Theatre, in concert with Mesdames Billington, Fodor, and Grassini; and that when Weber composed his opera *Oberon* for the English stage he was the original Sir Huon.

While his success as a vocalist was without precedent, Mr. Braham was also renowned as a composer. Not only did he write several of the most popular songs, but he composed a tolerably long list of entire operas, as they were called in their time, though, according to present notions, they were merely dramas, interspersed with occasional songs. Of these the most celebrated were perhaps the *Cabinet* and the *Devil's Bridge*, relics of which will be found in every old-fashioned book.

The only vocation which Mr. Braham tried without success was that of the manager. The St. James's Theatre, which he built as an opera-house, and which was first opened in 1836, never satisfactorily answered the purpose for which it was originally intended.

In private life Mr. Braham was generally respected. He moved in good society, and among his acquaintance his fame as a man of extensive information and as a humorous retailer of anecdote was scarcely inferior to his reputation as a vocalist among the general public.

Vivier and his French Horn.—Lent brings the vast flock of musicians to Paris. Vivier comes among them this year, and as much of a mountebank as ever. Every day brings some new story about him. The following is the best one I have heard recently. This fellow "has too much dignity" (God save the mark,) to put himself into a good humor and become diverting, when formally asked to do so; and whenever such a request is made, he becomes at once stiff and formal. At an evening party last week this appeal was made with the usual result, and as the hostess and the guests insisted upon it very indelicately, he feigned compliance, and asked for a violin. It was given him amid the loud cries of the company—now we are going to have fun! Vivier declared that with that king of instruments he could express everything, imitate all sounds, depict all scenes. Now I am going to exhibit a limping gentleman going to a railway station and pressed for time; he arrives too late; the train goes off as he enters the station. Imitative music could not have been more perfect, and everybody roared except the brother of the hostess, who was lame. Vivier next gave notice that he was going to represent a lady who stammers a great deal, and who is exceedingly stingy, disputing with a hack-driver because she will give him no *pourboire*. It was admirable, and everybody, except the mistress of the house, who stutters and passes for a too economical lady, laughed heartily. Then he gave a blond German making love to the French brunette, who talks gently and languidly, which everybody found very comical, except a lady and a gentleman present. For nearly an hour Vivier continued to ridicule some of the guests, without mercy and without delicacy, and broke all the laws of good-breeding and trampled on every sentiment of gentlemanly bosoms, because his hostess forgot one of the precepts of politeness, which he gives but too much cause to believe is numbered among none of those which he reckons as canons of social commerce.—*Corr. N. O. Picayune.*

(From the Kölnische-Zeitung.)

The Mozart Festival.

The Mozart Festival has swept by—On the occasion of the hundredth return of Mozart's birth-day, a musico-philanthrophical association has been called into life, and adorned with his name—may it thrive and prosper! We have been reminded at Frankfort how much good has been already effected by the Mozart-Stiftung there—may it be as lasting in its result as Mozart's works! In Vienna, an attempt has been made to discover the grove of our dear Wolfgang Amadeus—perhaps it has been successful—but, in reality, it does not much matter, after all. There is one thing that has not been thought of on this occasion, namely, that Mozart's manuscripts are not preserved in their greatest possible completeness for posterity. If nothing is done in the matter, people will talk, in a hundred years, of the unartistic sentiments of our generation, as we now talk, perhaps with some exaggeration, of the generation which neglected to mark Mozart's grave with a stone.

It is well-known that nearly all Mozart's compositions, in his original hand-writing, are in the possession of the Messrs. André, of Frankfort-on-the-Maine. His earliest and his latest works—printed and unprinted—an incalculable treasure—are all there. Messrs. André, who have a real love for Art, are not alone proud of possessing these musical relics, but have, in the interest of Art, made the best use of them, partly by publishing many works hitherto unknown and partly by the politeness with which they allow them to be viewed, as well as for the free use of them which they granted Professor Jahn for his excellent work on Mozart. But it is manifest that the completeness and security of such a collection, with the changes to which the circumstances of private individuals are exposed, are not assured, as long as the collection is in the hands of such persons, however honorable. The question is, therefore, to place Mozart's manuscripts in some place where they may be safely preserved and easily accessible to posterity—only a public library unites both these advantages, and, therefore,

within the walls of such an institution must these relics be deposited.——But in which one?

Prussians will propose Berlin; Saxons, Dresden; and Bavarians, Munich—but for Mozart's manuscripts, after all, there is "only one imperial city, only one Vienna."* However much the Viennese may have sinned against the great man, the influence which their manners and customs, their love of music, and the place they inhabit, together with its neighborhood, exercised upon him cannot be denied, although it cannot be the object of these lines to prove it. Mozart belongs especially to Vienna, that is, to the Vienna of *his time*, just as Correggio belongs to the city of Parma—for there it was that he lived and loved, that he suffered and created—and although the outward covering of his mind can no longer be found there, at least the outward covering of the works of his mind, if I may so express myself, may be contemplated with respect and love.

But now comes the question at which good nature stops. Who is to pay the expense necessary for the acquisition of the treasures in question?

Who other than the descendant of Joseph II., that noble Emperor, who loved Mozart, and urged him to many of his most beautiful creations, even though he gave him but little money? Joseph did not think of money, any more than Mozart—they were two geniuses; but the best proof how highly the partiality of his Emperor was prized by the musician is afforded by the fact that the latter refused the most brilliant offers from other places in order to remain near him.

We cannot, however, expect that a young monarch, in whose hands a part of the history of Europe rests, should think of original manuscripts, even though they are those of Mozart. The importance of their acquisition must be brought home to him; their preservation must be represented to him as the wish of the most educated and most eminent persons in the nation—and he will then, without doubt, expend, both readily and willingly, the two or three guilders, or even thousands it necessary for the object in view.

Let musicians, and the lovers of music, bestir themselves in this business, from Hamburgh to Salzburgh, from Berlin to Vienna, from Konigsberg to Cologne. If in every city and in every little town, in which the strains of Mozart have produced their happy effect, addresses are drawn up, expressing their wish, and if these addresses bear the signatures of all those who love and exercise the art, such a chorus of thousands of voices will reach the of the mighty monarch, Herr Vesque von Püttling (Hoven) in Vienna, and assuredly not find them shut to the appeal. who is at the same time a high official and an excellent musician, will, no doubt, willingly allow the addresses to be forwarded to him, in order, when they are all collected, to send them on in the right course, and a successful result cannot and will not be wanting.

May musical and non-musical papers interest themselves in this business, whether they look upon my project as good or bad. One thing is certain: we must profit by the present moment, if the question, like so many others having nought to do with material interests, is not to be carried away by the stream of time. In London, the manuscripts of Handel, that German musician whom England in so many respects made her own, are shown with pride in the Royal Library. Beethoven's manuscripts are scattered about all over the world, and only the very smallest portion of those of Haydn are to be found—a lucky star has yet preserved those of Mozart. May they remain, for the most distant times, with the people whom the great man with pride named his own!

FERDINAND HILLER.

Cologne, 1st February, 1856.

* "Es gibt nur eine Kaiserstadt, nur ein Wien," is a proverbial expression in Germany.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Minor Music.

Minor music is most peculiarly the music of passion. It is not always plaintive; now and then it bursts out in the grandest strains. But it always addresses the emotional part of our nature. Its softness is always tinged with melancholy; its grandeur is always dark and mysterious: but whether soft or strong, hurried or slow, we feel that the deepest, holiest recesses of our being are penetrated and passions awakened there of which we were before almost unconscious.

The effect of major music is commonly light and cheerful. It may indeed be full of tenderness, or sparkle with brilliant tones, or come up with a flourish of trumpets. Still, it is always reasonable, always human. There is nothing mysterious or incomprehensible in it.

Both modes are differently affected by change of power or movement. In major passages a slow movement gives the air of solemnity: in minor, the strain becomes a dirge. In the major mode, loudness leads from cheerful to sublime: in the minor mode, it changes the effect from plaintive or penitential to a glowing grandeur.

Perhaps these two modes of music may not improperly be regarded as representing two styles of literary composition. The major represents the prose of music, and the minor its poetry. The musical imagination is as distinct from the musical understanding, as these powers or faculties are from each other with respect to other subjects than music. If major strains affect the understanding, the minor mode touches the imagination, warming the heart of sympathy, or kindling the fires of intense emotion.

When the mind is in harmony with music in the minor key, whether plaintive or grand, it is not in its normal condition. It is either in a state of lassitude, like physical exhaustion, or else is subject to unusual tension. Laughing, or at least smiling, is the ordinary, natural act of man, even when he is hardly conscious of any cause. Not so with tears or stupefaction. Now, who that feels music at all, can laugh, or even smile when minor strains are played? And who cannot, when the harmony breaks off into the major key?

There is probably a physical cause for this difference in our impressions. This part of our nature remains to be studied by philosophers. Some considerations may however be stated, which may furnish a hint for the solution of the problem.

In lassitude, which may arise from bodily weakness, from sympathy, or from sorrow, the natural inflections of the voice in speaking will be slight,—only semitones or other minor intervals. Thus a sick man asks a question with an interval of a minor third, which, when well, he would qualify with a fifth, perhaps an octave. Hence arises what we call the whining, *Petergrievous* tone. Dread, too, reduces the voice to nearly a monotone. Here is an imaginary weakness in apprehension of some mysterious phantasy, clothed with unknown powers. Let a person read the passage in the fourth chapter of the book of Job, where Eliphaz describes the apparition he saw, and he will find he cannot use major intervals: or if he reads Eve's lament for the loss of Paradise, the same necessity of using minor inflections will be perceived.

When the body is weary or feeble, the vocal chords are relaxed and the will declines to put forth more effort than is absolutely necessary for utterance. So it is when the mind is under the control of awe. The system then becomes 'weak as water.' Eliphaz says, 'Fear came upon me, and trembling, which made all my bones to shake.' Sorrow and sympathy lead to a similar relaxation. This unwillingness, or perhaps inability to vary the tension of the vocal chords, which is never felt when the spirits are cheerful and the springs elastic, appears to be the natural cause of minor intervals.

The relation of sound and its combinations to the mind is a subject that has been quite neglected, but one that would afford much interest to a philosophic mind, gifted with a proper musical sense. Its investigation would certainly bring to light much that is now hidden from us, though relating to our commonest processes. In this direction we do not know ourselves. There is a mystery attending the major and minor scales that professed musicians hold in dispute. That mystery is a mystery of our being: it is the work of the Creator in planning our organization.

B.

[From the Philadelphia Bulletin.]

IL TROVATORE.

There was an old woman who somewhere did dwell,
Who was burnt for a witch as the opera doth tell,
A daughter she had too, a gipsy so bold,
Who went to a house where an infant she stoled.

[Chorus in the Italian language, relative to the way she booked it.]
Singing tooral, toledo and in dormero:
Allegro andanty and sempre amo,
O giorno dorrore! mia madre you know,
With fata crudele funeste & Co.

Now after they'd burnt up the old gipsy mother,
The daughter came by with her own child and tother;
When she saw her marm burning, it woke up her ire,
And she slung the stole baby smack into the fire.

[Sizzling chorus deskriptive of the burning.]
Singing tooral, toledo and io dormiro, &c.

Now when the poor baby was all of a bake,
She found out she'd burnt up her own by mistake:
And as she felt bad at the deed she had done,
She brought up the other and called him her son.

[Chorus in the barrow-tone style.]
Singing tooral, toledo, &c.

Now when the young man got to years of discretion,
He took up with music all for a profession.
Likewise a young woman for sweetheart he got,
And all her affections upon him she sot.

[Basso-reliefo chorus in which I set forth the young woman's sentiment as expressed in a furrin language.]
Tooral, toledo, &c. &c.

There's a chap now, a Count who comes into the song,
Who likewise loved this lady uncommonly strong.
And meeting Manrico—her lover—one night,
They pulled out their weapons intending to fight.

[Spirited chorus expressing a norful combat which come very nigh coming off.]
Tooral, toledo, &c.

The next scene discovers Manrico, a gipsy,
With fellows who drink a great deal and get tipsy,
And who hammer on anvils, like jolly good fellows,
While their wives mind the fire and their sons blow the bellows.

[Hardware chorus a la horse-shoe.]
Singing tooral, toledo, &c.

But alas! after all this fine singing and fighting
Which gave the occasion for all this fine writing;
The Count got Manrico locked up in the jug,
And held him as tight as a bug in a rug.

[Doleful chorus, sparging the lagrime.]
Tooral, toledo, &c.

Then the lady came weeping and wailing around,
Where Manrico was lying all on the cold ground.

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With the old gipsy woman while ballads he sung,
Resolved to die game though he'd got to be hung.
[Game chorius with back up and straps buckled down.]
Tooral, toledo, &c.

The Count came along—says the lady says she,
"If you'll let my love go, why then you may take me!"
So the count he consented to open the door,
And wipe off the chalks 'gainst the bold trovatore.
[Trovatore—a cove vot sings. Frinstance, I'm a trovytore, as you hear by the following:]
Tooral, toledo, &c.

But the lady she thought "I'll ne'er be his wife.
And I'll swindle the Count if it costs me his life."
So ven he comes in, there she lay on her side;
And they found sure enough 'twas by pison she'd died.
[Chorius expressive of pison.]
Tooral, toledo, &c. &c.

Then the folks made a fire 'cause the Count was so sore,
And in it they burnt up the gay trovatore;
Then the gipsy says she, "Count—I wasn't his mother,
And I'm sorry to say that you've burned up your brother."
[Chorius expressing a grand family fry.]
Tooral, toledo, &c., &c.

A NEW OPERA BY A SPIRIT!—The *Spiritual Telegraph* contains the following statement. Who the "competent judges of musical composition" were, it does not inform us.

A few weeks since a young lady, sixteen years of age, daughter of an intelligent gentleman who resides a few miles from Boston (and who was developed some time since as a musical medium), was informed by her musical instructor (purporting to be Beethoven), that he had prepared an original *opera* which he desired to perform through her on the piano-forte. The young lady immediately commenced practising the same under the influence of the spirit, and soon after, on an evening designated by him, certain individuals—competent to judge of a musical composition and performance—assembled to hear the first complete rehearsal of this complicated and (as it proved) most wonderful production. A *programme* was prepared by the invisible author of the opera, the entire composition being divided into eighteen parts, including the overture and grand finale. The young lady performed the entire composition in one hour and twenty minutes, without leaving the instrument. If we may respect the testimony of good judges, the original performance was extremely brilliant and effective throughout.

A few days since, the writer met several of the parties who witnessed this singular operatic performance, including the young lady herself. The spirit was also present, and the medium was inspired with some of the grandest strains that mortals ever listened to or may hope to hear on earth. On Saturday evening, the 3d ult., the writer was one of a select company assembled at the residence of a distinguished gentleman who resides near Franklin square, Boston. On that occasion the spirit improvised on a grand piano, for an hour or more, with such masterly skill and power, as left us no room to deny the presence or to question the claims of the immortal musician. Two pieces were played—the first purported to be from Beethoven, and the second from Mozart, each occupying half an hour in the performance, and the brilliant style and extraordinary execution of the compositions thrilled the sense and the soul with more than electric power.

It is worthy of remark that *the young lady to whom we have referred, has never taken a single lesson on the piano*, yet she performs when under spiritual influence with all the skill of a master! In her rapid fingering, tone, volume, and in all that is comprehended in the most accomplished art, or displayed in the varied difficult range of intricate harmonies, she seems to be endowed with preternatural powers. All who have chanced to witness the results of her musical inspiration, have regarded her performances as truly startling and wonderful.

The Manuscript of Don Giovanni.

A pleasant piece of musical reading has just been contributed to *L'Illustration*, by M. Viardot, containing some notices of the original score of *Don Giovanni*, which, as the *Athenæum* announced some months since, has fallen, by purchase, into the hands of Madame Viardot. The manuscript is entirely complete, those bars excepted which should contain the dialogue in the cemetery betwixt Don Juan and Leporello; introducing the duet, *O Statua gentillissima*. The missing leaf in some degree authenticates the manuscript; since not only, as M. Viardot reminds us, was the short scene in question an after-thought—sketched at a moment's warning to give additional effect to the duet—but it was completed under corrections which may account for its being loose, and therefore lost from the MS. "In directing the first rehearsal of his opera," says Mr. Holmes in his "Life of Mozart," "he was obliged to stop the orchestra at the scene in the cemetery, *Di rider finirai*, * * as one of the trombone players did not execute his part correctly. The scene was originally accompanied by three trombones only. As the passage, after repeated attempts had no better success, Mozart went to the desk of the player and explained to him how he would have it done. The man, who was a crusty fellow, answered with some rudeness, 'It is impossible to play it; and if I can't play it I am sure you can't teach me.' 'Heaven forbid,' returned the composer, smiling, 'that I should attempt to teach you the trombone; here, give me your part, and I will soon alter it.' He did so on the spot, and added two oboes, two clarionets, and two bassoons." This addition may have caused the detaching of the leaf. By the way, while glancing at this anecdote, with reference to the MS. in Madame Viardot's possession, we cannot help pointing out how Mr. Holmes contradicts it in the very paragraph which immediately precedes it, in which the biographer declares that Mozart "never" made sketches nor "retouched compositions, though we now and then find him improving a thought in the act of writing." More than one interesting example of the retouching or improving process are to be found in this MS.

The phrase which opens the *agitato*, *Or sai chi l'onore*, was thus reconsidered, great vigor being gained by the alteration. The accompaniments to the statue commandant's awful entry at the libertine's supper were also changed for the better. What will the purists say on hearing that the employment of a chorus in the *stretta* to the first grand *finale* is an effect not provided for in Mozart's score, who limited the passion and power of the climax to the seven *solo* singers? Will they not admit that the freedom taken is justified by the result? There are stage directions, too, in Mozart's score worth noticing. In the triple ball room music the composer directed that the second and the third orchestra should begin their parts by imitating players tuning—thus forestalling the grotesque piece of musical farce with which M. Meyerbeer opens his *finale* to *L'Etoile*. In the supper scene, when Donna Elvira (the *devotee* side of whose character has never in our experience been indicated by its representative) kneels to Don Juan in the earnestness of her last hopeless appeal to his conscience, Mozart enjoins Don Juan to kneel to her—in mockery. In closing his pleasant notice, M. Viardot, after recalling the well known reply of Signor Rossini, who, being asked which of his own operas he preferred, said "*Don Giovanni*," proceeds to repeat a saying spoken the other day by the great Italian composer when this MS. score was shown to him. "My friend," said the composer of *Guillaume Tell*, laying his hand on Mozart's pages, "he is the greatest, he is the master of all; he is the only one who had as much genius as science — as much science as genius!"

A ROSSINI-ISM.—After hearing Lablache hold forth at St. Peter's, he went up to him, and said, "he was decidedly a musical canon of the church; the thundersof the Vatican were as penny-trumpets compared to the thunders of his voice!"—*Punch.*

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MAR. 15, 1856.

NEW VOLUME.—Subscriptions are now in order for a new year of the *Journal of Music*. With the number for Saturday, April 5, it will enter upon its *fifth* year, and *ninth* volume. With that number we shall commence the publication of a translation, made expressly for this Journal, of a beautiful Art novel by Mme. GEORGE SAND, in which the characters are musical, and which has never yet appeared in English. It will make pleasant reading for the summer months.

Our readers generally, as well as our agents, are earnestly requested, as they wish this Journal not only to continue its existence, but to improve in character and variety of matter, to exert themselves a little *now* to send us in the names of new subscribers. Our subscription list is still far short of what it should be to verify all the good things that are said of us, and in Boston especially, is by no means worthy of so musical a city. If each subscriber will but send us one new name besides his own, it would give us the means and time for making a much better paper.

TERMS, as heretofore, by mail, $2 per annum; by carrier, $2.50, *payable in advance*. This condition of prepayment will hereafter, especially in the case of out-of-town subscribers, be more strictly enforced. The really serious losses which have been the reward of our indulgence hitherto, compel us to this measure.

A GRAVE COMPLAINT.

TO OUR DELINQUENT SUBSCRIBERS AND ADVERTISERS.

We are sorry to address a numerous company. A large proportion of the just earnings of our Journal for the past two years or more is still withheld from us. Hundreds of dollars are due to us for unpaid advertisements and subscriptions. This, where our profits do not count by thousands, is a serious inconvenience. Not only is it actual loss of money, but a grievous loss of time spent in repeated fruitless efforts to collect—time which we owe to editorial, rather than to such clerkly functions. We have a long list of *doubtful* names, to whom the paper has been sent for months and years, yet who answer no bills; these names we must cut off, unless they prove themselves *good* names at once.

☞ BACK NUMBER WANTED.—We repeat the notice which we have given several times before, that any of our subscribers who may have copies of No. 4, Vol. V, (April 29, 1854,) which they do not care to preserve, will do us a great favor by sending them to this office. That No. is needed to complete sets for binding.

CONCERTS.

OTTO DRESEL gave the third of this his third season of classical piano Soirées on Monday evening. The Chickering saloon was nearly filled with the best kind of audience, who listened with deep attention (despite a few whispering Vandals somewhere in the back part of the room) and with evident delight to nearly every item of the following programme:

PART I.

1. Trio for Piano, Violin and Violoncello.........Otto Dresel.
   1. Allegro appassionato ed energico—2. Adagio affettuoso.
   3. Scherzo, Animato assai—Finale, con fuoco.
2. Songs.........Robert Franz.
   "Mother, O sing me to rest," (Op. 10.)
   "Das macht das dunkelgrüne Laub," (Op. 20.)
   "Verlass mich nicht," (Op. 21.)
3. Adagio from the Sonata for Piano, Op. 106......Beethoven.

PART II.

4. Trio in E flat, Op. 70, No. 2.........Beethoven.
   1. Poco sostenuto, Allegretto non troppo—2. Allegretto—
   3. Allegretto non troppo—4. Finale.
5. Prelude and Fugue from the "Wohl temperirte Klavier.........J. S. Bach.
   And Selections from.........Chopin.
6. Songs.........Robert Franz.
   "So weit von hier," (Op. 22.)
   Spring Song, (Op. 7.)
   Slumber Song, (Op. 1.)

In the two Trios Mr. Dresel had, as before, the valuable aid of Mr. SCHULTZE's violin and

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Mr. JUNGNICKEL's violoncello. It was a satisfaction to be able to verify again the impression twice produced on us in former seasons by Mr. Dresel's own Trio. We can say more strongly than we said two years ago: "It is a work that wears well; full of imagination, full of delicate touches, full of fire. Both in the ideas, which are original and interesting, and in the working up, which is skilful, complex and yet clear, preserving the most satisfying unity amid great wealth of contrast, it rewards attention and excites the desire for a more intimate acquaintance, scarcely less than the immortal works in this form, (not, it is true, very numerous) by the grander masters." This time, more than before, the whole work took possession of us. More than ever we felt its genuine musical inspiration, its power and depth of feeling, its elevation above all that is merely mechanical, sentimental or common-place, its artist-like maturity of style and abstemious thoughtfulness of treatment. It is neither coldly classical, externally and tamely true to approved models, nor spasmodic, extravagant and formless, like the ambitious efforts of many alleged young geniuses who stand forth as representatives of "progress." While it is new —newer than some things that are called "of the future"—it seems to have no quarrel with the old. We have listened during the past winter to a Trio by BRAHMS and a Quartet by RUBINSTEIN, those famous lions of 'Young Germany,' and we have yet to see an indication of any power in either of them at all comparable to that evinced in Mr. Dresel's Trio. Why will not our friend work out more of his inspirations in such forms? Why will he rely on quality alone, and not increase the quantity as others do, who do not always ask the Muse or wait for the soul's genial season before they rush before the world with new productions? This time the Trio did not seem to suffer in the rendering.

The FRANZ *Lieder* were sung, as before, by Mr. KREISSMANN, and with great acceptance. Certainly they are the freshest and selectest gifts of melody which could be introduced to add piquancy to a feast of instrumental music. The singer was particularly happy in the two last pieces: the "Spring Song," which expresses the wild impulses and yearnings of the Spring, with all their mingled gaiety and sadness, and the exquisitely dreamy "Slumber Song," to words from TIECK. In both, the accompaniment is marvellously beautiful and full of meaning, in playing which Mr. Dresel shows how intimately he has made the Franz songs his own.

The Adagio by BEETHOVEN, from the famous Sonata of his later days, in B flat, op. 106 (the Adagio itself is in F sharp minor), was evidently a puzzle to most listeners. It was heard, however, with the profound respect which any thing from Beethoven, however strange, however far from brilliant or effective in the ordinary sense, is sure to command in a community which could erect a statue to the great composer. To many it was a mystery; some shook their heads and thought he surely *was* deaf when he wrote that, and even experienced artists have queried whether he was quite clear in his own mind about it; it is so sombre, so dreamily groping in harmonious twilight as it were; so repeatedly after each wondrous lift of modulation sinking back into the same brooding and most melancholy mood; and above all, so long. No wonder that they wondered more than they were charmed.* We must own, however, to having never been so deeply moved by any one of Beethoven's remarkable piano forte Adagios. Has not reverie its place among the best experiences of life, and is it nothing to stand a while with such a soul as Beethoven upon the dim shores of the infinite and feel the thrill of that great mystery in which our being is encompassed? Depend upon it, that strange music is the embodiment of a deep mood in which it is good to linger quite as long as Beethoven will let us.—But with the Trio in E flat *all* found themselves at home again with the loved master, and thanked the concert-giver for this repetition of it. All found it as entrancing as they did before, and it was exquisitely played. This was the sweet sunshiny side of Beethoven, by exposure to which the most harmonious instincts in our nature seem to ripen.

Mr. Dresel's smaller piano pieces were as usual felicitous both in the selection and the rendering. That light and airy little arabesque out of old BACH's quaint and cunning art, the Prelude and Fugue (in F minor), sounded as fresh and modern in its feeling, as it is learned in its structure; as truly an inspiration, a gift of real fancy, as if it had come from the modern "romantic" and not from the "classical" side of the house; and worth comparing with the "fairy vein" of MENDELSSOHN. It was executed with the utmost delicacy and clearness, the performer losing himself completely in the spirit of the piece, as he did also in three beautiful selections from CHOPIN: namely, an *Etude*, a Prelude, and a Notturno, the latter of which was not unfamiliar.

There remains but one more concert of this delightful series, and that is all that we have yet before us of all the Chamber Concerts that have helped to smooth the frowns of this inclement winter.

MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB. — The regular series having been completed, the Annual Benefit Concert of the Club took place on Tuesday evening. The very large attendance at Chickering's showed how warmly and how widely their efforts (for now seven years) to initiate us into the delightful mysteries of Quartet and Quintet are appreciated. The Concert was a very fine one and the programme very rich, as follows:

PART I.

1 Quartette No. 8, in B flat, (first time,)............Mozart.
Allegro assai—Minuet o—Adagio—Finale, Allegro
2 Scene and Air from "L'Elisir d'Amor,"..........Donizetti.
Mrs. J. H. Long.
3 Concerto for Three Pianos, in D minor,.............Bach.
Allegro Moderato—Siciliano—Finale, Allegro,
Messrs. Trenkle, Parker and Perkins.

PART II.

4 Adagio from the 2d Quintette in B flat, (by request)
Mendelssohn.
5. Songs:—1. Ave Maria.......................R. Franz.
2 Hark, the Lark........................F. Schubert.
Mrs J. H. Long.
6. Quintette in C, No 2. Op 29...................Beethoven.
Moderato—Adagio—Scherzo—Finale, Presto.

* M. LENZ informs us that this Sonata was composed in 1816-17, "the most unhappy period of Beethoven's existence, during the lawsuit about the guardianship of his nephew." He also states that the Adagio has been arranged for voice and piano, upon the text: *Das Grab ist tief und stille* (The grave is deep and still). He says this Adagio "has something of the biblical wailings of Zion. It is an immense lamentation seated on the ruins of all earthly goods. It has a grand *motif* with variations still more grand. Style in variations could not be carried further. There is a curious fact related of this piece. Ries had been charged by Beethoven with the sale of the manuscript of the Sonata in London, when he received a letter in which Beethoven begged him to add (prefix) to the Adagio two notes, *a* and *c* sharp. Ries was much surprised that he should have to add two notes to a composition of his stamp, which had been entirely finished more than two months and which seemed to exclude the slightest alteration. Nevertheless the effect was marvellous, the two notes now forming the first measure of the Adagio. Two steps conducting to the gate of the sepulchre!"

The Quartet and the Quintets were remarkably well played. The former proved a delightful accession to our stock of MOZART memories. In the Allegro and Finale it is one of the most happy, sunshiny and spontaneous inspirations of his ever child-like nature. The Minuetto is after the regular pattern of the stately old dance, quaintly beautiful. The Adagio is perfectly lovely, full of the purest, tenderest feeling. The whole work is in a right popular and appreciable vein, yet a fine specimen of the inimitable art of Mozart.

The Concerto by BACH awoke memories of Otto Dresel's earlier concerts, when the three pianos were played by SCHARFENBERG, JAELL and DRESEL. This time our unfortunately one-sided position with regard to the pianos, being so near to one that we could not hear the others equally well, interfered with our receiving so clear an impression as we could have wished. We doubt not that the effect would have been better, had the instruments been placed upon a platform, instead of being ranged across the floor, beneath the quartet of strings accompanying. As it was, however, it was pleasant to renew acquaintance with so fine a work. We cannot see how any one can find it dull; there is such a wholesome breadth and fulness of life in it; you are buoyed up as upon the broad, generous, sparkling surface of the sea. Messrs. TRENKLE, PARKER and PERKINS co-operated to good purpose, and this was certainly a graceful and artistic service for them to render to their friends.

We would thank whomever it was that requested the repetition of the Adagio from that Quintet of MENDELSSOHN played at the previous concert. It is one of his grandest and most deeply pathetic works, and was played admirably. So was the wonderful Quintet of Beethoven, which is the last of the only two he wrote, and perhaps the noblest composition of the kind.

Mrs. LONG displayed highly finished and effective execution in the piece by DONIZETTI. The FRANZ *Ave Maria* and the Serenade by SCHUBERT were sung quite acceptably, in beautiful voice, and in better style than we could expect from one whose chief experience has been in very different kinds of song. A little more fervor, a more perfect entering into the spirit of the music was the chief thing wanting.

The members of the Quintette Club have done an excellent work this winter—for their public, if not for themselves. We trust that they will feel encouraged to minister, as they have done, to our growing appetite for sweet sounds for many winters yet to come.

THE GERMAN TRIO (Messrs. GARTNER, HAUSE and JUNGNICKEL) gave the sixth and last of their second season of Concerts in the Chickering saloon, last Saturday evening. The programme as usual was of a mixed character.

PART I.

1 Grand Sonata.......................................Hummel.
For Piano and Violoncello, (by request.)
2 Variations in A, for Violin..............................Prume.

PART II.

3 Cavatina. Ma la sola, from "Beatrice de Tenda,"... Bellini.
4 Duo Concertante, for Piano and Violoncello, on
themes from Norma.................Gregoir and Servais.
5 German Song, "The Bright Eyes,"....................Stigell.
6. Fantasie Brillante, for Violin, on themes "Der Freyschütz,"...................................... Mcser.

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The vocal numbers were sung by Mrs. J. M. MOZART. We were only able to hear the last two pieces. Mr. GARTNER played the *Freyschütz* fantasy very brilliantly; the themes themselves are refreshing compared with those more frequently selected for such show pieces. It was truly a treat to hear again that Trio of Beethoven, with its mystical Adagio, which plays upon the supernatural chords within us, and which has given to the work in Germany the name of the *Geister*-Trio. (The Ghost Trio.) It was in many respects very well played, only with too level and uniform a degree of force, too little light and shade.

MORE ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS.—We are happy to state that the fine orchestra, which has given us so much good music during the winter, is not to be allowed to fall to pieces now that the evening series is completed. Measures are to be taken forthwith to secure the ground that has been gained, and to organize, upon the basis of that orchestra, a permanent association for the provision of the higher class of instrumental concerts in our city for, we trust, many seasons yet to come.

Meanwhile the orchestra will be kept in play and the musical spirit not allowed to go to sleep, by a series of six Wednesday AFTERNOON CONCERTS, to be given in the Music Hall. Beethoven's statue is not to stand there *presiding over nothing* all the time until next winter. There have been many anxious inquiries for afternoon concerts. The music-lovers of many neighboring towns were wholly cut off from the Orchestral Concerts by the want of rail-road accommodations. Ladies can go unattended in the afternoon, and the lengthening Spring days will tempt many out.

The selections of course will be less exclusively classical than those of the evening concerts. The object is to suit all tastes. But we are assured that every concert will include a Symphony and one good Overture, besides lighter varieties, as set forth in the announcement in another column. Beethoven's Seventh Symphony will probably be given at the first.

Musical Chit-Chat.

MRS. ROSA GARCIA DE RIBAS gives a Concert this evening—the first time for three years—in the Tremont Temple. She has many claims upon the music-lovers of Boston, and with such attractions as she and her husband, our excellent oböist, with distinguished aid, can offer, there should be a full house. The orchestra, under CARL ZERRAHN, will play the popular overtures to *Semiramide* and *Fra Diavolo*, and wind up with the "Wedding March." Mr. SATTER, the brilliant pianist, will play a fantasia of his own, and a duo by Herz and Lafont with the veteran violinist, Mr. KEYZER. Mr. DE RIBAS will play Ernst's *Elegie* upon his oböe, and a solo on the English horn, that bigger brother of the family.—Mrs. DE RIBAS is to sing two Italian pieces solo, and in two duets with Mr. ARTHURSON, who will also sing one serious solo, and one of the funny extravaganzas of John Parry "by particular request."

The concert of the children of the Warren Street Chapel drew a large audience to the Music Hall last week on Monday, and was truly a pleasant affair. The decorations of Saturday remained; there were some three hundred happy faces on the stage; some of the youngest sat on steps built up around the base of the great statue, and Beethoven looked down with quite a benign Sunday school-teacher aspect. The choruses were sung very sweetly, and for the most part in tune, in soprano and alto; we never heard a mass of children sing so well; they did great credit to the institution and to their teacher Mr. CLAUDE H. CLARKE.... ADELAIDE PHILLIPPS has succeeded DIDIEE in the Italian Opera troupe and has already appeared in Philadelphia as Arsace. The *Evening Bulletin* says of her: "Although of a most unheroic figure and face, she made herself completely at home in the part of the 'commander of the forces.' Greater self-possession, grace of movement, intelligence in acting, and readiness for the business of the stage, we have never seen in any opera singer. Her voice is a contralto of good quality and moderate power. Her method is excellent and she sang all the difficult music of her part with great correctness, if we except occasional slight faults of intonation which were most perceptible in the cadenzas of the duo: *Giorno d'orrore*. Her first long and arduous scene in the opera was remarkably well done, and indeed, from beginning to end, she was prompt, energetic and fully absorbed in her part and the business assigned to her. She fully shared with Madame Lagrange the honors of the evening."

This week, on Wednesday evening, the Opera reopened in New York: illness prevented Miss Phillipps taking the part of the gypsey Azucena in *Il Trovatore*. Meyerbeer's *L'Etoile du Nord* is understood to be in preparation.... BRAHAM, the great English tenor, who reigned so many years without a rival, and who first gave to us Americans an idea of what a great tenor was, although we got it only from the superb ruins of his voice, the ripe perfection of his art remaining, has at last left this mortal stage. We give a notice of his life in another column from the London *Times*. It says nothing of his visit to this country, which was made in 1841, when he was sixty-five years old. What crowds here in Boston thronged to the old Melodeon to hear him, and with what wonderful power he thrilled us by his grand renderings of the recitatives in Handel's "Israel in Egypt," or Luther's "Judgment Hymn"! With what exquisite tenderness he sang "Thy rebuke"! and how gracefully those English songs and ballads!

....To pass from music to a sister art,—which we may well do by taking the hand of one who has ministered to us so well in both,—we have rejoiced to hear such excellent accounts from Florence of our townsman THOMAS BALL, the sculptor, whose rich bass did long and excellent service in our oratorios, the while that he was earning no mean reputation as a painter, but who, finding that his truest genius "lay in the form and design, rather than in color," surprised us one day by a statuette bust of Jenny Lind,—the best representation ever made of her; then by an admirable bust and statuette of Webster; then by that life-like head of Jonas Chickering, which stands in marble in the beautiful saloon. The Florence correspondent of the *Newark Advertiser* writes (Jan. 24):

Mr. T. Ball, of Boston, has been working here over a year with earnestness and evident advantage. Having been a portrait painter, he had studied form before he turned his attention to sculpture, and his first modeled works are consequently more perfect in their proportions than first efforts usually are, and what is better, have the expression which indicates true feeling in the artist. He has recently made a sitting-statuette of Washington Allston, which is quite a gem of its kind, besides being a faithful likeness of that lamented artist. The size and character of this work, adapting it to the library or study, render it an available, as well as valuable contribution to Art, and the admirers of Mr. Allston will especially appreciate it as such. Mr. Ball has already in marble a reclining bust called "Truth," which beautifully illustrates the pure idea. He has also in plaster a statue of Pandora, and is now modeling "A ship-wrecked boy." He intends returning to Boston next summer with these rich fruits of his Italian sojourn.

A correspondent of the London *Musical World* communicates the following about the state of music in Italy:

Our Italian contemporaries seem to be coming round to our way of thinking. We find in the *Gazetta Musicale* of Naples, a few reflections on the present state of musical execution in Italy, which tend to the conclusion that musical taste is either entirely lost in Italy, or fast approaching its dissolution. The article to which we allude is signed F. Taglioni, and is suggested by the *reprise* of Donizetti's *Roberto Devereux*. It begins by citing the current opinion of the present race of Italian *dilettanti*, that "Musical science has progressed rapidly in our times, and that dramatic expression has attained, if not perfection, at least something very near it." Now on hearing *Roberto*, which had been laid aside since 1837, when the principal parts were written for Mme. Ronzi de Begnis, Sig. Basadonna, and M. Barroilhet, we were led to reflect, that if art had really progressed so rapidly, it is to be feared that the more it progresses, the more it will recede from the sublime simplicity of the great composers of the past." *Roberto Devereux* may be set down as a failure simply because the singers could not execute the music, or rather because their voices, accustomed to compete with the brass lungs of the orchestra, are overstrained for the softer and more delicate expositions of sentiments. With the exception of that of the heroine by Mme. Medori, the other parts were very indifferently filled by artists who are struggling for notoriety before they are qualified by study, and fancy that a good voice is enough without cultivation.

Sig. Pacini is now in Naples superintending the rehearsals of his new opera, *Margherita Pusterla*, which will be produced at the San Carlo as soon as Sig Coletti returns from Rome. Mercadante is also busy rehearsing his new *Miserere*, which will be executed in the church of San Pietro in place of Zingarelli. Report speaks highly of it, and great expectations are entertained.

At Florence, Signor Carlo Romani's opera, *Le Gemme della Corona*, was produced at the Pergola, on the 11th instant, with very questionable success. It underwent two further additions, but, as it did not gain in public favor, it has been withdrawn. At the Teatro Pagliano *Maria di Rohan* has been successful. A new opera by Sig. Cianchi, entitled *Il Saltimbanco*, is in course of preparation. At Milan *Il Profeta* continues to draw good houses, as also *Lucrezia Borgia*, which is well sustained by Mme. Barbieri-Nini, Mme. Luccioni, Sigi. Graziani, and Giov. Corsi.

M. BERLIOZ is contributing a series of articles to the *Gazette Musicale*, on the duties and requirements of a *Chef d'Orchestre*, or orchestral conductor. They are to form a supplementary chapter to the new edition of his treatise upon Instrumentation. On the 26th ult., Berlioz gave a concert in the Salle Herz. The first part included an air from Gretry's *Anacreon*, and a fantasia on *Il Trovatore* for the piano-melodium; the second part, his *L'Enfance du Christ*, in three parts, and choruses and dances from Gluck's *Armide*.—M. JULES FONTANA lately gave a concert entirely devoted to compositions, vocal and instrumental, of CHOPIN. Six Polish melodies, as yet unpublished, were sung.

Beethoven's posthumous quartets are still zealously studied and produced in Paris by the four devoted artists, MM. Maurin, Mas, Sabatier, and Chevillard. They recently won great applause by their performance of the C sharp minor Quartet, op. 131.—Bottesini's "Siege of Florence" is in rehearsal.

A new Symphony by THEODORE GOUVY is announced in the *Gazette Musicale* as forthcoming at the last concert of the *Société des Jeunes Artistes* in Paris.

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Translated for this Journal.

The Mission of Mozart.

LEADING CHARACTERISTICS OF HIS GENIUS AND HIS WORKS

BY A. OULIBICHEFF.

(Continued from page 187)

The fact that the greatest composer for the church, the theatre and the chamber was obliged to give lessons by the hour, to teach children the scale, to work for parties or for country balls, to gather his daily bread crumb by crumb, is certainly the most extraordinary thing in his biography. Yet who does not at a glance see how much these conditions favored the development of his universal genius, and led straight to the goal of his mission?

This, by comparison with other biographical details, explains to us the catalogue of MOZART, that extraordinary document, in which quantity seems as miraculous as quality. Here is a condensed schedule of its contents:

1. CHURCH MUSIC. Masses, Litanies, Offertories, Motets, Psalms, sacred Cantatas, and a Requiem; in all, 36 works.

2. ORATORIOS. Gerber counts three of them, but only names *Davidde Penitente.*

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6. CHAMBER MUSIC. 10 Violin Trios, only one of which is known to us; 28 Quartets and 8 Quintets for violins; 23 Trios, 5 Quartets, and a multitude of Sonatas and other pieces for two and four hands for the piano; two Quintets for half string and half wind instruments; a Quintet for the Harmonica with accompaniment of flute, hböe, viola and 'cello.

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8 DANCE MUSIC. Minuets, Waltzes, Ländlers, Contra-dances and Allemandes.

9. MILITARY MUSIC. Marches, trumpet pieces, and other pieces for trumpets and kettle drums for cavalry.

10. SERENADE MUSIC. A Notturno, arranged as violin quintet, and a musical joke in which Mozart amused himself by imitating the street musicians. This piece is for two violins, one viola, two horns and a bass.

11. MUSIC FOR INSTRUCTION. Solfeggios, easy Sonatas and Sonatinas; Canons and single Fugues; Studies and Exercises in Counterpoint; a Concise Thorough Bass School, which Mozart wrote for a niece of the Abbé Stadler.

12. ARRANGED MUSIC. Handel's "Messiah," "Acis and Galatea," "St. Cecilia," and "Alexander's Feast."

A very large number of these compositions are not yet published. Those of which the composer himself made a chronological catalogue, extend from Feb. 9, 1784, to Nov. 15, 1791. This catalogue contains 145 numbers. The remainder embraces all that has so far been published, and all that it has been possible to collect of manuscripts of Mozart's earlier works, from the year 1764. But there is every reason to suppose that this collection is by no means complete.

Besides the completed works, there have been found among the papers left by Mozart various plans and fragments of works of all kinds, 90 in number. . . Including these, the total sum of Mozart's compositions, according to Von Nissen, will exceed 800. If we would count only the finished works, we must consider, in the first place, that Mozart never entered in his own catalogue the pieces which he made gratuitously to oblige his friends; secondly, that he never lacked friends, nor the disposition to oblige in that way; and thirdly, that many of these pieces never have been published, but have remained unknown in the hands of their possessors. . . . Among the works contained in neither catalogue, I may name the Concertante which Mozart composed in 1784 for Signora STRINASACCHI; the beautiful duos for violin and viola, which he made for the sick MICHAEL HAYDN, and presented to the Archbishop of Salzburg in his name; also that learned Quartet, called "The Fugue," which has long since been published. I also find nowhere the choruses and inter-acts composed for the drama, "King Thamos in Egypt," which date from the year 1783, and which are said to equal the sublimest creations of HANDEL and of GLUCK. Von Nissen tells us that this music has been adapted to church texts, and that it is still sung in Prague in solemn services as graduals and offertories. Finally, the *Requiem* itself is not found in the autograph catalogue. New discoveries are made continually of works heretofore unknown. The Leipzig *Zeitung* has spoken, among others, of an opera by Mozart, called *La Villanella rapita* (The kidnapped peasant girl.) . . . .

Such is the catalogue of the works of Mozart, and it still waits its completion. Measure the life of the musician with this gigantic document. *Eight hundred* compositions, some of which are volumes of 600 pages and count only as single numbers! Deduct from this total sum the first attempts of childhood, the labors of early youth, the mediocre products thrown aside, and there still remains to fill out the twelve rubrics of the catalogue a multitude of masterworks in every kind of music; the arranged music shows a learned, conscientious labor, while in the subordinate kinds there is at least the merit of a perfect harmony with their respective ends; for even down to lullabies and ländlers, we find compositions which are models in their kind. Eight hundred works in a life of five and thirty years, of which the first eight do not count, of which two thirds were spent in travelling about, while of the rest a large share was divided between the business of instruction and amusements;—a life in which there seems to have been left scarcely more room than the most indefatigable man finds for rest! But instead of this rest we find a whole musical library, a universal cyclopædia!

How are we to reconcile the material possibility of this marvellous fecundity with Mozart's mode of life, which was anything but a home life, and with his many multifarious engagements? The mornings belonged to pupils; the evenings to invitations, to the theatre, to concerts and the

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company of friends. For composition, therefore, there remained only the early hours of morning and the nights. Mozart was a very early riser, and yet he worked from habit and from preference in the night; at least, he was most often seen then at his writing desk or his piano. Our hero found, like SCHILLER, that the external quiet, the solitude, the withdrawal of the visible world, and the state of nervous excitement which accompany the privation of sleep, were mighty vehicles for inspiration. Like the poet, too, he made use of other stimuli not less injurious to health. One might with equal right apply to both the verses of GOETHE upon the early death of his illustrious friend:

> "And many a work, profound and nobly planned,
> The Art and Artist more illustrious made,
> While thus the flower of life's best efforts giving,
> Yea, life itself, to this, the shade of living."

The enormous number of 800 works, produced in these few years, would remain none the less inexplicable, even if Mozart had worked always at his piano, or with pen in hand, and free from all other business. But the solution of the riddle lies in the fact, that by day and by night, morning and evening, at the table or in the carriage, alone or in company, over the social glass or during the pain of teaching the scale, he still composed and composed all the time. The reader will remember that the greater half of the *Clemenza di Tito* was completed on his way to Prague; that several pieces in *Don Juan* had their origin at tenpins; and that a Quintet in the *Zauberflöte* first inspired the composer's fancy to the accompaniment of billiards. In further confirmation of these facts, let us listen to a narrative in which the most precious details are set forth with a naturalness which admits of no doubt about the credibility of the [illegible] WEBER writes:

"I always saw my brother-in-law in good humor, but even in the best of humors very much absorbed in thought; he would look you straight in the eye, answer every thing considerately, whether he was gay or sad, and yet all the time he would seem to be deeply thinking and working upon something wholly different. Even while he washed his hands in the morning he would walk up and down the chamber, never stood a moment quiet, but struck one heel against the other, and was all the time reflecting. At the table he often took a corner of his napkin, rolled it up tightly, and led himself round by the nose with it, so buried in thought that he seemed not to know what he was doing, and often at the same time made a grimace with his mouth. His hands and feet were constantly in motion; he always played with something, for example, with his hat, in his pocket, with his watch ribbon, with tables and stools as if they were pianos, &c."

This narrative requires no comment. Other witnesses add: "When Mozart was alone, or with his wife, or even with other persons whose presence imposed no restraint on him, he was in the habit of humming and even singing with a loud voice, without even knowing it. At such times his face was covered with a burning red, and he would suffer no one to disturb him." These facts, as well as the story of the tenpins and billiards, prove that the noisiest distractions could not always interrupt the thread of his ideas. Nor must we believe that on occasions of this sort Mozart limited himself to seeking the motives or leading thoughts of the projected work, or that he spared himself the labor of the development and instrumentation of the same until a more convenient time. No, he never in composing separated the details from the whole. He worked all out in large, as I believe all great contrapuntists have done. As soon as a thought dawned in him, he seized it at once in all its consequences and in all its accompanying harmony. The melody, the bass, the middle parts, all sounded in his head, at first confused, then with increasing precision, as soul gradually became ear. All arose at once, combined and developed itself without confusion, arranged itself according to the rules of modulation and of counterpoint, and distributed itself between the vocal and the instrumental parts, as if by an æsthetic necessity, an extraordinary instinct, which, however, never was deceived about the beautiful.

I shall no doubt be asked how I have contrived to penetrate in this way into the secrets of the mental operations which resulted in the music of Mozart. He has himself enlightened us about this secret in a letter long since published. (See No. 20 of the present volume of this Journal for a translation of the letter.) Unquestionable as this letter is, we do not need its testimony to convince us that Mozart worked out his compositions whole; their very structure demonstrates this to the eye and ear of every musician; and that he finished them completely in his head, is shown by the fac-similes of his sketches, which are written with such neatness and executed with such exactness that one would take them for the most careful copies. I remark, in passing, the difference in this respect between Mozart and Beethoven, whose manuscripts are illegible. . . . . .

A quite peculiar law of Mozart's nature teaches us the cause of this continued and involuntary mental labor. He had received by nature the most loving heart and the most excitable senses; at the same time, his whole being was so constituted that he could exercise no one of his faculties without the more or less direct participation of his musical organ. Every event that moved him, every at all lively impression from without, awoke sympathetic chords in that mine of harmony within him, out of which there at once shaped themselves the themes which the impulse of the moment had awakened. If, for example, a fine landscape, lit up by a lovely Spring sun, came upon Mozart in his travels, he contemplated it at first with speechless admiration; his serious and thoughtful features brightened; his inner orchestra began to play; the echo thereof came upon his lips, and he exclaimed at length, with sparkling eyes, "Ah, if I only had this theme on paper!" As soon as the relation of the object to the individual had begun to clothe itself with the form which it was definitively to wear—that is to say, when the impressions produced by the outside reality had resolved themselves into musical images—Mozart forgot the object and thought only of the image. Thus we can fully comprehend why he, in spite of his inflammable temperament and his uncommon sensibility, yet had no real passion besides music. On the other hand, he had many fondnesses, which all together served to nourish and to counterbalance this one passion. He loved the female sex, a good table, good wine, billiards, canary birds, riding, dancing, and what not. As a pupil of the elder VESTRIS he prided himself somewhat on his dancing and a fine leg. It is said, too, that he distinguished himself as Harlequin and Pierrot, which were his favorite masquerade characters. All these enjoyments, to which he gladly gave himself up, served, as we have said, for nutriment and counterpoise to his peculiar passion: for nutriment, in so far as his musical organ exercised a power of assimilation upon his other faculties, concentrating all the others in itself, so that in this way the joys and sorrows, the whole emotional and intellectual life of the artist conspired to the benefit of the art. On the other hand, this very passion had to be checked by some means, lest its excess should prove quickly fatal. Possessed day and night by the demon of inspiration, and incapable of opposing thereto a strong will, which he lacked entirely, Mozart sought to escape it for the moment, without always succeeding, whether on foot or on horseback.

The pursuit of amusement, therefore, was so much a physical necessity with him, that he had to satisfy it at any price, unless he would give up the ghost or become insane. So true was this, that the more the passion or the rage for labor increased in him, and they always *did* increase, the greater grew his need of recreation. In his early youth Mozart appears to have been more rational, more orderly and economical, than during the last seven or eight years of his life; at a time, that is, when masterpieces flowed one upon another from his classic pen, and when such continued lofty inspirations finally caused him frequent faintings.

Alternating from the exalted and almost feverish state which follows the creation of masterworks, to the intoxication of sensual enjoyment, and recovering as it were from one excess by plunging into the opposite excess, Mozart knew no such thing as mental sleepiness or corporeal sluggishness, the *far e sentir niente* (doing and feeling nothing,) no such thing as *ennui*—things of which we all accuse ourselves so much, and which serve so admirably to give our machine repose. Mozart in this way gradually used up all the spring of his frail organization in the pursuit of the beautiful, now soaring to it on the fiery wings of ecstacy, now seeking it in the most learned depths of calculation. When he was tired out, he would quench his thirst at the fountain of pleasure, and from the same fountain he drank death. Exhaustion announced itself already with his thirtieth year. He gradually sank into a sort of gloomy hypochondria, which tormented him now more, now less, but which left his humor unimpaired the moment that the fit was past. This, wonderful to relate, appeared to stimulate his already exceeding activity still more, and no doubt became the moral cause of his most sublime creations.

Who does not know Schiller's "Division of the Earth?" Jove says to men: I give you the world; come and share it brother-like among you. All came, the farmer, the merchant, the nobleman, the priest, the king. Each one took his part. After the whole world had been distributed, along came the poet. Why do you come so late, when I have nothing left to give you?

> "Mine eyes hung on thy countenance so bright,
> Mine ears drank in thy Heaven's harmony;
> Forgive the soul, which, drunken with thy light,
> Forgot that Earth had aught for me."

That was a poet's excuse at all events. Jove, delighted to hear the true language of the gods

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spoken by a mortal, replied: Well, then, since the earth is given away, wing yourself up as often as you please to me here in my Heaven.

No one ever made more frequent use of the privilege granted by Jupiter to the sons of Apollo. He was not satisfied with occasionally mounting to the court of the celestials, but he made there his permanent abode. Can we wonder after this that he neglected all below here in this world which looked like a paying occupation? Every one of my readers has, I fancy, been admitted once at least during his life into Olympus; every one has had his moments in which, in his enthusiasm about some thing, some person, some idea, he has forgotten the earthly. Then he too found himself in Olympus, face to face with Jove. Between us and Mozart, however, there is this one small distinction—that we have seen the king of the gods very seldom, whereas Mozart lived with him always. For us the favors of Jove have for the most part had mere illusion and mockery for their sequel. The more prudent ones soon mark this and withdraw themselves into their shell, like the snail which has thrust out its horns at the wrong time. But for Mozart it was a succession of glorious, celestial gifts, which compensated the poet a hundred-fold for his exclusion from the division of the earth.

(Conclusion next week.)

Louis Lablache.

The king of the *bassi* was born at Naples in the year 1794; his father was a Frenchman, and his mother a native of the Emerald Isle; the son of such parents was certain to inherit some of the sprightly characteristics of the lands that gave them birth. The terrors of the French revolution drove the parents of our hero from Marseilles to Naples, where Joseph Napoleon granted his protection to the family, and placed young Louis in the *Conservatorio della Pieta de Turchini*, now known by the title, *San Sebastiano*, where Lablache studied vocal and instrumental music at the same time. A contrabassist happened to be wanting one day in the orchestra of Santa Onofrio; Marcello Perrino, his master, said to him, "You understand the violoncello perfectly, you will be easily able to play the double bass." Lablache had a sort of repugnance to this instrument, notwithstanding which, he procured the bass gamut on Tuesday, and, on the Friday following played his part with perfect exactness.

Lablache appears to have been stage-struck at an early age; five times did he desert the Conservatorio to make his essay on the boards. At length he obtained an engagement at Salerno for fifteen ducats a month (1s. 8d. per diem). He received a month's pay in advance, remained two days at Naples, and emptied his purse. Not, however, wishing to present himself at Salerno without moveable effects, *or the appearance of such*, he took with him a trunk crammed full of sand. Two days after, the vice-rector of the Conservatorio arrived at Naples in quest of him, discovered, and gave him into custody of some of the officers in attendance. The *impresario* seized upon the trunk of the fugitive as an indemnity for money advanced,—officers were summoned to take an inventory of the effects, when lo, the contents—sand! were disclosed to the gaping crowd.

The freaks of Lablache were eventually profitable to his comrades and the art in general, for a theatre was shortly afterwards constructed in the Conservatorio, and thenceforward he was enabled to gratify his passion for the stage. Lablache thought no more of flight, but continued his studies, which he brought to a close at the age of seventeen. It is not our intention to follow him to the different theatres in which he appeared previous to his reaching the Italian Opera in Paris. Suffice it to say, that wherever he played his talents excited admiration; the actor was continually *fêted*, the singer applauded, and the individual loaded with testimonies of affection. It was in the November of the year 1830 that our fat, facetious, and funny friend made his *debut* in the French capital, in the part of Geronimo, in the opera *Matrimonio Segreto*. His *entrée* was a perfect triumph; he enacted his part with an overwhelming talent, and was at once recognized as the first *basso cantante* and *primo buffo* of our era.

To form an idea of the power which this actor possesses over the select and intelligent auditory, he should be seen on the Italian stage in a part of some importance. Figure to yourself an assembly of cold, silent, and abstracted spectators; in an instant every head is raised, every countenance animated, every mouth smiling—Lablache is before them. Survey those fine and noble features, those eyes beaming with genius and frank expression, that stature so colossal, yet so dignified! Physically, as well as vocally, Lablache is the perfect type of the true *basso cantante*. He is at home in every character, serious or comic, tragic or sentimental; he seduces and captivates your imagination, and holds you in breathless suspense. He is an absolute Proteus; as Marino Faliero, or Dulcamara; as the father of Desdemona; as Harry the Eighth; as Il Podesta, Don Magnifico, or Figaro, he makes you weep, laugh, or shudder at pleasure.

The compass of Lablache's voice is from G in the bass to E natural, embracing but thirteen notes; but the *timbre*, power, and vibration of his tones are prodigious, taken, as they are, with unerring precision. Hear him in grand concerted pieces, with all the surrounding voices in full development, and the orchestra putting forth its powers—Lablache surmounts the whole, overpowers both chorus and instruments; and the *éclat* of his bass phrases, streaking the general mass of sound, is never confounded with unisonous accompaniment. It is impossible to describe the effect of his magnificent organ in *morceaux d'ensemble;* it is as a cannon amid a rolling fire of musketry—as thunder amid the tempest. Nevertheless, he has a perfect control over this immense volume of tone, subduing it at pleasure, and endowing it with grace, delicacy and occasionally, even a space of coquetry. Such are the triumphs of art! Cultivation has perfected nature, without trespassing on her primitive beauty.

In lighter pieces he has been known to perform wonderful feats of execution. One evening during a representation of *La Prova*, Madame Malibran took a fancy to discontent her colleague, by introducing ornaments and caprices of extreme difficulty, which it was the business of Lablache to imitate. But the trap laid for this vocal Hercules availed only to cause a display of his agility: note after note, trait after trait, shade after shade, did Lablache reproduce in falsetto the fioriture which Malibran had taken such pains to mature. On meeting behind the scene, Malibran could not help expressing to Lablache her astonishment at the ease with which he had surmounted such difficult passages; and the latter, with his usual *bonhommie*, replied that he had not been aware of the difficulty.

Lablache is not a singer in the ordinary sense of the word. Look not to him on every occasion for rapid execution, a profusion of graces, chromatic ascents and descents. He aims not at effect by such trivialities; he attains it by dramatic truth—by accents of real melody—by the intensity of his feelings. Ever awake to a sense of the beautiful, he is as capable of interpreting the *chefs d'œuvre* of older masters, as the most finished productions of contemporary art.

These fine qualities are the result of studies which few of our musicians undertake, but which they would do well, one and all to imitate.

Lablache never appears in public without much patient and extensive inquiry as to the traditionary costume and appearance of the individual to be represented. It may be remembered that, on his first appearance in London as Henry VIII., in Anna Bolena, his resemblance to the historical personage struck the spectators with as much amazement as though the tyrant himself was before them.

Lablache's great triumph is the opera buffa. No actor has ever been so natural in his by-play, or more comic and diverting in his text illustrations. Few things are more amusing than to see this Rhodian Colossus caper and flit about the stage with the elasticity of a sylph; we expect every moment to see him prostrate; but, at the instant that a lapse seems inevitable, he is off again like a butterfly—*Mi vedrai far fallone amoroso.*

Thus, great alike in tragedy and comedy, unrivalled in the most opposite characters, a theorist of unexampled intelligence, Lablache combines the qualities of a perfect artist. To these we must add extensive literary knowledge, a keen wit, and an elevation of character that ensures the esteem and love of all who know him.

Mendelssohn's "Christus."

BY G. A. MACFARREN.

* * * * What is published of this Oratorio, we may suppose all that is written, consists of two somewhat extensive fragments—the first intended to form a portion of the first part, which was to embody the *Birth of Christ*, the second, which was to have been comprised in the second part, detailing the *Sorrows of Christ*. As in his other Oratorios, the text is selected from different parts of the Bible, with the exception of two corales or hymns, the words of which as well as the tunes are, I believe, attributed to Luther.

The first fragment opens with a Recitative for soprano, "When Jesus our Lord was born in Bethlehem." This calls for little remark. It is simple, and thus impressive, relating that the wise men came from the East to worship the new-born infant.

The Recitative introduces a Trio of the Wise Men, "Say, where is he?" for tenor and two basses. This is a most charming piece of vocal harmony, simply accompanied by viola and two violoncellos, with a constantly moving part for double bass pizzicato. The earnest, calm, and purely devotional character of this concise and most melodious movement is beautifully conceived and perfectly carried out. The stilly tone of the instrumentation is admirably in keeping with the feeling of the situation, and the point at the conclusion for the voices alone, stands out with charming prominence.

Next follows a Chorus of considerable length and importance, "There shall a star from Jacob come forth." This is chiefly characterized by the undulating accompaniment in triplets of quavers, the continuance of which throughout the various modifications of expression which the Chorus embodies, gives a reposeful feeling to the whole that is eminently in keeping with the divine message that the passages from the Old Testament comprised in the text are supposed to convey. The lovely melodic phrase, first given by the female voices, with which the prophetic announcement of the star from Jacob, the sceptre from Israel, is delivered, is most beautifully developed in the successive entry of the several parts, and admirably prolonged until the first full close in the fifth of the original key. Thus far is the divine message fraught with peaceful tidings; but a tone of terrible denunciation is assumed at the words, "that will dash in pieces princes and nations," which are declaimed with great power in a passage that includes some most vigorous modulations; the opening melody with the same words as before, but assuming now a new expression by means of its different treatment, being interspersed between the phrases of this episodical subject, while the original figure of accompaniment, being still unbroken, gives unity to the whole. The return to the key of E flat major, and the resumption of the first feeling of the chorus, is brought about with most exquisite effect, to which the previous prolonged harmonies, the anticipation of the opening phrase by the low notes of the tenor voices, the sustained notes of the accompanying voice, and more than all, the gentle brightness of the introduction of the major key upon a first inversion of the tonic harmony, chiefly tend. The beautiful development that now takes place of the principal subject, evinces the congeniality of the skill with the imagination of the composer, and the lengthened notes of the

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first full close in the original key of the movement, are like the appropriate rounding of a powerful period in language, and have an earnestness of expression that is eminently solemn and impressive. Here is introduced with singularly good effect a Corale, "As bright the star of morning gleams." What is preeminently admirable in the present example of our composer's very favorite practice of appropriating the ancient Lutheran tunes is, first, the particular beauty arising from the unusual variety in the Corale itself, and the admirable coloring given to it by the most felicitous harmony of Mendelssohn, as prominent points of which may be cited the unexpected close upon the dominant harmony instead of a modulation into the key of B flat major, at the end of the second strain, the long notes to the line, "Thy word, Jesus," and the powerful breadth of the concluding strain; and second, the exquisite manner in which it is made to grow out of the cadence of the Chorus, and in which it is united with the entire movement, by being interspersed with fragments of the figure of accompaniment that has been till now unbrokenly sustained, through which it bursts like sunbeams through a silver mist that has been filled, while yet undispersed, with their radiance. As in all cases of the employment of these Lutheran tunes incidentally in extensive compositions, in the present instance a very great part of the designed effect must be lost upon an English audience, who are unacquainted with the tunes; but let us suppose a public accustomed to hear, nay, accustomed to sing, these Corales as a portion of divine service at least once a week, to whom they have thus become from infancy familiar as the Lord's prayer or their parent's benediction, and we may imagine what impression must be made upon them by the pertinent introduction of a tune that has been their lifelong subject of household reverence. * * * *

Thus ends the first fragment, the character of which throughout is of gentleness, and peace, and love. * * * *

The other fragment, from the second part of the Oratorio, opens with a most powerfully dramatic scene, comprising several alternations of Recitative for a tenor solo with continuous movement for the chorus. It presents the trial and condemnation of Christ, and the text is taken from the gospels of St. Luke and St. John. To the solo voice is assigned the narration, including the words of Pilate; to the chorus, the vociferations of the turbulent and exasperated multitude. First, we have the accusation: he perverts the people, forbids the payment of the tribute to Cæsar, declares he is Christ, the King. This is declaimed with a wild tone of savage derision; the responses of the chorus of female and of male voices, with the ironical emphasis of the first word in the passages, "*He* is Christ!" and the contemptuous scorn conveyed in the subsequent rendering of the same words by all the voices in unison, concluding with the piercing cry of execration on the last words, "ein König!" indeed fulfil this description. The narrative is continued in the Recitative, how Pilate said he found no fault with Him. Another still short, though somewhat more extensive, movement for the chorus embodies the cry of the people. He stirreth up the Jews by teaching them in every place. The employment to a very small extent of the fugual form of subject and answer has here a most tumultuous and very dramatic effect, and the few bars of unison at the close are rendered immensely impressive by the previous dispersion of the voices. There is an exquisitely beautiful transition at the opening of the following brief Recitative, in which Pilate again declares that he finds no fault in Him, and that he will therefore chastise Him, and let Him go. Then follows a spirited Allegro, in which the people furiously vociferate: "Away with Him, and give us Barabbas!" repeating again and again the name of him whose franchisement they demand, in a manner that most vividly presents the vehemence of a popular excitement. The narrative continues to relate how Pilate expostulated with the multitude, for he was willing to release Him. Then follows a short movement, in which they exclaim, "Crucify Him!" which is eminently interesting from its similitude in character to the scene of the stoning of Stephen in *St. Paul*, and to that of Jezebel exciting the people in *Elijah*, seeming to indicate that Mendelssohn had some particular image in his mind of the thirst for vengeance in a bigoted people against the representative of purity, the true agent of Heaven, and, as he repeats the very notes of the chorus in *St. Paul* later in the Oratorio when he describes another uprising against Paul and Barnabas, so he repeats the same idea in *Elijah*, and again in *Christ*, when the mob and the Divine Personage of his story are placed in the same relationship with each other. The present short Chorus might, I cannot but surmise, have been different, perhaps better, if that in *St. Paul* had not existed, for there appears to be a somewhat forced, and not quite natural accentuation of the word "crucify," which suggests the idea that in this place he wished to avoid identity, though he could not forego similitude with the other. This Chorus of "Crucify Him!" is the most important portion of the scene in which it stands, important as regards length and construction, and it is certainly the most prominent as regards effect.

The Recitative goes on to relate how Pilate said to the people, "Take *ye* Him, then, and crucify Him, for I can find no fault in Him." Then follows another choral movement of a somewhat more grave and less vehement character than either of the preceding, "We have a sacred law; according to that law he shall perish!" wherein the words must come out with great clearness if properly enunciated, for the voices, which enter successively after the fugual form, are accompanied with the sustained harmony of the string instruments only, which leaves them free for the articulation of the syllables as a solo voice in recitative. The chief subject is briefly but finely worked, and the whole has a broad and energetic effect. This very grand scene, in which the skill of the all-accomplished artist most nobly developes the imaginings of the highest genius, concludes with a Recitative that relates how Pilate delivered their victim to the people, who bore Him away, followed by a multitude of men and women bewailing and lamenting for Him. There exist few examples of the appropriation of the artifices of counterpoint to what may be called dramatic purposes, that are so free from the effect of pedantry, and therefore so natural, so entirely true to the action of the scene, as those to which allusion has been made in the above description; one feels not that the scholastic contrivances of the fugue are brought into play, but that the assembled, violently-excited multitude echo from side to side, wholly without order, their mutual feelings of hatred and vengeance; and thus it is that in hiding the means of art the end is only fully accomplished. The instrumentation throughout is most powerful; the forcible treatment of the brass instruments, with the frequent employment of the whole of the string instruments in unison, has prodigious vigor, and the almost constant use of the oboes and clarionets, all upon the same notes, produces that quality of tone which only can compete with such a distribution of the rest of the orchestra.

The next piece is a Chorus of most touching pathos and exquisite loveliness: "Daughters of Zion, weep for yourselves and for your children." Language would fail in the attempt to describe the refined beauty of this, the most captivating, if not positively the most admirable portion of the publication. It needs, however, no description in words, for it *must* become very generally known, and then its merits *will* manifest themselves to all classes of hearers. There are so many examples of Mendelssohn's pre-eminent success in the truthfulness of plaintive expression, that one may easily suggest to the reader an idea of the feeling of the present exquisite movement by reference to any of these, such as the introduction of the Symphony in A minor, the Chorus in G minor, interspersed with the speeches of the heroine, in *Antigone*, the contralto air in E minor in *Elijah*; but while it is so much like these as to identify it with the style of the author, it is unlike them all as each of them is unlike the others, and, containing all that can be of beauty, it is indeed an epitome of the style it embodies. For special points of interest may be cited, first and chief, the opening melody; the very striking transition, and indeed the whole of the episodical matter at the words: "For surely the days are coming when ye shall exclaim unto the mountains, fall down on us!" the declamation of these last words being specially striking; continuous of this is the diminuendo leading back to the original key of G minor, on the words, "Hide us! hide us!" Then, the re-entry of the principal melody, assigned now to the male voices with a response for the sopranos built upon it; then, an inexpressibly beautiful phrase for the soprano voices only, with the limited accompaniment of the two violins *pizzicato*; then, the assignment of the same phrase to the basses, with successive imitations of the other vocal parts; and, not the least, the repetition of the last vocal phrase, by wind instruments, for the concluding Symphony, presenting the echo of one's own thought, or that sense subtler than thought, which clothes not itself in words, and, filling our own being, is incommunicable to others save by sympathy alone. The pizzicato accompaniment of quavers in arpeggio that is continued, excepting during the episode, in which as the lament of the weeping daughters of Zion is presented in their own words, a more personal, and therefore more impassioned character is assumed in the music than elsewhere throughout the movement. This pizzicato accompaniment has a particularly picturesque effect, and its gradual resumption after the break just named as the only exception to its continuance, leads back most charmingly to the feeling of the principal subject. The recurrence to this is brought about with a felicity peculiar to Mendelssohn by the anticipation of the accent of the opening phrase by the female voices in thirds, with the accompaniment in the unison and octave of oboes and flute only. The combination of oboes and clarionets in unison, which is most forcible in conjunction with the brass instruments, as in the previous piece, is employed also a great deal in the present Chorus, and, I should think, too freely; for without the counterbalance of trombones and trumpets, the tone produced by this combination is nasal, and little in keeping with the gentle plaintiveness that for the most part prevails throughout the movement.

The last piece brought before us is a Corale, "He leaves his heavenly portals," of which I cannot have the pleasure to speak with the enthusiasm that, up to this point, has gone hand-in-hand with my judgement. The tune itself, is more or less like most of the others of its class, moving up and down almost unexceptionably in crotchets, and depending, beyond the associations that those who are familiar with it in divine service must connect with it, wholly upon its treatment by the musician for its effect upon an audience, and the treatment Mendelssohn has given to it is open to considerable question. His harmony is such a mixture of the diatonic and chromatic schools as produces a most unsatisfactory effect, and it involves so many changes of key within so few bars as to leave at the end but a vague impression of what is the real tonic of the movement. Mendelssohn might, or he might not, have retained this piece as it at present stands, had he completed the Oratorio. As we see it, it affords the negative encouragement to aspiring minds that wrestle with theory, and, emulating the highest, fail to attain that beauty which they feel but cannot express—namely, that even Mendelssohn was not immaculate.

Thus much of the intended masterwork of the author of *Elijah* is all that the world can know of Mendelssohn's great design in the oratorio of *Christ*. Most highly interesting it is, and, in many places, preeminently beautiful; but, I am disposed to think, from the evidence of the other works of our composer, and from the knowledge we have of his course of thought and habit of composition, that the greatest parts, those upon which were to rest the importance as a work of art, and as an illustration of the grandest subject, of the unfinished Oratorio were uncommenced when death closed the already brilliant and still more brightly promising career of Mendelssohn.

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St. Cecilia.

The *Tribune* has very pleasant letters from Rome, signed "Au Revoir," describing the ceremonies of Carnival and Lent. From one of them, dated Feb. 14, 1856, we take the following interesting account of the patron saint of Music, and the devotion still paid to her shrine.

Rome still fosters a long train of devotees for whom fate or faith reserves the sacrifice of a worldly life. Her convents are counted by hundreds, and the stars of the calendar are their patrons, among whom St. Cecilia is most illustrious. She was a Roman lady of high rank and great culture, who, in the early days of the new religion, espoused Christianity and Valerian. She crowned her husband's conversion, and they bore together their martyr palms to heaven. Her beauty, accomplishments and triumphant faith have won her the worship of women, and the noblest inspirations of men owe their origin to this sainted patron of music and painting. Raphael represented her listening to angelic choirs, her own harp and lyre forgotten at her feet. She is among saints on the earth, but the others hear not the heavenly melody. Domenichino, who paints the seen better than the unseen, leaves the martyr in her palace, lying on the steps of her rich bath-room, where she suffered her first tortures. There is no murderer seen in this picture, as in the same master's martyrdom of St. Agnes, but blood flows from a wound, and a woman, kneeling, admiring, adoring, more than deploring, gathers it up with a napkin and puts it in a vase. Another, astonished, pitying, shuddering, stands back, and beside her a man, more manly, but moved, shows a boy blanched with fear how one should die for the faith. On the other side a girl kneels and watches, and a mother forgets her infant, who strains away from her grasp, startled, for he, with the saint, looks up, and they only see the angel in the air with the palm and crown. This sympathy of babes with saints and angels, and faith in the prevailing power of youth and innocence, are often illustrated by these two artists; as in the Burning of the Borgo, where Raphael makes a mother bid her child kneel to invoke a cessation of the flames. One master is second only to the other in power, and both excel all others in their just, delicate and varied renderings of the subtile poetry of the passions, and seem in particular to have excelled themselves in their ideas of the beautiful singing saint and sufferer. From them we foster acquaintance and familiarity with the woman, the Christian, the virgin-wife and martyr. And so with double interest we approached the spot where she lived and died. The Roman palace is become a church, and its bell-tower rises over the room of the death scene. Its bells announce the present solemnity. The mantle of the martyr is falling on one of her followers. Friends are gathering, music is preparing, nuns are praying, a mother weeps, a father rather rages, a brother trembles, a daughter and sister is sighing and resolving and adorning herself for the sacrifice. A new disciple of the patron saint is coming to consummate her vows, in consecrating her virgin life to the cloister.

We entered a court to approach the Church of St. Cecilia. Cardinal carriages, caparisoned with crimson and gold, attended by three footmen, each in rich liveries, and coachmen in costumes of suitable magnificence, stood on the side next to the convent. Other noble equipages encircled the court, and the Swiss and Papal Guards stood about the doors. The interior of the church is simple, in white and gold, with a painted ceiling. The altar gleamed with light and gilded ornaments, and is made of the richest marbles, inlaid with precious stones. A space before it was carpeted and reserved open for the ceremony. On each side of this aisle rows of chairs were placed, the first for friends, the others for strangers and spectators. Priests, in short black breeches, and long black stockings, and floating black gowns of silk, seated the ladies, while striped guards of the Pope, with long-handled, lanced tomahawks, stood in reserve to prevent indiscreet seizures of seats. All the Catholics kneeled a long time after entering the church, or turned to the side chapel where mass was performing. At length their prayers were ended, and white-gloved elegance on the front seats seemed impatient for the commencement of the ceremony. Then a Cardinal appeared in canonicals, followed by numerous attendants and servants, and proceeded up the reserved aisle. His face was meek, his eyes fixed, and palm was placed to palm as children are taught to pray, till he waved the right hand slowly in signs of the cross and blessed the people. All bowed or kneeled and crossed themselves as he passed. After kneeling and praying, the Cardinal seated himself on a gilded stool before the altar; then divers men completed his toilet as maids would do for a queen—he rapt in devotion, while they wrapped him in scarfs and capes and stoles. Presently a command of order and silence darkened his face; then an illumination succeeded, which announced the entrance of the bride of the spiritual spouse. She was dressed as brides of men are wont to be, and attended by a princess to give her away, whom some called Barberini, and some by another name as illustrious. Behind them followed small winged things, supporting the long white satin train of the novice. They were two tiny girls with crowns of roses around their heads, below which light sunny curls fell over their shoulders. They wore frocks of tarleton—one pink and one blue—with starry spangles on their short, frilled skirts. Plumaged wings of rainbow hues hung in repose on their little backs.

With the precision of pages, and the naïveté of angels and babies, they bore their silken burdens up the nave. On approaching the Cardinal the maiden kneeled and kissed his hand, and then with the angels and princess she was seated. A sermon followed, during which time some stared, some wondered, some wept. The girl was young, just eighteen, with proportions widely at variance with those of the graces. She wore a coronet of brilliants, with marabouts and flowers attaching her veil of white lace. Her neck and arms were properly covered, though the rest of her toilette, with the exception of its shabby gentility, was similar to that prescribed at foreign courts. Broad lace partly mounted her skirt, and its train aped likewise magnificence ineffectually. The accompanying princess wore a lavender silk with a high lace bertha; her head sparkled too with diamonds. When the sermon was finished, the princess accompanied her charge to the Cardinal. She kneeled, received the crucifix, and then rising, took hold of a part of his mantle, and so, followed by the train-bearing angels, left the church to enter the convent. A few lady friends followed them. Then in a chapel at the right of the high altar of the church, and behind a close grating, the rest of the ceremony was performed. The nuns in their white cashmere robes, some with and others without black veils, came down to receive the new sister who had just espoused the Lamb. The Cardinal in his mitre stood without the grating, and an intoned service began.

Then the novice was dismantled of her bridal attire; her crown, and feathers, and flowers, gloves, bracelets, and jewels, one by one were laid off. The draping folds of eternal chastity closed around her; vows were consummating; her long black hair hung over the white mantle, then disappeared; one by one, cap and cape of the chaste costume covered her; then the Cardinal saluted her by her new name. "Maria Sforza" was become "Maria Colomba of the precious blood of Jesus." Her brother stood by me at the moment; he had been relating to a companion the history of his sister's determination to take the veil. I had melted with his emotions. When the new name was pronounced, he grew suddenly pale, as if petrified in despair. It was finished. Never again could he behold his sister, but separated from her by the bars of the convent. It was like standing on the brink of the sepulchre of a beloved friend, with the agony of a moment prolonged to years. The father, it appears, had opposed the consecration and withheld his presence from the ceremony. The mother was near by, overflowing with tears. The girl from infancy had declared her desire to be a nun; recent oppositions to her will had induced illness, till its restraint was abandoned.

Music followed the consecration. The nuns behind the grating held long tapers, which lighted strangely their calm faces and white robes. A heavy, brilliant diadem was placed on the head of the newly initiated. The choir was of men, who stood by the high altar of the church. One voice, sweet as St. Cecilia's, long-toned, pure and melodious, at first concealed its origin from my ears. There was no woman in the choir and no boys to be seen; but at length I found the rare tones came from a tall, priestly-clad person; was the boy overgrown, or the man a woman? I could not tell. But the chants were noble, the occasion eloquent. The patron was propitious—inspiration hung over the altar—the image of the saint lay beneath it. It is a beautiful reclining marble statue, modeled in the sixteenth century from a drawing taken from the body of the Saint as found miraculously preserved in the bier brought from the catacombs. The Saint is represented lying on the right side, the head turned backward, and the face, hidden, resting toward the earth. The arms are distended together, and the lower limbs lie gracefully bent. She is wonderfully well poised, whether by miracle of the martyr or artist. A large diamond, gift of some devotee, gleams on her marble finger. Back of the statue is an alabaster sarcophagus, containing the remains of St. Cecilia, in a silver box of great weight. The front of the altar is decorated with agates, lapis lazuli, and other precious stones. Immense wealth is lavished on these shrines of Saints. There is the same idolatry in this as in us for the love we bear the relics of departed friends, except ours is the more selfish, as it comes from memory rather than tradition.

At the left, on leaving the Church, are still shown the baths of St. Cecilia. There the young Christian was first arrested and plunged in boiling water, after which she received the wounds of her pursuers. The ancient heating apparatus of the baths is still seen through an opening of the present pavement. All the walls are now encrusted with marbles, except at the pipes which conveyed water or steam to the room. A door at the right of the court opens into a part of the Convent, where friends and invited guests entered to bid adieu to the new nun, who, I suppose, with the other sisters, stood behind an unveiled grating. Here refreshments of coffee, cakes and creams were profusely dispensed, of which the Cardinal and his attendant ecclesiastics partook with the others. The company seemed merry as on a festive occasion. One had died to the world, but they believed her born to glory. Sonnets were distributed, exalting the beatitude of the new "Maria of the precious blood of Jesus." Finally, the feasting finished, people and equipages departed, the Convent closed, the Church grew still. We returned to the high altar; men were arranging it, and the sisters occasionally raised the curtain of the grating to give them directions. Over the side naves are closed galleries with windows closely crossed by gilded bars. There the nuns come to hear public service in the Church, and during the ceremonies of the day we had distinguished their white forms moving and resting behind them. Opposite the high altar and over the grand entrance is another gallery entirely grated for the organ and singers, and I am told that here the music of the nuns is sometimes extremely fine.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MAR. 22, 1856.

NEW VOLUME.—Subscriptions are now in order for a new year of the *Journal of Music*. With the number for Saturday, April 5, it will enter upon its *fifth* year, and *ninth volume*. With that number we shall commence the publication of a translation, made expressly for this journal, of a beautiful Art novel by Mme. GEORGE SAND, in which the characters are musical, and which has never yet appeared in English. It will make pleasant reading for the summer months.

Our readers generally, as well as our agents, are earnestly requested, as they wish this Journal not only to continue its existence, but to improve in character and variety of matter, to exert themselves a little *now* to send us in the names of new subscribers.

TERMS, as heretofore, by mail, $2 per annum; by carrier, $2,50, *payable in advance*. This condition of prepayment will hereafter, especially in the case of out-of-town subscribers, be more strictly enforced. The really serious losses which have been the reward of our indulgence hitherto, compel us to this measure.

All who do not expressly notify us of their wish to stop the Journal at the expiration of their term, will still continue to receive it, and be counted as subscribers for another year.

☞ NO SUBSCRIPTION RECEIVED FOR A SHORTER PERIOD THAN SIX MONTHS; AND NONE FOR LESS THAN A YEAR, UNLESS PAID IN ADVANCE.

TO DELINQUENT SUBSCRIBERS AND ADVERTISERS.

We are sorry to address a numerous company. A large proportion of the just earnings of our Journal for the past two years or more is still withheld from us. Hundreds of dollars are due to us for unpaid advertisements and subscriptions. We have a long list of *doubtful* names, to whom the paper has been sent for months and years, yet who answer no bills; these names we must cut off, unless they prove themselves *good* names at once.

☞ We have enclosed bills to a large number of subscribers who have not yet paid for the year now closing, and beg that they will promptly remit by mail or otherwise.

Mendelssohn's Four-Part Songs.

The publication of an American edition of these admirable works, complete in one volume, deserves more than a passing notice. It does honor to our young townsman, Mr. J. C. D. PARKER, who has taken the pains to accompany the German words with a careful English version, which is singable and true to the sense and spirit of the original wherever that is possible under the conditions of strict preservation of form and rhythm. It does honor to the enterprising publisher, Mr. DITSON; and it will be an honor to the music-loving sons and daughters of America if they will give it a tithe of the attention which they have paid to "Negro Minstrelsy," "Old Folks' Concerts," and the endless "native" multiplication of sentimental or burlesque trash which floods the land in the shape of "original" songs and glees.

The Four-part Song, which is so common among the Germans, especially as sung by men's voices in the musical festivals and unions of the Männerchöre, Liederkränze, &c., is something essentially different from the Quartet, although it may be sung by one voice only on each part. In the Quartet, each of the four parts represents a

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distinct dramatic individual; it is strictly a concerted piece. The Four-part Song is simply the harmonized utterance of an individual subjective feeling; it is literally a *song* in four parts. It is commonly sung in clubs or circles or large choirs with many voices on a part; and yet it differs from a Chorus; for a chorus is the collective utterance of a common sentiment animating a mass; in the chorus the mass, the people, as such, become actors in the history. Here on the contrary we have but a *song*, an individual experience or feeling, but with the musical expression completing itself in the harmony of other voices, instead of projecting itself upon the background of an instrumental accompaniment. The four-part song has more points in common with the English Glee, perhaps, than with any short form of vocal harmony.

The most perfect types of the class are these forty and more four-part songs of MENDELSSOHN. Fifteen of the number are for male voices only, (first and second tenor, first and second bass); all the others are for the usual quartet of male and female voices. The subjects are mostly found in little poems expressive of the love of nature, the sad or glad experiences and aspirations of the heart; fresh and genuine little lyrics, sometimes by great poets, such as GOETHE, sometimes quaint old snatches of popular minstrelsy, with a flavor of nationality about them. The music is sympathetically true to the spirit of the words in every case; while each song is a product of the most refined and perfect art, it has still the charm, the breezy perfume of any natural wild-flower of melody. They show the point where Art and Nature meet. How truly the emotions awakened by the return of Spring find utterance in the three little pieces marked to be sung in connection, called "Presage of Spring," "The Primrose," and "Festival of Spring"!

O balmy Spring perfume!
Soon will the violets bloom, &c.
* * * *
Lovely, golden day of Spring!
Souls with rapture filling!
* * * *
Why to toil in this glad hour
Should a thought be given?
Spring-time is a solemn feast,
Give it then to Heaven.

Indeed there is so much of Spring and the woods and the birds in these little songs, that we wish we could sing them all to our readers as an appropriate Spring greeting; they become the present season as Christmas and New Year's gifts do the last week in December; for, as Shakespeare says:

Why, now comes in the sweet o' the year,
And the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.

Not less characteristic and tenderly true has the composer been to the sadder and graver themes and moods, to Autumn and parting and the thoughts of death. One of the most beautiful is that solemn and tranquil Adagio, entitled "Resting Place", or more literally "Vale of Rest."

When I see at set of sun
Golden cloud-hills rising o'er me,
Fain the thought would come before me,
Tears mine eyelids swelling:
Shall that be my dwelling
When this weary life is done?

In extremest contrast with this, wonderfully wild and stirring, setting the blood tingling in every vein and filling the imagination with a sense of everything in motion and of echoing remoteness, is the "Hunting Song" which follows. It is in B minor, and the strains commence *pianissimo* and seem rapidly approaching till they reach *ff* and then recede and die away in the distance:

Ever onward and onward the loud huzza
Thro' forest and woodland is heard from afar!

The songs for male voices only are naturally such as grew out of occasions created by the musical, social and patriotic meetings of the singing clubs, *Männerchöre*. Some as before are songs of Nature and sentiment, but most of them are convivial songs, students' songs, songs of union, friendship, country, &c. There is one which surely should become popular among us; it is called

THE SONG OF THE BRAVE MAN.

Counsel fair and words they gave me,
Crown'd with honors they fain would have me,
Told me fame was a fickle thing,
Said they would take me under their wing.
Chorus. Told me fame, &c.
But with all their protestation,
Soon I had died from pure starvation,
Had there not come a jolly friend,
Boldly my fortunes to defend.
Chorus. Had there not come, &c.
Jolly friend! from want did he save me,
I'll ne'er forget the help that he gave me;
Shame that I cannot a greeting send,
For I myself am this jolly friend.

For "jolly friend" the German has *braver Mann;* but the translation is true to the spirit, and in most lines to the letter. Every verse is sung by a single bass voice, and then the last two lines are repeated in chorus.

It would be pleasant to quote all day from this rich *Buch der Lieder*, to cull out flower after flower to examine it and inhale its sweetness singly, but we should need to quote notes as well as words, and we have not the room. We can only hope that the rare gift will be widely appreciated; that we shall soon hear these four-part songs of Mendelssohn in glee-clubs, in home circles, serenades and concerts, wherever the fresh voices meet to gratify a pure love of excitement and to cultivate the heaven-born sense of beauty through the medium of song. Let them supplant the empty, common-place, inferior manufactured melodies in which what gift of music we as a people now have runs to waste. And let them provoke to severe, conscientious practice, aiming at an artistic perfection in the rendering, which shall be worthy of such true works of Art. These very songs, generally known and sung among us, would do incalculably much to develop a pure and genuine taste for music in our people; just as the multiplication of such busts as the "Clyte" cultivates the popular sense of beauty through the eye.

The book is beautifully printed, in a large octavo form of 150 pages. It would be perfect but for one objection which occurs (only occasionally to be sure) where a song has many verses. To save printing the music over and over, the words are sometimes so piled upon the lines that in singing at sight one may easily get bewildered. So much we sacrifice in these days of ours to cheapness!

Concerts of the Week.

The season is near an end, and we have little to report.

MRS. ROSA GARCIA DE RIBAS had a successful concert in the Tremont Temple last Saturday evening. If one of the largest audiences of the season was any evidence, the lady and her husband have lost nothing of the esteem in which they have long been held in our musical community. Both were warmly received, and warmly applauded in their several performances. Mrs. De Ribas displayed a great deal of execution in singing the "Ricci Waltz" and the beautiful Rossini duet: *Amor possente*, with Mr. ARTHURSON. Mr. DE RIBAS's oboe sang Ernst's *Elegie* very sweetly and expressively. Mr. ARTHURSON sang with his usual good taste and feeling. Mr. SATTER gave a striking display of "prodigious" pianism in an original fantasia on themes from *Ernani* and *Il Trovatore*, not omitting the anvils. Loudly recalled, he gave the march from the *Prophète*. He used a powerful Hallet & Davis Grand. The orchestra was large and excellent, essentially the same as in the Orchestral Concerts, and under Mr. ZERRAHN's direction played the overture to *Semiramide* delightfully. All this was in the first part. We were unable to remain through the second, and were sorry to lose some good things, especially the violin-playing of our old friend KEYZER, who, we are told, showed the fire of youth, and played beautifully in the duet by Herz and Lafonte.

THE AMATEUR ORCHESTRA.—For many years there has existed in this city a club of amateurs, who have met for the practice of orchestral music. On Wednesday evening they invited some of their friends to Chickering's to listen to the following nice little programme:

PART I.

1. Grand Sinfonie, No. 10, in D major,.................Mozart.
   Allegro—Andante—Minuetto and Trio—Finale, Presto
2. Overture in F major, Op. 44,....................F. Kalliwoda.

PART II.

3. Overture: "Le Nozze de Figaro,"....................Mozart.
4. Cavatina: "La Favorita,"........................Donizetti.
5. Piano-Forte Concerto, No. 16, C major,...............Mozart.
   Allegro maestoso—Andante—Allegretto.
6. Overture: "Cenerentola,"...........................Rossini.

We certainly were surprised to hear a Mozart symphony (and a beautiful one it was, seldom if ever given in our concerts,) sound so much like a symphony, when played by merely amateurs. Some of the instruments were really well played. Still better was the melodious and graceful overture by Kalliwoda. There was at least an earnestness and heartiness in the performance which was quite refreshing. The band consisted of some twenty or more members, mostly young men, but with a number of veterans, who worked at double bass, bassoons, &c. We were sorry our engagements would not let us hear the second part, especially the Concerto, which we understand was played by an amateur young lady of Charlestown, who is an accomplished pianist.

We have no right to give names; nor did we go to criticize. But such a thing deserves mention as a good example. It is good to try one's own hand at orchestral performance, if only as teaching one the better to understand the symphonies, &c., when he hears them played by real orchestras. Much true love and knowledge of music must grow out of such experiments; and it is pleasant to see how old men and young men meet thus on a common ground, as it were, of undying youth in Art.

Mr. GUSTAV SATTER, the pianist, commenced on Thursday a series of Piano Concerts, varied with string quartets and vocal pieces, at the piano saloon of Messrs. Hallet & Davis. Further particulars have not reached us.

New Music.

Our three leading Boston music-publishers still rival each other in the multitude and external beauty of their publications; and what is better, each, besides the ever-springing crop of merely popular, ephemeral things, seems anxious also to identify his name with the best list of works that have an endur-

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ing value. Our table groans under the heaps of songs, piano pieces, exercises, instruction books, &c., which have come from these several mills within a few weeks. To be sure, the bulk might be reduced a good deal without much loss of weight; yet there is good wheat as well as chaff. A mere list will show how the case stands. To begin with the youngest, but not least enterprising of the three:

NATHAN RICHARDSON still turns out new editions (or thousands) of his very popular "*Modern School for the Piano*," which seems to have taken its place as a standard work. He has also recently issued a smaller instruction book, intended as preparatory to that, and fingered upon the same principle, called the "*First Book for the Piano-Forte*," by A. Le Carpentier, Professor of Music in the Conservatoire at Paris. It is expressly for beginners, and is extensively used in Europe. Mr. R. is also the publisher of the excellent little "*Manual of Harmony*," by J. C. D. Parker, which we have before noticed. He has lately issued:

"*Twelve Sonatas for the Piano*," by MUZIO CLEMENTI. The Sonatas of Clementi form an important link in the history of piano music; they belong to the classics of the instrument, and should be in the hands of every accomplished player, while they are excellent lessons for the student. They belong to the old and not the modern virtuoso school of pianists, nor have they the difficulties nor the wealth of thought, the inspiration, of sonatas like Beethoven's. Yet they are elegant in style, and truly interesting and useful, if not wholly up to the demands of our day, or so satisfying as the works of grander genius in the same form. The four already issued are by no means difficult. We welcome them as helping materially to complete our library of sonata music. Mr. Ditson has reprinted for us *all* the sonatas of Beethoven; Mr. Reed the best of those of Haydn; Mr. Wade those of Mozart; and now a fourth Boston publisher adds Clementi to the list.

GEO. P. REED & CO. send us:

1. ROSSINI'S "*Soirées Musicales*," eight of the twelve numbers being now completed. No. 7, the Barcarole, *La Gita in Gondola*, is one of the most beautiful of the whole, and reminds one of the admirable music in the first part of "William Tell." No. 8 is the famous Neapolitan Tarantella, *Già la luna*, which Sig. Belletti used to sing with so much effect in Jenny Lind's concerts. Words Italian and English, happily rendered by C. J. SPRAGUE. We know of no more desirable collection of Italian songs.

2. "*Italy*;" a collection of pieces for three female voices, from the best composers, including the masked Trio from *Don Giovanni*; the chorus: *Sereni e vaghi*, from *Semiramide*; a similar chorus from *La Favorita*; the song: *Son vergin vezzosa* (harmonized); a prayer by Curschmann; Rossini's beautiful "*Charity*;" Trio and Chorus of Vestals from Spontini's *La Vestale*, &c. For young ladies, who have cultivated the art of singing to a somewhat artistic point, and who want good things to sing together either in trio or chorus, here is something very serviceable.

3. "*Beauties of* MOZART *and* BEETHOVEN in form of *Petites Fantasies* for young pianists," by TH. OESTEN. Themes are culled from the operas and the instrumental chamber music of these masters, and served up in simple arrangements, making agreeable pieces in several short movements. No. 1 is from the Septuor of Beethoven, and presents the leading ideas of the first Allegro, the Adagio and the Scherzo of that famous work. There is at least a guaranty that the pieces will have *thoughts* in them; and while they exercise the fingers and please the mind, they may also excite a desire to know these fine works in their original complete forms.

4. "*Songs of Italy*." The title page bears a long list of over *ninety* airs, cavatinas, Romanzas, duets, trios, &c., from all the favorite operas. Some of these "Songs of Italy," however, are of German origin, as those from *Freyschütz* and *Don Juan*, and the exquisite one now before us from GLUCK'S "Orfeo:" *Che farò senza Euridice*, which has been the delight of generations of music-lovers, and which was recently revived here in our concerts by Miss Phillipps. Three others, already issued, are by MERCADANTE; viz, *Spento amor* and *Son giovin giuliva*, from "Leonora," and *A te mio scelo*, from "Il Bravo."

5. "Prayer and Barcarole from MEYERBEER'S *L'Etoile du Nord*." French and English words, the latter by J. C. D. PARKER. For soprano voice; by no means easy to sing well. The Barcarole is a florid bravura piece, of much grace and beauty.

6. "*Fifty Studies* in a brilliant style for the Piano," by C. CZERNY. We have already noticed Nos. 1 and 2 of these exercises in the "art of fingering with facility." Book 3 contains practice in rapid minor scales; extensions with the hand quiet; double octaves; practice of the Trill, and several other points. The name of Czerny is warrant enough for anything in the pedagogic sphere of music. Each of the six books contains about 23 pages, price $1.00.

7. "*Robert of Lincoln*." BRYANT'S beautiful words set to music, by J. OSGOOD. The Bobolink never was guilty of so commonplace a song.

8. Songs of "Ossian's Bards," composed by OSSIAN E. DODGE. "We are growing old, Kate," "Bard's Greeting," (song and chorus,) &c., &c.

9. "*Vestvali Polka*," by A. BAUMBACH. "*Lucie Polka*," by F. F. HOELCKER. "*Forest Hill Polka*," by J. W. BLANDIN.

10. Piano Arrangements from Operas. (*a*) "Prayer from *L'Etoile du Nord*," by A. BAUMBACH. (*b*) "Selections from *Il Trovatore*, by H. CRAMER, a *potpourri* of 9 pages.

11. "*Every Land my Home*," ballad, by N. J. SPORLE.

12. "*Tone Blossoms*," by F. SPINDLER. Six characteristic little pieces of three or four pages each, of medium difficulty, for the piano; quite pretty. They are called "Alpine Rose," "Lily," "Nosegay of Violets," &c.

13. "*Home*," by A. BAUMBACH, a somewhat elaborate transcription for the piano of Miss ADELAIDE PHILLIPPS'S little ballad: "The dearest spot on earth is home."

14. "*The Groves of Blarney*," that old comic song, words by TYRONE POWER.

OLIVER DITSON has at length completed the twelve numbers of THALBERG'S "*L' Art du Chant appliqué au Piano*." An excellent work, as we have before said, to turn the thoughts of the pianist towards expression in the rendering of the melody or air. The subjects treated are such as Beethoven's *Adelaide*, Stradella's "Prayer," Mozart's *Lacrymosa* and *Il mio tesoro*, the duet from *Freyschütz*, the quartet: *A te o cara*, from *I Puritani*, &c., &c. The whole are bound up in an elegant large quarto volume, price $3.00. Mr. Ditson has also issued:

"*Robert le Diable* (MEYERBEER), *Grande Fantaisie Orchestrale*," for Piano, by GUSTAV SATTER, pp. 21. Of course a difficult and brilliant concert piece.

"*Six Morceaux de Concert*," by G. SATTER. Short pieces of half a dozen pages each, with these titles: 1. "Impromptu Rondeau;" 2. "Une Nuit dans les Bois;" 3. "Les Clochettes," (the music box); 4. "Ronde et Barcarolle de North-Star;" 5. "Romances d' Amour;" 6. "Yankee Doodle!"

"*Favorite Songs, Duets and Trios from* MOZART." Italian and German words with new English version. Arranged and adapted by S. S. WESLEY, Mus. Doc. The table of contents on the first page of each number shows a most desirable list of songs. No. 3, now before us, is *L'Addio*, (the Farewell,) not an operatic song.

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AFTERNOON CONCERTS.—We are happy to learn that the demand for tickets to the proposed Wednesday afternoon feasts of orchestral music is quite eager. The Concerts are now positively announced to commence next Wednesday at 3 1-2 P. M. The orchestra, conducted by CARL ZERRAHN, will be the same, numbering about fifty instruments, which earned for itself so good a reputation at the late "Orchestral Concerts." The music will be an agreeable mixture of the popular and the classical. Each time there will be played an entire Symphony and two good overtures, besides arrangements from operas, waltzes, polonaises, &c. The series will commence with the glorious Seventh Symphony of Beethoven, which so many have regretted that they did not hear at the first Orchestral Concert. The very cheap rate of admission (six tickets for a dollar,) and the convenience of the hour for out-of-town music-lovers, who were cut off from the evening concerts, together with the reputation of the orchestra, insure a very large attendance. The signs indicate that the enthusiasm of the old Germania afternoons will be revived.

We are unable to continue this week the translation of Liszt's papers upon ROBERT FRANZ, as the Leipzig paper is not yet received.... The masquerade OLD FOLKS' CONCERTS of the "Reading Opera Chorus Class" still draw crowds at the Tremont Temple. This fun is so lucrative that perhaps other "Opera" companies would do well to drop Donizetti and Verdi, and take to singing old-fashioned Yankee psalm tunes.

Miss ADELAIDE PHILLIPPS appears to have made a good impression in the part of Azucena in New York. The *Tribune* says:

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Sig. ARDITI'S new opera, *La Spia*, founded on Cooper's novel, "The Spy," is announced at the Academy for next week.....There is talk of a new German opera company in New York, to be under the direction of CARL BERGMANN.....GOTTSCHALK has reached his tenth Piano-forte Soirée.....Mr. T. F. BASSFORD announces four Piano Soirées in Dodworth's hall.....A musical journal is soon to be commenced in Philadelphia.

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Translated for this Journal.

The Mission of Mozart.

LEADING CHARACTERISTICS OF HIS GENIUS AND HIS WORKS.

BY A. OULIBICHEFF.

[Concluded.]

When we study Mozart's character on all sides, we seem to see in it not so much the the image of an individual, as the type of the generic character, which we ascribe to that class of men whom God has ordained to be poets or artists. An uncommon indifference to the positive; an inexpressible contempt for all worldly prudence, or rather a complete ignoring of its maxims; a careless frankness, knowing no interest in concealing aught; a blind generosity, which did not know the worth of what it gave, nor count the consequences; finally, as the result of all this, an incorrigible tendency to allow himself to be deceived and cheated upon all occasions. These peculiarities, worse than sins in the eyes of a man of the world, although they are often nothing but the pledge of the poetic calling, were found united in the highest degree in Mozart, and for the reason that no one ever was so very much a poet as he was. But we must add one trait, which was peculiar to him alone, and which exceeds even the abstract idea or the ideal which we commonly shape to ourselves of characters like his. Indifferent as poetic natures commonly are to their positive interests, there is yet one of these which occupies them always and in a high degree. Much as they seem to live for the future, we still see them eagerly striving to secure present fame, and this desire has ever been considered one of the noblest attributes of the artistic and poetic nature. Nevertheless, in all professions, and especially in Music, fame or popular applause leads to prosperity; and since prosperity is the consequence of fame, it is probable that the most zealous guests of Olympus would willingly resign themselves to accepting the consequence out of love for the cause. With Mozart it was just the opposite. He would gladly have accepted the consequence, but the cause was repugnant to him; his dislike, however, was not so much of fame among his contemporaries, as it was of the means by which this is acquired; which in the end comes to the same thing, for whoever desires the end must also wish the means. Hofmeister, his publisher, in one of his letters to him wrote: "Write more popular, or I cannot print and pay for anything more of yours." To which Mozart replied: "Well then, I will earn no more, and starve; what the deuce care I?"

We know of one other musician who despised popularity and worked only for the satisfaction of his conscience; but this musician, the great BACH, could, without harm to his interests, defy the fashion. He had a quiet, sure and honorable position, amply sufficient to support himself and his twenty children. Independent of the public in this regard, his labors were in a kind which withdrew them from the competency of ordinary judges. But Mozart depended wholly on the public, to which he looked for daily bread; he worked for the theatre. To please or not to please the public was for him Hamlet's question of "To be or not to be;" and as he wrote his operas to be performed and heard, he knew very well that he had to obey the taste of his judges or else cease to *be*. Unhappily the natural disposition, or if you will the conscience of the artist, got the victory over the urgency of the case. Mozart exerted his genius to please as little as possible, and his success was perfect.

• • • • • • • • • • •

With such small regard to the taste of the public, and with a habit of not very courtier-like speech at the courts of princes, Mozart might at least have won to his side a third power, upon which the fortune of his pieces at the theatre especially depended; we mean the Italian singers. Alas! this grand and despotic power he brought most against him. The still existing reasons of the aversion of these singers to Mozart's music are too generally known to make it necessary to explain them here. Suffice it to say, that this music for the most part robbed them of the means to which they usually owed their success, and on the contrary required of them a knowledge of music and a dramatic talent which were rarely found among them. Hence what Mozart might have foreseen really happened. The artists in their ill will treated him as a foe and a rebel; they did their best to ruin him in the place where they were obliged to sing him, namely in Vienna; but in Italy, where they were the unlimited masters, they would not have suffered this hated music, so repugnant to the national taste, to be set before them. Hence it happened that Mozart, in spite of his great fame and his early triumphs in Milan, never received an order from an Italian direction after the manner of the composer of *Mitridate* had gradually degenerated into that of *Figaro* and *Don Giovanni!*

That being the state of things, Mozart would seem to have been all the more free to write for the lyric theatre of his nation, whose founder he in a certain sense had been. The *Entführung aus dem Seraglio* had had success in Germany, and the native artists had not the same reasons as their Italian brethren for hating Mozart's operas. They were far less virtuosos and they understood music better. To what, then, must we ascribe the oblivion in which Germany allowed the only national dramatic composer that existed, beside DITTERSDORF,* to languish? More than one reason may be adduced for it; but I will limit myself to that which appears to me the most decisive.

No one of the great native masters before Mozart had seen fit to labor for the native theatre. The operas of HANDEL, GLUCK, HASSE and GRAUN had been composed to Italian texts; some of them to French and English texts. On the other hand, the theory of musical drama was still in the simplicity of childhood with the Germans; the text-makers sought in a certain manner to *excuse* the introduction of song; they purposely arranged the course of the action so that the singer should be called upon to sing, or that he should find occasion for it in himself *without injury to probability*. Hence arose a comedy with little airs (Operetta,) which in respect of kind still stood under the head of Vaudeville. Then, too, there were fairy operas, very ordinary farces, for the most part borrowed from some popular tradition, and eked out with national songs and dances; this was called the Viennese style. The good singers of the country, like the good composers, consecrated their talent solely to Italian opera. Thus it was quite natural that the true music-lovers recognized no other spectacle. The national opera, or what passed for such, they abandoned to the people. Upon such pieces followed the *Seraglio*, a music which is by turns melodic, brilliant, pathetic and comic, but of an original and learned kind of comic. As a whole, the work was easier understood than the *Idomeneo* and some of the subse-

* Dittersdorf composed, between 1786 and 1790, fifteen or sixteen German operas. Mozart composed only two, for want of opportunity and not of will.

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quent operas of Mozart. Still it was such an infinite departure from all that the native frequenters of the opera had so far known and loved, that many years had to pass before the taste of the many could raise itself to the standpoint of this system of composition. Formerly the common belief was in the country of a Bach and Mozart, that the good melody was that which everybody carries away with him on leaving the theatre, and sings. FORKEL, on the contrary, thinks that these melodies are always of the most ordinary kind. In my view, both these rules suffer too many exceptions to allow of either of them being set up as a universal principle. *Marlborough* is a very trivial melody; *God Save the King* is not so; yet both are equally popular. Be that as it may, the arias of Belmonte, of Constance, and of Osmin, did not belong among those which every one easily retains; still less among those which every one can sing. The connoisseurs no doubt extolled the work very highly; but the theatre directors were probably of another way of thinking after they had taken their treasurers into council, as the most undeceivable of critics.

It seems clearly made out that the taste for mediocrity reigned at that time in the German public. The respectable dilettante of the counting room and of the shop liked to hear again upon the stage the little arietta which his daughter sang with an accompaniment of two chords, which she had learned to play upon her four-octave spinet; and he liked again to be able to bring home to his Hannchen or his Gretchen something from the theatre, by which her stock of songs should be increased. This, too, was the good old time when every body read with rapture GELLERT and SOLOMON GESSNER. The music of a given age is a no less faithful mirror than its literature. GESSNER and BYRON—HILLER and BEETHOVEN:—lies there not between these the whole gulf that separates our present world from that of our fathers?

* * * * * * * *

The psychological sketch we have just given shows us nothing but the outward moral temperament, if I may so express myself, or the visible man. Some of Mozart's peculiarities—I speak of the less good—were, as we have seen, the unavoidable reaction of the physical upon the moral; others, such as his generosity and his habit of speaking the truth even when prudence and courtesy forbade it, resolve themselves, when closely examined, into pure negations, the consequences of a complete indifference to worldly interests. In this way the outside of the character of Mozart shows us the happiest and most amiable disposition that can be imagined; a nature noble and good, but not great and virtuous, for virtue is a victorious combat against ourselves, and Mozart was just what he was for the very reason that he always yielded to his nature. But there was yet another man in him that seemed to stand in opposition to the first, because they both together made up one. The artist was cast upon the citizen, or *vice versâ*, just as a medal is cast upon its mould, so that all that is sunken in the latter stands out boldly in the former. May I be pardoned this *bizarre* comparison, which, however, fully represents my thought. The relation between what is called the real and ideal world, found itself reversed in our hero. Art was his actual world, his serious and real life; the positive world upon the contrary was a shadow, entertaining him at times, without ever occupying him much. But even in this he sought only the poetic side—love, friendship and enjoyment. Consequently all his moral and intellectual powers, which he developed in his capacity of citizen of an ideal world, revealed themselves in all his daily life through a proportionate improvidence, or a negation. The more calculation and logic he employed in composition, the less he had left for his household economy; the more deeply he fathomed the mysteries of the human heart in its musical analogies, the more easily was he deceived about the most prosaic thing in the world, pecuniary interests.

In the same way his unexampled and persistent application, his inflexible will in the pursuit of the goal which he had set before him as an artist, left him no more force of will and energy than just enough for the fulfilment of his social impulses and duties. Apparently his other self had scarcely opportunity to manifest itself in him, either in his sayings, which were of no more value than the spoken dialogue in the opera, or in his doings, which were limited to the narrow sphere of an industrial who earns a painful living by hard work. Mozart could sometimes show his inner self, without his willing it. To sentimental talk he had, like many persons of deep feeling, an aversion. He did not like to speak of his feelings, and he strove to hide them under a blunt and confident language. It happened only very seldom, in exalted moments, that he was heard to express a deep-felt view, even in badly chosen words, about things which connect themselves with the most serious side of human life and destiny. Then a few sudden flashes would illumine the most hidden interior of the individual. But such outpourings were involuntary. Indeed one might say that when Mozart had betrayed himself in this way, he felt a certain shame; he relapsed very quickly again into his droll and nonsensical chat, filled his glass, and *from that moment it was impossible*, as ROCHLITZ says, *to get another rational word out of him*. Does it not seem as if Mozart had felt, that he had been stealing somewhat from the musical improvisation, or from the ruled sheets of paper, which alone were worthy to receive his confidential communications upon such matters? In these and these alone are we to seek the true man, the earnest actions of his life, his power, his greatness and his virtues. Nay, I do not hesitate to compare the labors of Mozart with the most virtuous actions, whether we consider the moral principle which called them forth, the sacrifices of all kinds which they cost, or the results which they have had and will have for his fellow men. How many men have blessed Mozart and bless him still, as the beneficent genius, to whom they owe some of their noblest enjoyments and of their sweetest recollections of the past, or as the immortal wizard, who awakens in their soul a new breath of poesy, when poesy on every side is dead!

(From the Musical Review and Gazette, New York.)

The Country Singing-School.

Let us step in a moment. It is in the district school-house. You may easily know that, by the benches hacked and inked with aspiring initials, and the general aspect of inconvenience that pervades the precincts.

It is seven o'clock, P. M. Tallow luminaries on wooden pedestals flicker on the window-sills, while a more imposing column of sperm lights up the desk in front. By it stands the Polyhymnian professor, a little, wiry man, with bald sinciput and shining face. He has taught the singing-school in this same place for a score of years, at least. With a hickory ferule for his baton, and fiddle-bow under his left arm as a badge of authority, he raps to order. The chaos of voices is hushed. The school begins.

It is rather amusing to see how different people sing. There is the leading soprano, in the front seat. She evidently supposes herself to be the prima donna of the evening. And as the full chorus dies away for a measure of rest, she assumes to herself a superfluous semibreve, in order that her vocal powers may be duly noticed and appreciated. Alas! for her apparently inexhaustible wealth of breath, after an unusually protracted effort her voice suddenly becomes bankrupt, and her gratuitous solo ends like a juvenile rooster's incipient attempt at song.

A little to the right sits the leading alto. You know her to be such, because in all duets she accompanies the leading soprano. But she does her part in a very modest, unassuming way. She takes no airs upon herself. These belong exclusively to the soprano. She is evidently conscious of being the lesser luminary, and makes no effort to outshine the intenser brilliancy of her companion. But we strangely always like the looks of the moon better than of the sun. And, no less strangely, the gentle unobtrusive alto imprints upon our susceptible hearts far more mental notes of admiration than the lofty trills and quavers of her more pretentious sister.

The leading bass considers himself of fundamental importance, especially in a quartet.—Between certain limits he displays a prodigality of breath truly surprising. But if he undertakes a tone above a certain pitch, his voice changes to a dwindled, piping tone, wholly unlike its former sonorous self, as if he had handed over his part to a brother of lower, or rather vocally speaking, higher degree, for a moment, while he stopped to take breath. But only in a chorus, and within his legitimate limits, does he display his full abilities. Then he rolls forth a volume of sound like the pedal pipes of an organ, and unless he practices extraordinary self-denial, the other voices are merged in his, like tributaries in the ocean.

The main characteristic of the leading tenor, is his versatility. In chorus, he is usually content to lean upon his own staff, and display his powers only by the insertion of here and there a grace-note, and an artistic turn in the cadence. But in a quartet, he by no means preserves the even tenor of his way. If in a difficult passage, he imagines that the treble wavers on her part, he forthwith deserts his own, and flies to render the needed assistance. True, he scarcely ever strikes upon the right tone, in his tergiversation, but then he rarely fails of coming within one of it—and that is not far out of the way. On the whole, whatever be our opinion as to his execution, his musical taste is unquestionable, if we may judge from the decided smack of satisfaction he emits from his lips at the close of every performance.

Rap, rap, rap! It is for recess. Chaos begins again. A Babel of voices fills our ears.—*exoritur clamorque virum*—a clamor of boys and girls and a cracking of peanuts arises. Yet with the aid of our eyes, we can guess at the whispers of that pleasant pair in close communion on the back seat. And we have no difficulty in distinguishing above the confusion the "gentle roar" of the leading bass, who forms the centre of the hilarious group around the stove. It is amusing, the display of generosity which we see around us. Intensely red apples are in various quarters exchanging hands, and reflecting their rosy glow upon the cheeks of the fair receivers—unless we attribute this to the whispered compliments which accompany them. Hunks of home-made gingerbread are produced from capacious pockets, and distributed variously among hungry little expectants, while a munching of candies and condiments is heard on every hand. Oh! it is really a very delightful time.

Rap, rap, rap! Recess is over. The Babel of voices subsides into silence. Sentences begun

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aloud are finished in whispers. The singing begins again. We settle back into our seat, and with the lullaby of pleasant 'Greenville' soothing our senses into forgetfulness of the present, we lose ourselves in memories of the past. What famous old times we used to have in a school-house just like this—just as inconvenient, just as uncomfortable, and just as dear to recollection! Some of these same old tunes were favorites of our boyish days. We think of the old friends with whom we used to sing them. Some we have not seen for years—some are dead. Change creeps upon everything. Only true music, like true morality, never changes. Those grand old strains of Handel and Beethoven! They are as grand now as ever. The majestic chorals that rolled through the dim aisles of old German cathedrals two hundred years ago, are still pealing on to new generations; and in other lands.

But a sound, so strangely in accordance with the spirit of our thoughts that it rouses us from our reverie, greets our ears. They are singing 'Old Hundred.' It puts a finale to the evening's entertainment, and our own. Amid the general confusion at the closing, we catch a glimpse of the stentorian bass moving off in unison with the alto, and perceive the leading soprano led away in triumph by the chivalrous tenor.

(From the N. Y. Courier and Enquirer, March 25.)

First Performance of Signor Arditi's Opera, "La Spia."

Quite a large audience assembled last evening at the Academy of Music to be present, in spite of the storm, at the first performance of Signor ARDITI'S Opera. It was received with marks of decided favor; and though its positive merit is not great, many a work in no way superior has been produced with considerable success at the principal theatres, of Italy, and thought worthy of publication.

The plot, founded in a measure upon the story of COOPER'S novel of the same name, is not happily selected. It lacks dramatic progress. Such movement as it has, neither tends, nor seems to tend, to the accomplishment of any particular good or ill to the personages; and it therefore lacks one great element of legitimate and permanent favor. Dramatic situations and characters of decided traits also are wanting in it; and its power to interest depends entirely upon its association with the incidents of COOPER'S novel and the music with which the composer has clothed Signor MANETTA'S graceful verses.

Signor ARDITI has displayed talent and accomplishment in the composition of this opera. His work is plainly that of a thoroughly educated man: it shows none of the crudeness and awkwardness which might well appear in the first work even of a man of genius. It moves smoothly and steadily on,—the melody flowing, the harmony satisfactory, the instrumentation skilful, and the vocal parts conducted with that knowledge of the capacity and requirements of the voice which is so rarely acquired except by Italians. It shows too the possession of that facility for writing not ungraceful airs based upon not incorrect harmony, which is another peculiarly Italian gift:—that fatal facility, the result of which has been so much drivel in DONIZETTI, so much bombast in VERDI.—We write with a full recognition of the great talent of both the dead and the living composer, and a lively and grateful appreciation of beauties salient in the *Lucia* of the one and the *Ernani* of the other. Signor ARDITI has made DONIZETTI his model in *solos*, while VERDI generally guides his pen in concerted music. It is never difficult to discern which composer he is seeking to emulate, or even to determine with some approach to accuracy the particular composition in the beauty of which he has found his inspiration. Indeed, throughout the opera we are continually called upon to admire the skill with which he prevents that which we are not sure that we have not heard from becoming that which we are sure that we have heard. We listen with apprehensive pleasure to something which is trembling giddily upon the verge of something else.

La Spia is written, as we before remarked, in an easy, flowing style; the prettiest music is that of the chorus of female voices in the Second Act, followed by a duet for *soprano* and *mezzo soprano* accompanied by the same chorus; but after two hearings we are unable to remember any melody of sufficiently decided character to become popular, or any concerted piece which can claim more than what it is now the fashion to call a *success d'estime.* But we are happy in believing that the Opera as a whole, will be for a while a favorite with the public; long enough to repay the manager for the excellent style in which he has produced it, and we trust to reimburse him in a measure for the expenses of the trying season through which he has passed with such credit to himself. Among the elements of the popularity of *La Spia* as an entertainment, is the scene of a burning house, very skilfully painted and adroitly managed by Signor ALLEGHI, who never paints without touching his laurels with a fresher green. To this may perhaps be added the conclusion of the Opera with *Hail Columbia.* It was, perhaps, necessary that this should be; and Signor ARDITI has shown much taste in not overdoing it.

The Vocalists, Madame LAGRANGE, Miss HENSLER, Signor BRIGNOLI, Signor MORELLI, and Signor GASPARONI, all acquitted themselves with credit, and with the composer received hearty expressions of the good feeling of the audience.

And now we wish to ask why this opera is called an "American opera." Because its subject is American? Then is *Don Giovanni* a Spanish opera, *Norma* a British opera, *Semiramide* a Babylonish opera, and *Orfeo e Euridice* a H-ottish opera. Then is *Much Ado About Nothing* an Italian comedy, *Timon of Athens* a Greek tragedy, *The rape of Lucrece* a Latin Poem, and *Susanna and the Elders* a Jewish painting. Written by an Italian, to Italian words, in the Italian style, for Italian singers, there is not even the shadow of a ground for calling *La Spia* an American work. Let us not deceive ourselves. It is well for the arts to flourish here; but it is not well for us to be deluded with the idea that we have American Art, when we have no such thing, but are cultivating an exotic. The time will come when we will have American music; but it will *come;* we cannot bring it, or hasten its arrival. There has yet to be the first step taken towards the formation of an American school of music; all the music which has been composed here, worthy of the name, has been, of necessity German or Italian, whether written by Germans or Italians or Americans; and so it will be for long years to come. But when music in this country does assume a character of its own, we can only wish the composer of the first American opera the good fortune to meet with a manager so ready to encourage him and bring him advantageously before the public as the present director of the affairs of the Academy of Music.

Burning of Covent Garden Theatre.

(Correspondence of the Evening Gazette.)

Anderson, the 'wizard of the North,' has been doing all he could for some time past, to keep himself before the people, and has just succeeded in making himself famous in a way not presented on the bills. For some time the metropolis had been placarded with announcements of a monster "Carnival benefit," a l'Americaine, to last four and twenty hours, and to conclude with a grand masked ball. That sort of thing (said the bills) was unknown in Europe, but the enterprise of caterers for public amusement in the United States of America provided such protracted entertainments, of a splendor far surpassing the wildest dreams! Covent Garden Theatre was the scene of the "Carnival." A pantomime commenced the entertainment, followed by an English drama, then a Scottish drama, then a ballet, then an opera, then a divertisement, in which Charles Matthews imitated Anderson, and Leigh Murray personified Matthews, the whole to be concluded by a grand bal masqué. All went off in accordance with the programme, and the evening terminated by the theatre taking fire, and its entire destruction followed. The theatre was originally opened Dec. 7, 1732, by Rush, the noted harlequin, and on the 20th of September 1808, it was destroyed by fire, when thirty persons lost their lives. It was rebuilt and re-opened Sept. 10, 1809 Its history is closely connected with the annals of the British Stage. Many first appearances took place there. Incledon, the singer, 1790; Charles Kemble, 1794: Mrs. Glover, 1797; G. F. Cooke; ("Richard III.") Oct. 31, 1800; Miss Stephens, (Countess of Essex) 1812; Miss O'Neil (Lady Beecher) 1814; Macready, 1816; W. Farren, 1818; Fanny Kemble, 1829; Adelaide Kemble, 1841. Here Edmund Kean last acted, 1833. Braham's first appearance on the stage was at the old Covent Garden Theatre in 1787.

The value of the property destroyed, says a journal, is something fabulous. An approximate estimate may be formed from the fact that in mounting the several operas contained in the *repertoire* of the theatre, when under the management of Mr. Delafield, no less than £60,000 was expended, of which the four operas of the "Prophéte," the "Hugenots," "Lucrezia Borgia," and "La Donna del Lago," cost £25,000. The valuable dramatic library belonging to the theatre—unique of its kind—is gone in the general wreck. The original manuscripts of "The School for Scandal," "The Miller and his Men," the opera of "The Slave," and hundreds of other curious works, were here preserved. The armory, consisting of more than 100 suits, and occupying a series of rooms, is wholly destroyed. In fact, nothing is spared. Four original pictures by Hogarth, representing the Seasons, which hung upon the walls of Mr. Gye's private room, within only a few paces of the box-office, could not be saved, so rapid was the progress of the fire.

The building belonged to four or five proprietors, (among them may be mentioned the Kemble family, the family of the late Mr. Harris, Mr. Surman, Mr. Robinson, Mr. Thomas Grieve, and others,) who had issued shares to upwards of a hundred gentlemen: but as it was not insured they lose everything, and the shares, which were hitherto worth hundreds of pounds, are now not worth the paper upon which they were written. Her Majesty's private box at this theatre, was magnificent. There were also five rooms fitted up most magnificently, the retiring room having a very handsome fire-place, a splendid looking-glass and mirrors, with an inlaid circular glass table, in gold and blue, and allegoral devices. All that now remains of the beautiful suite of rooms is a few pieces of scarlet cloth, which was used as the carpet, and some burnished iron springs used in the elaborately appointed sofas and chairs used only by her Majesty and attendants. The whole of the conservatory adjoining the Queen's box has likewise been totally consumed, The expenses of erecting the theatre are said to have amounted to £150,000, of which £44,550 was received from the insurance offices, and £50,000 raised by subscription shares of £500 each. The architect was Sir Robert Smirke, and the statues of Tragedy and Comedy, and the two bas reliefs on the Bow street front, were by Flaxman. The stage was 55 feet in length and 86 feet in width, the depth from the curtain to the back of the pit was 66 feet and the theatre had a saloon, the dimensions of which were 56 feet by 19 feet.

The fire broke out in the rooms over the stage, in that seventh heaven known as "the flies," which were reached by a narrow staircase from behind the scenes. It would appear that the workshops had been on fire, for some hours, before the persons below were aware of it, and the first intimation they had was the burning through of the upper floors and the falling of burning beams upon the stage. Attempts to extinguish the conflagation were, of course, in vain, and in a very short time the roof fell in, and a column of flame shot out up from the chasm, and cast a glare that was seen from every part of London. Not being of a poetical or imaginative turn of mind, I am unable to portray the scene of some couple of hundred masqueraders.

Covent Garden, under the management of Mr. Gye, was one of the most popular places of amusement in London. Its properties were of the richest descriptions, and reached the value, probably, of £100,000 sterling. All the requirements for the operatic season, about to commence, were in the theatre and are totally lost. This loss falls on the lessee, Mr. Gye, and on the shareholders. Not one farthing is covered by insurance. Anderson had rented the house since Christmas, and his tenancy was about to expire. Gye gave him notice that he would not permit the masked ball to take place; Anderson persisted, and they say Mr G. applied for an injunction, which was refused. The "wizard" had taken the precaution to insure his own effects for the sum of £2,000 sterling,—so that he was pretty safe,—and when the fire was discovered he made a rush at the cash box and secured that likewise. The peculiar construction of the edifice rendered abortive all attempts to extinguish the flames.

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Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MAR. 29, 1856.

New Volume.—Subscriptions are now in order for a new year of the *Journal of Music*. With the number for Saturday, April 5, it will enter upon its *fifth* year, and *ninth volume*. With that number we shall commence the publication of a translation, made expressly for this journal, of a beautiful Art novel by Mme. George Sand, in which the characters are musical, and which has never yet appeared in English. It will make pleasant reading for the summer months.

Our readers generally, as well as our agents, are earnestly requested, as they wish this Journal not only to continue its existence, but to improve in character and variety of matter, to exert themselves a little *now* to send us in the names of new subscribers.

Terms, as heretofore, by mail, $2 per annum; by carrier, $2,50, *payable in advance*. This condition of prepayment will hereafter, especially in the case of out-of-town subscribers, be more strictly enforced. The really serious losses which have been the reward of our indulgence hitherto, compel us to this measure.

All who do not expressly notify us of their wish to stop the Journal at the expiration of their term, will still continue to receive it, and be counted as subscribers for another year.

Prize Songs.

There is much cause to doubt the real benefit to literature or Art of the competitive efforts stimulated by the offering of prizes. It seems to be the fatality of such efforts to result in mediocrity; and as a general rule one takes up a prize poem or a prize song with the preconceived conviction that had it been of first-rate excellence, it would not have been very likely to have won the prize. A collection of prize poems, after deducting a few exceptional instances of decided merit, would be but an indifferent contribution to literature. So in other arts, at all events in music. Creative genius somehow always seems to find its truest inspirations anywhere but in these competitions. Even in musical Germany, where there have been prize songs, prize choruses, prize symphonies, we have never heard of one which has outlived the factitious importance which it enjoyed only so long as curiosity was fresh about the prize. Ten to one, if a true work of genius wins the prize, it is a work not originally written *for* the prize, but tossed into the competition as an afterthought, more from the humor of the thing, perhaps, than from ambition to come out the winner.

Still smaller are the chances of success to excellence, when the largest jury sit in judgment. Think of collecting the votes of all the crowd who enter the Athenæum Gallery or the rooms of the Academy of Design during a season, as if that were the best picture which should receive the greatest number of said votes! No one dreams of such an absurdity in the art of painting; why, then, in other arts? Yet this very thing has been done, and much stir made about it lately in the sphere of music. The publishers of the New York *Musical Review* some months since offered prizes for the two best songs; there were a hundred and fifty or more prompt responses to the call. Out of the hundred and fifty, the vast majority of which, we hear, were found beneath contempt, a competent committee were to select eight, which should be published in successive numbers of the *Review*; then time was to be allowed for the subscribers to the journal, the members of choirs and singing schools throughout the land, the enlightened and the ignorant, of all ages, classes and degrees of culture, to send in their votes, and that song which shall receive the plurality of voices is to receive the prize: the polls to be kept open until the middle of April. The copyrights of all the eight remain the property of the *Review*. Of course a thrifty speculation for that journal, in a double sense; first, as giving it the copyrights of eight saleable, and in this way self-advertising songs, whether they be good or bad; and secondly, as piquing the curiosity of hundreds or thousands to such a pitch that they shall be eager to have a vote in the great question, and so help to swell the subscription list of the *Review*. A shrewd commercial stroke! But how will it affect the real interests of Art, of Music in America?

Let us see. The eight songs have been duly published; we have no doubt the committee made the best selection; and (with the exception of a single one, in which all good judges recognize the work of an artist and a true gift of song—perhaps, too, of one other, which is clever, if not quite original,) they are about as ordinary, namby-pamby, uninspired, mechanical a set of songs, in spite of the exceedingly careful Italian phrases of expression, the *molto espressivos, affetuosos, &c.*, which their authors have prefixed to them, as one may find in the portfolio of any boarding-school miss. We risk little in the belief that such is the opinion of all artists and cultivated music-lovers who have looked them over. Now here is the point. If there were any certainty or any chance that the one really fine song of the eight would win the general vote, then indeed would a true service to the cause of Music as an Art be done; for the very attention of the many which such éclat would concentrate upon this real work of Art, bringing it as it were within the focus of a magnifying glass beneath their eyes, would awaken in many a mind the first perception of the superior worth of true Art over common clap-trap. But is there any, the least chance of that? We would there were. On the contrary, we know too well on what the preferences of the multitude are based. They will vote for the *taking*, rather than the good song; for the pretty, rather than the beautiful; for one that appeals to personal or patriotic associations, rather than to any poetic ideal; for one that only sings them, with seemingly new and ingenious variation, what they knew before; for one whose sentiment is not above the level of their own every-day lives; above all, for one which *they* can easily sing and easily accompany on the piano—that is to say, one of which the accompaniment is the usual see-saw between tonic and dominant chords, instead of being an integral organic portion of the song, as it is in all true works of Art. Hence the true musician, to have any chance for this prize, must renounce his loyalty to Art, and write *down* to the tastes or no tastes of the million, or else any "Ossian" of any travelling company of bards, black or white, will have fearful odds against him. We all know this too well, and are so sure that the best song will not win the prize, that it becomes a matter of no interest which of the poor ones wins it. We shall be too happy should it turn out otherwise. But mediocrity, the false in Art, will win; young ideals will take form and color from that triumph; young germs of musical feeling will look *up* to that they should be taught to look down upon, will imitate that they should avoid, and so the good day is put back in which the *true* in Art shall find its recognition.

The eight prize songs are announced with great blowing of trumpets as soon to be published in the most elegant style of music type and paper. They are to form "a collection of the most charming songs ever published in America." The fortunate purchaser of the copyright anticipates, with reason, the most extensive sale of them. It is said that even now he has received 6,000 advance orders. No one can blame *him*. His business is merchandize in music and he must make his calculations shrewdly. He will have his reward. And if Art loses by his rapid gains in this venture, it will remunerate itself out of the more slowly paying truly classical productions which he has published and will publish with a true eye to the approbation of the "appreciative few." But we ask, suppose Mr. Richardson should announce in like style the eight best songs of Mendelssohn, or, Franz, or Schubert, or Rossini, of Handel, Mozart or Beethoven, would there be 6,000 orders in advance, think you? The very question shows how much *artistic* value is to be attached to the factitious notoriety of such prize songs. We have said so much, because it is the duty of a Journal which devotes itself to the elevation of the musical taste in a community, to estimate such things severally according to the artistic and not the commercial standard. If there are to be prizes, let them at least be awarded by competent judges. Then might some good be hoped, beyond the interests of those who invite the competition; although, as we began with saying, the world's experience associates more of mediocrity than of excellence with all prize products of the brain.

Musical Correspondence.

New York, March 24th. Eisfeld's Soirée last Saturday attracted a goodly audience in spite of Passion Week. The programme was a very heterogeneous one, bearing the names of no less than seven different composers, old and new, for only five numbers. The first of these consisted of selections from quartets by Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and Onslow, an arrangement which I cannot approve of. To be sure, the musical critic of one of our dailies says this morning: "*No connection is preserved in the four movements of a quartette, and no object aimed at except the production of certain effects by contrast, such as heightening the effect of a quick movement by preceding it with a slow one;*" (!) but he thereby advances a new theory, which I think the musical world will hardly accept. For if it be true, where would be the idea, the mainspring of a composition of this character? What becomes of the "Moonlight Sonata," and the many other love poems of the great master? of his "Pastoral," "Heroic," and Ninth Symphonies, to quote the highest examples? For the critic will acknowledge that what applies to the quartet applies also to these and all other compositions which are constructed upon the same model.

To me, this compilation had a most disjointed and unsatisfactory effect; although each movement had its own beauty, (the exquisite Adagio from Beethoven's Sixth Quartet the most,) and the whole was interesting in one point of view, namely, in giving us an opportunity of hearing the four composers in genealogical order, and comparing them. Even for this, however, hardly a fair chance was afforded us, as the movements were too various in character to be capable of comparison with each other.

The Quartet in F of Rubinstein, which I have noticed before this winter, closed the concert, and

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the remaining instrumental piece was the novelty of the evening. This was a Sonata for Piano and Violin, by Mr. J. N. PYCHOWSKI, played by that gentleman and Mr. NOLL. Mr. Pychowski, a Pole by birth, has been in this country for some years, but, from extreme modesty more than any other cause, has lain *perdu* until now, much to the disadvantage of the music-loving public, as his performance on this occasion proved. He is a perfect master of the instrument, which he handles with a fire and genius which give him a place in the highest rank of our resident pianists. His composition was in every way worthy of a true artist. Full of beautiful melodies, worked up in a masterly manner, of originality and sparkling ideas, and very finely instrumented, it can be classed with the best compositions of the present day. The only faults that could be discovered in it were in the first movement, where the chief theme reminded one a little too closely of Mendelssohn, and which was too long and too full of repetition. I hope that the flattering reception which Mr. Pychowski met with will induce him to withdraw from his retirement in future, and soon again give us an enjoyment similar to that afforded us on this occasion.

Miss BRAINERD was the vocalist of the evening, and gave us a rich treat in Beethoven's glorious "*Ah perfido*," which, I think, has been sung but once before, and that years ago, here in New York. Where can I find words to express its beauty? It is so perfect in all its parts, such a true marriage of "music with immortal verse," from the Recitative, with its sublime calling down of vengeance on the head of the betrayer, the sudden relenting and softening into the old love, through the agonized petition not to leave her, so wonderfully carried through, to the final theme, that mournful, weary air, so simple that one can hardly understand where its power lies, which contains the touching appeal: "*Dite voi, se intanto affanno non son degna di pietà.*" This is the kind of music that calls out all our better nature, and, chaste and pure as it is, leaves us too, holier and purer than before we heard it.

Miss Brainerd sang it with a truthfulness and honesty of purpose which made us forget that she is not yet a *great* singer. One thing, however, I must blame her severely for, and still perhaps not her, but her teachers. At the close of the first slow movement, where the music dies away in gasping repetitions of the word "moriro," and fully expresses the weariness thus suggested, Miss Brainerd had the exceedingly bad taste to fill a pause with a home-made cadenza, which was never more out of place. It is true that often, in Italian grand arias, etc., the composer places a pause where he intends that a candenza shall be introduced to display the powers of the vocalist; but such music as this, in which the excellence of its rendering depends entirely upon truth and expression, should be sung exactly as it is written; any thing else is almost sacrilege.

Miss Brainerd's beautiful, sympathetic voice showed finely in this Aria; pity she should not have been as fortunate in the selection of her second piece, which was the song by Dr. BEAMES, "Our home," which we have heard before. Is the young lady *obliged* to sing one of his songs at every appearance in public, and always to sing to his accompaniment, which is always indifferent, and on this occasion, in the Aria, was beneath criticism? Miss Brainerd still lacks very much of being a first rate singer; she has not the Italian method, and does not even vocalize correctly, as in a passage on the word "io," where she sang half of it on "I," and the rest on "o," instead of bringing the "o" in only at the end. She should have an Italian teacher, to which effect her true friends should advise her. Dr. Beames should be the first to acknowledge that she needs to acquire variety of style, and consequently study under different teachers. She has such good material in her rich, powerful, flexible voice, and apparently such capability of improvement, that it would be a pity if all this were to be lost. If we had only a Mæcenas or two here who would do for her what Boston did for ELISE HENSLER and ADELAIDE PHILLIPPS! A few years in Italy would do wonders for her.

March 25th. The Matinée to-day has been less satisfactory than the two or three last. Perhaps I was not in a mood to enjoy it as well, or suffered myself to be much annoyed by the constant talking of two or three ladies who sat near me. The arrangement of the programme, however, spoiled the total effect of the concert entirely, and was very singular, to say the least. There were only four numbers—a charming Quartet of HAYDN, Op. 63, a Trio by SCHUBERT, MENDELSSOHN's Quintet, Op. 18, and *after* all these instrumental pieces, Mr. WM. MASON closed the concert with some pieces of CHOPIN on the piano! You can imagine the effect—the tameness of even the most beautiful piano composition after the weight of five stringed instruments, and the unsatisfied feeling with which such a close sent us home. The Trio by Schubert was Op. 100, not by any means so pleasing as the one which Mr. SATTER played last winter, and, as it seemed to me, far inferior to it. The Quintet was very well played, and, in the beautiful Intermezzo and graceful staccato Scherzo, was very characteristic.

Another attempt is being made to establish Sunday evening concerts here, and the two that have taken place have been so good that I hardly doubt that it will succeed with the foreign population. A small orchestra of twenty-five, under Mr. BERGMANN's direction, play symphonies of BEETHOVEN and MOZART, etc., in a very creditable manner, and have even attacked the *Tannhäuser* overture. The programmes are invariably excellent, though hardly as much can be said for the singing, which is in the hands, or rather the *mouths*, of Miss BEHREND and Mr. FEDER, the former of whom is very indifferent.

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CONCERTS.

FIRST AFTERNOON CONCERT.—A very large and brilliant audience thronged the Music Hall on Wednesday afternoon, and it seemed really like the good old days of the "Germania Rehearsals." The orchestra numbered forty-six of the best musicians of our city. As they grouped themselves in the front of the stage under the colossal statue of Beethoven, there was a certain poetic completeness and significance in the scene, which was not without its value in bespeaking true attention to the symphony. The earnest, serene face of the master looking down on his disciples and interpreters, seemed to render it impossible that they should not do their best, and be at least in earnest in their playing. Mr. ZERRAHN conducted with his usual ability, and the glorious Seventh Symphony—as much a "Joy" symphony almost as the "Choral"—joy crossed at times with memories of sadness, or alternating with solemn self-dedication as if to the highest, as in that mysterious sacrificial-sounding second movement—was on the whole finely played, and deepened its whole impression, although we still find our feeling of the music not altogether accommodating itself to so fast a *tempo* as was taken in some portions, especially in that sublime episode where "the heavens open," in the Scherzo.

The "William Tell" overture fared much better than it did one night in the orchestral concerts, and was much enjoyed. Next in importance, and the more so as being a novelty, was the arranged finale from the first act of WAGNER's *Lohengrin*. In this, after other fragments which we have heard from Wagner, we were agreeably disappointed; it was large, full, satisfying music, the first thing yet which has seemed to justify the promise of the *Tannhäuser* overture. The lighter pieces were choice of their kind, and indeed there was something luscious in those Vienna *Punsch-Lieder* of the young STRAUSS, and that "Pauline Polka" of GUNGL. They were nicely played; and the overture to *Masaniello* was applauded for the thousandth time. Here was both milk for babes and meat for the strong man. Next Wednesday afternoon will doubtless see the Music Hall crowded.

GUSTAV SATTER's PHILHARMONIC SOIREES.—The second of these was listened to by a large audience at Hallett & Davis's new room on Thursday evening. The noticeable feature was Mr. SATTER's playing of STEPHEN HELLER's Sonata (or Fantasia in four movements on MENDELSSOHN's Song: *Es ist bestimt in Gottes Rath*), which was executed with great perfection and is an exquisite composition, combining the characteristics of the two composers. Mr. KREISSMANN sang three beautiful songs by FRANZ, which were much applauded. Mr. B. C. BLODGETT played very creditably Mendelssohn's Rondo Carpriccioso; and the duo for oboe and piano was much liked by the audience, though to our taste hardly suited for a chamber concert. It was, however, finely played. Mrs. DE RIBAS sang two well-known songs of Mendelssohn. A "Grand Fantasia" on *Ernani* closed the whole with rockets. The audience quite filled the fine saloon which has been added to the number of our pleasant concert rooms. The next soirée will be on Thursday evening next.

Musical Chit-Chat.

Quite a little "Indian Summer" of concerts sets in upon the concert season, which had come once to an end. The coming fortnight will be full of them. On the next page you may read of one to-night.... To-morrow night the HANDEL and HAYDN Society commence their annual revival of the ever-popular, melodious "Moses in Egypt."....Mr. SATTER's Philharmonic Soirée is on Thursday.....OTTO DRESEL's last Soirée is fixed for Saturday next; we also learn that the pupils and friends of that true artist, to whose fine influence so many are indebted, are preparing to give him a complimentary concert about the middle of April. Never was compliment more richly merited.....The GERMAN BENEVOLENT SOCIETY have an Orchestral Concert on the 12th prox.......AFTERNOON ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS every Wednesday.

The *Telegraph* of Tuesday has the following account of

THE AUTOMATON CLARIONET PLAYER. Mr. Van Oeckelen, an ingenious organ builder from Holland, has now in the city a most curious automaton figure that plays upon the clarionet and cornet with a skill that is truly wonderful. The figure is the result of some six years of the labor of the inventor, and has been for many years in the Island of Java, from whence it has been brought to this country. We were indebted to M. Van Oeckelen for a private view of this curious machine, which far exceeds the famous trumpeter of Maelzel, as the compass of its instrument is much greater and its execution more perfect. It has a range of thirty-two notes on the clarionet, and sixteen with the cornet, playing an indefinite number of pieces, depending on the barrels which are placed in the figure as in a barrel organ. The movements of the body, head, and eyes, are curious and complicated. It performs music of considerable difficulty, such as fantasies from *Der Freyschütz*, and other operatic pieces, in the most approved solo style of the concert room, accompanied by the ingenious inventor upon the pianoforte. The tune and time are very correct and the execution wonderful. He did not, on this occasion, play the cornet, as his bowels of brass were rusty and somewhat out of order from the debilitating effects of a long sea voyage from Java, but we are told that he will soon be put in complete order and be exhibited in public, when we hope that the ingenuity and labor bestowed upon him will be duly rewarded. The figure is of a size larger than life, and his mechanism is freely opened to the curious spectator, so that its nature is obvious to every one, and the most ample evidence given to all the senses that there is no humbug about it. Not only the rising generation, but older critics will see and hear it with no little satisfaction.

VESTVALI has had great success in Mexico, having sung Romeo eleven times, and also appeared in *Semiramide*, *Trovatore*, Mercadante's *Vestale*, &c. She has had a most enthusiastic benefit, from which she reaped $4,000, besides, rings and bracelets, &c., and has actually assumed the management of the opera there for the coming season. Enterprising lady!....WILLIS's *Musical World* has musical letters from Boston over the signature of GUSTAV SATTER.

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HARVARD MUSICAL ASSOCIATION.

COMPLIMENTARY CONCERT

—TO—

Dwight's Journal of Music,

AT THE LECTURE ROOM OF THE MUSIC HALL,
SATURDAY EVENING, MARCH 29th.

The following Artists have kindly volunteered:
Mrs. J. H. Long. Mr. A. Kreissmann.
Mr. Dresel. Mr. Trenkle. Mr. J. C. D. Parker.
The Mendelssohn Quintette Club.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

1. Allegro and Andante from the Quartet in B flat, No. 3, ... Mozart.
Mendelssohn Quintette Club.
2. Aria from *Cosi fan tutte*, ... Mozart.
August Kreissmann.
3. Adagio from the First Concerto for Piano, ... Chopin.
With Quintet accompaniment.
Otto Dresel.
4. Barcarola: *La Gita in Gondola*, ... Rossini.
Mrs. J. H. Long.

PART II.

5. The celebrated Adagio (God save the Emperor,) from Quartet No. 77, ... Haydn.
Mendelssohn Quintette Club.
6. Songs, ... Robert Franz.
August Kreissmann.
7. "Porgi Amor," from *Le Nozze di Figaro*, ... Mozart.
Mrs. J. H. Long.
8. Trio in B flat for Piano, Violin and Violoncello. . Beethoven.
Allegro moderato—Scherzo—Adagio and Finale.
Messrs. Trenkle, A. & W. Fries.

☞Tickets 50 cents.... To commence at 7½ o'clock.

HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY.

Rossini's Oratorio, MOSES IN EGYPT,

Will be performed at the Music Hall on SUNDAY EVENING, March 30, assisted by

Mrs. H. A. WENTWORTH,
Mrs. S. E. HARWOOD,
Mrs. F. A. HILL,
Mr. A. ARTHURSON,
Mr. J. Q. WETHERBEE,
Mr. S. B. BALL,
Mr. J. W. ADAMS.

CARL ZERRAHN, Conductor....... F. F. MUELLER, Organist.

Tickets at 50 cents each, may be obtained at the principal Music Stores and Hotels, and at the Hall on the evening of the Concert.

Doors open at 6½; to commence at 7½ o'clock.

Rehearsal with Orchestra on Saturday evening, at 7 o'clock.

H. L. HAZELTON, Secretary.

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AT THE BOSTON MUSIC HALL.

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